

7. Consequences

Stelle lay in bed idly watching the vote when it started. She knew what it was, this time, so there was less stress and little surprise as her head emptied out. Stelle was able to experience her empty-headedness more critically this time—it was a rather disconcerting feeling, though not exactly unpleasant. The mental equivalent to looking down while crossing a rope bridge at five hundred feet. That same sense of space, and falling into it, diffusing into the emptiness. It wasn't so much that she was growing thoughtless, just that her thoughts became a comparatively tiny part of her expanded, largely empty consciousness. And in the open air of her mind, her thoughts were pulled apart, scattered in the vacuum, separated by their neighbors with so much empty space between them that chaining her thoughts together became impossible.

She could think, but only slowly, one concept at a time, lost as soon as she focused on the next. Her very attempt at critical observation itself was whisked away as the competing bars on her phone screen swapped position. Ass had overtaken tits, but then tits came out ahead of ass, and they swapped again. Stelle stared at the poll, which had already surpassed 30k unique votes—double the turnout that had put her in a bunny suit instead of a bikini. She got to wear a bikini now, though, she reminded herself with a giggle, thanks to her master.

She couldn't summon the mental energy to come up with a disqualifying phrase to apply to him right at that moment. The “man who thought he was” and “who claimed to be” or “called himself her” were too wordy, too complex for Stelle right then. *She* knew he wasn't really her master, he just called himself that and the app called him that and technically yes she had agreed to let him be her master because of the TOS or whatever.

But *she* knew he wasn't, so calling him her master for shortness and convenience in her current empty-headed state wasn't a betrayal or admission or anything. It was just a matter of convenience. Necessity even.

And it *was* because of him, or his fault, or whatever that she got to wear her awesome bikini. Stelle looked away from the poll (tits overtook ass again) and stared at her own tits instead.

Fat tits *rocked*. And her tits were so fat in that tiny little bikini. She jiggled them a bit, because they were *her* fat tits, and she had that right. They bounced, smacked, collided, and fell still, so she shook them again. And again. Fat tits *rocked*. No trouble thinking that, even when she was empty-headed.

Because it was so true. Fundamentally true. Her master could forcibly suck every thought out of her head (and surely he could do exactly that if he really wanted to) and Stelle would still know that fat tits *rocked*.

She pawed her fat tits and wondered when it was going to happen. Surely sooner rather than later. She figured she was being punished, but empty-headedness on its own didn't make for much of a punishment.

Frankly, maybe even guiltily, she rather enjoyed being empty-headed. Surprisingly. She could think without consequence, trusting that any unpleasant thoughts would get whisked away indiscriminately into the emptiness alongside her positive, constructive thoughts. Zero-consequence thought was alien to Stelle. She knew herself an overthinker by nature, and empty-headedness freed her of that nature. She'd have more mixed feelings about the experience if she could—but she couldn't, that was exactly the thing! She could only really think about the question she herself had posed, posing as Stella:

Ass? Or tits?

So simple a question of preference, and Stelle could have answered in a heartbeat just days ago. But her recent realization that fat tits *rocked* made the question so much more nuanced than she first realized.

Ass? Or tits?

Stelle was an ass girl. Ass-obsessed, even. She loved asses. Big phat asses especially. Her own big phat white ass particularly. A simple squeeze confirmed her love for her big phat white ass. Subsequent squeezes reinforced that initial confirmation. Big phat asses were the *best*. She had a collection of ass vids for a reason. But. . .

Ass? Or tits?

She couldn't so easily discount the reality that fat tits *rocked*. That bigger boobs were just *better*. And how she could never go back to being so *flat*, any more than she could go back to having a petite, unremarkable white girl pancake ass. Stelle just *needed* to have huge tits. But was that need equal to or greater than her love for phat asses?

Ass? Or tits?

She didn't know. She couldn't decide. The thought of giving up either—relinquishing her PAWG booty or her big fucking tits—was deeply distressing. So distressing Stelle actually *felt* distressed before her empty-headedness reasserted itself and brought her back to neutral.

Suddenly she feared the result of her poll.

Suddenly she couldn't wait to find out.

She couldn't decide herself, but she could react in response to someone else's decision. That would be easier. That would be simple. Stelle could manage that. Let someone else decide for her, then decide how she felt about their decision.

That seemed. . . not quite like something she really should have wanted to do, but what other choice did she have, if she couldn't decide for herself whether ass or tits were more important? *It wasn't the worst thing to let men tell her what to think.*

No, no, it definitely was the worst thing. Stelle knew that. Stelle *knew* that. But. . .

She was too empty-headed to hold onto any thought for too long. Stelle found herself back at the ass or tits impasse, with no further insight to apply. And she grew distressed.

She didn't like being distressed.

Stelle decided to let the men decide.

She could decide after them.

It finally came, rousing her from the loop. The text she had expected when her head emptied, but hadn't arrived until she all but forgot about it. A text from her master. She was only empty-headed, not stupid, and had no trouble operating her phone. Even a *total bimbo* could work a smartphone nowadays.

In fact, a bimbo could probably use a smartphone better than Stelle. They were oddly skilled like that. Somehow, despite their predilection for long fake glittery nails, Stelle had never seen a bimbo fumble her phone. Not ever. Nimbleness like that was almost admirable—were cellphone dexterity a trait Stelle valued highly, which she was pretty sure she didn't. Pretty sure, because she couldn't really make her mind up about anything right now, except that she wasn't going to make up her own mind until the men told her what *they* thought.

Or the one man in particular whose thoughts mattered most. Not because Stelle valued them any more than those of any other man—and to be clear she didn't value the thoughts of men at all, not when they pertained to her or her worldview, she was only allowing men to help her make up her mind this one time because she was torn between ass or tits and needed to know what men thought so she could use their thoughts as a basis upon which to construct her own. Stelle had reserved the right to decide opposite what the men did, because she was so very clever. *She was basically letting horny guys online do her thinking for her*, thinking that she'd

then be able to review and revise at her leisure. Really, *she* was the one taking advantage of them! All those guys in her comments **furiously mass debating** for her—ass or tits, ass or tits? Just so Stelle as Stella could swoop in at the end of all that cognitive pumping and decide that she liked ass more, actually. Or tits.

The guys hadn't decided that for her yet.

Her phone buzzed again while she held it. Right. It was so easy for her to spiral down tangents when she was this empty-headed. Her thoughts just *drifted* away into the vacuum of her expanded consciousness, and if Stelle really committed to thinking those thoughts she got pulled right along with. So Stelle tried her best not to think while she read:

Funny trick you pulled, Stella Starr. Really funny stuff. Laughed my ass off. Then I pulled one out to the big bimbo tits you saddled yourself with just to, what, prove you were smarter than me? Cleverer? That I was just a big dumb brute you could dance intellectual circles around? You know, for an ace student, you really just don't get it. I don't have to be smarter than you, Stella Starr. Intelligence doesn't factor into our relationship at all. It doesn't matter how smart you are, or how dumb you think I am, because nothing fundamentally changes.

Yeah, she got him good. Even all spaced out, Stelle was able to enjoy a moment of victorious bliss. He had used too many five-dollar words to tell her that he wasn't angry, actually, which told her that he actually was angry. Like she figured—he was a control freak, a wannabe daddy dom who didn't quite have the balls for it, else why would he have to rely on a sketchy master-slave arrangement facilitated by Bodyslyde? Oh, she had to read his follow-up text, too.

Once I get the read receipt for this message, I'm going to make a change. I'm not going to tell you what it is. You're a smart young woman, Stella Starr. I'm sure you'll figure it out. Oh, and you did have one good idea. From now on you'll refer to me exclusively as "Daddy." Failure to address me properly will result in increasingly debilitating punishments. You didn't think making you docile and empty-headed was the worst thing I could do, did you?

Stelle stared at the text for a good long while. She didn't understand. She *didn't understand*. What did the word debilitating mean, again? She could read it just fine, even though it was a long word with lots of closely packed letters. But when she tried to recall what the word actually *meant*—she drew a blank.

*C'mon, Stelle, it's, **like**, just a word. Just a silly word. You're so super good with words, even the big ones!* That made her giggle—the Stella Starr thirst trap giggle she had practiced. *Especially the big ones.* More giggling, this time accompanied by licking of lips. Oh, her lips were **yummy**. *Forget*

the word. You know it means something bad, because Da—that big meany said it to be mean. Maybe if he were nicer to you, you wouldn't have to hate him so much! Did he ever think of that? Bet not! Wait! Focus! Focus, Stelle! Da—that jerk said he changed something, and you have to figure out what! You know what that means—to Bodyslyde!

Still giggling and still licking her lips—giggling was just plain fun and her juicy lips were so plump it was crazy addicting—Stella fired up Bodyslyde. The mild, more annoyed than anything else panic that had crept in as her headspace shrank back to just about normal and she stopped being quite so empty-headed when facing the familiar, comforting, eye-watering spiral that told her Bodyslyde was loading, please be patient and keep staring.

Stelle was patient and kept staring. Even though it took a while. A long while. But Stelle couldn't blame Bodyslyde for long load times—it was probably because of all the new features they kept adding! And it wasn't like there was anything *else* for Stelle to do other than stare at the swirling screen and drool all over her big titties while she waited for the load to finish.

See, there it was! Welcome to Bodyslyde, Stelle! Would you like to view the changelog? *Maybe later, kinda busy!* she thought, tapping the popup closed and navigating to her sliders. Whatever he'd done, it couldn't be *that* hard for her to figure out. Even he had had to admit that she was a smart young woman!

An hour and a half later and she had it figured out. He had booby-trapped her BOOBS slider! Booby-trapped her boobies, Stelle couldn't *help* but giggle at the perfect pure silliness of it. *I, like, know I'm supposed to be mad and all, but it's a good joke! Da—Mast—Mean Guy has a pretty funny sense of humor!* Her boobies were booby-trapped. *She was booby-trapped* by her big boobies. Giggle. Giggle.

Her big bimbo boobies were the problem. That was what he called them in his text—her big bimbo boobies. He actually had said “tits” but it made more sense to call them boobies because they were booby-trapped. Just like Stelle.

There was a new slider she had never seen before. *There're lots and lots of those recently, huh? Guess I should be reading the patch notes. Okay Stelle, I super-duper totes promise to read the notes, uh, eventually! I'm just not in a reading mood right now.* There was a new category of sliders, titled META, though the bundle only had one slider in it right then. The BIMBO slider, which was currently set to sixty percent.

The exact same value as her *BOOBS*, and higher than the limit she remembered. Her boobs capped out at fifty percent before, so how were they at sixty? That was what Stelle had spent the last hour or so trying to figure out.

Well, no, not exactly. Stelle had spent the first half-hour fussing with her phone screen, trying to reduce her *BIMBO* level. But—and get this—whenever she lowered her *BIMBO* slider, her *BOOBS* shrank too! And that was no good at all, because Stelle just *needed* to have huge tits. So instead of dropping her *BIMBO* down to zero and flattening her fat rack—which was just an unacceptable casualty, no good at all, not even worth considering—she alternated between fifty-five percent and sixty-percent *BIMBO*.

And, like the super-smart alpha student she was, Stelle took notes. Not physically—mental notes. That she forgot a few dozen times. Which meant more testing. New notes. That she forgot again. But eventually she figured it out. The *BIMBO* slider affected her other sliders in funny ways.

When *BIMBO* went up, so did her caps on *BOOBS*, *LIPS*, *BUTT*, *THIGHS*, *HIPS*, *WAIST*, and even *BELLY*. So did her minimum values. But her upper limit for *INTELLIGENCE* decreased proportionally. Her *CONFIDENCE* went up, though! It was so funny—her *PHYSICAL* bundle all increased their bounds, but her *MENTAL* bundle had a bunch of jumbly changes. And not everything increased or decreased linearly. *See, Stelle, you still know your big words!* Her *WILLPOWER* plummeted faster than her *INTELLIGENCE*.

So that was the booby-trap. Or no, no it wasn't. That was the *BIMBO* slider by itself. The booby-trap was how her *BIMBO* and *BOOBS* slider were now linked. She couldn't have one without the other—and that was a really big problem, because

Fat tits *rocked*.

Bigger boobs were just *better*.

She could never go back to being so *flat*.

She just *needed* to have huge tits.

Making this an *edible diploma* or whatever. *Stelle, you don't really want to be a bimbo, do you?* She didn't, but. . . *I could never go back to being so flat*. She had the problem figured out, and knew the solution: He had booby-trapped her boobs—if she got rid of her boobs she could slip right out of the trap. Easy as that.

But I don't want to get rid of my boobies, she thought petulantly. This was definitely a huge major edible diploma. Her **big boobies** were making her a **bimbo**. So long as she kept her **boobies big** her brain would be all **bimboed** up. **Big boobies** made her **bimbo brained**. They basically **booby-brained** her. No, she shouldn't blame her **boobies**. **Daddy** did this. **Daddy** was the one who made it so she could only have **big boobies** if she was a **bimbo**. It was totally unfair. She deserved to have **big boobies** whenever she wanted with no drawbacks but now she had to be a **bimbo** because according to **Daddy's** worldview **only bimbos had big boobs**. It was another one of those things that wasn't supposed to be true but was for her. Because the rules were different for Stella. If **Daddy** decided that **only bimbos had big boobs**, then for her it was pretty much fact. She couldn't debate it. Couldn't **equivomacate** it. That was how her world worked from that moment on.

Only bimbos had big boobs.

Her big boobs made her a bimbo.

She was licking her lips again. Staring at her phone. Stelle had the power to fix this, to unbimbofy herself. She could change back any time she wanted to. She could change back right that moment, all it would take is a simple swipe. Flick her **BIMBO** slider back down to zero and she'd be her full self again. Only she wouldn't.

Because Stelle just *needed* to have huge tits.

That was the worst part of all this. He was making her choose between boobs or brains. And the answer was obvious, at least to Stelle. "**Boobs!**" Wait, no. *Brains. Brains, Stelle. You want your brains back.* She **giggled**. She hadn't *meant* to say boobs. Not at all. Totally not. *It just sorta came out. Blond moment!* It had to be brains. What defined Stelle, if not her brains?

Her big bimbo boobs.

Only bimbos had big boobs.

Stelle's big boobs made her a bimbo.

"**Gawd**, I almost want them **bigger**." *I'll choose brains, I promise. Eventually. I can change back whenever, right? There's no real consequence to any of this. BIMBO is just, like, one more slider. I can lower it later. I know I'm **totes a bimbo** right now, and it's not even my fault, really! **Daddy** did this to me. **Daddy** said **only bimbos have big boobs** because he wants Stella Starr to be his **pet bimbo** or whatever. But **Daddy's** dumb, because I'm Stelle! **I'm** not **Stella Starr!***

She licked her lips. Again. And again. Hungry for something. Hungry to watch that number go up. She was being cautious. She knew she was playing with fire. Stelle was an intelligent, high-performing alpha student. She knew her limits.

BIMBO to sixty-five.

Her boobs were massive. Two mountainous shoulder boulders that beggared belief. They must have been bigger than her head. Not that she was about to bust out a tape measure or anything. She knew it was her big boobs that made her a bimbo, that their bigness directly correlated to the sticky taffy in her brain gumming up all her thoughts. Stelle *knew* that, because despite what *Daddy* planned for her she was *still* a very smart young woman, but what Stelle hadn't anticipated was how little knowing would matter. She *knew* *only bimbos had big boobs*. She *knew* *her big boobs made her a bimbo*. And, because she was so very clever and had a basic grasp on the concept of cause and effect, she knew *bigger boobs would make her more of a bimbo*. She just couldn't bring herself to care. Fat tits *rocked*. Bigger boobs were just *better*.

BIMBO to seventy.

Stelle gasped and *giggled*. There was no question now—her *bimbo boobs* were bigger than her head. And heavy, too. In the best way. Stelle had never felt so good to be weighed down—body and mind. She *knew* her huge wobbly tits were smothering her brain—she *felt* them doing it. And how in the world was that supposed to be a bad feeling? Because it felt fucking amazing!

“Big boobs are *totes* the best,” she crooned, staring down into her own deep cleavage and marveling at just how *plump* it looked. She looked at her phone, at the *BIMBO* slider that still had thirty more points to go. She wanted to max it out so, so badly. Slam that bitch to a clean one-hundred and watch how big her boobies could go. *Gawd that'd be so fucking hot. I'd have the biggest, bestest bimbo boobs in the world. Only bimbos get to have big boobs. I don't want to be a bimbo that bad, but I do want big boobs. It's almost a fair trade.*

She inched up to seventy-five. A full three-quarters bimbo.

And that finally broke the dam. Stelle dropped her phone because she couldn't last one more second. She absolutely could not wait one more moment. “*Ohmigod ohmigod ohmigod*,” she huffed, knuckle-deep in herself. Her pussy welcomed her fingers with a firm squeeze, milking them for something they couldn't give but fuck if Stelle wasn't going to try. “*Fuckmefuckmefuckmefuckme*,” she begged, as if she weren't alone, plunging her fingers in and

out of her drooling pussy so hard she worked up a froth. Her free hand went to her tits—where else?—and struggled to grab hold of just one.

There was so *much* of her right then. So much **sensitive soft bimbo meat** in need of attention. No, abuse. She pinched her nipple and twisted. And *moaned*. “**Gawwwwwwwwd!**” From her point of view Stelle’s boobs were *everything*. She couldn’t see past her shoulders, could only hear her juicy pussy as she fingerbanged herself insensate.

No, not insensate, not this time. Being a bimbo might have made her a little bit dumber than she should have been, but it came with perks, too! *I’ve never been this **dumb horny** in my life! I need to— The mirror—*

In a lust-drunk haze—very different from being insensate!—Stelle staggered over to the mirror she always used to check her outfits. And upon seeing her reflection, she couldn’t help but **giggle**.

“Ohmigod they’re even *bigger* than I thought!” Her bikini top had all but given up. The poor thing was getting strangled by her big bimbo boobies—it couldn’t even manage to cover her areolae properly. They peaked out from behind the golden triangles, pink eclipses broadcasting just how inadequate the bikini top that had once mocked her small tits was at containing her bimbo melons.

Melons was a good word. The best word she could think of to describe them. They were *big*. They were *juicy*. They were *ripe*. Stelle, just like she had the day before, gave the mirror a little shimmy.

“**Oopsie!**” Only—last time she had had modest, fifty-percent boobs. This time when she shimmied her **bulging juiced-up seventy-five-percent bimbo boobs**, the bikini couldn’t take it. The string spanning her cleavage snapped with a mournful twang and her **big bimbo boobies** bounced free. Stelle had never felt so validated in her womanhood than in that moment.

This was exactly why fat tits *rocked*. More evidence supporting the fact that bigger boobs were just *better*. The reason she could never go back to being so *flat*. “Take *that*, you nasty bikini! That’s what you get for making fun of me!” It had been a *pricy* bikini, but Stelle **didn’t care to think** about such mundane considerations right then. That bikini had once mocked her and now had suffered death by bimbo tit. It was a fitting end. Justice, even, doled out by big boobs, and what could possibly be more just than that?

And now Stelle’s boobs were free, unconfined, and she could masturbate to the sight of them without a bratty bikini getting in the way. Standing while fingerblasting herself was tiring

work, though. “I’ll just, uh. . .” Stelle plopped herself on the floor, kicked the mirror so it’d look down on her, and spread her legs.

“Just a quickie and then I’ll change back.”

Eight hours later, a *BORING* Stelle guzzled water as fast as the tap could fill her cup. She wasn’t going to yell at herself. *Despite this being the, what, third time you’ve lost control, Stelle? Are we keeping track?* She had yelled at herself before, intellectually flagellated herself for crimes against womanhood, and gotten exactly nowhere for her self-flagellation. And because she was smart, Stelle knew that meant her self-criticism was performative and incapable of affecting real meaningful change to her situation.

It was about time she admitted that circumstances had grown beyond her control. All of the plucky, can-do spirit in the world wouldn’t amount to anything against a guy she couldn’t identify, who could fuck with her body and mind remotely. Even now, stone cold sober, dehydrated, with an aching pussy and even more aching arm, there was a part of Stelle telling her to go over and crank her *BOOBS* back up, because she just couldn’t stand being so *flat*. And that part of her knew full well that making her boobs bigger would turn her back into a bimbo—and not only didn’t care, but actually *wanted that too*. *You’re being stubborn at this point. To no one’s detriment but your own. You can’t do anything to the guy while he has Bodyslyde’s master/slave relationship backing him up. You need to get a third party involved, Stelle.*

The question was: Who? And Stelle, because she was so very clever, already knew the answer. And Stelle, because she was so very proud, did not like it.

“Why am I even worrying about this?” she asked her reflection in the mirror. *Been spending a lot of time in front of mirrors lately. When did you become so superficial, Stelle?* She had always thought herself as thoughtfully straddling the line between self-love and vanity. It was hardly a sin to want to look good—so long as your desire to dress well was an expression of your self-worth, and not an outward appeal for external validation. Dress well to feel good, not to garner compliments. *Though it’s not like compliments are bad; they’re a means of gauging social acceptance. Ignoring social indicators entirely is how you develop ASD, Stelle. Or express it. Balance, it’s always about balance. Find the golden mean.*

For her, the current golden mean was finding an outfit suitable for her meeting with the man she was going to rope into her problem to help her fix it—and she would never have

anticipated that Markus of all people could cause her this much anxiety. Specifically anxiety, because the anger, frustration, and irritation were not surprises. They were expected. And it was *because* Stelle felt that anger, frustration, and irritation that she knew this was the right choice.

When *he* was involved, Stelle wasn't allowed to feel that way. After the fact, she was allowed to beat herself up, and that might be part of *his* design as well—another reason she needed to stop doing it. *What I need is a plan, a collaborator, and actionable steps to take down that creep.* What “taking down that creep” looked like, exactly, she was still fuzzy on. Was killing him an option? She had to at least consider it—Stelle had always felt herself against capital punishment, but she had never been so thoroughly humiliated and abused before. *Now I get it. But are my morals so malleable that because I'm the one who was violated I'm now okay with the death penalty?* No, no she wasn't. She had to at least consider it, though, if only to confirm she couldn't abide by it.

I'll fucking tear his balls off, though. Geld that motherfucker. She didn't mean that either. Or she didn't think she did. But it wasn't like she'd be able to bring a criminal complaint against him. Proving what he had done to her via Bodyslyde in court? Funny joke. And he hadn't laid his hands on her—yet. *And hopefully will never have the chance.* And even if he did—the burden of proof for sexual assault was high. How rare was it for a woman to get justice through the courts? *Before anything else I need to figure out what the FUCK I'm wearing.*

Why was she fretting like a hormonal teen prepping for her first date? It was that asshole Markus of all people—the worst, and therefore best choice for her coconspirator. She had asked him if he'd meet her at the local coffee shop and he had agreed—with some confusion, but he *had* agreed. *Is it because of how I blew up at him? Am I embarrassed by that?* She thought about it for a moment before confirming that, no, not ashamed at all. He had more than earned the blowup, and she still reveled in the memory. The way he deflated—choice.

Of course, that made asking for his help awkward. And lead to her current dress-up anxiety. She didn't want to appear *too* high-effort, or Markus, being Markus, would get ideas. *Last thing I need right now is Markus thinking I'm into him.* But, for her own self-satisfaction and to pay him a bare minimum respect (she was going to ask him several big-assed favors) she needed to dress up at least a *little* bit. But how much was too much, exactly? And it wasn't *just* appeasing Markus (she *wasn't* appeasing him, just making a diplomatic appeal)—she other considerations to weigh regarding her dress.

With *him* at large and seemingly willing to fuck with her whenever he felt like it, she either needed to bring extra clothes with her whenever she left her apartment (a logistical

nightmare) or she needed to pick garments that could handle a sudden thread-ripping slider SNAFU.

Speaking of sliders: Wasn't her chest a little too *flat*? Stelle could fix that. Being *flat* didn't just not suit her—it was *wrong*. *Oh my god am I developing dysmorphia?* Her chest was *supposed* to be flat—well, no, it wasn't even flat to begin with! She had perfectly respectable chest bumps.

But they could be **bigger**.

They could be **better**.

Stelle bit her thumb. Markus was a dumb, horny guy. Having a big of cleavage would help win him over to her side. It was a tactical decision, nothing at all to do with how fat tits *rocked* or a *need* she definitely didn't have for big tits. *I'll just boot up Bodyslyde and—*

“Wait it's that late already? Shit fuck.” Markus had agreed to meet her at 4:15 and it was already 3:50. Maybe he'd be able to help her figure out why Bodyslyde took so long to load now—she swore it used to take seconds, not minutes, to boot up. “Funny thing about an encroaching deadline,” she muttered, hurried but not panicked. “Forces you to make your decisions, fast.”

Jeans, spaghetti strap top, breasts up to C, ass until it got cramped (and then a bit more), hair tied off in a pony, beige flats. Casual, but looking *damn* good. Better than Markus deserved, and hopefully enough to get her in the door.

Stelle centered herself before she left. This conversation was going to suck so hard.