Virtually submissive, part 2



Ethan spent the next day without ever quite shaking off the horny feelings. He was constantly distracted at work, noticing every woman that passed him by. Even the women he wouldn't usually notice, women he usually didn't find attractive. He was so horny that he couldn't help but feel a twinge of arousal whenever he passed someone in the hall.

"Morning Ethan." Jan said, it was a robotic, almost automatic greeting. Just being polite, but even that small interaction had him wondering if there was more to it. He turned his head to stare at her ass in her tight pencil skirt as she carried on up the hallway.

Ethan still had tried again to make himself cum this morning, thinking that maybe the curse would have worn off overnight….No such luck.

He could get close, very close in fact. But whenever he felt the orgasm approach, images of Vira would swim in his vision and her voice would echo in his ears, reminding him that he did not have permission to cum. So instead, he was forced to carry his desperate need to work.

He was essentially an office lackey. He worked in the main offices of a large manufacturing plant, the main bulk of the work was done downstairs on the factory floor, but Ethan was tasked with carrying out odd jobs for the people in the office, as was his friend Brock, who attended the same college as him.

It was around noon he ran into Brock.

"Hey man, sorry about rage-quitting last night, but that lobby was total bullshit!" Brock said as he and Ethan walked down one of the hallways. "Did you stay on long after I left?"

"Nah, I just hung out in the Hub for a while before logging off." Ethan replied.

"Oh yeah, didn't run into weird scary malware down there did you? Ha." Brock said.

"What? No! I mean, no of course not, why?" Ethan tried to keep his voice level as he answered.

"I got a message from the admin team last night, something about some malware issuing sidequests in the Hub."

"Ohh right, yeah. I saw that too. But nah, no malware. Just a few minigames, checked out a few stores."

"You weren't playing that dumb minigolf game again were you? I swear dude, they only put that game in for kids. Anyway, Kara was asking about you earlier. You still hitting that?" Brock asked, causing a slight flush in Ethan's cheeks, along with a stirring in his crotch.

“Not for a couple of weeks. I was hoping to take her out again soon but she’s always super busy so probably wouldn’t work.”

Ethan and Kara had hooked up a few times in the past, but their relationship hadn’t yet moved beyond casual sex and a few dates here and there. Kara had started in the main office a year before Ethan and Brock and it was obvious that her career was on an upward trajectory. She was always working extra hours or taking her work home with her, which meant she didn’t always have time for Ethan, much to his dismay.

Eventually, Ethan and Brock’s conversation carried them back to work.

“Anyway, I’ll see you online later. I need to get back downstairs, all the guys from my team are down there looking at one of the lines, apparently a gearbox broke last night and everyone’s losing their shit. See ya.” Brock disappeared towards the factory stairs as he finished speaking.

Ethan had a few minutes to kill, so he decided to act on Brock's message, and go visit Kara at her desk.

“Hey Kara, Brock said you were asking about me?” Ethan said as he approached Kara’s desk.

“Oh hey E. He did, did he? Well that may be true.” Kara said in a coy voice. “What if it was?”

“Well I’m just surprised a high-flyer like you has any time for a lowly peasant like me.”

“Well, it’s nice to interact with the little people for a change ya know.” Kara replied.

“Little people. Is that what I am now?” Ethan answered in an amused voice.

“Yeah well, when you’re a ‘high-flyer’ as you say. Anyway, I wanted to ask if you were free tonight.”

“Oh so I’m a booty-call now, is that it?” Ethan said, playfully, his cock stirring at the thought of spending a little more time with Kara.

“Me? Taking a booty-call? Why I never.” Kara responded, raising a hand to her neck in mock outrage. “So are you free or what? Think you can drag yourself away from VirtuaLife for a few hours?”

“Oh well I don’t know, now you mention it I do have some important gaming to get done.”

Kara responded by punching Ethan in the arm. “Hey, don’t make me log in and whoop your butt at minigolf again.”

“Okay okay, fine. My ego is still bruised from last time. You want to go out somewhere or..?” Ethan left the question hanging as he watched Kara stand up from her desk.

“Nah. It’s a booty-call, remember? Just come by my place and I’ll order us some food. Anyway, I have a meeting I need to get to.” Kara and Ethan headed towards the door. “Oh, excited already I see, love the energy. But you might wanna ‘adjust’ yourself. Later.” Ethan looked down as Kara headed off with a small giggle. Of course she had noticed the tent he was starting to pitch in his pants.

The only question on Ethan’s mind now was, ‘would he be able to cum if he was having sex?’. Sex with Kara wasn’t the same as masturbating, surely Vira’s spell wouldn’t work if he was with Kara.

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Ethan and Brock stopped off to have a beer at a nearby bar after work, Ethan didn’t want to go all the way home, only to have to make his way back to Kara’s straight away. He sent a quick text to Denise, letting her know that he would be home late.

Eventually, Ethan said his goodbyes to Brock before ordering a cab to Kara’s apartment.

“You ordered a booty-call ma’am.” Ethan said, playfully, as Kara opened the door to her apartment.

“Well it’s about time. I was just getting ready to call one of the other peasants to come over.” She replied, smirking.

“Ha, well it’s a good thing I got here first then, isn’t it.”

“Oh, and what makes you think you’re the first?” Kara said, cocking her hip to the side with her arms crossed.

“Oh that’s it!” Ethan said, drawing a little mock anger into his voice as he grabbed Kara by the elbow and kissed her passionately.

He felt Kara give way to his kissing, the desperation from his denial had caused Ethan’s passion to skyrocket the second he made contact with her. That desperation could be felt by Kara as Ethan kissed her with more passion than ever before.

Their makeout session brought them both to the bedroom, where Ethan shoved her backwards onto her bed, Kara letting him take the lead, clearly enjoying this new fire in him.

“Woah,” She panted, out of breath and red-faced from the kissing, “Someone seems eager today.”

Ethan responded by lifting up her legs and pulling her pants and underwear down in one swift motion, so desperate to get off that he was skipping the foreplay altogether, something Kara seemed to have no problem with.

Kara was wet and ready as Ethan slid his full length into her with little to no resistance, no gently easing it in this time. He began thrusting into her, setting a faster pace than usual right from the get go.

Ordinarily, Ethan would be trying his best to control the pace so that he didn’t cum too early, he would hate for Kara to think of him as a quickshot or premature ejaculator, but today he was on a mission. He was out to make himself cum. If he came in under a minute he would consider it a victory.

Ethan felt the orgasm approaching, he knew he was going to cum, he would apologise to Kara, make it up to her somehow, he was already planning the apology in his head as he felt the orgasm building, and then….Nothing.

His mind drifted to images of Vira, her mocking laughter, her voice telling him that he needed her permission to cum.

“Aargh, fuck!” Ethan cried out, trying to increase the pace of his thrusting into Kara.

“Yes Ethan! Fuck…..That’s it.” Kara responded, moaning in enjoyment, spurred on by Ethan’s own vocalisation as she mistook his anguish for animalistic pleasure.

Ethan was sweating now, he had brought himself to the edge three times while fucking Kara, and everytime he got close there would be a voice in his head, a voice telling him not to cum. Vira’s voice.

‘Focus on the edge, Ethan.’

Kara was close now, and decided to take the lead, she quickly grabbed Ethan by the shoulders and he allowed her to reverse their position on the bed.

With Kara now on top, she pulled her t-shirt over her head and freed her pert breasts. Ethan watched as they bounced as Kara rode his cock, back and forth, setting her own fast pace and bringing Ethan to the edge again.

“Oh fuck. Please.” Ethan begged to the room as he felt another orgasm slipping away, he did not have permission to cum.

Kara rode her own orgasm down, gradually slowing her hips down as she climaxed hard on Ethan's aching cock.

"Oh fuck." She panted, "That was….Wow."

"Yeah. Wow." Ethan replied.

"Hey, did you….you know? You didn't finish." Kara said, seeming slightly disappointed that Ethan hadn't joined her in cumming.

"No I didn't. But don't worry, it's nothing you did. You were amazing, as always. I guess it's just me. I was kind of stuck in my head a little." Ethan replied, laying his head back in defeat.

"Are you sure? You seemed super pent up when you got here and you didn't even get to cum."

"Yeah it's fine. Don't worry I still loved it. And I look forward to my next booty-call." Ethan said, hoping to appease any worry Kara might have had.

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Ethan spent another hour or so at Kara's place, eating some food and flirting a little more before he had to leave. The 'high flying' Kara couldn't afford to miss out on her beauty sleep after all, she had joked as she kissed Ethan goodbye at the door.

It was late when Ethan got back to his, or rather, Alice's house. Downstairs was in darkness and he assumed Alice had gone to bed already. He quietly crept into his room and flopped down on his bed, his dick still aching with need. He checked his phone, looked at the VirtuaLife app and saw that Brock and his usual party had all logged off about an hour ago. Ethan decided there was only one thing to do. Vira had clearly won this round, and he was going to have to go back to her and get her to undo whatever it was she had done.

A few minutes later, Ethan was sitting in just a pair of shorts, fastening himself into his gaming chair and lowering the VR headset into place.

The game booted up and Ethan spawned into the Hub, at his usual spawn point. He immediately noticed a few other players in the Hub looking his way, staring at his avatar in an odd way. As he looked down at himself, he saw why. His character was still naked, save for the default shorts, he had never equipped his items back after Vira had unequipped them.

He pulled up his inventory and equipped some trousers, shoes and a top, as he was doing so, he noticed the card he had used to travel to Vira's hideout, he examined it and saw the option to teleport was still there. He took a deep breath and clicked the button.

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After a brief animation, Ethan found himself standing outside the same door as last night, the door to her room.

He steeled himself, ready to barge in there and give her a piece of his mind, he needed to tell her that this little game of hers was over.

Before he could reconsider, Ethan opened the door and quickly stepped inside.

Vira was once again laid on her bed, drapes open as she sat upright with her back against the pillows, a cruel smile crept across her face as Ethan entered.

“Ah, Ethan. You came, or rather, I’m guessing you didn’t, hahaha. I thought it might have at least taken a couple of days for my curse to break you. You must really be weaker than I thought.”

“You haven’t broken anything, lady. I’m here to tell you to undo whatever fucked up shit you did last night, before I report you to mods and have you removed. All you are is a string of malicious code, and I can have you deleted like that.” Ethan punctuated the end of his sentence with a snap.

“Ohhh Ethan. I thought you would know better than to threaten me. I’m sure you could have me deleted from your system, but then who would undo my little curse, Hm? Once that card gets removed from your inventory, you’ll have no way back to me, and no one to give you that permission to cum that you need so desperately.”

“I-it won’t last that long. Whatever you did will run its course eventually.” Ethan said, although he wasn’t entirely convinced that was true.

“Are you sure about that, Ethan? Are you sure it will wear off? What will you do if it doesn’t? How long do you think you can last without blowing your load? Face it, Ethan, I am the only one who can help you with your little problem right now.” Vira was smiling the whole time she spoke.

“Look, I just came here to get this stupid curse undone, then I’ll be out of your way.”

“Fine. If you don’t want to play with me, just come over here and lay down on the bed. Get comfortable and we’ll see what we can do about your problem.”

Ethan knew all too well what had happened the last time he got comfortable on that bed, so he didn’t immediately move to obey Vira this time.

“You’re taking too long.” Vira snapped her fingers and Ethan felt his position shift, when the room came back into focus, he was lying flat on the bed looking up at Vira in the same position he was in when she hypnotized him last night.

“That’s better.” Vira said in a low voice, the sound travelling straight into his ears from the VR headset.

“You’re trying to hypnotize me again.” Ethan declared.

“Of course I am, Ethan. It’s the only way for me to help you out. Besides, you can’t move away anyway so you may as well just enjoy it. Just relax and listen to me, listen and answer. What is it you need Ethan?” Vira asked, surprising him with her question.

“I want you to undo this curse!”

“Why?”

“Because I-I can’t cum, thanks to you.”

“Good, Ethan. Now we’re getting to the root of the issue. Just answer honestly, Ethan and this will be over quickly. What is it you need, really?”

“I need to cum!” The answer came easily, being this close to Vira’s impressive form was already doing a number on his cock.

“That’s better. Now you’re being honest. You need to cum, and I can help you with that. Now that we know why you’re here, and what you really need, we can get started. You need to cum, and you came here to me to help you with that. And I will help you, Ethan. All you need to do is relax and accept that I am helping you. But you’ve already done that, haven’t you? By coming here you have accepted that you need my help, you have accepted that you need me to help you cum. So you can just relax now, knowing that I am helping you to get what you want.” Vira kept talking, low and soft, her words coming quickly as they weaved his mind into knots.

In just a short time Vira had convinced Ethan that she was the answer to his problems, or did he already know that? He was finding it hard to think too much while trying to take in what Vira was saying.

The pink mist had begun to creep into the edge of his vision as Vira kept on talking softly.

“Now that you know and have accepted that you need my help. You can just begin to let yourself sink. Let your mind drop.” Ethan watched as Vira’s eyes started to spiral. And the pink mist grew thicker, absorbing all of his peripheral vision so that all he could see was Vira’s spiralling eyes.

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Ethan didn’t know how much time had passed, he just remembered slowly coming back into focus as two words appeared on his HUD.

‘Status: Mesmerized.’
‘Trait: (Redacted).’

Ethan was unsure just what the redacted trait meant

“Is that it, did you undo the curse?” Ethan asked as the room came back into view.

“Undo the curse? Why would I do that? I’ve only just started having fun with you.”

“What? But you said-”

“I said I would help you with your problem, and I’m going to. But we established at the start what your real problem was, didn’t we? Your real problem was your desperate need to cum. Like I said, I’m going to help you. But my help isn’t free, Ethan.”

“Grr Fine! What is it you want?”

“Oh that’s simple. In a few moments, I’m going to put your gear into AFK mode, at which point you will be free to get up and complete a little task for me.” Ethan did not like the look of Vira’s smile.

“What task?” He asked, worried at what the answer would be.

“Easy, you are going to go and find a pair of Denise’s used panties and bring them back here with you.”

“Like fuck I am! And how the hell do you know about Denise?” Ethan declared loudly, outraged at what Vira wanted him to do. There was no way in hell he would be doing that…Or so he thought.

“Oh I learned lots about you, Ethan. You and I had a nice conversation while you were under. Don’t you ‘Remember’?”

A flood of memories came back to Ethan all at once, he remembered Vira asking him questions about who he lived with, about his past, his friends, his relationships, everything.

“There you go, you’re remembering now, aren’t you? Do you remember the part where you told me about Kara? That must have been terrible for you. Oh I wish I could have been there to see it. Just seeing you, fucking and fucking and fucking with no hope of relief, hahaha.”

Ethan was remembering, but as the memories came flooding back, there were two words he had focused on, two words that I desperately hoped were there as some kind of tease.

‘Trait: Panty sniffer.’

“Panty sniffer!? That was the redacted trait on his HUD. No! No way. That’s not me at all, and you can’t just give me a trait like that. You’re fucking with me.” Ethan declared, angrily.

“Am I? Was I just ‘fucking with you’ when I took your orgasms away?” Ethan didn’t want to believe it, but he knew she had a point.

‘Can she really do that? Can she really make me a….No! This is one hundred percent not happening.’ Ethan thought.

“You’re doubting me, Ethan. Even after you have already seen what I’m capable of. Ah well, perhaps you’ll just have to see it for yourself, ‘Panty sniffer’. Hahahahaaa.”

At the sound of Vira’s laughter, Ethan’s headset went into stand by view and he was now looking at an image of his own bedroom.

He quickly removed the headset and unstrapped himself from the chair. He decided that he wasn’t going to play her game. He would find some other way to get rid of the orgasm block, even if it meant springing for a therapist of some sort, it would be an embarrassing consultation sure, but he didn’t care. He couldn’t risk letting Vira turn him into some sort of pervert.

As Ethan paced up and down his bedroom, the last words Vira said to him seemed to keep playing on repeat in his mind.

‘Panty sniffer’.

He would never sink so low as to steal Denise’s worn panties.

‘It would be easy though, really. The laundry basket is inside the spare bedroom, I wouldn’t even need to risk waking her by going into her room. There was almost definitely a pair in the basket.’

Ethan shook his head, as though he could shake that intrusive thought right out of his brain, appalled that he had even considered for a second.

‘But Vira is waiting. Maybe she doesn’t actually want me to sniff them, maybe I should just grab a pair and then bring them back, see what Vira wants me to do with them.’ As Ethan’s mind wandered, he realized two things. One: That his erection was still tenting out his shorts, and two: He had already walked out of his bedroom door towards the spare room.

‘I’m not really considering this. But maybe I should do what she says. She can’t make me a pervert, not really.’

Ethan was at war with his own mind, subconsciously, he already knew he was going to do what Vira said. He was just trying to find a way to justify it to his conscious mind.

Ethan stepped inside the spare room and saw the laundry basket, half full with clothes, both his and Denise's. He moved a few items until he saw what he wanted, a plain white pair of satin briefs. He noticed they were soft, and cool to the touch, far more substantial than what Kara usually wore.

'I'm just taking them back to get Vira to remove the curse.' He told himself. 'But I wonder what they would smell like….'

He shook his head again as he headed back to his room, panties in hand.

"Well, I did what you said. Now will you remove the curse?" He said after he strapped back into his rig and rejoined Vira in the game.

"See, that wasn't so bad now, was it? Did you sniff them yet?" Vira asked, standing up and moving close to Ethan.

"N-no! I told you, I don't care what little tricks you pull with my HUD, I'm not some panty sniffing pervert!"

"Ohh perhaps you're stronger than I gave you credit for, you're actually still holding out. But I'll bet you thought about it though, didn't you? I'll bet the thought of bringing those worn panties up to your nose and breathing in the womanly scent has been slowly getting louder in your head. What are you waiting for, Ethan? Do it! Give in to your perversion. I think you'll like it."

Ethan's arm moved as if on autopilot, the panties he had stolen were still clutched in his hand as he had gotten back into the chair, he was resisting the urge to bring them up to his face, knowing that it was the wrong thing to do. But Vira's command seemed to override his doubts and give him the permission he had been waiting for.

He brought the satin panties up to his face and breathed in their scent, his desperate cock surging as he did so.

"There you go, Ethan." Vira had no way of knowing if Ethan was actually following her orders, but she had confidence that her hypnosis had taken effect. "I told you, you were a panty sniffer, and now look at you! What would poor Denise think if she could see you now? She was almost your stepmom and here you are, sniffing her worn underwear like some desperate pervert."

Vira's words caused a deep sense of humiliation and shame to wash over Ethan, but he couldn't help but keep sniffing the panties pressed to his face.

As he lovingly sniffed the panties, the haptics at his crotch started up their familiar teasing again as the virtual Vira began stroking the crotch of Ethan's avatar. Ethan couldn't move, all he could do was watch as the curvy woman teased him in the VR world, while in the real world, he was desperately pressing the panties to his face.

"Such a good panty sniffer! Keep sniffing Ethan. You told me that you really needed to cum, and I told you that I would help you, and now I am. I am helping you to cum. You're going to cum right here while sniffing Denise's panties like the filthy little pervert I'm turning you into. Keep sniffing Ethan." Vira's order was unnecessary at this point, Ethan didn't think he could have stopped if he wanted to. He was so lost in the pleasure and his own desperate need to cum.

"Only a panty sniffing pervert would cum while sniffing a pair of dirty panties. So what does that make you Ethan? Remember you have to answer my questions. What does it make you if you shoot your load now while sniffing Denise's panties?"

"A panty sniffing pervert." Ethan replied between deep inhalations.

"Good boy, Ethan. Now that you have admitted what you are, you are going to cum, and when you do, this will cement your status as a panty sniffer. You will find that you can't get enough of this wonderful, feminine scent. You'll want it more and more. Do you still want to cum, Ethan? Knowing what it means?"

"Yes! I need to cum. Please let me cum." Ethan begged, not focused enough to care about the implications.

"Then cum for me, Ethan. Cum now!" The vibrations from the haptics increased their intensity and finally pushed Ethan over the edge into the blissful release he had been craving. He moaned out loud as he pressed the panties harder to his face, covering his nose and mouth with the soft fabric.

"Hahahahahaaa." Vira laughed that same loud, mocking laugh as she knew Ethan had just fallen further into her web of depravity. By the time she was done with him, he would be a broken, desperate pervert. But her fun was only just beginning.

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Ethan returned to his senses less than a minute later, noticing that he was back in the HubWorld, with Vira nowhere to be seen. He popped up his HUD and looked at his character info.

'Curse: Orgasm block.'
'Trait: Panty sniffer.'

‘Shit! Surely the panty sniffer thing can’t actually last?’ He thought as he logged off and removed himself from the chair. He noticed the panties were crumpled up on the floor next to his chair, and he reached down to pick them up.

‘I should just put these back in the hamper and try to forget about what I was just doing with them….’ But he didn’t move for a few seconds.

In the end, he decided he would just put them back tomorrow. He didn’t have work tomorrow anyway, so he would have plenty of time to think about how to fix his situation.

He cleaned himself up and slid into bed, feeling a little more clear headed after finally achieving orgasm. The panties were still in his hand as he laid down to sleep, he should have thrown them across the room, far away from him.

‘One more little sniff can’t hurt though….can it?’

End part 2.