Jeannine Horaelle watched her boss laugh through the glass wall. Richard Wentworth's mouth was open so wide she could see his gold tooth in the back. The men called him Rick, but he always made her call him Mr. Wentworth. She tapped her pen against her presentation folder, counting the seconds as he made her wait outside his office. He was on the phone, but it wasn't work. He was talking about golf, making swinging motions with his arms. Behind her, the meeting room was filling up with people who would all be waiting for her soon.

*Breathe. Just breathe.*

She looked down at her navy blue skirt and cream-colored shirt, the outfit she'd picked out at 5:45 that morning while her husband Mark was still asleep. She chose these clothes carefully: not too bold but not too weak-looking. Her jewelry was simple too—pearl earrings, her wedding ring, and one gold bracelet. Everything about her look said "take me seriously" but also "I'm not trying to make trouble."

"Jeannine! Come in, come in," Wentworth finally called, hanging up his phone with a big show. "Sorry about that. Williams from Culpepper Group. You know how it is—gotta keep the big clients happy!"

She knew he was lying. If it was really Williams, the call would have been on speaker with Deborah taking notes. This was just a friend call, and they both knew it.

"Of course, Mr. Wentworth," Jeannine said, feeling her jaw get tight as she forced a smile. "I've finished the Bartlett campaign presentation. I just need you to say it's okay before I show it to everyone."

Wentworth barely looked at the folder she put on his desk. Instead, his eyes dropped to her chest for a second before looking at her face.

"I trust you, Jen," he said, using the short name she had asked him not to use at least twelve times in the past year. "But let me just say something. The Bartlett people—they're old-fashioned. Conservative. Will they like something this... focused on women?"

*Focused on women*. As if women weren't 83% of the people who bought Bartlett's products. As if she hadn't put this fact on the very first page of her presentation.

"Our research shows they will," Jeannine answered, keeping her voice calm. "Women between 35 and 55 buy most of their products, and the women in our test groups really liked the campaign's messages about feeling strong and taking care of yourself."

In her head, she thought: *Why is this still happening? I've worked here four years. I've helped keep 22% more clients than before. I've brought in three big new clients. And still, I have to explain simple things to a man who spends more time on the golf course than in the office.*

"We should go with what worked last time," said Brad from creative, not even looking at Jeannine's slides. "The family angle tested well with focus groups."

Jeannine felt her cheeks burn. She stood at the front of the room, clicker in hand, while fifteen pairs of eyes watched her. Or rather, fourteen pairs watched her and one pair—Wentworth's—kept checking his phone.

"Actually," she said, clicking to slide four, "the family campaign only resonated with the over-sixty demographic. We're losing younger women, who make up sixty percent of Bartlett's target market."

Wentworth looked up from his phone, frowning. "Let's not get too wrapped up in numbers, team. Marketing is about feeling, instinct. That's why they pay us the big bucks!" He laughed, and several men around the table joined in.

*They don't pay ME the big bucks*, Jeannine thought, gripping the clicker tighter. Her knuckles turned white.

"With respect, Mr. Wentworth," she pushed on, "our feelings and instincts are backed up by data." She clicked to the next slide showing a clear downward trend in younger consumer engagement. "Bartlett is losing market share every quarter."

The room went quiet. Even Wentworth put his phone down.

"What do you suggest?" asked Melissa, the only other female manager, who sat in the corner taking detailed notes.

Jeannine clicked to her proposed campaign images. Bold colors replaced the soft pastels of previous Bartlett ads. Women of different ages and races looked confidently at the camera. The tagline read: "Your Body, Your Choice, Your Bartlett."

"This tested ninety-two percent positive with women aged twenty-five to fifty-five," Jeannine explained, feeling a spark of confidence as she saw interest flicker across several faces.

"It seems a bit... political," Wentworth cut in, leaning back in his chair. "Bartlett has always been a family brand. I'm not sure they want to rock the boat."

*Of course you don't want to rock the boat*, Jeannine thought. *You've never had to fight for a seat on it*.

"It's not political, it's personal," she countered. "Women make choices about their bodies every day. We're just acknowledging that reality."

Brad snorted. "Sounds like feminist propaganda to me."

"Is that a problem?" Jeannine asked, staring directly at him. The room tensed.

Wentworth cleared his throat. "I think what Brad means is that we need to consider all perspectives. Let's table this for now. Jeannine, rework this with something more... universal. We'll revisit next week."

The dismissal stung like a slap. Hours of research, focus groups, design work—all pushed aside because it made men uncomfortable. Jeannine nodded stiffly, gathered her materials, and sat down as Brad took over with his "safe" ideas.

Eight hours later, Jeannine kicked off her heels at the door of her apartment. The tension in her shoulders had formed a tight knot that radiated pain up her neck.

"That kind of day, huh?" Mark called from the kitchen. The smell of takeout Thai food filled the apartment.

"You have no idea," she muttered, padding to the kitchen in her stockinged feet. Mark stood by the counter, dishing out pad thai onto plates. His teaching clothes—button-down shirt and khakis—were rumpled from a day with middle schoolers. His kind face and the familiar smell of his cologne eased something in her chest.

"Wentworth?" he asked knowingly.

"And the whole boy's club." She accepted the glass of wine he handed her. "They shot down the campaign. Again."

Mark frowned. "The one you stayed up working on all weekend? That's bullshit."

"That's business," she said with a sigh. "Can we not talk about it? I just want to turn my brain off."

After dinner, they settled on the couch. Mark scrolled through Netflix while Jeannine changed into sweatpants and a soft t-shirt.

"There's a new show everyone at school is talking about," Mark said. "Something about mind and success? Supposed to be really relaxing."

"Sounds perfect." Jeannine grabbed a pint of chocolate ice cream from the freezer and two spoons. She needed comfort, calories, and mindlessness.

The show opened with sweeping music and beautiful scenes of nature. A soothing male voice talked about reaching full potential and finding inner power. Jeannine felt herself relaxing as she ate spoonfuls of ice cream.

"This is nice," she murmured, leaning against Mark's shoulder.

"Yeah, just zone out," he agreed, his arm around her.

What neither of them noticed were the subtle flashes between scene transitions. Microsecond images. A boardroom. Men in power. And occasionally, almost too quick to register, Richard Wentworth's face. The soothing voice spoke about submission, acceptance, and finding fulfillment in yielding to stronger guidance.

As the episode ended, Jeannine felt oddly calm about work for the first time in weeks. "That was really good," she said, stretching. "I feel better."

"Another episode?" Mark asked.

"Definitely," she nodded, not understanding why an image of Wentworth flashed briefly in her mind. She dismissed it as work stress and settled in closer to Mark, unaware that miles away, Wentworth sat in his home office, smiling as he monitored viewing data for the show his brother-in-law had produced—a show specially designed to influence its female viewers through carefully constructed subliminal messaging.

The ice cream melted slightly in the bowl as Jeannine felt herself drawn deeper into the show's hypnotic rhythm. Something was shifting in her mind, but it felt too pleasant to question.

Jeannine closed the bedroom door and sank onto the edge of the mattress. The weight of the day still hung on her shoulders, but the strange calm from that show lingered too. Mark was in the shower—she could hear the water running, a steady rhythm against the tile.

She reached for her phone. 11:47 PM. Too late to check work emails, but she opened them anyway. Nothing from Wentworth. Nothing about her campaign. She sighed and was about to put the phone down when a notification appeared.

"Recommended for you: MindfulSuccess Nighttime Edition."

Jeannine tapped it without thinking. An app installed itself quickly—too quickly. Had she even approved it? She must have. The icon appeared on her home screen, a simple spiral in blue and gold.

"Just five minutes before bed helps reprogram negative thought patterns," the description promised.

She knew she shouldn't start something new this late, but the day's frustrations pushed her finger to tap the icon. A soothing male voice—similar to the Netflix show but deeper, more intimate—welcomed her.

"Close your eyes. Breathe deeply. Let go of today's struggles."

Jeannine settled back against the pillows. The voice was right—she deserved this moment of peace. The gentle music washed over her, and she closed her eyes, not noticing the brief flashes of light through her eyelids.

Her pulse thumped heavily as the voice guided her to "surrender control" and "accept powerful guidance." Her breath came slower, deeper. The screen flickered—millisecond images that her conscious mind couldn't process but her subconscious absorbed: a muscular torso, the outline of an erection beneath suit pants, a close-up of thick fingers gripping a pen, a splash of white fluid. She thought of how strong and decisive her boss had looked today, standing at the head of the table.

*Wait, why am I thinking about him?*

The app's voice deepened. "Professional women often struggle with allowing themselves to feel feminine desire. It's natural to crave strong masculine energy."

She heard Mark turn off the shower. She should close the app. This felt... unprofessional somehow. But the voice continued, and her finger didn't move to exit.

"Success comes when we align with natural hierarchies. Feel your body respond to strength and authority."

Jeannine swirled her tongue over suddenly dry lips. The voice was right, wasn't it? Structure and hierarchy were normal. The corporate ladder existed for a reason. Her body felt heavy, relaxed but somehow alert in specific places. The app's background showed abstract swirls that occasionally, just for a fraction of a second, formed into shapes—a tie hanging loose around a muscular neck, a hand gripping a thigh, a stream of white against tanned skin.

"Everything okay?" Mark asked, emerging from the bathroom in boxers and a t-shirt. "You look flushed."

"Just a relaxation app," she said, quickly turning the phone face-down. "Work stuff, you know..."

Mark crawled into bed beside her. "Don't let them get to you. Your campaign was brilliant."

"Maybe Wentworth was right," she heard herself say, surprising herself. "Maybe I need stronger guidance."

*Where did that come from?*

Mark looked at her strangely. "That doesn't sound like you."

"Just tired," she mumbled, plugging in her phone. "Good night."

But sleep didn't come easily. Her body throbbed with an unfamiliar restlessness. When Mark rolled over and placed his hand on her hip, she guided it between her legs without thinking.

"Someone's in the mood," he whispered, pleased.

As they made love, disturbing flashes appeared behind her closed eyelids—powerful hands, boardroom tables, white fluid dripping down. She came harder than she had in months, whimpering gently into Mark's shoulder, confused by her body's intense response.

Afterward, as Mark snored softly beside her, Jeannine stared at the ceiling. What was happening to her? She reached for her phone again. The app glowed invitingly.

"Continue your journey?" it prompted.

She knew she shouldn't, but her finger tapped "Yes" before she could stop herself.

Morning arrived with harsh clarity. Jeannine's alarm blared at 5:30 AM. Her head felt foggy, yet her body hummed with strange energy. She remembered watching the relaxation app for nearly an hour after Mark fell asleep, but the content seemed hazy now. Just relaxing voice guidance, surely.

She showered quickly, the hot water streaming over her sensitized skin. Her nipples hardened under the spray, and her hand drifted down her stomach before she caught herself.

*What am I doing? I'll be late.*

Choosing her outfit took longer than usual. The navy pantsuit felt wrong somehow. Too assertive? She opted instead for a pencil skirt and silk blouse with an extra button undone. The reflection in the mirror looked professional but somehow different. More... available.

*Available? Where did that thought come from?*

The commute passed in a blur. On the train, she opened her emails and saw one from Wentworth, timestamped 11:52 PM.

"Need to discuss Bartlett campaign privately. My office, 8:30 AM."

Her pulse quickened. Anticipation? Anxiety? The two feelings tangled together in her stomach as the train rocked beneath her. A businessman across the aisle spread his legs wider, his suit pants pulling tight across his thighs. Jeannine found herself staring before jerking her gaze away, heat rising to her cheeks.

"You're married," she whispered to herself. "And you hate Wentworth."

But did she? The frustration that had boiled yesterday felt distant now, replaced by something more complex. He was successful for a reason. Powerful men got that way through superior instincts. Maybe she should listen more, learn from him...

*This isn't me. What's happening?*

The office was quiet when she arrived at 8:15. She dropped her things at her desk and checked her appearance once more. Her lipstick seemed too pale. She reapplied a deeper shade, then wondered why she cared.

Wentworth's office door stood ajar. He sat behind his massive desk, reading something on his computer. The morning light caught the silver in his hair, the strong line of his jaw. Had he always been this physically imposing?

"Mr. Wentworth?" she called softly. "You wanted to see me?"

He looked up, his eyes moving slowly down her body before meeting her gaze. A small smile played at his lips.

"Jeannine. Yes. Come in and close the door."

The click of the door latch sounded final somehow. Wentworth gestured to the chair across from him, and she sat, crossing her legs. His eyes tracked the movement.

"I've been thinking about your campaign," he said, leaning back in his chair. "You made some interesting points yesterday."

Jeannine felt a surge of professional pride cut through the strange fog in her mind. "Thank you, sir. I really believe the data supports—"

"However," he interrupted, "I think you're misinterpreting what women really want."

The old Jeannine would have bristled, argued. Instead, she found herself leaning forward slightly. "How so?"

Wentworth stood and circled the desk, perching on its edge just a few feet from her. The proximity made her throat dry. She could smell his cologne—expensive, masculine.

"Women respond to strong leadership. To decisiveness. Your campaign centers on independence, but what most women truly crave is guidance. Structure." His voice dropped slightly. "A firm hand."

Jeannine's chest tightened. Her body throbbed in response to his words even as her mind struggled against them. "That's... that's a very traditional view."

"Traditional doesn't mean incorrect," he said, smiling. "Evolution has programmed certain responses into us. Fighting against nature only leads to unhappiness."

Something about the phrasing echoed the app from last night. Alignment with natural hierarchies. Her mind spun, trying to form the arguments that would have come so easily yesterday. Instead, she found herself nodding slightly.

"Perhaps," she heard herself say.

Wentworth's smile widened. "I want you to rework the campaign with this direction. Think about surrender rather than independence. About finding fulfillment through yielding to stronger guidance."

*This is wrong. Everything about this is wrong. Say something!*

But the words wouldn't form. Instead, her body responded with a pulse of arousal that confused and shamed her. What was happening?

"I'm not sure," she managed weakly.

Wentworth reached out, his fingers brushing her wrist so lightly it might have been accidental. Electricity shot up her arm.

"Trust me on this, Jeannine. I wouldn't steer you wrong." He stood up straight, breaking the moment. "Have the revised concept on my desk Monday morning."

"Yes, Mr. Wentworth," she said automatically, rising on unsteady legs.

"Rick," he corrected with a smile. "I think we're at that point, don't you?"

She nodded, unable to meet his eyes, and hurried back to her desk. Her heart raced, her panties damp with unwanted arousal. She needed to focus, to recenter herself. This wasn't her. None of this was her.

But when she opened her computer, a notification appeared on her phone: "MindfulSuccess: Your lunchtime session awaits."

Her finger hovered over the notification. She knew she shouldn't open it. Knew something wasn't right. But the aching need in her body, the confusion in her mind—maybe the app would help clear things up. Just five minutes. That's all.

She tapped the icon as a deeper part of her mind screamed in protest, silenced by the soothing male voice that immediately filled her earbuds and the flicker of images that her conscious mind couldn't quite catch.

By Friday afternoon, Jeannine sat at her desk, staring at the new Bartlett campaign mockups on her screen. Gone were the bold colors and confident women. Instead, soft pastels dominated, and women gazed admiringly at male figures who stood beside them, guiding them. The new tagline read: "Bartlett: Surrender to Care."

Her stomach twisted as she looked at it. This wasn't her work, wasn't her vision. Yet she'd created it over the past three days, working late into the evenings, guided by strange new instincts and the soothing voice of the app that she now used four times daily.

Each time she opened the app, the imagery became less subtle. This morning's session had shown clear, unmistakable flashes of erect cocks, semen spurting in slow motion, women's faces with white fluid dripping down their chins, all interspersed with subliminal images of Wentworth's face and corporate logos.

*This is insane. I need to delete this app. I need to tell someone.*

But who would believe her? That she was being... what? Brainwashed? Programmed? And to what end? For a stupid marketing campaign? She sounded paranoid even to herself.

And worse—she kept using it. Four times yesterday. Three times already today. Her body craved the strange arousal it produced, the weightless floating sensation followed by sharp, focused desire. Each session left her wetter, needier, more confused about her own increasingly submissive thoughts.

Last night, she'd begged Mark to come on her face. He'd been shocked but thrilled by her sudden interest in something they'd never done. As his cum splashed across her cheeks and lips, she'd experienced an orgasm so intense she'd nearly blacked out. Afterward, lying in the dark, she'd silently cried, not understanding what was happening to her.

"Ready for our meeting?" Wentworth—Rick—appeared beside her desk, startling her from her thoughts.

"Yes, sir," she said, gathering the mockups. The word "sir" slipped out without conscious thought. His pleased smile made her pulse quicken.

"Perfect. Let's use my office. More private."

She followed him, aware of his eyes on her ass as she walked ahead of him. Yesterday, she'd worn a tighter skirt than usual. Today, she'd selected thigh-high stockings instead of pantyhose. Small changes. Insignificant really. But they weren't.

In his office, he closed the door and took the mockups from her hands, his fingers brushing hers deliberately.

"Impressive turnaround," he said, examining the images. "You've captured exactly what I was looking for."

"Thank you," she said, hating the pride that bloomed at his approval.

"Sit," he instructed, pointing to the leather couch against the wall rather than the chairs across from his desk. He sat beside her, close enough that his thigh pressed against hers. "Tell me how you arrived at this concept."

Jeannine swallowed hard. "I... reconsidered your feedback about women's desires. About hierarchy and natural roles."

"And?" he prompted, his hand coming to rest on her knee. She should move away. Should tell him this was inappropriate. Instead, her legs parted slightly.

"And I think there's validity to it," she heard herself say. "Women are often happiest when guided by strong leadership."

His hand moved higher, resting on her mid-thigh now. "Do you believe that applies to you as well, Jeannine?"

Her mouth went dry. Her body ached. What was she doing? What was happening?

"I don't know," she whispered honestly.

"I think you do," he said softly. "I've watched you changing this week. Becoming more receptive. More aligned with your true nature."

His hand slid higher, now under her skirt, touching the bare skin above her stocking top. She trembled but didn't move away.

"This isn't appropriate," she managed, but her voice lacked conviction.

"Isn't it?" he asked, leaning closer. "Your body says otherwise. Your work says otherwise. Even that app you've been using says otherwise."

Jeannine froze. "What app?"

Wentworth smiled, his fingers tracing small circles on her inner thigh. "MindfulSuccess. My brother-in-law's company. Revolutionary technology, really. Neuro-linguistic programming combined with subliminal visual stimulation. It's been fascinating watching it work on you."

Horror cut through the arousal. "You... you did this to me? You're making me watch that?"

"Making you?" He laughed softly. "Jeannine, you downloaded it voluntarily. You keep opening it voluntarily. Five times yesterday, according to the analytics. You want this change."

"No," she whispered, but her body betrayed her as his hand moved higher, finding the damp fabric between her legs.

"Yes," he contradicted gently. "Your body knows what it wants. What it needs." His fingers pressed against her through her panties. "What do you need, Jeannine?"

*Stop this. Get up. Report him. Leave.*

But her hips rocked against his hand as moisture soaked through the thin fabric.

"I need... I don't know anymore," she admitted, tears forming in her eyes.

"You need guidance," he supplied, his fingers pushing aside the fabric to touch her directly. "You need structure. You need to surrender to your true desires."

His skilled fingers circled her clit, and her head fell back against the couch, a moan escaping her lips. This was wrong, so wrong. Yet her body throbbed with need, with arousal she couldn't fight.

"Say it," he commanded softly. "Say what you need."

"I need... guidance," she whispered, hating herself, hating how good his touch felt.

"Whose guidance?" he pushed, slipping a finger inside her.

"Yours," she gasped, her body tightening around his finger.

"Good girl," he praised, adding a second finger and increasing his pace. "And what else do you need?"

Images from the app flashed in her mind—cocks, cum, submission. The final barrier in her mind crumbled.

"Cock," she whimpered. "I need cock. And cum. Please..."

His smile was triumphant as he withdrew his fingers and stood, unbuckling his belt. "I knew you'd get there. The app just accelerated the process."

As he freed his erection—thick, intimidating—Jeannine stared at it with equal parts desire and horror. What had she become? What was she about to do?

But her body moved without conscious direction, sliding to her knees before him. His hand tangled in her hair.

"Show me what that app has taught you," he commanded. "Show me what you crave."

As her lips parted to take him into her mouth, a final coherent thought formed in her mind: *This isn't me. I have to fight this. I have to...*

But then her tongue tasted the first drop of precum on the tip of his cock, and a rush of pleasure flooded her system, drowning out everything else. The app had conditioned her too well. The addiction had taken hold.

"That's it," Wentworth murmured above her, guiding her head. "Surrender to what you really are."

The weekend passed in a blur of confusion and shame. Jeannine alternated between moments of clarity—where she recognized the wrongness of Friday's encounter, the manipulation of the app, the fundamental violation of her autonomy—and periods of foggy arousal when she found herself opening the app again, craving the release it promised.

She'd performed oral sex on her boss. Let him cum on her face and tits. Thanked him for it. Then straightened her clothes and returned to her desk as if nothing had happened.

With Mark, she was increasingly aggressive sexually while growing more submissive in other ways. She asked his opinion on what to wear. Deferred to his restaurant choices. Waited for him to initiate conversation. He seemed both pleased and confused by the changes.

"You seem different," he said Saturday night after she'd enthusiastically swallowed his cum for the first time in their relationship. "Not in a bad way, just... different."

"Just trying new things," she deflected, unable to explain what she didn't understand herself.

Sunday night, as Mark slept, she sat in the bathroom with her phone, the glow illuminating her troubled face. The MindfulSuccess app icon pulsed gently, as if alive. She needed to delete it. Now. Before it took more of her.

Her finger hovered over the icon. Pressed and held until the X appeared.

A message popped up: "Are you sure you want to delete MindfulSuccess? Your master may be disappointed."

*Master?* When had Wentworth become her master? Never. She was no one's subordinate.

Yet her finger trembled as she tapped "Cancel" instead of "Delete."

One more session. Just one more. Then she'd be strong enough to stop. To fight back. To reclaim herself.

As the soothing male voice filled her earbuds and explicit images of submission flickered across her screen, interspersed with Wentworth's face and corporate logos, Jeannine sank deeper into the programming that was slowly erasing her identity and replacing it with something new, something pliable, something hungry for approval and cum and submission.

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Monday morning arrived with cold clarity. Jeannine stared at her reflection in the bathroom mirror. Dark circles shadowed her eyes. She touched the hollow of her throat where her pulse raced erratically. Was this really her face anymore? The woman who had once fought for equal treatment in the boardroom now fantasized about serving on her knees. How had it happened so quickly?

She heard Mark moving around in the kitchen, preparing coffee before his early class. How could she face him? How could she face herself?

*This isn't me. This can't be me.*

Yet the dampness between her legs contradicted her mental protests. Her body responded to memories of Friday's encounter—Wentworth's cock, his cum splashing across her face, the strange pride she'd felt at pleasing him.

"Breakfast is ready," Mark called from the kitchen. "Made your favorite omelet!"

Jeannine forced a smile as she entered the small but neat kitchen of their apartment. Sunlight streamed through the blinds, catching dust motes in golden beams. Mark stood at the stove, still in his pajama bottoms and a faded university t-shirt, spatula in hand. The normality of the scene made her chest ache with longing for her former self.

"You're the best," she said, accepting the plate he offered. "I don't deserve you."

Mark kissed her forehead. "Rough weekend? You were tossing and turning all night."

"Just nervous about the presentation." She took a bite of the omelet, tasting nothing. Her mind kept flashing to images from the app, making her pulse quicken inappropriately. "How's your thesis coming?"

"Professor Jameson finally approved my methodology." Mark poured himself coffee from their dented French press. "Two years of my life can officially begin."

They ate in companionable silence for a few minutes. This was her real life—this comfortable kitchen, this kind man who supported her career and made her breakfast. Not whatever twisted fantasy the app was planting in her head.

"So," Mark said, setting down his fork, "you going to tell me what's really bothering you? You've been different lately."

Jeannine froze. "Different how?"

"I don't know. Distracted. Sometimes really into sex, other times completely distant." He reached across the table for her hand. "Is it work? Is that dick Wentworth giving you trouble again?"

Her cheeks burned at the mention of Wentworth. If Mark only knew what she'd done in his office... what she'd allowed...

"It's just stress," she lied, squeezing his hand. "This campaign could mean a promotion if it goes well."

"You'll knock it out of the park." Mark glanced at the clock. "Shit, I'm running late. First-period students wait for no man."

He rushed to dress while Jeannine mechanically cleaned the breakfast dishes. Her phone buzzed on the counter: "MindfulSuccess: Morning Motivation Awaits."

She whimpered softly, staring at the screen. Just seeing the notification sent a pulse of arousal through her body. She shouldn't open it. Not again. Not now.

"Heading out!" Mark called, rushing back through the kitchen. He grabbed his battered messenger bag and kissed her quickly. "Love you. Text me how the presentation goes."

"Love you too," she replied automatically. The door closed behind him, leaving her alone with her phone. With her growing addiction.

"Just once more," she whispered to herself. "To get through the presentation. Then I'll delete it. I promise."

Her finger tapped the icon as guilt and anticipation battled within her chest. The familiar spiral appeared, pulsating gently as the soothing male voice filled her earbuds.

"Good morning, achiever. Today is your opportunity to surrender to success."

Images began flickering faster than before—cockheads glistening with precum, women's mouths open and eager, white ropes of semen arcing through the air. Between these explicit frames flashed corporate logos, Wentworth's face, and new additions: microscopic views of sperm cells swimming, fertilizing eggs, the words "PURPOSE" and "DESTINY" appearing subliminally.

Jeannine's body throbbed in response, her mind growing hazy with familiar arousal. Twenty minutes later, she emerged from the trance-like state, her panties soaked, her breath ragged. She'd have to change before leaving for work.

*What am I becoming?*

The subway car rocked gently as it sped beneath the city streets. Jeannine gripped the overhead rail, trying to focus on her presentation notes rather than the persistent ache between her legs. The conservative black suit felt restrictive, wrong somehow. She'd chosen it deliberately as armor against her new urges, but now it seemed like a denial of what her body wanted.

*Stop it. This isn't you thinking. It's the app.*

A man in a business suit stood beside her, his cologne reminiscent of Wentworth's. Her pulse quickened as his arm brushed hers when the train turned sharply. She stepped away, disturbed by her reaction.

"Jeannine? Is that you?"

She turned to see Melissa from the marketing department, holding a green smoothie and wearing wireless earbuds. Melissa—the only other female manager, the one who'd supported her campaign initially. Would she still look at Jeannine the same way if she knew what she'd done?

"Hey, Melissa. Ready for the meeting?" Jeannine forced brightness into her voice.

"Born ready." Melissa grinned, removing one earbud. "Though I'm still not clear on why we pivoted so drastically from your original concept. It was genius."

Jeannine's stomach twisted. "Research showed... different results when we dug deeper."

"Huh." Melissa's brow furrowed. "That's not what the focus group reports said. I read them thoroughly."

"New data," Jeannine muttered vaguely, looking away. "Wentworth had insights."

"Wentworth," Melissa repeated flatly. "The man whose marketing experience consists of golf outings and three-martini lunches. Those insights?"

The old Jeannine would have laughed, agreed. Now, she felt a strange need to defend him. "He has good instincts. And seniority. Experience."

Melissa studied her with narrowed eyes. "Are you feeling okay? You don't sound like yourself."

The train reached their stop, saving Jeannine from responding. They exited together into the crowded station.

"Want to grab coffee before the meeting? We've got time," Melissa offered.

"I need to review some notes," Jeannine lied. "See you there?"

She hurried ahead, uncomfortable under Melissa's scrutiny. Her friend knew her too well, might see through the facade to the confused, aroused, ashamed woman beneath. As she speed-walked toward the office building, her phone buzzed again.

"MindfulSuccess: Quick Focus Boost?"

She knew she shouldn't, not again, not so soon after the morning session. But her finger moved without conscious permission, opening the app in the elevator. The quiet ding of passing floors masked the hushed voice in her earbuds, but the images flashed rapidly—more explicit than before. Women on their knees, mouths open. Closeups of semen dripping down throats, over breasts, onto faces. Pregnant bellies being caressed by male hands.

*This is sick. Why can't I stop watching?*

The elevator doors opened on her floor. Jeannine quickly pocketed her phone, but the damage was done. Her nipples pressed visibly against her blouse despite her suit jacket. Her panties clung damply to her swollen pussy. She hurried to the bathroom, needing a moment to compose herself before the meeting.

The bathroom door swung open as she approached. Brad from creative emerged, smirking when he saw her.

"Big day, Jen," he said, emphasizing the nickname she hated. "Heard you completely rewrote the campaign. Finally seeing things the right way, huh?"

Her pulse jumped at his condescending tone. A week ago, she would have put him in his place with a cutting remark. Now, she felt confused heat spread through her body at his dominant posture.

"The client's needs come first," she managed, unable to meet his eyes.

"Smart girl." Brad patted her shoulder as he passed, his hand lingering a second too long. "Wentworth's looking for you, by the way. Wants to see you before the meeting."

Jeannine nodded, continuing into the bathroom on unsteady legs. The fluorescent lights buzzed overhead as she leaned against the sink, staring at her reflection. Her pupils were dilated. Her cheeks flushed. She looked... aroused.

She splashed cold water on her face, carefully reapplied her lipstick—choosing a deeper shade than usual without conscious thought—and tried to give herself a pep talk.

*You're a professional. This is temporary insanity. Get through today. Delete the app tonight. Seek help.*

But as she headed toward Wentworth's office, her body throbbed with anticipation rather than dread. What would he ask of her today? Would he touch her again? Would he praise her for being a good girl?

*Listen to yourself! This isn't you!*

She paused outside his door, straightening her jacket and taking a deep breath. Through the glass partition, she could see him on the phone, laughing. Just like that first day last week—had it only been a week? He caught her eye and beckoned her in with a crooked finger, smiling in a way that made her knees weak.

Jeannine entered, closing the door behind her with a soft click that sounded to her like the closing of a trap—one she was walking into willingly, eagerly, despite knowing better.

"There she is," Wentworth said into the phone. "Gotta go, Jim. My star presenter is here." He hung up, his eyes moving appreciatively over her body. "Feeling ready for the big reveal?"

"Yes, sir," she answered automatically, then bit her lip. When had "sir" become her default response to him?

"Good girl." He moved around his desk to stand before her, close enough that she could smell his cologne. "I reviewed the final slides. Excellent work. The Bartlett people will eat it up."

Pride bloomed in her chest at his approval. His praise affected her more than it should, making her pulse race and her breath shallow.

"Thank you," she murmured, eyes downcast.

"Look at me," he commanded softly.

Jeannine raised her gaze to meet his. Something passed between them—acknowledgment of what had happened Friday, of what was happening to her, of what she was becoming.

"How are you finding the app?" he asked casually, as if inquiring about the weather.

"It's... affecting me," she admitted, her voice small.

"I can see that." His hand rose to touch her cheek, thumb brushing lightly over her bottom lip. "Your lipstick is darker today. More... inviting."

She knew she should pull away, should maintain professional boundaries, should report him to HR. Instead, her lips parted slightly at his touch, her body leaning subtly toward him.

"The meeting starts in ten minutes," he said, his thumb still tracing her lip. "But first, I want to make sure you're properly focused. On your knees."

Alarm cut through the fog of arousal. "Here? Now? Someone could come in..."

"I've locked the door." He stepped back, waiting expectantly. "Consider it motivation for the presentation. Something to look forward to after."

Jeannine's mind raced. This was sexual harassment, coercion, possibly assault. She should refuse, should walk out, should quit on the spot.

*But the app... the cravings... the need...*

"Please," she whispered, not sure if she was begging him to stop or to continue. "The meeting..."

"Five minutes," he said firmly. "Then you'll go deliver the best presentation of your career, knowing what waits for you after. Knowing what a good girl you are."

Her body betrayed her completely. Her knees buckled, not in protest but in compliance, bringing her to the carpet before him. Wentworth's smile widened as he unbuckled his belt.

"That's it," he murmured. "Show me what the app has taught you."

As she took him into her mouth, tears of shame mingled with overwhelming arousal. Part of her registered what was happening—her professional suicide, her moral compromise, her addiction taking full control. But a growing part welcomed it, craved it, needed the validation and the reward of his cum.

Wentworth's hand tangled in her carefully styled hair as he guided her pace. "After the presentation," he promised, "I'll reward you properly. Give you what you've been craving. What the app has taught you to need."

Jeannine whimpered around his cock, knowing she should hate this degradation but finding herself desperate for his approval, for his release, for the strange validation his dominance provided.

Five minutes later, his cum splashed across her tongue, bitter and thick. She swallowed automatically, programmed by the app's subliminal training.

"Good girl," he praised, tucking himself away and helping her to her feet. "Now, fix your makeup and go show them what a star you are."

She moved mechanically to the private bathroom attached to his office, reapplying her lipstick with trembling hands. What had she just done? What was she becoming?

*I need help. I need to stop this.*

But when she met Wentworth's approving gaze as she emerged, her body flushed with pleasure at his validation. He straightened her jacket lapel, his touch lingering on her collarbone.

"After the meeting," he promised, "we'll discuss your... professional development more thoroughly."

Jeannine nodded, unable to form words. She gathered her presentation materials with numb fingers and headed for the conference room, where Melissa, Brad, and the rest of the team waited—none of them knowing she had just serviced their boss, none of them seeing the invisible collar that now seemed to encircle her throat.

*Just get through today,* she told herself. *Then delete the app. Get help. Fix this.*

But the dampness between her legs and the taste of cum still on her tongue told a different story—one of addiction, surrender, and a transformation that might already be irreversible.

"...which brings us to our final recommendation for the Bartlett campaign," Jeannine concluded, clicking to the last slide. "Surrender to Care: letting women embrace their natural desire for guidance and nurturing."

The conference room remained silent for several seconds. She stood at the head of the table, presentation remote clutched in her sweating palm. Twenty faces stared back at her—some confused, some nodding in agreement, a few openly skeptical.

Melissa raised her hand, brow furrowed. "This is... substantially different from the original concept you presented last week. What prompted such a dramatic shift in approach?"

Jeannine felt Wentworth's eyes on her from the far end of the table. Her pulse quickened. "Additional research revealed deeper psychological needs in our target audience."

"What research exactly?" Melissa pressed. "Because I've reviewed all our focus group data, and it strongly supported your original empowerment concept."

Brad snorted. "Maybe some women are tired of pretending they want to be men."

"Excuse me?" Melissa's head snapped toward him.

"I just mean—" Brad smirked, leaning back in his chair, "—sometimes traditional gender roles exist for a reason. Biology and all that."

Jeannine recognized the phrasing from the app. The same concepts, the same words. Had Brad been exposed to it too? Or was Wentworth feeding lines to his male allies?

"That's not what our market research says," Melissa insisted, turning back to Jeannine. "You know that better than anyone. You compiled the data yourself."

All eyes returned to Jeannine. She stood frozen, caught between her professional integrity and the new programming that hummed through her body. Wentworth cleared his throat softly. Her eyes flicked to him involuntarily, seeking guidance.

"I believe," Wentworth interjected smoothly, "what Jeannine has discovered is the difference between what consumers say they want and what they actually respond to. Isn't that right, Jeannine?"

"Yes," she said softly, then forced more conviction into her voice. "Yes, exactly. The distinction between stated preferences and actual purchasing behavior."

"But we have purchasing data too," Melissa pointed out, frustration evident in her voice. "Previous campaigns with empowerment messaging outperformed traditional approaches by twenty-seven percent."

The room grew tense. Jeannine's mind raced for a response. Nothing came except heightened awareness of Wentworth's presence, of her body's continued arousal, of the taste of him still lingering in her mouth.

"Perhaps," Melissa continued when Jeannine remained silent, "we should present both concepts to the client and let them decide which better serves their brand."

"That won't be necessary," Wentworth cut in firmly. "Jeannine's new direction has my full support. We present a unified recommendation to our clients, not a menu of options."

Melissa's eyes narrowed as they moved between Wentworth and Jeannine. "Since when? We've always—"

"That's enough, Melissa," Wentworth said, his tone hardening. "The decision's been made."

Jeannine watched Melissa's face shift from confusion to suspicion to something like disappointment. Her friend—her ally—could sense something was wrong but couldn't possibly comprehend what was happening. How Jeannine had changed. What she had done.

"Any other questions?" Wentworth asked the room at large.

A few team members raised practical concerns about implementation timelines and budget allocations. Jeannine answered mechanically, her professional knowledge still intact even as her sense of self eroded. Throughout, she felt Wentworth's approving gaze, each nod from him sending inappropriate pulses of pleasure through her body.

"Excellent presentation, team," Wentworth concluded after thirty minutes of discussion. "Jeannine, I'd like you to join me for the client call this afternoon. Three o'clock in my office. The rest of you, begin implementation planning based on this approved direction."

As the team filed out, Melissa lingered, waiting until others had left before approaching Jeannine at the podium.

"What's going on with you?" she asked quietly, concern evident in her eyes. "This isn't like you. This isn't the campaign you believed in. Did Wentworth pressure you to change it?"

*Yes, tell her yes! Ask for help! Tell her about the app!*

But the words wouldn't form. "I just... reconsidered my approach. The client's conservative. This will sell better."

"Bullshit," Melissa replied flatly. "I know you, Jeannine. You've fought for progressive campaigns for four years. You don't suddenly turn around and pitch 'women need guidance' without something happening." She lowered her voice further. "Is he threatening your job? Because we can go to HR together."

Jeannine's phone buzzed in her pocket: "MindfulSuccess: Need Focus?"

Her body responded instantly to the notification, a Pavlovian reaction sending dampness between her legs. She shifted uncomfortably.

"Everything's fine," she lied, avoiding Melissa's penetrating gaze. "I need to prepare for the client call. We'll talk later, okay?"

Hurt flashed across Melissa's face. "Sure. Later." She gathered her notepad and pen. "Just... remember who you are, Jeannine. Don't let them change you."

*Too late,* Jeannine thought as she watched her friend leave. *I'm already changing. Already changed.*

Alone in the conference room, she sank into a chair, her legs suddenly weak. Her fingers trembled as they reached for her phone, opening the notification.

"Quick reward for a successful presentation," the app prompted. "Five minutes to pleasure."

She knew she shouldn't. Not here. Not now. But her finger tapped "Begin" before conscious thought could intervene. The spiral appeared, pulsating hypnotically as the familiar voice purred in her earbuds.

"You performed beautifully. Surrender deserves reward."

The images came faster than ever—explicit, pornographic, focusing exclusively on oral sex and cum. Women drinking from champagne glasses filled with semen. Closeups of throats swallowing, of faces being painted with thick ropes of white fluid. Microscopic views of sperm cells swimming toward eggs. Pregnant bellies swelling in time-lapse.

"Your purpose is becoming clear," the voice intoned. "Your body knows what it needs. What it craves. The power of surrender. The fulfillment of service."

Jeannine's hand slipped beneath the conference table, pressing against the aching need between her legs. She shouldn't touch herself here. Anyone could walk in. But the programming was too strong, the need too great.

"Good girls receive seed," the voice continued as explicit imagery flashed rapidly. "Good girls are rewarded with cum. With approval. With purpose."

"Yes," she whispered, her fingers working frantically against her clit through her pants. "Yes, please..."

"Who deserves your submission?" the voice asked, as Wentworth's face flashed between pornographic images.

"My master," she answered automatically, her body tensing toward release.

"What do you crave most?"

"Cum," she gasped softly, her orgasm building. "His cum. My master's cum."

"When you service him properly, when you surrender completely, you will be fulfilled," the voice promised as images of women's blissful faces, covered in semen, flashed rapidly. "Surrender is freedom. Submission is power."

Jeannine came hard, her body shuddering as her mind flooded with images of kneeling before Wentworth, of swallowing his release, of being marked by him. The pleasure was overwhelming, immediate—and followed instantly by crushing shame as the app concluded and awareness returned.

What had she become? Masturbating in the conference room to thoughts of servicing her boss? Allowing an app to rewrite her values, her desires, her very identity?

She straightened her clothes with trembling hands and gathered her presentation materials. Three o'clock. The client call with Wentworth. Hours away, yet her body already thrummed with anticipation and need.

*I need help,* she thought desperately. *I need to break this addiction. Delete the app. Tell someone.*

But even as these thoughts formed, her finger was already opening the app settings, increasing notification frequency from "frequent" to "maximum."

The afternoon crawled by in a haze of conflicting impulses. Jeannine tried to focus on work—responding to emails, revising campaign timelines, reviewing budgets. But every thirty minutes, like clockwork, her phone buzzed with another notification from the app. Each time, she told herself she wouldn't open it. Each time, her resolve crumbled within seconds.

The content grew increasingly explicit, increasingly focused on semen, on oral service, on submission and pregnancy. The messaging evolved too—from general concepts of "success through surrender" to specific instructions about her relationship with Wentworth, about her "purpose" as a "vessel" and "servant."

By 2:45, she had watched seven more sessions, each driving her deeper into the programming, each eroding more of her former self. Her panties were soaked through. Her nipples remained painfully erect. Her mind floated in a fog of arousal and confusion, professional thoughts battling with implanted desires.

She reapplied her lipstick—the third time that day—and smoothed her hair before heading to Wentworth's office for the client call. Outside his door, she paused, straightening her jacket and taking a deep breath. Through the glass, she could see him at his desk, phone to his ear, looking every inch the successful executive. Her boss. Her master.

*No. Not my master. Stop thinking that way!*

But her body throbbed in response to just seeing him, conditioned by the app to associate his presence with sexual reward. She knocked softly and entered at his gesture.

"Yes, Bob, she's just arrived," Wentworth was saying. "We'll call you at three sharp to walk through the presentation... Absolutely... Looking forward to it." He hung up and turned his full attention to Jeannine, eyes moving appreciatively over her.

"Right on time," he said. "And looking particularly beautiful today."

"Thank you, sir," she replied automatically, then winced at her own response.

Wentworth smiled. "The app is working well, I see. How many sessions today?"

Shame burned her cheeks. "I don't... I haven't been counting."

"Your phone has." He held up his own device, showing an admin dashboard for MindfulSuccess. Her usage statistics displayed prominently: nine sessions, total viewing time 107 minutes. "Impressive dedication."

Horror washed through her. "You're monitoring me?"

"Of course." He set down his phone and stood, moving around the desk to stand before her. "How else would I track your progress? Your transformation?"

Jeannine took a step back, bumping against the closed door. "This is wrong," she whispered, finding a moment of clarity through the arousal. "What you're doing to me... it's manipulation. Coercion."

"Is it?" He stepped closer, not touching her but invading her space, his cologne enveloping her. "You download the app voluntarily. You open it voluntarily. You could delete it anytime."

"The app is... it's changing me. Making me want things I shouldn't want."

Wentworth shook his head. "The app doesn't create desires, Jeannine. It uncovers them. Amplifies what's already there."

"That's not true," she protested weakly, even as her body betrayed her, responding to his proximity with pulsing need.

"Isn't it?" His hand rose to brush a strand of hair from her face, the touch sending electricity through her. "Deep down, haven't you always craved this? Structure. Guidance. The freedom of not having to fight so hard?"

*No!* her mind screamed. But doubt crept in. The app's pleasure was so intense, so consuming. What if he was right? What if this was her true nature?

"The client call," she managed, desperate to change the subject.

"We have fifteen minutes," Wentworth replied softly. "Plenty of time for you to show me what a good girl you are."

The phrase "good girl" triggered a flood of response—physical arousal, emotional need, psychological surrender. The app had conditioned her too well.

Jeannine whimpered softly, her legs weakening. "Please... I'm confused... I don't know what's happening to me..."

"I do." His hand cupped her cheek gently. "You're becoming who you were meant to be. My perfect assistant. My good girl."

His thumb brushed her bottom lip. Without conscious thought, she parted her lips, accepting the digit into her mouth, sucking gently as the app had trained her to do.

"That's it," he encouraged. "Show me what you need."

*Stop this! Fight back! This isn't you!*

But her body moved without her permission, sinking to her knees before him as it had that morning. As the app had shown her to do, again and again.

"Good girl," Wentworth praised as his belt came undone. "After the client call, I have a special reward for you. Something you've been craving. Something the app has prepared you for."

As his cock sprang free, as her mouth opened eagerly to receive it, as her hands trembled with both shame and anticipation, Jeannine realized with terrifying clarity that she was losing herself completely—and part of her welcomed the loss.

Jeannine gripped the base of his shaft with trembling fingers. Her pulse throbbed in her temples as she stared at the rigid cock before her face. Shame and disgust warred with the inappropriate arousal flooding her system. She thought about how quickly she had fallen—from respected professional to kneeling in her boss's office in less than a week.

*This isn't who I am. This can't be who I am.*

Yet her mouth watered at the sight of him. The app's conditioning had rewired her responses so thoroughly that the mere sight of his erection triggered anticipation rather than revulsion. How had this happened so quickly? She'd always prided herself on her strength, her independence, her feminist principles. Now she knelt willingly before a man who had systematically undermined her professional achievements.

She knew she shouldn't take him into her mouth. Knew she should stand up, walk out, delete the app, report him to HR. But her lips parted automatically as she leaned forward, her body no longer fully under her control.

"That's my good girl," Wentworth murmured, his fingers threading through her carefully styled hair. "You know what you need now, don't you?"

Jeannine whimpered softly as her lips enveloped the head of his cock. The bitter taste of precum spread across her tongue, triggering another wave of unwanted arousal. Her thighs clenched together, seeking pressure against the aching need between them. What kind of person became aroused by their own degradation? What was happening to her mind?

Her head bobbed forward, taking him deeper. The movements felt practiced now, though she'd only done this once before in his office. The app had trained her well, showing countless images of women performing this act with expressions of bliss, of fulfillment. Now her body followed the programming, her tongue swirling around his shaft as she hollowed her cheeks.

"Perfect," Wentworth sighed, his hips pushing forward slightly. "You're a natural at this. Better than at marketing, I'd say."

The insult stung, cutting through the fog of arousal. She'd worked so hard to build her career, to be taken seriously in a male-dominated field. Now he reduced her to this, and worse—her body responded with increased arousal at his degrading comment. The conflict made her want to cry, yet she continued servicing him, unable to stop.

Wentworth's breathing quickened as his hand tightened in her hair. "We have the client call in ten minutes. Be a good girl and finish your master quickly."

*Master.* The word should have horrified her. Instead, it sent another pulse of shameful pleasure through her core. The app had used that word repeatedly in recent sessions, linking it to images of Wentworth, to promises of reward and fulfillment. Now she moaned around his cock at hearing it spoken aloud, her body betraying her completely.

She worked harder, faster, desperate to please him and disgusted with herself for that desperation. Her free hand moved between her legs, pressing against her clit through her pants. She shouldn't touch herself during this degrading act. Shouldn't find pleasure in her own submission. But her body throbbed with need, independent of her fractured sense of self.

"That's it," Wentworth groaned, his hips thrusting more insistently. "Get ready for your reward. For what you've been craving."

Jeannine's mind flashed with images from the app—women drinking cum from glasses, throats swallowing eagerly, expressions of ecstasy as they received a man's seed. Her body tensed with anticipation, conditioned to view his release as a reward rather than a violation.

*This isn't me. This can't be me. But why does it feel so right?*

Wentworth's body stiffened. "Swallow it all like a good girl. Don't waste a drop of your master's cum."

Her eyes widened as the first splash hit the back of her throat. The bitter, salty taste should have been revolting. Instead, her body responded with a surge of pleasure, her own orgasm building as she swallowed repeatedly, accepting everything he gave her.

When he finally pulled away, Jeannine remained on her knees, dazed and confused. Her hand still pressed between her legs, her body still aching for release. What had she become? How had it happened so fast?

Wentworth tucked himself away and straightened his tie, looking completely unaffected by what had just transpired. "The client call is in five minutes. Fix your makeup and compose yourself."

Jeannine rose on shaky legs, moving to the private bathroom on autopilot. The woman in the mirror was a stranger—lipstick smeared, eyes glassy with arousal, a thin trail of saliva and cum at the corner of her mouth. She should be horrified. Should be planning her resignation, considering legal action, deleting the app that had done this to her.

Instead, she carefully reapplied her lipstick and fixed her hair, preparing to sit beside Wentworth for the client call as if nothing had happened. As if she hadn't just willingly serviced him on her knees. As if the taste of him wasn't still coating her tongue, sending inappropriate shivers of pleasure through her system.

*I'll delete the app tonight,* she promised herself. *After one more session. Just one more.*

But even as she formed this plan, she knew it was a lie. The addiction had rooted too deeply, the conditioning becoming more powerful with each exposure. She was losing herself bit by bit, and the most terrifying part was how good the loss felt in the moment—like floating, like surrender, like finally stopping the exhausting fight against a current too strong to resist.

Wentworth called her name from the office. Jeannine straightened her jacket, took a deep breath, and rejoined him, settling into the chair beside his desk for the client call. His hand rested possessively on her thigh as he dialed, and she didn't push it away. Couldn't push it away. The touch sent waves of pleasure through her conditioned body, a reward for her submission, for her surrender.

The professional mask slipped back into place as the call connected. She discussed strategy and metrics with the client in clear, articulate terms. But beneath the veneer of competence, something fundamental had shifted. The taste of cum lingered on her tongue, a constant reminder of what she was becoming—and of the app waiting on her phone, ready to take her deeper into her transformation as soon as the call ended.

Jeannine sat with practiced poise beside Wentworth's desk, her professional demeanor belying the turmoil within. Her throat still felt raw, a physical reminder of what she'd done moments before. She crossed her legs, trying to ease the persistent aching between them as Wentworth initiated the conference call.

"Bob, thanks for making time. I have Jeannine with me to walk through the campaign specifics," Wentworth said, his hand still resting possessively on her thigh under the desk.

"Looking forward to it," Bob's voice crackled through the speaker. "The preliminary deck looks promising."

Her pulse throbbed steadily as she launched into her presentation, voice remarkably steady despite the chaos in her mind. Words about target demographics and engagement metrics flowed from her lips while images of herself on her knees played on repeat in her thoughts. How could she sound so composed when the taste of Wentworth's seed still lingered on her tongue? When her body still pulsed with shameful arousal?

"The focus groups responded particularly well to the nurturing aspects of the concept," she explained, clicking through slides remotely. "We've emphasized the security and guidance elements throughout the creative."

*Ten minutes ago, I was swallowing my boss's cum. Now I'm discussing marketing strategy as if nothing happened. Who am I becoming?*

Bob asked a question about implementation timeline. Jeannine answered automatically, her professional knowledge intact despite her fractured sense of self. Wentworth's fingers traced small circles on her thigh, sending unwanted shivers up her spine. She shouldn't respond to his touch. Shouldn't feel this persistent arousal while discussing business. Shouldn't be replaying the sensation of his cock hitting the back of her throat.

"We've allocated additional budget to social platforms targeting women 25-45," she continued, hyperaware of Wentworth's eyes on her profile. "Early A/B testing shows promising engagement with the surrender messaging."

*Surrender.* The word echoed in her mind, taking on new meaning. She had surrendered—her principles, her autonomy, her fidelity to Mark. The thought of her boyfriend sent a wave of guilt crashing through her. What would he think if he knew what she'd become? How quickly she'd fallen?

Wentworth leaned toward the speakerphone. "Bob, what Jeannine has developed here represents a paradigm shift in how we approach female consumers. Moving from empowerment to guidance addresses deeper psychological needs."

His clinical, professional language contrasted sharply with the memory of his crude commands minutes earlier. *Swallow it all like a good girl. Don't waste a drop of your master's cum.* The juxtaposition made her stomach clench with confused emotion—disgust and arousal tangling together in a toxic knot.

"I'm impressed," Bob replied. "Though I have to ask—this is quite different from initial conversations. What prompted the change in direction?"

Her heart jumped to her throat. How to explain that an app installed on her phone had rewired her brain? That her boss had systematically broken down her resistance through psychological manipulation and sexual coercion? That she now craved his approval more than her own self-respect?

"Research revealed a disconnect between stated preferences and emotional responses," she heard herself saying. "We dug deeper into subconscious motivations."

*Listen to yourself. You sound like the app. Those aren't your words or beliefs.*

Wentworth smiled approvingly, his hand moving higher on her thigh. "Jeannine has shown remarkable... flexibility... in adapting to new insights."

The double meaning wasn't lost on her. Her face burned with shame even as her body responded to his touch, to his approval. What kind of person found pleasure in their own degradation? Had this darkness always existed within her, or had the app created it?

"Well, I think we have a winner," Bob declared after fifteen more minutes of discussion. "Send over the final budget breakdowns and we'll get contracts signed next week."

"Excellent," Wentworth replied. "We'll follow up tomorrow with those details."

The call ended. Jeannine exhaled slowly, tension radiating through her shoulders. She should leave immediately. Should put distance between herself and Wentworth. Should delete the app and seek professional help. But his hand remained on her thigh, and her body remained rooted to the chair, waiting for his next command.

"You performed beautifully," he murmured, fingers tracing higher. "Both during the call and before it."

She whimpered softly at his praise, hating her response even as she savored it. "The client seemed pleased."

"They should be. You've created exactly what women like you need—permission to surrender." His hand moved between her thighs, pressing against her center through her pants. "Just like you've surrendered to me."

Jeannine closed her eyes, unable to look at him as her body betrayed her again, pressing against his hand. "This isn't me," she whispered, the last feeble protest of her former self.

"It is now," he countered, his free hand tilting her chin to face him. "And you love it. Your body doesn't lie, even when your mind resists."

Her phone buzzed in her pocket: "MindfulSuccess: Celebration Session Available."

Wentworth smiled. "Perfect timing. I think you've earned a special reward. Something the app has been preparing you for."

Fear and anticipation battled within her chest. "What do you mean?"

"Check your phone. Open the app. Complete the session." His voice took on the same hypnotic quality as the app's narrator. "Then we'll continue your training."

She knew she shouldn't reach for her phone. Shouldn't open the app again. Shouldn't submit to further programming. But her hands moved without conscious permission, drawing the device from her pocket like an addict reaching for a fix.

*Just once more,* she rationalized. *Then I'll delete it. Then I'll fix this mess.*

But as the familiar spiral appeared on screen, as the soothing male voice filled her earbuds, as new and more explicit images began flashing before her eyes, Jeannine recognized the lie in her own thoughts. She wasn't going to delete the app. Wasn't going to resist. Wasn't going to reclaim her former self.

The app had won. Wentworth had won. And some broken, twisted part of her had begun to crave her own defeat.

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The client meeting ended with handshakes and promises. Jeannine collected her materials, her professional mask firmly in place despite the taste of Wentworth still lingering on her tongue. Her body functioned on autopilot – smile, nod, speak articulately about metrics and engagement strategies – while her mind remained trapped in a fog of confusion and arousal.

"Excellent presentation," Mr. Bartlett said, shaking her hand before departing. "Your new direction feels exactly right for our brand."

"Thank you," she replied automatically. "We're excited about the implementation phase."

She watched them leave, these men who had no idea what happened in this very office an hour ago. No idea that beneath her crisp blazer and confident stance, she was unraveling completely.

Melissa caught her in the hallway, concern etched across her face. "Can we talk? Privately?"

Jeannine checked her phone reflexively. No new notifications from the app. Not yet. "Sure. Coffee room?"

They walked together in strained silence. The office hummed with normal Tuesday activity – phones ringing, keyboards clicking, colleagues discussing projects. The ordinary backdrop made Jeannine's internal chaos feel even more surreal. Was she the only one whose world had shattered? The only one harboring this shameful secret?

Melissa closed the coffee room door behind them. "Something's wrong. I've known you for three years, and this isn't you."

"What isn't me?" Jeannine busied herself making coffee she didn't want, avoiding her friend's penetrating gaze.

"This campaign. The sudden shift in messaging. The way you let Wentworth steamroll you in meetings." Melissa leaned against the counter, arms crossed. "The Jeannine I know would die before pitching that regressive 'women need guidance' bullshit."

Jeannine's hand trembled slightly as she poured hot water. "Market research supported the pivot."

"Bullshit." Melissa's voice softened. "Is he threatening your job? Because we can fight this together."

*If only it were that simple.*

"I'm fine," Jeannine insisted, stirring her coffee with unnecessary focus. "Just adapting to client needs."

"Since when do you adapt instead of convince?" Melissa stepped closer, lowering her voice. "And what's with you and Wentworth? The way he looks at you now... it's creepy."

Jeannine's pulse quickened. Did others notice? Was her degradation visible to the entire office? "He's my boss. We're collaborating closely on this project."

"It's more than that." Melissa placed a hand on her arm. "You can tell me anything, you know that, right? Whatever's happening, I'm on your side."

Something cracked in Jeannine's carefully constructed facade. Tears welled unexpectedly. *Tell her. Tell her about the app. About what he's done to you. Ask for help before you disappear completely.*

Her phone buzzed in her pocket: "MindfulSuccess: Midday Reset Available."

Her body responded instantly to the notification – nipples tightening, dampness flooding her panties, mouth watering with Pavlovian anticipation. Like a junkie hearing the promise of a fix.

"I appreciate your concern," Jeannine said, stepping back from Melissa's touch. "But everything's fine. I need to take this call."

Disappointment shadowed Melissa's face. "Okay. But my office door is always open. Remember that."

Jeannine nodded, already reaching for her phone as Melissa left. She shouldn't open the app again. Not here, not now. But her finger tapped the icon before conscious thought could intervene, her body craving the programming like a physical need.

The spiral appeared. The familiar voice enveloped her. The images began their relentless assault on her psyche.

"Professional accomplishments are temporary. Serving cock is eternal."

She leaned against the coffee room counter, her breathing shallow as explicit scenes flashed before her eyes – women in business attire transformed into cock-hungry sluts, professionally dressed one moment, on their knees the next. The message pounded into her subconscious: her career was merely a prelude to her true purpose.

"Your body knows what it needs. What it craves above professional achievement."

Jeannine whimpered softly, her hand slipping beneath her skirt to press against her throbbing pussy. She shouldn't touch herself here. Anyone could walk in. But the need overrode all caution, all professional decorum.

The session ended after five intense minutes, leaving her gasping and unfulfilled, teetering on the edge of orgasm but denied release. The voice's final instruction lingered in her mind: "Pleasure comes only through service. Through submission to your master."

She fixed her clothing with trembling hands, splashed water on her flushed face, and tried to reclaim her professional composure. She had work to do. Campaigns to manage. A normal life to pretend she still possessed.

The afternoon dragged endlessly. Jeannine sat at her desk, staring at spreadsheets that once commanded her full attention. Numbers and data points that had excited her analytical mind now seemed meaningless compared to the pulsing need between her legs, the persistent craving for Wentworth's approval.

*Focus. Just focus on the work. Prove you're still yourself.*

She forced herself to analyze engagement metrics for an upcoming campaign. Her mind cooperated for brief stretches – five minutes, ten minutes of clear professional thought – before intrusive images from the app would crash through her concentration. Women worshipping cock. Faces covered in cum. The word "PURPOSE" flashing sublimally between pornographic scenes.

Her phone buzzed: "MindfulSuccess: Professional Focus Booster."

Jeannine laughed bitterly at the irony of the notification title. Nothing about the app boosted her professional focus. It systematically destroyed it, replacing ambition with submission, achievement with servitude.

*Don't open it. Resist.*

But resistance had grown nearly impossible. Each exposure to the app weakened her will further, created deeper pathways of conditioned response. Her finger tapped the icon almost involuntarily, her body already responding with anticipation.

This session showed women receiving "performance reviews" from male bosses – evaluations that quickly transformed into sexual encounters. Professional feedback became sexual instruction. Business attire was removed to reveal submission-themed lingerie. Conference tables became surfaces for bent-over subordinates to receive their "true assessment."

"Your worth is measured in your master's pleasure," the voice intoned as images flickered rapidly. "Your success defined by your surrender."

Jeannine squirmed in her office chair, her panties soaked through with arousal she despised yet couldn't control. The session ended with its now-familiar denied climax, leaving her aching and desperate, primed to associate relief only with Wentworth's approval.

Her desk phone rang, startling her from the app's aftermath.

"Jeannine speaking," she answered, struggling to sound professional.

"My office. Now." Wentworth's voice, then a click as he hung up.

Her body responded before her mind could process – nipples tightening, pulse quickening, moisture flooding her already dampened underwear. She stood on shaky legs, smoothed her skirt, and checked her lipstick in her compact mirror. When had she started wearing the deeper shade he preferred? When had pleasing him become her default mode?

The walk to his office took her past rows of colleagues focused on their work. Normal people with normal jobs and normal desires. She envied their simplicity, their freedom from the psychological warfare being waged in her mind. Did they notice the change in her? Did they see how she was disappearing bit by bit?

Wentworth's door stood open. He sat behind his desk, glasses perched on his nose as he reviewed documents. The picture of professional authority. Only she knew his other side – the man who had systematically broken down her resistance, who had used technology to rewire her brain, who had transformed her from ambitious professional to confused, cock-craving subordinate.

"Close the door," he said without looking up.

Jeannine obeyed, hating herself for the automatic compliance. For the thrill that shot through her at his commanding tone.

"The Bartlett team loved your presentation," he said, finally meeting her eyes. "They've increased the budget by thirty percent."

Professional pride flickered briefly – a muscle memory of her former self. "That's excellent news."

"It is." Wentworth removed his glasses, setting them aside deliberately. "You've earned a reward."

Her pulse throbbed at the word. The app had conditioned her to associate "reward" with his cum, with the validation of pleasing him sexually. She shifted uncomfortably, fighting the Pavlovian response.

"Thank you, but that's not necessary," she managed, clinging to the last shreds of her professional dignity. "I was just doing my job."

"Your job has evolved, hasn't it?" His eyes held hers, knowing and dominant. "The app has helped you understand your true purpose here."

Jeannine swallowed hard. "The app is... manipulating me. Changing me against my will."

"Is it?" Wentworth leaned back in his chair. "Then why haven't you deleted it? Why do you open it eagerly, multiple times daily? Why is your pussy wet right now just standing in my office?"

Heat flooded her cheeks. He was right. She could have deleted the app after the first session. Could have reported him to HR. Could have fought harder against the programming. But something in her had yielded, had perhaps even welcomed the transformation.

"I don't understand what's happening to me," she whispered, tears threatening.

"I do." Wentworth stood, moving around his desk to stand before her. "You're finally embracing your authentic self. The self that craves structure, guidance... submission."

"That's not me." But her voice lacked conviction.

"Isn't it?" His hand rose to cup her cheek, his touch sending electricity through her conditioned body. "Let's test that theory. Tell me what you're thinking right now."

Jeannine trembled under his touch, under his gaze that seemed to penetrate her defenses. "I'm thinking... I should leave. Report you. Delete the app."

"And what is your body saying?"

She closed her eyes, unable to lie. "That I want to drop to my knees. That I want to suck your cock. That I... need your cum." The admission came with equal parts shame and relief.

"The body knows truth that the mind denies." His thumb traced her bottom lip. "The app didn't create these desires, Jeannine. It revealed them. Amplified what was already there."

"No..." But doubt crept in. Had some part of her always craved this surrender? This release from constant striving, from the exhaustion of fighting for respect in a male-dominated industry?

"You've spent years fighting your nature." Wentworth's voice softened hypnotically. "Fighting to be taken seriously, to prove yourself equal to men. So much wasted energy when your deepest fulfillment comes from sucking cock, from swallowing cum, from being a good little slut for men who know how to use you."

His words echoed the app's messaging, reinforcing the programming that had burrowed into her subconscious. Jeannine felt herself swaying slightly, drawn toward him as if by magnetic force.

"Check your notifications," he instructed softly.

Her phone buzzed on cue: "MindfulSuccess: Reward Protocol Activated."

Jeannine whimpered involuntarily, her body responding with intense arousal to the promised "reward." She shouldn't open it. Shouldn't sink deeper into this psychological quicksand. But her fingers moved without conscious permission, tapping the icon, accepting the headphones Wentworth offered.

"Watch. Learn. Become," he murmured as he inserted the earbuds for her.

This session differed from previous ones. The images showed women in stages of transformation – professional, ambitious women gradually accepting their "true purpose." Business suits replaced by revealing clothing. Independent expressions melting into submission. Professional accomplishments surrendered for sexual service.

"Your resistance is futile," the voice explained as the images accelerated. "Your body already knows what you need. What you crave."

Jeannine's breathing quickened as the session intensified. Women on their knees begging for cock. Tongues extended eagerly for cum. Throats bulging as they swallowed massive shafts. Faces painted with thick ropes of semen, expressions of ecstatic fulfillment.

"Repeat your true desires," the voice commanded.

"I need cock," she whispered automatically, unaware she was speaking aloud. "I need cum. I need to be used."

Wentworth watched her with predatory satisfaction, seeing the programming take deeper hold. His hand moved to his belt, unbuckling it slowly as the app continued its work.

"Your professional identity is a shell," the voice continued as subliminal messages flashed between explicit images. "Inside beats the heart of a cock-hungry slut. Your true self. Your authentic purpose."

The session ended with a new command: "When this screen fades, you will thank your master for his guidance and beg to serve his cock."

The spiral disappeared. Jeannine removed the earbuds, her eyes glazed with programmed arousal, her mind floating in the hazy aftermath of intense conditioning. She looked at Wentworth standing before her, his erection straining against his pants, and felt her knees buckle.

"Thank you for showing me my purpose," she heard herself saying, the words flowing without conscious direction. "Please let me suck your cock. I need it. I need your cum."

"Good girl," he praised, the words sending another wave of inappropriate pleasure through her system. "Show me what the app has taught you."

Jeannine sank to her knees, her body moving with eager compliance despite the faint protests of her fading rational mind. Her hands trembled slightly as they reached for his zipper, as they freed his erection, as they wrapped around the base of his shaft with worshipful attention.

"Look at me," he commanded.

She raised her eyes to his, still holding his cock before her face. The position should have felt degrading, humiliating. Instead, her pussy throbbed with need, conditioned to associate this subservience with pleasure.

"Tell me who you are now," he instructed softly.

"I'm your cock slut," she whispered, the crude words sending another pulse of arousal through her core. "I exist to serve you. To please you."

"And what do you need most in this world?"

"Your cum." Her voice broke slightly, torn between shame and desperate need. "I need your cum, master."

"Earn it," he said simply.

Jeannine leaned forward without hesitation, her lips parting to accept him. The taste, the weight on her tongue, the feeling of him pushing into her mouth – all triggered the programming embedded through countless sessions with the app. Her body responded with waves of pleasure, her mind flooding with artificial fulfillment.

She worked his cock with desperate enthusiasm, applying techniques she'd absorbed through subliminal training – tongue swirling around the head, lips tightening as she bobbed forward, hand working in rhythm with her mouth. When had she learned these skills? When had pleasing cock become so instinctual?

"That's it," Wentworth groaned, his hand tangling in her carefully styled hair. "Show me what a natural cocksucker you are."

Her free hand slipped beneath her skirt, seeking relief for the aching need between her legs. She shouldn't touch herself while servicing him. Shouldn't find pleasure in her own degradation. But her body demanded release, programmed to associate his pleasure with her own.

"My perfect little marketing executive," he mocked gently, thrusting deeper into her mouth. "All that education, all those accomplishments, and what makes you happiest? Sucking cock like a common whore."

The crude assessment should have outraged her. Instead, it intensified her arousal, her fingers working frantically against her clit as she took him deeper, desperate for his approval, for his release, for the validation the app had taught her to crave above all else.

Brad Franklin hesitated outside Wentworth's office. The quarterly report needed immediate approval, but the CEO's door was closed. Usually that meant an important call or meeting, but he'd seen the client team leave an hour ago.

He raised his hand to knock, then paused. Was that... a groan? He leaned closer, ear nearly touching the door.

"That's it... take it deeper... good girl..."

Brad's eyes widened. Surely not. Not during business hours. Not with the door unlocked.

Professional curiosity battled with common sense. He shouldn't intrude. Should walk away, come back later. But something compelled him to turn the handle slowly, to push the door open just a crack.

The sight froze him in place. Jeannine Mercer – the uptight marketing director, the office feminist, the woman who'd once reported him to HR for an off-color joke – was on her knees before Wentworth's desk. Her head bobbed rhythmically, professionally styled hair swinging with the motion. One hand gripped the base of Wentworth's cock while the other disappeared beneath her skirt, obviously pleasuring herself as she serviced him.

Brad couldn't move, couldn't look away from the shocking tableau. Jeannine's eyes were closed in what appeared to be rapture, her lips stretched around Wentworth's substantial girth, mascara smudging slightly at the corners of her eyes. The wet, slurping sounds of her enthusiasm carried clearly across the office.

"Swallow it all," Wentworth commanded, his voice tight with approaching release. "Every drop. Like a good cum slut."

Jeannine moaned around his cock, the vibration apparently pushing Wentworth over the edge. His hands gripped her head firmly, holding her in place as his body tensed. Brad watched in stunned disbelief as Jeannine's throat worked convulsively, swallowing eagerly, her own body shuddering with what appeared to be orgasm as she received his load.

The scene was so unexpected, so contradictory to everything he knew about the ambitious, independent marketing director, that Brad couldn't process what he was witnessing. This was Jeannine Mercer – the woman who'd given presentations on gender equality in the workplace, who'd fought tooth and nail for her position, who'd never shown the slightest deference to male authority.

Now she knelt before their boss, cum leaking from the corner of her mouth as she looked up with worshipful eyes. "Thank you, master," she whispered, her voice hoarse. "Thank you for using my mouth."

Brad backed away silently, his mind reeling. Whatever was happening here went far beyond a simple office affair. The Jeannine he knew would never speak those words, would never look at any man with such submissive adoration. Something had changed her, transformed her completely.

As he retreated down the hallway, one question burned in his mind: What the hell had Wentworth done to turn the office feminist into his personal cocksucker?

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Brad returned to his desk, his fingers trembling slightly as he attempted to focus on the quarterly report still clutched in his hand. The image of Jeannine—confident, assertive Jeannine—on her knees before Wentworth played on repeat in his mind. Her lipstick smeared, her perfectly styled hair disheveled, the look of rapture on her face as she swallowed their boss's cum.

*What the hell happened to her?*

He'd always found her attractive in a frustrating way—her curves accentuated by tailored business attire, her full lips that formed cutting remarks during meetings, her large, expressive eyes that had looked at him with disdain when he'd made that stupid joke last year. Something about seeing her degraded like that, about witnessing her transformation from untouchable ice queen to cock-hungry subordinate, awakened something primal in him.

Brad glanced at the report again, the numbers swimming before his eyes. If Wentworth could somehow make Jeannine Mercer kneel and beg for his cock, what else was possible? A plan began forming in his mind, half-formed but insistent.

Jeannine wiped the corner of her mouth with trembling fingers, her mind swimming in the aftermath of her degradation. The taste of Wentworth lingered on her tongue, a bitter reminder of what she'd become. Her panties clung wetly to her pussy, evidence of her body's betrayal. She'd orgasmed while sucking him off. While thanking him for using her mouth.

*This isn't me. This can't be me.*

But it was. With each exposure to the app, with each sexual encounter with Wentworth, her former self receded further into the background. The professional woman who'd fought her way up the corporate ladder was disappearing, replaced by someone who measured her worth by how enthusiastically she serviced cock.

"Clean yourself up," Wentworth instructed, tucking himself away and returning to his desk chair as if nothing unusual had occurred. "We have the executive meeting in twenty minutes."

"Executive meeting?" Jeannine struggled to shift mental gears, to reclaim her professional identity. "I've prepared the Q3 projections and competitive analysis—"

"You won't be presenting." Wentworth cut her off with a dismissive wave. "Your role has evolved, remember? The board doesn't need to hear marketing drivel from you."

The casual dismissal of her work stung. Part of her wanted to protest, to remind him of her credentials, her track record, her proven expertise. That same part screamed internally about her rights, about workplace harassment, about the illegality of what was happening.

But that voice grew weaker by the day, drowned out by the programming embedded through repeated exposure to the app. Her body still hummed with satisfaction from serving him, from earning his release, from being a "good girl." The contradiction between her former principles and current desires created a cognitive dissonance that left her perpetually off-balance.

"What will my role be?" she asked, straightening her skirt, trying to recapture some professional dignity despite what had just transpired.

Wentworth smiled, the expression not reaching his eyes. "You'll serve drinks. Look pretty. Attend to whatever needs arise."

"You want me to be a secretary?" The words escaped before she could stop them.

"Not a secretary. Secretaries have responsibilities." His gaze traveled over her body, lingering on her breasts, on her lips that had just been wrapped around his cock. "You're window dressing now. Eye candy for the male executives who actually make decisions."

The demotion should have outraged her. Just a week ago, she would have walked out, would have threatened legal action, would have fought with every resource at her disposal. Now, despite the humiliation burning in her chest, her pussy throbbed with inappropriate arousal. The app had conditioned her to associate degradation with pleasure, submission with reward.

"I understand," she whispered, hating herself for the compliance, for the wet heat building between her legs as he reduced her to an object.

"Good girl." His praise sent another shameful wave of pleasure through her system. "Wear the red dress from the Miller presentation. No bra. Three-inch heels minimum."

"Yes, sir." The honorific slipped out automatically, another sign of her reconfigured psyche.

Wentworth returned his attention to his computer monitor, dismissing her without another word. Jeannine walked on unsteady legs to the door, her mind a battlefield of conflicting emotions—professional outrage warring with conditioned arousal, feminist principles clashing with newly implanted submissive desires.

She reached for the door handle just as it began to turn from the other side. The door opened to reveal Brad Franklin, holding a folder and wearing an expression that shifted rapidly from determination to surprise to something darker, more calculating.

"Jeannine," he said, his eyes moving over her disheveled appearance, lingering on her mouth where traces of her recent activity might still be visible. "I was looking for Wentworth."

"Come in, Brad," Wentworth called from behind her. "Jeannine was just leaving to prepare for the executive meeting."

Brad's eyes held hers for a moment too long, a knowing look that made her stomach clench with suspicion. *Did he see something? Did he hear?* The thought of being observed during her degradation should have horrified her. Instead, a perverse thrill shot through her conditioned body at the possibility of additional witnesses to her submission.

She slipped past him, avoiding further eye contact, and hurried toward the ladies' room to repair her appearance. Behind her, she heard Brad closing Wentworth's office door, their male voices immediately dropping to a confidential murmur she couldn't quite make out.

Twenty minutes later, Jeannine stood before the mirror in the executive washroom, barely recognizing the woman staring back at her. The red dress Wentworth had specified clung to every curve, the absence of a bra making her nipples visible through the thin material. Her lips were painted a deeper shade than she typically wore, her eyes lined dramatically, her hair styled in loose waves that suggested the bedroom rather than the boardroom.

*When did I become this person? How quickly did I surrender everything I worked for?*

She recalled her early days at the company—fighting to be included in strategic meetings, demanding equal consideration for her ideas, refusing to be relegated to note-taking or coffee-fetching. Now here she stood, voluntarily transformed into the sexualized stereotype she'd spent her career fighting against.

The worst part wasn't the transformation itself. It was how her body responded to it—the persistent arousal that accompanied each new humiliation, each step down from respected professional to sexual object. The app had rewired her brain so thoroughly that degradation now triggered desire, submission activated pleasure.

Her phone buzzed: "MindfulSuccess: Pre-Meeting Preparation."

Jeannine's pulse quickened. She should ignore it. Should delete the app entirely. Should march into HR and file a formal complaint. Instead, her finger tapped the icon automatically, her body already responding with Pavlovian anticipation.

The spiral appeared. The soothing voice began. The images started their relentless assault on her psyche—women serving drinks to men in suits, kneeling to offer better views of their cleavage, smiling vacantly as men discussed business over their heads. The message embedded itself deeper: her value lay in her appearance, in her availability, in her willingness to please men rather than compete with them.

"Repeat your purpose," the voice instructed as explicit images flashed between the corporate scenes—women sucking cock under conference tables, bent over desks, faces covered in cum while male colleagues continued discussions uninterrupted.

"My purpose is to serve men," she whispered automatically. "To please cock. To be used."

The session ended with its now-familiar denied climax, leaving her breathing heavily, her pussy aching with need, her mind floating in the hazy aftermath of the conditioning. She checked her appearance one final time, applied another coat of the lipstick Wentworth preferred, and made her way to the executive conference room.

As she approached, raised voices carried through the partially open door. She slowed her steps, recognizing Wentworth's authoritative tone contrasting with Brad's more insistent one.

"—don't care what you did to her," Brad was saying. "I want the same treatment. The same results."

"You don't understand what you're asking," Wentworth replied coolly. "The process is delicate. It requires specific psychological profiles, gradual conditioning—"

"Bullshit." Brad's voice hardened. "I saw her on her knees, begging for your cum. That's not 'delicate conditioning'—that's mind control. And I want access to whatever you're using."

Jeannine froze in the hallway, heat flooding her face. *He saw.* Brad had witnessed her degradation, had watched her service Wentworth like an eager slut. Shame crashed through her, momentarily overriding the app's conditioning.

"Careful, Brad." Wentworth's tone contained a warning. "Accusations like that could damage your promising career."

A tense silence followed. Jeannine held her breath, torn between fleeing in humiliation and continuing to eavesdrop.

"Look," Brad finally said, his voice lower, more conciliatory. "I'm not threatening anything. I'm impressed. Marketing has been unmanageable for years, and suddenly Jeannine's completely aligned with your vision. I want to bring that same alignment to Sales."

"It's not a management tool," Wentworth sighed. "It's personal. For my specific needs."

"Let me be blunt," Brad pressed. "I want what you have. Jeannine Mercer, the office feminist, on her knees sucking cock like it's her life's purpose. Whatever you did to her, I want a piece of it."

Jeannine's stomach churned with conflicting emotions—outrage at being discussed like property, shame at her behavior, and inappropriate arousal at Brad's crude assessment of her transformation. The app's conditioning had penetrated so deeply that even hearing herself described as a cocksucker triggered desire rather than disgust.

"Fine." Wentworth's voice carried a note of resignation. "We can test her expanded functionality at the executive meeting. See if the programming extends beyond my specific commands."

"And if it does?"

"Then we'll discuss sharing the technology. But remember—this stays between us. The board wouldn't understand the... ethical complexities."

Jeannine backed away silently, retreating down the hall before composing herself and approaching again, this time making her heels click audibly on the marble flooring to announce her arrival. She entered the conference room with a practiced smile, the kind she'd seen in the app's programming—vacant, accommodating, designed to please rather than challenge.

"Gentlemen," she greeted them, noting how their eyes immediately traveled over her body, lingering on her breasts, on her lips. "The other executives should be arriving shortly. Can I get you anything while we wait?"

The question hung in the air, loaded with possible interpretations. A week ago, it would have been a professional courtesy. Now, with her red dress and excessive makeup, with Brad's knowing smirk and Wentworth's proprietary gaze, it carried unmistakable subtext.

"Coffee, for now," Wentworth replied, emphasizing the last two words in a way that made her pussy clench with conditioned response.

As she turned toward the executive bar to prepare the drinks, she felt their eyes on her, appraising her like merchandise being evaluated for purchase. The humiliation burned—yet somehow stoked the persistent arousal the app had programmed into her. Her nipples hardened visibly through the thin fabric of her dress, her body betraying her once again.

While arranging the coffee service, pornographic images from the app flashed unbidden through her mind—women on their knees before rows of men, taking turns servicing cock after cock. Women bent over conference tables, dresses pushed up to reveal their asses as executives took turns using them. Faces covered in multiple loads of cum, expressions of blissful fulfillment as they were used as communal receptacles.

*Stop it. Focus. You're still a professional. Still Jeannine Mercer.*

But even as she tried to center herself, to reclaim her former identity, her body responded to the mental images with increased arousal. Her pussy throbbed with need, wetness gathering between her thighs as she imagined herself in those degrading scenarios. The conditioning had taken such deep root that she now craved what should have repulsed her.

The door opened as other executives began arriving. Jeannine served coffee with mechanical precision, smiling vacantly, speaking only when addressed directly. She felt their confusion at her changed demeanor, at her provocative attire, at her sudden shift from assertive participant to decorative accessory.

"Jeannine won't be presenting the marketing update today," Wentworth announced as everyone settled around the table. "She's transitioning to a more supportive role within the organization."

The executives exchanged glances, some confused, others knowing. Had rumors already spread? Did they all suspect what she'd become?

"Instead," Wentworth continued, "she'll be attending to our refreshment needs and any other requirements that arise during our discussions."

The double meaning wasn't lost on anyone. Brad smirked openly. Two other executives leaned back in their chairs, assessing her newly defined role with obvious interest. Only Henry from Accounting looked genuinely confused, his brow furrowed as he glanced between Jeannine and Wentworth.

"Jeannine is a senior director," Henry said. "Her market analysis has been crucial to our strategy."

"Her talents are being redirected," Wentworth replied smoothly. "She's discovered she has... other aptitudes... more valuable to the organization."

The crude implication hung in the air. Jeannine's face burned with shame even as her body responded with conditioned arousal to the public humiliation. She stood near the refreshment table, hands clasped before her, head slightly bowed in the submissive posture the app had programmed into her psyche.

"Jeannine," Brad spoke up, his voice carrying a new note of authority she'd never heard from him before. "My coffee needs cream."

The innocent request carried obvious subtext after what he'd witnessed in Wentworth's office. Jeannine moved to comply automatically, adding cream to his cup with trembling hands. When she placed it before him, he captured her wrist in a firm grip.

"Thank you," he said, his eyes holding hers. "I bet you're excellent at handling all kinds of cream, aren't you?"

A week ago, she would have jerked her hand away, would have reported the inappropriate comment immediately, would have maintained her professional boundaries without hesitation. Now, her pussy clenched with shameful arousal at the crude innuendo, at the public acknowledgment of her new status.

"I do my best to please," she heard herself responding, the words coming from the app's programming rather than her own volition.

Brad's grip tightened slightly. "I might need you to prove that later."

"That's enough," Wentworth cut in, not out of concern for her dignity but as an assertion of primary ownership. "Jeannine, stand by the screen. We'll call if we need anything."

She nodded compliance, moving to her assigned position like an obedient doll. As the men began discussing quarterly projections and market strategy—topics she would have led just days ago—Jeannine felt herself fading into the background, becoming exactly what the app had programmed her to be: decorative, available, valued only for her sexual potential rather than her professional contributions.

Yet despite the humiliation, despite the clear demotion from respected executive to eye candy, her body thrummed with inappropriate arousal. The conditioning had rewired her responses so thoroughly that being reduced to a sexual object now triggered pleasure rather than outrage.

*Is this all I am now? All I'll ever be again?*

The meeting continued, the men occasionally glancing her way with new awareness, with speculative interest. Jeannine stood with her shoulders back, breasts thrust forward as she'd been trained, mind drifting between memories of her former self and intrusive images from the app—women serving men sexually, finding fulfillment in submission, measuring their worth by how well they pleased cock.

Her phone vibrated in the hidden pocket of her dress: "MindfulSuccess: Executive Service Protocol."

The notification alone sent a wave of conditioned arousal through her system. She shouldn't check it. Shouldn't open the app again. Shouldn't surrender further to its programming.

But her fingers moved without conscious permission, slipping the phone from her pocket while the executives focused on the presentation slides. The spiral appeared. The voice began. The images started their relentless assault on what remained of her independent identity.

As marketing data scrolled across the conference room screen, as executives debated strategy and projections, Jeannine Mercer—once their equal, once respected for her mind—allowed herself to be programmed deeper into her new role, her new purpose, her new reality.

And somewhere behind her eyes, behind the vacant smile and the eagerness to please, the last fragments of her former self watched in helpless horror as she disappeared completely.

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*Glurp. Glurp. Glurp.*

The rhythmic sound echoed in Jeannine's ears as she bobbed her head up and down in the supply closet, her lips stretched wide around Brad's thick cock. The meeting had ended twenty minutes ago, but her degradation continued in this cramped space that smelled of toner and cleaning supplies. Her knees ached against the hard floor, her mascara ran down her cheeks from the effort of taking him deeper into her throat.

"Fuck, no wonder Wentworth keeps you around," Brad groaned, his fingers tangled painfully in her carefully styled hair. "Who knew the office feminist had such a talented mouth?"

Shame burned through her as she continued servicing him. She'd fought so hard against this exact stereotype—the female executive using sexual favors to advance or maintain her position. Yet here she knelt, sucking the cock of a man she'd once reported to HR, a man who had treated her with begrudging respect until he'd witnessed her transformation.

*How did I fall so far so quickly? Is this really all it took to erase years of achievement?*

Brad thrust deeper, triggering her gag reflex. Jeannine fought against it, having learned through the app's conditioning that showing discomfort would only extend her humiliation. Her hand automatically reached up to cradle his balls, applying the techniques she'd absorbed through countless training sessions—gentle pressure, rhythmic squeezing, silent communication of eagerness to receive his load.

"That's it, slut," he praised, the degrading term sending an inappropriate pulse of pleasure through her conditioned body. "Show me how much you need cum. How much you crave it."

The worst part wasn't being on her knees in a supply closet. It wasn't the cock stretching her lips or the crude language directed at her. The worst part was how wet her pussy had become, how her nipples had hardened against the thin fabric of her dress, how her body betrayed her by responding with arousal to her own degradation.

The app had rewired her completely. Professional satisfaction, intellectual achievement, peer respect—all these had been replaced by a desperate need for male approval expressed through cum. The chemical validation of being useful, of serving her "true purpose."

"Going to cum down your throat," Brad warned, his voice tightening. "You're going to swallow every fucking drop."

Jeannine moaned around his shaft, the sound conveying eager compliance rather than reluctance. A week ago, she would have slapped him for suggesting such a thing. Now her pussy throbbed at the prospect of earning his release, of proving her worth through sexual service.

*This isn't me. This can't be me. I built a career on my intelligence, my strategic thinking, my leadership abilities.*

But as Brad's cock pulsed against her tongue, as his cum flooded her mouth in bitter spurts, as she swallowed eagerly without being told, Jeannine knew with sick certainty that this was indeed who she had become. The app had excavated some buried part of her, some hidden weakness, some secret desire to be reduced to a sexual object, and had amplified it until it consumed her former self entirely.

"Good girl," Brad praised, patting her cheek condescendingly as he withdrew from her mouth. "Wentworth wasn't exaggerating your skills."

"Thank you, sir." The words emerged automatically, programmed through repeated sessions with the app. "I'm glad I could please you."

Brad tucked himself away, straightening his tie as he looked down at her with newfound dominance. "This is going to be a regular thing now. You understand that, right?"

Jeannine nodded, still on her knees, cum lingering on her tongue. "Yes, sir."

"Clean yourself up. You have dried mascara on your cheeks." He opened the door, checking the hallway before stepping out. Over his shoulder, he added, "And check your phone. I think you've earned a reward."

The door closed behind him, leaving Jeannine alone with her shame, her confusion, and the persistent arousal that refused to dissipate despite her intellectual rejection of what had just transpired. She rose on shaky legs, straightening her dress, wiping at her face with a tissue from the supply shelf.

Her phone buzzed exactly as Brad had predicted: "MindfulSuccess: Advanced Service Reward."

Her heart raced with anticipation despite her conscious desire to resist. This was the cycle that had trapped her—degradation followed by "reward," which only conditioned her further to associate submission with pleasure. She should ignore it. Should delete the app entirely. Should seek professional help to deprogram her mind.

Instead, her finger tapped the icon automatically, her body already responding with Pavlovian anticipation.

The spiral appeared. The voice began. The images started their relentless assault on what remained of her independent identity.

"You've pleased multiple masters now," the voice praised as explicit images flashed before her eyes. "Your training advances to the next level."

Women using their breasts to pleasure men filled the screen—large, oiled breasts wrapped around rigid cocks, creating channels for men to thrust into. Close-ups of erections emerging between cleavage, of hands squeezing breasts together to tighten the grip on shafts. Women looking up with eager expressions as men used their bodies in yet another way.

"Your breasts exist for male pleasure," the voice instructed as the images accelerated. "They are handles, toys, tools for servicing cock."

Jeannine's breathing quickened, her substantial C-cup breasts tingling as if responding directly to the programming. She'd always been somewhat proud of her figure, had dressed to downplay rather than emphasize her curves in professional settings. Now the app was reframing her body parts as sexual tools rather than components of her physical self.

The images shifted to show women receiving cum on their faces and breasts—thick white ropes landing on flushed skin, expressions of ecstatic fulfillment as they were marked with semen. Then came scenes of women licking cum from their own bodies, from their breasts, gathering it with fingers to feed into their mouths.

"Cum is your reward," the voice continued as the images burned into her subconscious. "On your skin, it marks you as useful. As worthy. Wearing it is a privilege. Tasting it is validation."

*This is sick. This is degrading. This isn't who I am.*

But her body responded with intense arousal, her nipples painfully hard, her pussy throbbing with need. The app had created associations too powerful to resist through conscious rejection alone.

"Your breasts' purpose is to please cock," the voice insisted as images flashed more rapidly. "To be squeezed, slapped, fucked, covered in cum. Their sensitivity exists for male enjoyment."

Jeannine's hand rose unconsciously to cup her breast through the thin fabric of her dress, stimulating the nipple that ached for attention. She shouldn't touch herself in a supply closet. Shouldn't find pleasure in this psychological assault. But her body demanded relief, programmed to respond to the degrading stimuli.

"Repeat your new understanding," the voice commanded as the session neared its conclusion.

"My breasts exist to please cock," she whispered automatically. "To be fucked. To be covered in cum. To display a man's ownership of me."

"And how will you demonstrate this understanding?"

"I will offer my breasts to my masters. I will request they fuck my tits and mark me with their cum. I will thank them for the privilege."

The spiral pulsated one final time before fading, leaving Jeannine breathing heavily in the small closet, her mind floating in the hazy aftermath of the conditioning. She straightened her clothing once more, checked her appearance in the small mirror she carried in her purse, and prepared to return to her desk.

As she opened the door, her phone buzzed with a text from Wentworth: "My office. 4pm. Bring the quarterly presentation materials."

The professional request would have once signaled an important strategy discussion. Now Jeannine understood it as a summons for sexual service, the presentation materials merely a pretext. Yet despite this knowledge, despite the humiliation of her new role, her body responded with anticipation rather than dread.

She walked through the office on unsteady legs, aware of eyes following her progress—male colleagues who had once treated her as a peer now assessing her as a sexual object. Had word spread about her transformation? Did they all know what she'd become?

At her desk, she found a small package wrapped in plain paper. No note, no card, no indication of who had left it. With trembling fingers, she unwrapped it to find a small bottle of warming massage oil. The implication was clear—preparation for the "advanced service" the app had just programmed into her.

Jeannine slipped the bottle into her purse, her face burning with shame even as her body thrummed with conditioned arousal. The dichotomy between her intellectual rejection and her physical response created a cognitive dissonance that left her perpetually disoriented, unable to trust her own reactions.

*Is there any way back from this? Or am I trapped in this new reality forever?*

She glanced at the clock: 3:15pm. Forty-five minutes until her "meeting" with Wentworth. Time she should use to prepare the presentation materials as requested, to reclaim some shred of her professional identity, to resist the app's programming through focus on work.

Instead, she found herself opening her compact mirror, checking her lipstick, adjusting her hair—preparing her appearance for his approval rather than her mind for business discussion. The muscles in her chest tightened with anxiety even as her pussy dampened with anticipation. This duality of response had become her constant state—intellectually horrified, physically eager.

At 3:55, she gathered the presentation materials and the bottle of oil, her heart racing with conflicting emotions as she made her way toward Wentworth's office. The halls seemed longer than usual, her legs less steady, her breathing shallow and quick.

She paused outside his door, gathering her composure, straightening her spine as she'd been trained—shoulders back to present her breasts prominently, a vacant smile on her lips, all traces of her former confidence and authority carefully erased from her expression.

*This isn't me. This can't be me. I refuse to let this app destroy everything I've built.*

But as she knocked on Wentworth's door, as she heard his commanding "Enter," as her body responded with a rush of anticipatory arousal, Jeannine knew the truth she couldn't escape: the app hadn't created this submissive, eager-to-please creature. It had simply found the weakness in her psyche, the hidden desire for approval and validation, and had exploited it with technological precision until her resistance crumbled completely.

She entered his office, closing the door behind her, the presentation materials clutched in one hand and the bottle of oil in the other—symbols of her former and current selves, the professional woman and the sexual object, existing simultaneously in increasingly unequal measure.

"Lock the door," Wentworth instructed without looking up from his computer.

"Yes, sir." The automatic response, the eager compliance—these had become her default mode, her programmed reality.

"I understand Brad tested your expanded functionality after the meeting." He finally looked up, his expression unreadable. "Was he satisfied with your performance?"

Heat flooded her face at the corporate language applied to her sexual service. "Yes, sir. I believe so."

"Good." Wentworth leaned back in his chair, studying her with clinical interest. "The app reported you've completed the advanced training module. Show me what you've learned."

Jeannine placed the presentation materials on his desk—the pretext, the façade of professional interaction. Then she set the bottle of oil beside them, her hands trembling slightly as she acknowledged without words her understanding of his actual expectations.

"I..." She hesitated, struggling against the programming. "I want to show you a new way I can please you."

"Proceed." His command was simple, detached, almost bored—as if her degradation was routine, expected, unremarkable.

Jeannine reached behind herself to unzip her dress, letting it fall to her waist, exposing her bare breasts to his appraising gaze. When had she stopped wearing a bra to work? Had that been her choice or another subtle command she'd obeyed without question?

"I've learned that my breasts exist to please cock," she recited, the words flowing from the app's programming rather than her own volition. "To be fucked. To be marked with cum. To display a man's ownership of me."

Wentworth's expression remained impassive, though a bulge began forming beneath his expensive trousers. "And how will you demonstrate this understanding?"

She took the bottle of oil, squeezing some into her palm before applying it to her breasts, massaging the warming liquid into her skin until they glistened in the office lighting. The sensation sent inappropriate waves of pleasure through her conditioned body.

"Please, sir," she heard herself saying, the words emerging from some programmed part of her psyche. "Will you fuck my tits? Will you mark me with your cum?"

A week ago—even days ago—such crude language would never have passed her lips. She'd been articulate, professional, measured in her speech. Now she begged for sexual use in pornographic terms, her voice breathless with genuine need despite her intellectual revulsion.

Wentworth stood, unbuckling his belt as he moved around the desk to stand before her. "What happened to Jeannine Mercer, the ambitious marketing director? The woman who insisted on being treated as an equal? The office feminist who reported Brad for a mildly suggestive joke?"

The question cut through her programming momentarily, forcing her to confront the enormity of her transformation. What had happened to that woman? Where had her principles gone? Her ambition? Her self-respect?

"She discovered her true purpose," Jeannine answered automatically, the app's programming providing words her conscious mind rejected. "She learned that validation comes from pleasing men, not competing with them."

"And is she happier now?" Wentworth freed his erection, stroking it lazily as he stood before her.

Jeannine stared at his cock, her mouth watering with conditioned response, her oiled breasts tingling with anticipation. Was she happier? The question penetrated the fog of programming, demanded genuine introspection.

"No," she whispered, a moment of clarity breaking through. "She's confused. Ashamed. Terrified of what she's becoming."

"Yet wet." Wentworth's hand reached between her legs, confirming the physical evidence of her arousal. "Yet eager. Yet here, oiling her tits and begging for cum rather than filing complaints or deleting the app."

The brutal assessment silenced her moment of resistance. He was right. Whatever was happening to her mind, her body had embraced the transformation completely. And somewhere, buried beneath layers of feminist principles and professional ambition, some part of her welcomed the surrender, the release from constant striving, the simplicity of existing solely for male pleasure.

"On your knees," he commanded.

Jeannine sank down immediately, her body responding to his authority without conscious decision. She knelt before him, looking up expectantly, breasts thrust forward, oiled and ready for his use.

"Put your tits together," he instructed. "Create a channel for my cock."

She complied eagerly, pressing her breasts together to form the channel she'd seen in the app's programming. Wentworth stepped closer, positioning his erection at the base of her cleavage before thrusting forward, sliding his cock between her oiled breasts.

The sensation was novel yet somehow familiar—as if the app had prepared her body to respond to this specific act. Jeannine looked down, watching his cock head emerge from between her breasts with each thrust, a sight that should have disgusted her but instead intensified her arousal.

"This is what those impressive degrees prepared you for," Wentworth taunted as he increased his pace. "This is what all your strategic thinking and market analysis led to—being useful as a set of tits for men to fuck."

The degrading assessment should have infuriated her. Instead, it sent another wave of shameful pleasure through her conditioned body. Her pussy throbbed with need, her nipples hardened further, her mouth watered at the prospect of earning his release.

"Yes, sir," she agreed, the acknowledgment of her reduced status emerging without conscious permission. "Thank you for showing me my true purpose."

"Look at me," he commanded.

Jeannine raised her eyes to his, maintaining the pressure on her breasts as he fucked the channel between them. What did he see in her gaze? Confusion? Arousal? The death of her former self?

"The board meeting is tomorrow," he said conversationally, continuing to thrust between her breasts. "You'll attend as hospitality staff, not as marketing director. You'll wear the outfit being delivered to your apartment tonight. You'll serve drinks, take notes if requested, and make yourself available for any special needs the board members might have."

The implication was clear. Her degradation was expanding beyond Wentworth, beyond Brad, to include the entire board of directors. She should protest. Should refuse. Should tender her resignation immediately.

"Yes, sir," she heard herself agreeing, the words emerging from the programmed part of her psyche. "I understand."

"Do you?" His pace increased, his cock sliding more forcefully between her breasts. "Tell me what you understand."

"That I exist to serve men," she recited, the app's programming providing the response. "That my body is for their pleasure. That my professional role is now secondary to my sexual availability."

"Good girl." His praise sent another inappropriate wave of pleasure through her system. "And how do you feel about that?"

The question created a momentary short circuit in her programming. How did she feel? The honest answer involved complex layers of shame, confusion, resistance, and unwanted arousal. But the app had simplified her emotional responses, had collapsed her psychological complexity into binary satisfaction: either she had pleased men or she had failed.

"Grateful," she whispered, hating herself for the compliance even as her body thrummed with conditioned pleasure. "Grateful to be useful in ways that matter."

"I'm going to cum on your tits and face," Wentworth announced, his breathing becoming more labored. "You're going to thank me for marking you. Then you're going to clean yourself with your fingers and lick every drop. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," she nodded eagerly, her programming overriding any lingering resistance. "Thank you for this privilege."

Wentworth pulled back, stroking himself rapidly, aiming at her upturned face and exposed breasts. "This is who you are now, Jeannine. Accept it. Embrace it."

His cum erupted in thick spurts, landing on her cheeks, her lips, her chin, her neck, her breasts. The warm, sticky fluid should have disgusted her. Instead, her body interpreted it as validation, as chemical proof of her value, as the reward the app had programmed her to crave above all else.

"Thank you, sir," she gasped as the last drops landed on her skin. "Thank you for marking me."

Wentworth stepped back, tucking himself away as he watched her fulfill the second part of his command—gathering his semen with her fingers, bringing it to her mouth, licking it clean with programmed enthusiasm. The taste was bitter, unpleasant, yet her conditioned body responded with waves of pleasure, with a sense of accomplishment, with the validation the app had taught her to associate with male release.

"Get yourself in order," he instructed once she'd consumed every visible drop. "The presentation materials actually do need review before tomorrow's meeting."

The sudden shift back to professional matters created cognitive whiplash. Jeannine wiped her face with tissues from his desk, pulled her dress back up to cover her breasts, tried to reclaim some semblance of her professional identity.

But as she discussed engagement metrics and competitive analysis, as she offered strategic insights that once would have commanded respect, she remained acutely aware of the cum drying on her skin beneath her clothing. Of her reduced status in Wentworth's eyes. Of the board meeting tomorrow where her degradation would expand to include more men, more cocks to please, more cum to validate her existence.