

Puppeteer

You shuffle in your seat as the bus rocks back and forth. It feels like every route in the city bounces so liberally when they hit the slightest bump or crack in the road. You wish it were enough to keep you alert and awake on the commute home, but it feels like every day, you end up passing out halfway through the route. Probably just a sign of getting older, and it's not like there's anything wrong with getting a quick rest in before getting home. But when you wake up, it always feels like it's darker than it should be outside. Does the bus always take so long to get you home...?

You look outside the window. 32nd Street. The commute always feels like such a blur, but you've been more attentive of these moments before your slip into the now-routine nap. There's still about... Ten stops? Something like that, before you reach yours. And about two or three, before you tend to lose grip on consciousness. It's unusual how scheduled it all feels; like your body plans on you taking the same route and sleeping at the exact spot every time.

33rd Street. Oddly enough, you don't feel tired at all. Less than a couple stops away, and you feel attentive as you were an hour ago at work. Perhaps this time, you won't sleep through the commute after all!

You peer around the bus for a moment, when your eye catches on one of your fellow passengers. A stocky man – somewhere in his twenties or thirties – in a hoodie and jeans, and perhaps in the most unkempt state you've ever seen in your life. His hair nearly drooped over his baggy eyes in a frazzled mess, his facial hair was an untrimmed lawn across his chin, and his hoodie snuck up his torso, exposing some of his belly. Hardly a remarkable figure on a public bus, all things considered, but something seemed familiar about him.

34th Street. As the bus jitters to a halt, the man stands up and waddles down the aisle, a smirk sneaking across his cheeks. ~~A bit weird, but you wouldn't let that ruin your day.~~ You follow him off the bus.

~~Wait, why are you getting off here...? There's still eight stops before you get home.~~ The path to your destination is quiet, with only the occasional passerby. It's a short enough walk, but eventually you arrive behind the unkempt man at an old apartment building. The outside is modestly kept, but peering into the building's interior, the lodgings are meagre at best. You step into the elevator with him, not giving each other so much as a glance. His smirk doesn't disappear, though.

You're not long out of the elevator when he stops at an apartment door. It only takes a short moment, key fumbling in his hand, before he opens the door and walks inside. You're only a couple paces behind him, closing the door behind you as you enter the doorway. ~~None of this feels like your choice... You feel like you've become more of a passenger in your own body.~~ Without prompting, you seat yourself on the mattress, facing the mystery man. He stands in front of you, still wearing the grimy grin from minutes ago.

That's a good puppet... Now strip.

~~The voice echoes in your head. You have to assume it's the man's voice, but he didn't so much as move his lips.~~ Your hands find their way to your shirt's buttons. You can feel his lecherous gaze following them with each unfastened button. You can see something shifting subtly in the lap of his jeans, as you

slide your top off of your arms, exposing yourself to him. He barely waits for your pants to fall past your knees when he collapses onto you, pressing his lips hard onto yours. His tongue barrels into your mouth, and his teeth chew at your lips, giving you no room to reciprocate, ~~even if you could. This isn't a kiss of passion, but of hunger; this man is trying to devour you.~~

He nearly headbutts you as he dives down to your chest, sucking hard on your nipple, bringing as much of your flesh into his greedy mouth as he can.

Fuck...! You taste so good...!

The voice growls in your head as he gnaws and nibbles on your breast. Each bite sends a spark of pain through your skin. ~~As you watch him consume you, you recognize the hints of old bite marks across your skin, marks you swore weren't there this morning.~~ His weight pins you to the bed as he suckles and slobbers on your flesh, licking down to your belly. You lie motionless, letting him savour you as much as his gluttonous fervour will allow him. ~~Your lack of resistance, however, doesn't feel like it's in your control. As the voice continues to growl and moan in your head, you begin to understand what's happening to you.~~

Just as his head wanders close to your crotch, the man rises and straddles your body, his own groin creeping closer to your chin. Your head rises to meet his bulge in response.

Stop.

Mouth agape, you freeze inches away from smothering yourself on his jeans. There's no doubt about it now: somehow, the man is controlling your body and projecting his thoughts into your brain. You try to look up at him, but not even your eyes will respond to your commands. His commands, though...

Look at me.

Your head tilts up to see his face, eclipsed by his tummy. The wry smirk still rests on his face, but you can see some of the spittle from his ravenous feast rolling down to his chin.

You don't remember me, do you? You shouldn't, after all~. Let me fix that...

He lifts his hand to his forehead, two fingers pressed gently to his temple. Not a moment later, your head pulses. An aching wave emanates from the back of your skull, as



recollections form out of thin air. Memories of this apartment, this man pinning you down and using you, day after day, and every time you accept his desire, allowing him to sate himself however he pleases. Even as the pain grows from the release of those memories, your strings remain taut, and you stare listlessly up at him.

Your immobility assured, he lolls out his tongue above your face. Saliva forms at the tip, then begins to trail closer and closer to your face, before a drop finds its way onto your forehead, the wet, warm dribble mixed into the pulses of awakened memories. He shifts himself subtly, creating a trail of drool down your nose, until it finds its way to your open mouth. The foreign spit tickles your tongue, and more spills into your maw as he hovers above you. Eventually, the pain of your remembrance begins to fade. As if he can sense it, the man puckers his lips, before shooting one last wad of his spit into your mouth. He brings his crotch back to your mouth, finally stuffing the fabric of his trousers past your lips. As he does, you can't help but sense a gap in those memories. A hole, beyond what you've remembered, that feels like it has to be so crucial to what's happening and who this puppeteer is to you.

Don't worry about the hole in your memory; I'll let you have that back soon. Not tonight, but soon. Tonight, we do the usual~.

He pulls back his crotch, and begins to lower his jeans. You can't see any underwear beneath them, but you can definitely see a familiar thick sausage, bobbing in front of your face, pulsating and erect, now that it's been freed. Your moment of clarity reminds you of its power: just one taste of it will open a box inside your brain, and every thrust it makes into your throat shoves more and more of your mind deep into that box. Not just memories, but intellect and common sense as well. His cum locks the box back up; no matter where he delivers it, the first drop of semen shuts the box closed, leaving you simple and empty. Yet every time...

Your recollection is halted by the taste of salty flesh meeting your tongue. His cock head slides slowly into your open mouth, angled carefully against your stilled tongue so the tip would pull back his foreskin as he enters. You feel the first of your thoughts slowly shoved into that open box, but a command rings in your head to replace it.

Close your mouth.

You thoughtlessly bring your lips around the shaft, as more of it sinks into your throat. It's not long before you find his pubes against your nose, and his belly pressing into your forehead. The ripe smell says enough: he probably hasn't showered too recently. The stray musing doesn't last long, though, as he pulls back and shoves himself deep into your mouth. And again, and again. His cock mercilessly fucks your throat, and you feel your conscious mind shrinking away. Memories of your encounters with him are swiftly swept away in the facefucking. Your job follows shortly after, along with most of the skills you've built within it. In and out, he begins to jackhammer your throat, carving a hole in your brain deeper with each thrust.

Shlap, shlap.

You no longer recognize where you are.

Shlap.

You no longer recognize who this man is, or why his cock is in your mouth.

Shlap, shlap, shlap.

You no longer remember the bus, or the route you take to get home from work, or home, or high school, or elementary school.

Shlap.

You no longer remember what you wore today.

Shlap.

You no longer remember what clothes are.

Shlap.

You no longer remember your name.

You feel a hand grip the back of your head, bringing you close to the pad of fat that's been mashed into your nose this whole time. You hear a wheezing gasp above you. The meat in your mouth twitches and pulses, and you faintly taste something salty as it sinks deeper into your throat. There's a faint panting, and you start to taste more of the salty fluid as fills more of your mouth, even as you reflexively swallow. The meat slips out of your lips, and you can only lie there, mouth ajar. All that exists within your head is a silence, until something fills that silence.

Come with me to the shower.

The words are almost foreign to your simple mind, but the command is more than words: it's a tugging on your strings, bringing a puppet to life with a simple motion. You stand as the man above you moves away from you, and you mindlessly follow past the doorway he enters. He's already begun running the water before you enter. The washroom is spacious enough for the man to undress you, piece by piece, leaving you naked before him. When the last of your clothes hits the floor, he removes his own clothes in turn, exposing his fluffy chest and belly, then his thickened legs. A mental command pulls you into the shower, where he joins you.

You can only stand there, an unintelligent thing, as the shower head pelts you with warm water. Your puppeteer cleans your body for you. As he does, words that are impossible to parse echo in your vacant skull.

You were great, as usual~! Then again, it's hard to under-perform when I'm telling you how to do literally everything, isn't it? Dunno if it's as satisfying as having you actually do a lot of this yourself...

No response. It's not as if you could respond before, when your mind was still with you.

Oh, but how fun it is to have my own personal fucktoy~! Still can't believe you agreed to any of this-- did you know I was gonna get this filthy before the first time? That I was gonna be this much of a freak with you?

Still no response.

I guess I'll just have to ask you this weekend. Then again, I could just dig nice and deep into your brain and find the answer myself, if I really wanted~.

He tussles your dampened hair, and begins to shampoo it. His hands caressing your skull almost seem to pulse with each thought he burrows into your mind.

It'll still be a minute before you feel your thoughts coming back to you. Funny little trick, isn't it, how the mind can be convinced that knowledge and consciousness is lighter and more fluid than memories... How the vivid recollection of moments makes them too solid to slip through the cracks of that box in your head~?

Even now, you can offer no response, other than the drool mixing in with the shower water.

I don't really have a good excuse why your memories of ME don't eventually slip through the cracks like your other memories, but... Well, maybe we can workshop that when I let you have it all back! For now, though, remember: no remembering~!

You jolt awake as the bus jostles you around. There's always that one crack outside your stop that brings you back to reality. You look outside the window. The sky's much darker than when you left work... ~~Is your commute really supposed to be this long...?~~ You see the street sign for 42nd Street coming up ahead. You bring yourself to your feet as the bus comes to a stop, when your eyes pause on the seat across from you.

~~You can't shake the feeling as if someone was sitting there earlier. The common sense answer of them simply leaving the bus before you isn't enough to ease the apprehension, as if the person who sat there was important somehow. Empty.~~