

The Roommate Trap

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(Inktober Prompt, Day 13: Guarded)

Content warning: Hypnosis/brainwashing, sexual content, and dirty language

If you want to join Skyla, when you see the words "internet browser" in the story, click [this link](#).

It had been four days since she'd moved in with Jules. The tomcat had thus far been understanding yet clear on boundaries, and Skyla respected that. It wasn't as though she had too many options on apartments, anyway; after two years at the college dorms, she'd lost out on the junior lottery and was left to hunt out a place for the summer and onwards. With only a part-time job to pay for living expenses, the human girl was left on a strict budget to survive. Finding a roommate to split costs was a requirement, and too many of her acquaintances had already found arrangements. So she took a tab off a posted advertisement on the school boards and ended up with Jules.

That wasn't enough for her friends. "How could you just agree to live with some guy you know nothing about?!" they'd exclaimed. "He could be a murderer or a rapist! He could be awful and rude!"

The protests were quickly growing old to Skyla, and somehow her friends didn't pick up on how she ran her fingers through her black hair, massaged her forehead, and rolled her green eyes at their constant harping. It was either that or they didn't care, and Skyla didn't much like that idea. Still, their constant worrying was starting to get her own imagination running with worst-case scenarios.

"What on earth do you propose? I get a background check on my roommate?" she'd half-sarcastically asked.

"No," one of her friends had responded, "but have you at least run a Google search on him? Looked him up on Facebook? Peeked at his browser history?"

"That sounds...really creepy and rude," she'd retorted.

"Come on! We all do that for *first dates*, much less people we're going to *live with*!"

The Google search pulled up surprisingly little. The only male Jules Tiago she could find on Facebook lived in Nigeria, and somehow Skyla figured that was a little far for a tomcat with a very faint Portuguese accent and the vocabulary of a city boy from the northeastern United States. And the last one...well, that had been one of the few boundaries her roommate had set. "Ask if you're going to use anything from my side of the fridge, no shoes inside the apartment, don't mess with the shower settings, no alarms prior to 7 AM, no surprise guests, and please don't use my computer without my permission" had been a surprisingly understandable list of boundaries to start out with, and Skyla was happy to agree to those conditions...especially

seeing as she wasn't even paying half of the rent; for letting him retain full rights to the apartment, he'd agreed to let her pay a mere fourth of the monthly rent!

The non-stop whining of her friends and her own curiosity, however, now itched at her incessantly. Even on this lazy late May afternoon, sitting on the sofa in sweats and a t-shirt, the human girl was fretting about the idea of the feline flipping through her documents, stalking her friends, stealing her identity, or foraging through her belongings. Jules seemed eccentric at worst, and every single idea that came to her mind was more absurd-feeling than the previous ones. But...what if she was wrong? What if her friends were right? What if...

"Hey, Sky."

She shot up, looking up from her phone to the sharp-dressed tomcat. The orange-furred feline straightened his tie knot, settling it just over the buttoned collar of his shirt. "You doin' okay?" he asked.

"Yeah! Sorry, Jules. Spacing out. No work on Tuesdays."

Jules nodded, offering an understanding smile. "Alright. Well, you have my number in case anything comes up. But keep it to emergencies, aight? I'll be out on a date for most of the rest of the evening."

Skyla responded with a dumb nod of her own, watching his excited tail flick back and forth as he left and closed the door behind him. "A date, see?" she hummed to herself, looking back to her phone and forcing a smile as she scrolled through Facebook posts. "Perfectly respectable gentlecat."

Yeah, if it's a romantic date, not a date with a hit target.

She shook her head. Really? Imagining her roommate to be an assassin now? "New low, brain," she muttered, scrolling through another few posts of her friends calling her out for having shacked up with some "unknown man".

Even they're picking up on it. Probably got creeper vibes across the board.

"And I managed to pick up on none of them? Really?"

I could be ignoring them. Maybe I want this. I mean, all those dirty fantasies...

"Are *fantasies*, dammit. Is my own brain trying to kink-shame me?"

You'd probably like it if he were going through your panties, sniffing every o-

"Aaaagh! **ENOUGH**, dammit!" she scowled, tossing her phone at the sofa cushions and watching it bounce and fall flat against one of the armrests. "Fine, just...fine. Fucking traitor. There is absolutely NO justification for this." Clenching her small hands together, she slid out from between the couch and table, stomping her way to the adjoining main bedroom.

With Jules gone, she didn't expect the room's lights to be blazing, and, despite him being gone, she didn't turn them on; Skyla didn't feel brazen or righteous enough to have the lights on during her snooping. She'd had peeks into the room before; its grey walls were decorated with movie posters and small photographs held up by thumbtacks, and its twin-sized bed was covered in a thick blue well-tucked comforter and multiple folded blankets—it made an amusing contrast to the singular white pillow that sat at the head of it. Past the plastic dresser

was her destination: a small wooden desk. As she approached, she could hear the soft hum of his computer tower and see the faint light at the very corner of his computer screen's frame.

Skyla sighed as she swung into the oversized leather chair, squirming and pulling at her waistband until the sweats no longer wrinkled beneath her plump rear. She reached one small hand to the mouse and shook it upon the mousepad. The screen lit up, a plain black hold screen awaiting a password. "Hah, see? Couldn't do it even if I wanted," she sighed in relief.

Try something stupid. Like 12345.

Skyla looked at the walls idly, attempting to ignore her brain's impulses. Her expression soured as her eyes fell upon a nearby movie poster illuminated by the computer screen's glow...a poster for the parody film *Spaceballs*. "Goddammit."

The lock screen faded away, revealing a cluttered desktop full of folders, random text documents, a few video, audio, and flash files, and assorted images. "I don't have time for this," she sighed. But her curiosity wouldn't be sated by simply seeing some strange optical illusion wallpaper, wavy overlapping black and purple patterns blurring her vision whenever she tried to focus on it. Instead, Skyla racked her brain for what might give her the best impression of Jules. The more time she spent looking at the desktop with its fluctuating, shifting background, the more her head began to ache.

Somehow, she found her eyes falling upon an audio file amidst the clutter named "mine.mp4". "Good a place as any to start," she groaned, double-clicking the file and minimizing the player. At first, only static seemed to make it through the computer's speakers. Then, the audio slowly seemed to grow clearer, fading off into a soft, ambient forest noise with a steady beat behind it. It was like a heartbeat, but with electric sounds providing a slight melody atop the primal rhythm. It wasn't unpleasant, so Skyla left it playing as her eyes scanned the desktop once more.

Heat

"How does he stand this wallpaper?" the girl huffed, the backs of her eyeballs beginning to feel warm as they strained at the sight. Eventually, Skyla just settled for opening a folder labeled "Pastime". Immediately, her mouse hand loosened its grip, her other hand raising to her lips. Without a doubt, Skyla had discovered her roommate's porn folder. Countless images of women and men of all sorts, bound or displaying themselves or covered in dirty messages, filled the window.

Need

Some images showed glimpses of a familiar orange feline, one paw gently massaging a stiff, barbed cock or adjusting its aim towards an exposed, stretched open hole. As Skyla scrolled through, a growing migraine beginning to make her dizzy, Jules' involvement in the pictures became more and more pronounced. Skyla began to squirm in her seat, her body clearly envious of the cat's various partners, even as the images grew kinkier and increasingly embarrassing...mostly for the cat's partners.

Heat

Skyla massaged her head with her left hand, its thumb wiping off a bead or two of sweat while her right moved the mouse up to click closed the folder. Immediately she regretted it, a pulse of dull pain diffusing through her head as the optical illusion wallpaper once again dominated her vision. Many of the files began to blur and vanish from her focus as the migraine grew more pronounced. Skyla noticed her breathing was heavy, tongue lolling from her mouth. "Why is it so damn hot in here?" she muttered, pausing her snooping to relieve herself of her shirt. There'd been no need for a bra for such a lazy day, and so her breasts hung freely; the room pushed a breeze of air conditioned air across them, hardening their tips, but still Skyla felt her body burning and her head throbbing.

Need

"Those were all probably...mostly...consensual," the girl said; while she was right, verbalizing the baseless claim didn't make Skyla feel any more confident about it.

Not like you'd mind if they weren't.

"I will hear no more from you, Judas."

You want something like that, don't you? You need it.

Skyla attempted to form a retort to her own baser thoughts, but a mere second into the attempt she grunted at her head's growing ache, clutching at her head. Her eyes tried to focus on something, anything on the screen worth clicking through. All that stood out was his Firefox icon and a video file. With the speakers still humming that strange music file, she double clicked the internet browser.

Don't think

The immediate image was a whirling vortex, her eyes barely able to follow the spiraling form. The human girl glanced away for a second to look at the bookmarks toolbar, automatically reading each and every label. "Love. Lust. Need. Nude. Slut. Slave. Toy. Touch. Meat. Master. Heat. Hold. Feel. Fuck." Skyla tried to make a decision on which to click, but her head throbbed once more. She tried to think about what this all might mean, but her head continued to ache. She looked back to the center of the spiral for answers, her breathing finally managing to slow as she did. Her body still felt hot, but now she breathed in time with the pulsing music beat and the steady spiraling black and purple colors.

Just feel

Skyla slouched in the chair, tilting her head to the side watching the screen in confusion. For a few minutes, she simply watched, mentally repeating the words she'd read...plus some. Slowly, without looking, she hooked her hands into her waistband and the edge of her hidden panties and began to squirm them slowly down and off, legs kicking the garments off into a small pile beneath the desk. Her head didn't hurt while she simply watched; in fact, the absence of any pain in her head let her focus on the sensation that had been subtle and ignorable before: the moistness of her sex. Drawing her fingers to her crotch, she began to rub against her mons, blissfully feeling the flesh dent and follow along with her tender massage.

My slut

The feel of something warm and wet on her neck made her look down. Her vision still moved in spirals, the world bulging and slipping this way and that before her very eyes, but eventually she was able to see what happened. The drop of fluid, now slipping over her right

breast's ample curve, was bigger than the surrounding beads of sweat, a solid trail leading up to her neck and presumably from her mouth. She raised a finger dumbly up to her lips and felt the drool that slipped from the corner of her mouth. What was she...was she really masturbating on her roommate's chair?! Skyla shivered, forcing herself upright, returning her hand to the mouse, the two fingers on the buttons leaving tiny dots of moisture from their juice-smeared tips. "That's enough of that, I've got to fig...figger...think out what Jules...augh!"

Just obey

Her head seared with the sudden return of the migraine, and clicking the x at the browser window's corner failed to help; she'd stupidly forgotten about that wallpaper, purple and black shifting and spiraling with renewed vigor thanks to the spiral's effect on her head. Skyla quickly clicked on the only thing she could see anymore: the traffic cone icon of a video file. As it opened, the audio track she had been listening to cut out, the same program shifting to a maximized, screen-filling image. A black and purple spiral began to spin, and the room filled with the mind-numbing sound of an electric hum. The girl grasped, thinking to immediately close the window...thinking to...thinking the...watching the...obeying the spiralling shapes.

"That's it. My slut," a voice whispered beneath the hum, Skyla immediately sliding down the seat once more. Her leg twitched as she watched and listened, mouth moving without breath as she made motions to say the words that flashed behind the spiral.

"Toy. Feel. Touch. Fuck. Fuck. Slut. Toy. Love. Fuck. Need. Master." Her lips continued to move, mouthing the words that dominated her head and relieved the tension of her headache. Slowly the pain faded, and all that replaced it was an oppressive warmth—a surprisingly torrid sensation despite the room's steady air-conditioning—and an arousal that quickly dominated all thoughts.

"Good slut," it whispered. "Just obey. Don't think. Just feel."

It felt like ages passing between each word, but Skyla's sluggish mind had lost all connection to reality. All of her senses keyed into the video file's spiraling purple and black, black and purple. She didn't even notice as drool dribbled onto her breasts to mingle with the sweat. All she felt was need, and her fingers reached down to rub over her sex once more.

"Good," it hummed. "Go ahead and put a finger in there. I know you're touching yourself, don't lie. So slide a finger in."

Skyla blushed, her actions so easily predicted. So she slipped a finger into her sex, grinding one single digit against the moistened folds' insides.

"Does that feel good?"

She nodded, huffing as her chest's slow rise and fall became more exaggerated, desperate for more air to fuel this passionate, sweaty haze.

"Good. I'm going to let you slip another finger in, but you're gonna need to do something for your master," the voice promised. "Lose one of those thoughts you're clinging to. Let it drift off into the void. Once you've forgotten what it is you thought, slide that second finger in."

Skyla thought about closing the program, how shameful it was to masturbate in front of her roommate's computer in a dark room. She felt horny. She thought about not getting caught. She felt horny. She thought about him. She felt horny. She thought about feeling horny. She felt horny. She felt horny, she felt...thought? Felt.

A second finger slipped into the soaked passage, squishing into the tender pink flesh and its copious fluids.

"Good. Now, add a third finger."

She added a third finger, eyes locked on the spiral as she finger-fucked herself.

"Add as many fingers as you want," the voice encouraged, "But don't cum. Don't think about cumming. That's for me to think about. Resist even the thoughts your slutty heat is making you think."

Skyla whined. Her sudden arousal spike and need had dominated her thoughts with the idea of release, of that ecstasy of complete mindlessness. How could she resist? She had to. The master wanted her do. So she began to focus just on the spiral...on the spiral, the flashing words, the hum, and the voice. Just focus, complete attentiveness...even as she stuffed a full hand-and-a-half inside her cunt with a wet, lurid noise.

She felt slutty. She thought about cumming. She felt need. She thought about cumming. She felt good. She thought about feeling good. She felt obedient. She thought about master. She felt obedient. She thought about master. She felt obedient. She thought about master.

"Now," the voice continued, the recording continuing mere seconds after Skyla began to lose all focus on anything but its potential presence, "I'll let you cum soon, but you're gonna need to do something for your master. I want you to let go of even the potential of thought. Let your intelligence melt away. Let your will melt away. If you let even a little bit of that unnecessary brain go dead, you can cum. In fact...feel yourself cumming away that promising little mind. I know you will, so let's not humor otherwise. You're in my complete control. Do it on the count of 3, slut. 1..."

Skyla thought about master, her haphazard and techniqueless stuffing of her hands up her snatch adding a messy, airy chorus of *flurches* and *shlurcks* and *squirches*. To become a dumb toy. Dumb meat. Slut. Feel. Master. Love. Love. Fuck.

"2..."

Nude. Slave. Lust. Slave. Toy. Need. Heat. Heat. Need. Hold.

"1..."

"Ah...hnn...hfff...nggh!"

"Cum."

As her green eyes felt the spiral burn away the bright, curious sheen in her eyes, Skyla groaned, huffing as her hands stretched and gaped her sex, squirts of fluid spilling and dribbling out to soak her discarded pants and panties. Her mind went blank, neurons firing in a spasm of sheer pleasure before suddenly going dark and unused. Her head had never felt lighter and so blissfully non-present.

When some degree of focus returned to the drooling, slouching girl, the video had swapped to the visage of a smiling Jules. Despite this, her eyes could still trace the faint spirals of that black and purple, her mind overlaying the image despite itself. The play bar had almost reached its end. "Good slut. Now, did you have fun?" he purred, his voice finally unobscured by any mind-numbing hum.

Skyla felt like she did, so, without a thought, she nodded dumbly.

"Good. One orgasm's not enough to really clear out a mind, though. Why don't you make your master very happy and press the play button again when the video stops, hm? Ultimately your choice. ...for now."

The video screen went black. Skyla was left there, hands soaked in her own spilled juices and body caked in sweat and breasts splattered with drool. She sucked up the drool from the corner of her mouth and swallowed. "That was..."

I knew he was a pervert.

Skyla paused at the intrusive thought, her head slightly throbbing. "I don't think that's a bad thing," she responded with a dopey smile. That lack of a thought didn't hurt to think, and there was hardly any voice that objected. Besides, why would she want to go back to the hurty desktop wallpaper? The spiral felt so much better. ...and it would make her master happy.

She reached back to the mouse, moved it away from the x of the media player's window, and clicked on the play button. The girl let go of the mouse, breathed in, leaned back, and sighed happily as the spiral returned, its spin slowly lining up with the spiral that kept spinning in her eyes...

Jules turned on the light, Skyla's phone in his hand. He looked at the scene before him.

The human girl was practically limp, hands continuing to pump inside of a rubbed-raw pussy, body smelling of exertion and lust. Her smooth skin was glistening with her own various fluids, and her now dull eyes remained locked on the screen that had long since returned to a screensaver. Her mouth moved with words her mind no longer understood, and her body twitched with the only feelings her mind wanted to know.

"I don't know if I should say you have good friends or bad friends, honestly," he mused, looking at the Facebook feed that remained up on the almost battery-dead phone's screen. "They either care for you a lot, or they really don't respect people's privacy."

The orange cat crouched down, looking at the girl's face and petting a paw over her sweat-clumped black hair. "Either way, I ain't gonna fault you for this. You seem really nice, not like the usual sort of person that becomes *entirely* mine after tripping my little security mechanism here. You really have to try to trigger it, after all. And think lowly of me. 12345? Come on, really?"

Sighing, Jules put the phone down next to his computer, beginning to untie his necktie and slip off his rings. "That being said...you look like you had a lot of fun. And you're not entirely

guiltless either,” the feline said, wondering if his words reached her brain at all. It was more fun to pretend that they did even if they didn’t. “So...a compromise. You get a blissful one-week term as my slut and help add to my lovely Pastime folder, and I start gradually reversing the brainwashing after that. Sounds fair? Sounds fair to me.”

Having relieved himself of his work clothes, Jules slipped back to his computer desk, took up Skyla’s phone, and quickly opened the camera app. “Which reminds me...” He lined up the frame of the shot to show his hard, throbbing cock and heavy, sagging balls in front of the brainless and nude Skyla. With a simple tap of his thumb, the phone rang out a shutter noise and saved the photo for posterity. He locked the phone, setting it aside to return to Skyla later, and grabbed his own phone. One similar shot was taken, but that was hardly all Jules planned to take.

“Slut. Go get on my bed,” he cooed. “We’ve got a long night of photography to get through.”

The voice of her master automatically triggered the tired girl to stand up and, with weak, trembling legs, stagger to collapse in a moaning heap on the thick blue comforter and many folded blankets. Smiling, the cat followed.

Jules had a feeling he’d get along well with his new roommate. Half the reason Jules liked clear boundaries, after all, was because of how fun it was to break them.