

DRINKING GAMES 2:

VIDEO GAMES



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* CHAPTER ONE ~ JOEL *



BRIAN WOKE UP and peered around the room. As he blinked the sleep from his eyes, he remembered. Then the horror of what his life had become filtered back into his brain. A tear trickled down his cheek and he wiped it away, furious at how emotional he was now. He wanted more than anything to curl back up into the fetal position and drift into the void of sleep. Hopefully to dream of a better life.

He knew that *they* wouldn't let him do that, though. He had duties to perform. Disgusting, filthy duties. Another tear dripped out of his other eye and he let it fall. No one else was going to feel sorry for him, so *he* might as well.

Brian sat up and stretched, immediately aware of how sensitive his chest was. He ran his hands along the underside of his breasts, massaging them gently.

"They're definitely a B-cup now," he thought miserably, "A B-cup and they're still growing. No wonder I'm crying with all the fucking estrogen they're pumping into me."

He stretched his legs, pointing his toes and feeling the satin sheets rub against his smooth legs.

At least the waxing is over for this week. Tuesday was waxing day. They had to tie him down for the first one. Since then he did it on his own. It certainly wasn't from a desire for a smooth body that made him volunteer for this duty. He did it on his own simply because it let him be in control of his own pain.

"And the last thing I need now is to be tied up more. I get enough of that as it is..."

He swung his legs off the bed and stood up, pulling his baby doll nightie down from where it had ridden up during the night. It still barely covered his frilly pink panties. Brian realized with morbid despair that he was no longer bothered by wearing the thong cut.

"Well you've had worse things up your ass these last few months, sweetheart. At least the panties are soft. And at least they're more comfortable than your chastity belts."

"Although chastity is not quite the right word for it, is it? They can still fuck me all they want. Anytime they want. It just keeps *me* all tucked up and chaste." He glanced at the clock and started. "And since they're gonna force me into one of the blasted things soon, I'd better do my business."

He hurried to his bathroom and relieved himself, knowing that if he had to do anything for the rest of the day he'd have to get permission and assistance to remove his chastity belt. It was best just to get it all done from the beginning. He turned on the water for his bath. One of the first things his "friends" had done was remove the shower head from his bath tub. That meant it was baths or nothing and if he wasn't clean he was punished. He poured the lilac scented oil under the running water, despising the smell that wafted up in the steam. It made him smell perpetually of flowers and softened his already smooth skin. But if they caught him in an untreated bath then they'd start supervising him again. Supervised bath sessions always turned sexual and Brian would gladly suffer any form of feminizing to escape yet another rape session.

As he soaked in the tub he felt the oils permeating his skin. He scrubbed himself with the flowery smelling body wash, the strawberry odor mingling with the lilac.

"No wonder the guys are kissing me all over these days. I smell like I'm edible. Like a fruit salad. A sweet dessert."

He shampooed his hair with yet another fragrant smell. He couldn't wash his hair anymore without thinking about what they had made him do when they had first forced him to use this brand. This was back in the days of supervised baths, and Steve had the brilliant notion that Brian should wash his hair like the girls did in the commercials. So for ten minutes as he scrubbed his hair he had to moan orgasmically, building to a peak as he dunked his head backwards into the water. Of course Joel filmed the whole thing and even edited together their own Herbal Essence commercial. Yet another video blackmail they had against him. One more tape in a growing collection.

He drained the tub and used some fresh water to rinse off the oils. At least the bath had eased the ache in his breasts. He felt his nipples harden as the cold air penetrated through the steam. They were definitely more pronounced than they used to be, sticking out from the new mounds on his chest like soldiers standing to attention. He touched one of them with his finger, noting as he brought his hand up how feminine his hands looked now. His long burgundy nails were still perfectly shaped from his horrid trip to the mall. That had been the only time in the last two months they had been trimmed, and they now went well beyond the ends of his fingers. They were beginning to interfere with his everyday life. And yet he was "forbidden" to cut them. He could only have them manicured by a professional. And that meant another trip to the mall, which he would *never* do of his own free will.

His nipple exploded in electricity as his finger made contact.

"Oh my *god*, they're sensitive..." he touched it again, arching his back slightly as the shock trembled through him again. It was intense, yet there was pleasure too. Pleasure and shame.

"When will this stop?" he asked himself, feeling tears begin to well in his eyes again, "I have tits. They've given me tits and they're only going to get bigger...I'm less and less Brian everyday. Less Brian and

more...Marla."

But there was no time left to feel sorry for himself. The morning was moving fast now and it was almost time for inspection. He wrapped the towel around himself, tucking it around his breasts. As he re-entered his bedroom, he glanced at his clock again. His heart began to race. He was running late. Too much self pity and not enough hustle. If he didn't get a move on, he would be punished. Then he'd really have a reason to feel sorry for himself.

He scampered on his tip-toes to his dresser, taking tiny steps so as not to lose his towel. His breasts bounced painfully as he moved and he brought his arm up to hold them, realizing that it made him run even more like a girl. Yet he had to hurry, and they hurt when they bounced.

He grabbed his gaff and yanked it up his legs, jumping from foot to foot to get the straps up over his hips. They too had grown in the past weeks, just as his waist had shrunk. Between the hormones and the diet he was developing quite the hourglass figure. Much to his increasing dismay. He was only getting sexier, which meant the guys only desired him more. He tucked himself into the slot and eased his testicles up inside of himself. Then he pulled the infernal contraption up the rest of the way. The satin strap slid up into his ass like a piece of floss, disappearing almost entirely. If it was not for the tiny pieces of satin wrapped up over his hips, no one would know that he was wearing anything from the back. And from the front...

From the front he looked completely female. The gaff did it's job of hiding his maleness. Not that he had that much to hide anyway. He had always considered himself small and now the estrogen was just reinforcing the fact.

He looked in his mirror and saw her. His twin. His Mr. Hyde. Or Miss Hyde as the case was. She was naked except for the practically non-existent panties and she was most definitely female. Her pert breasts were supple and soft and her nipples were still hard and excited. Her waist only made them look bigger and her hips had grown wider since only yesterday. There was no hair below her eyebrows and even those were barely existent, arched high and thin. He looked as if he was born Marla. She didn't even have an Adam's apple that you could notice. If you probed her neck with your fingers, you might find it, but even then it wasn't all that noticeable. Not that it ever had been really. Brian had been mistaken for a girl several times in his life prior to his "kidnapping". Yet now...there was no way he would be mistaken for a guy. Brian no longer existed after this gaff was on. He wouldn't exist again until late, late tonight. For the rest of his waking day he was Marla. And Marla was still running late.

He grabbed the only bra he had left that would still fit him. It was a new one that Steve had picked out. Brian despised it. It was skimpy and lacy and worst yet: a push-up. He slid the slinky black straps over his shoulders, pulled the back in front of him and did the clasp then squeezed himself into it. It was one of the liquid filled gimmicky ones that increased the look of your breasts a cup size. Brian didn't doubt it. He definitely looked a C-cup with this thing on. His real breasts practically fell out of the top, pushed up and out so that they would be ignored by no one. He looked in the mirror and saw that his chest now jutted out in front of him. *His chest*. Not the fake things he had worn originally. He had breasts now. Breasts that seemed to be growing by the day. Hell by the hour.

There was no time for him to ogle the creature he had become though.

He scampered to the bathroom, his breasts not bouncing nearly as bad thanks to the bra. They still jiggled as he pranced on his tip toes back to the bathroom. That was another rule enforced by his captors. If he was caught not walking on his toes he was punished. It was heels or tip-toes. One of Terry's ideas. It made Brian move more feminine. It made him sway his hips to keep his balance and it kept his breasts bouncing. Even more so now that they were bigger. His ankles and toes ached for weeks. They *still* did at

night. But soreness was better than punishment. And they could come in at any second. And worse yet there was a camera floating around. A camera that had been hidden in his room before. He wasn't about to be caught walking flat footed. Not after last time.

He blow-dried his hair. His hair had been shaggy when his girlfriend had first talked him into becoming Marla for Halloween. By the time the New Year had rolled around it had grown out long enough for his captors to take him to a stylist in the now infamous mall incident. She had dyed his hair a golden blonde, making it lighter and more feminine than the dirty blonde he was born with. Worse yet, she had added extensions to it, so his hair looked naturally long. Then she had styled it into a distinctly female cut. The "Rachel" cut as the stylist referred to it. Based on Jennifer Aniston from "Friends". It wasn't quite long enough to pass for the same hair cut, but the style was the same, and in the weeks since it had grown out to resemble the hair style more and more. He clipped the bangs out of his face and dove into his makeup. Watching in the mirror as his delicate features became more delicate and refined. With the base applied he highlighted his cheeks. Outlined his lips and then painted them in carefully with a deep red lipstick that matched his nails. After blotting, he attacked his eyes. First the eye shadow...just a little to emphasize. His 'friends' liked him slutty. Unfortunately, the sluttier he looked the more they treated him that way. When he was pretty they were nicer and so pretty he was. He added mascara, although he didn't really need it. His eyelashes were naturally long and curly. Yet it was a rule and even the most trivial disobedience could earn bad repercussion.

His girlfriend had taught him make-up. It was shortly after the guys had taken him prisoner. At the time, it was humiliating. It paled in retrospect to the last few weeks, though. He put in a pair of earrings. Small hoops that dangled an inch or so below his ear. Then he unclipped his hair and tousled his head, getting it to frame his face like it was supposed to. The girl in the mirror examined herself and found her appearance flawless. Flawless if she was supposed to look like a twenty year old beauty queen.

Brian saw the tears in the girls eyes begin to well and made himself blink them away. He was looking prettier and prettier every day. As his hair got longer. As his breasts and hips got bigger. As his nails grew and as his waist shrank. He wasn't sure he could go back to looking like his old self now even if they let him, which they weren't about to do. Not when they had their own slave. A sex kitten that would do whatever they asked, whenever they asked and let herself be punished for any trivial thing she did wrong. And that's what Marla was. A sex toy. Yet what choice did she really have?

They kept her locked in her room at night. A room that was no longer Brian's, but Marla's. Brian had no possessions, unless he wanted to claim the sexy female clothing or satiny sheets and covers that made up her bedroom. Or the makeup and sweet smelling potions that adorned her bathroom. The day was no better. He was under constant surveillance by one of the three of them at all times. They had arranged their school schedules around guarding him. They each had Marla for three hours a day, then they shared her until it was time for her to go to bed. Hopefully at that point they were tired and let her retire alone, but occasionally they'd even invade her room, using her until all hours of night. There was no escape.

Even if there was, where would he go. Brian's old girl friend was helping his 'friends' feminize him. She would rat him out instantly. He had no other friends. No family. He could go to the cops, but the way he looked now they wouldn't believe him. Even if he showed them his last vestige of manhood, they wouldn't believe that a guy would let this happen to himself. And this was assuming he could escape to begin with. Should he get caught trying to escape...

He still remembered the last time.

He shuddered at the thought and pushed it from his mind. No time for the past. He still had some finishing touches to do today. He pranced back into his bedroom and made his bed. He was still furious at

having to sleep in this piece of feminine crap. Within the first week of his captivity they had thrown his old bed away. For another week he was passed around between the guys, having to sleep with a different one each night, before finally being 'rewarded' with a bed of her own. A bed that would make a prostitute blush. It was an ornately carved wooden frame with a heart shaped mattress. Joel had found it in an auction and had bought it instantly with Marla in mind. They had to special order sheets for it, and had made Brian drape silk from the overhead beams of it, giving it the look of a harem. As the weeks progressed the bed had gotten more atrocious. Now it had heart shaped pillows on it too. Brian had been 'used' many a time on this bed already. The guys now referred to his room as 'The Brothel'. A name that at this point was probably well earned.

He dug through the dresser and pulled out a pair of adhesive black stockings. He sat on the bed and rolled them up his legs. He stood up and pulled the adhesive bands taut and then pressed it against his legs one by one, feeling them adhere to his smooth thigh. He wouldn't know what 'costume' they had in mind for him today, but odds were it required stockings. The only one that didn't was the cheerleader outfit they had gotten him two weeks ago. But since that had been in his repertoire yesterday, he doubted seriously it would be on the top of the list this morning. Plus Joel was the first to dress him and his favorite was the little black dress. The one with virtually no back and cut so low that virtually nothing was left to imagination. The shoulder straps were barely even worth mentioning, only just covering his bra straps. The thing was pretty much held into place by being two sizes too small.

"Three sizes with these breasts," Brian grimaced staring again down into his cleavage that was still threatening to spill out of his bra.

He sat back on the bed and pulled on a pair of black four inch heels that wrapped around his ankles several times before finally clasping to themselves. He wasn't required to wear heels, but he preferred them over having to prance on his tip toes all day and there was no guarantee that Joel would make him put them on this morning. There was no penalty for putting them on though. And with the extra ankle straps it made his feet hurt less than some of his shoes with even lower heels. Although they hadn't given him anything smaller than a two inch platform. Not that it affected his height dramatically. He was always short. Five foot six. So even with four inch heels he was eye to eye with Joel and three or four inches smaller than the other two.

It was one minute till ten now. And he went through his mental checklist, making sure everything was perfect. Joel had a number of punishments he was fond of, depending on the severity of the disobedience. For a simple accident or forgetfulness, he would take him across his lap and spank her. His hand slapping her bare ass hard for several minutes, while Joel's dick grew hard underneath him. Spanking her turned Joel on something fierce. And a hand spanking was for a simple mistake. A bigger mistake was far worse.

Brian shuddered as the memory came back to him.



In the first week of his captivity he had been locked in his room most of the day. His room had been emptied out of all his personal belongings. They had held a yard sale a week or so later to earn the money to buy his new feminine items. But with his room empty save for a chair and a stack of required reading books, Brian was left with a lot of time and what felt like very little to do. He had tried to read the books. But in the first week Brian was still much more intent on escape than on the reading material they were giving him. They had crammed him back into his french maid costume and the more Brian looked at it, the more pissed off he became. How could they do this to him? They were supposed to be his friends! Yet they were using him as a woman. Less than a woman. Like a slave. He threw his copy of "How to please your man...in bed" across the room and began to search for anything that might let him pick the lock on the door. His theory was that if he could break out of his room he could steal some of their clothes and then make a break for it.

He found what he was looking for in his bathroom. A couple of bobby pins that could easily pick the lock. Not that Brian was experienced in such things, but what else did he have to do all day until the guys came home.

What Brian didn't know was that at least one of the guys was home. Joel was there, tinkering on his computer with a background window linked to a hidden web cam in Brian's room. He slammed the door open, knocking Brian to the ground. Brian looked up at him in horror as he saw the sadistic gleam glinting in Joel's eyes. Joel had pinned him to the ground and used a gadget he had bought off the home shopping network to begin tying him up. It was one of those guns that shot out a loop of plastic and then snapped itself closed; One of the things used for bundling big groups of things together for shipping or for keeping wires tied together. As it turned out, it was good for tying Brian up too.

Joel had snapped his wrists to his legs, just above the knees. Brian struggled with all his might against the ties, but try as he might, he couldn't free his arms from his legs. Joel flipped Brian over effortlessly, his big arms barely straining under Brian's meager weight. He watched with a grin as Brian tried to maintain his balance. There was no hope though and he fell with his face buried into the plush carpeting of the room, his ass sticking helplessly up in the air.

Then the spanking had begun. He had lifted the dress up off Brian's ass and spanked him viciously until he was crying for him to stop. He did stop for a minute. Long enough to get the ball gag they had bought and fasten it around Brian's head.

He was bound so tight he could barely struggle, and with the gag in place it took all his concentration just to breath. Then Joel grabbed his digital camera and started taking pictures of him. Pictures of his glowing red ass. Of his mouth around the gag. Of him bound helpless in the middle of the floor. These were the first shots of Marla on the web.

The second ones were from the web cam which filmed them as Joel slowly undid his pants and lubed himself up. He pulled the thong out of Brian's ass and began to push up into the glowing red behind. Joel's dick was already pulsing with pre-cum and before long he was sliding in and out of Brian. Brian screamed against the ball as he was raped, but nothing more than muffles came out.

Then the torture really started. As Joel pressed all the way inside of Brian, one of his burly arms slipped around the helpless maid's slender waist. He slowly hefted Brian up off the ground. Brian's legs were lifted up in the air and he was completely impaled on Joel's rigid cock. Brian pulled at his bonds, which only caused his tied legs to open wider, allowing Joel better access. Brian screamed in pain and horror. It hit the ball and came out as a muffled moan. Brian's own weight forced Joel deeper inside of him, seemingly ripping him in two.



Then it got worse. Like a weightlifter in a competition, Joel slowly raised himself up to stand on his feet, with Brian still riding on his hard rod. Brian felt like a mannequin, unable to move, locked into position with a hard rod up his ass. Joel then held her up to the web cam for inspection. He held the bound maid with one arm, while his free hand began tracing Brian's smooth body, focusing on his neck, face, back and thighs. All the exposed skin. Brian felt his rough hands kneading him as Joel continued to rape him.

It was the most degrading thing that had ever happened to him at that point. He was helpless, tied, gagged and being tossed around as if he weighed nothing. Being completely lifted off the ground only made it worse. Only made him more helpless.

Finally Joel's arms must have given out and he sank back to his knees, letting Brian rest himself back upon the floor. Joel continued to rape him until he got to the point of orgasm. Then the dick whipped out of her, his cum spurting on his ass like a volcano. Hours later, Marla made her debut on the

web. Joel's face was never visible, but Brian's was. Or rather Marla's was. There was little doubt that the person in the picture was all woman. The guys made Brian sit through the video, critiquing his performance as a porn star. It was the first time Brian realized just how small he was compared to his captors.

The clock digitally changed to ten o'clock and it snapped Brian out of the past. There was no telling when Joel would check on him, but any time after ten was fair game. All Brian knew was that he'd better be ready. He went through his check list again. The punishments were bad, and although the rewards weren't great they were infinitely more pleasurable to the alternative. The minutes ticked by. Five. Six. Then Brian's heart skipped a beat.

Birth control!

He had forgotten to take a birth control pill.

He normally took it after his bath, but he had been running late and had completely forgotten. It was another one of Steve's little jokes, making him take the pills. Brian couldn't help but worry over what they were doing to him. Them along with all the other pills they were making him take.

He dashed madly for the bathroom, his heels threatening to topple him at any second. He grabbed the little plastic case and battled with it for a second trying to force it open the wrong way before realizing his mistake. He finally got the spinney wheel open, popped the right pill out of the case and popped it in his mouth.

And the door to his bedroom burst open noisily.

He swallowed the little pill hastily and slipped the plastic disc back onto the counter. His heart was beating out of his chest, but there was no time to calm down. Joel was here. Brian disappeared instantly, and the sexy toy Marla sauntered into the bedroom to meet her first captor of the day.

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Joel stood in the doorway waiting. Marla struck a pose as she entered the room, her hip jutted out sexily. It was the way Joel insisted she stand. He smiled satisfied.

"Good morning, Marla," Joel said. He entered the room as if he owned it. Joel lived next door with Terry, but ever since the three of them had taken Marla prisoner, all three of them spent most of their free time in the living room of this apartment. Generally taking advantage of their captive sex slave.

"Good morning cutie," Marla said in her sultry feminine voice. It had taken a great deal of practice and a great deal of punishment to get Marla to speak this way, but now it sounded not only natural but extraordinary. Brian hated his voice like this. But once again, the punishment was worse than the humiliation.

Joel paced around the room looking for anything out of place. Then he stormed into the bathroom. Marla heard her birth control pill case being opened and swallowed hard. That had been a close one. As Joel returned into the room, his gaze centered on the blonde. He inspected her from top to bottom, even grabbing her face and looking at the job she had done on her makeup.

"You did good today, beautiful," Joel said smiling. Yet his voice expressed disappointment. Joel liked punishing her. They all did. Yet Steve had enforced the rule that she was not to be punished without good reason. It was part of the ongoing psychology experiment he was doing with her as his main subject.

"Not a thing wrong that I can find," Joel continued, patting Marla on the ass. It was more of a squeeze than a pat really. She fought the impulse to flinch away. Just another test he was doing, "I guess you get a reward. That is if you stay a good little girl for the rest of the morning."

Marla fought the sarcasm screaming within her brain. Her reward always consisted of something to make herself more feminine. Either in body or mind. It was an impossible situation. If she was bad, she was punished and tortured. If she was good, she was turned even further into the thing she hated to be. There was no good solution, save escape. And with each day that passed, escape became more and more of a winsome daydream.

"Get your belt," Joel said, dropping the pleasantries. It was on with the morning rituals now. First was the belt. She grabbed the black one that matched her outfit (such as it was) and handed it to her tormentor. He wrapped it around her expertly, as he had every morning for more than a month now. As it made it's final loop around her crotch, he reached in his pocket and pulled out the tiny padlock that he used to secure the piece of fabric that locked her into femininity. The belt still was barely bigger than a thong bikini and still gave them ample access to her behind. Yet locked her into her prison as surely as if it was iron. Despite having peed no more than thirty minutes ago, she instantly felt the urge again just by being constrained. She fought the desire and slowly it faded. It was all mental anyway.

She batted her doey eyes at Joel expectantly, waiting for him to assign her an outfit. He scanned her body like a wolf, enjoying her sultry undergarments. Especially her ass. Joel was an ass man, plain and simple. And he liked Marla's ass a lot. None of the girls he had dated would even consider anal sex. Now he didn't even bother dating. Now that he had Marla.

"The black dress," he ordered. She had been right. It was his favorite after all. She had taken the liberty of putting it in the very front of her closet so that it was easily accessible for when he asked for it. He watched with his wolf eyes as she wormed her way into it. Her breasts were giving her definite trouble fitting into the tight little number. As much as they oozed out of the tight bra, the dress was tighter and gave her an illusion of cleavage that would make any woman jealous. That combined with the hourglass look she was developing made her a man killer plain and simple. The dress was so short that if it rode up at

all, the tops of her stockings showed. The back was cut down so that it was even with the top of her hips. This was a dress made for sex appeal. And from the look in Joel's eyes. It was working.

"Looking great today, beautiful," he said soaking her in with his eyes, "Those hormones are paying off."

She winked her right eye at him, the way she had been trained. The way he liked! Brian screamed in his head as she did it, praying to God for a way to become himself again. Praying for anything that could change the hell that his life had become.

"You hungry this morning? Want some breakfast?" Joel asked like a shark circling it's prey.

"Starving," Marla said in her baby doll voice.

"Then you know what to do."

A wave of revulsion passed over Marla's face. No amount of acting or fear could disguise it. This was one of Steve's idea. Another psychology experiment that Brian was ashamed to admit was working. His meals were dished out in three meager portions. One meal per captor. In order to earn her meal she had to swallow a slimy cream appetizer. Steve hoped this would give Marla a Pavlovian condition. In other words, make her salivate at the thought of giving a blow job. On her knees in front of Joel, Marla knew Steve was right. She felt her mouth fill up with saliva and her stomach rumble as her long supple fingers undid Joel's jeans.

She wasn't even hesitating any more. She just wanted the dick in her mouth so she could please Joel enough that he would give her breakfast. He wasn't doing anything to make it easy.

He walked over and sat on her bed, his legs spread for her to kneel between them. She crawled over on her hands and knees, slinking up between his legs and running her hands up his knees, past his thighs to his crotch. Her fingers undid his pants and slid down inside them, wrestling the monster out of it's silken boxer restraints. The thick beast stood to attention at her touch and she stared at it, fighting the wave of revulsion that filled her. At the same time, her stomach growled and her mouth practically oozed saliva. Brian screamed internally, damning them all to hell so many times that he lost count.

Marla ran her hand up and down Joel's cock several times, massaging the underside with her thumb as she went. Then she leaned forward, stuck out her practically dripping tongue and licked him from base to tip. Her lips surrounded him and the chore was underway. She used her hand as an extension of her mouth, her tongue centering on the sensitive underbelly, while she sucked with all her might. She was starving, and the longer Joel held off, the hungrier she was getting. She needed food, and if it meant pleasing Joel faster, that was what she had to do. She had the knowledge she needed. She had read the books they had given her. The Oral Sex Guide, Blow Jobs 101 and the dreaded How to Deep Throat. They weren't kidding around either. She was made to practice on dildo's in front of them till they were satisfied that she had learned something. Then she had to put her expertise to use on them one after another until they deemed her proficient enough for the next level of her training. Her studies continued of course, but she dreaded the next final. Yet another reason to put some effort into her meal earnings. Three in a row was infinitely worse than spread out throughout the day.

Inside his head, Brian lamented the fact that he had such a vast knowledge of how to please men orally. He could write his own book at this point. He knew all the secrets.

Marla knew what Joel liked. Months of these things had given her more than a fair idea of what they all enjoyed. Terry liked having his balls fondled as she worked. Not Joel. He liked licking and he liked sucking. In that order. His favorite was what was referred to as a 'deep suck'. But she had to save that for

when he was close or it lost a great deal of its power. First she bathed his cock with his tongue, getting it wet and ultra hard. She concentrated her talented taster on the underside of his dick, right below the head where it was the most sensitive. In between licks she would kiss it, then slowly engulf the head in her mouth, repeating the process over and over again. Then as the liquid began to ooze slowly from the tip, she pressed her lips against it just enough to get the sticky stuff to coat her lips. She pulled her face away slightly, letting the cum trail in a stream from her lips to his cock, looking up at him with big sexy eyes. Another trick she had learned to make the process go faster. The guys all loved to see her lips covered in cum. She had learned early on, that letting it string from their dicks to her lips excited them. It was like a tiny insubstantial leash, linking her mouth to their manhood, giving them the feeling of dominance.

It worked again today. Joel gazed at her lustily as she licked the cum off her lips. It worked so well that he hurriedly pressed the back of her head toward him, so that her lips were again resting on his cock. He was getting close, she knew. It didn't take him long when she turned on the charm. She wrapped her lips around the head and gave him a short suck. Then lightly pressed her teeth up against his shaft. He twitched with pleasure and she then gave him the 'deep suck' that would finish him off. She pushed the dick as deep down her throat as she could at this angle. Not as deep as Terry was training her for, but more than enough for Joel. She wrapped her lips around his shaft tightly and sucked him as she slowly moved her head back up his shaft. The deep suck was also called a popsicle suck because that's what it resembled and she followed her mouth with her hand to make it more intense. As her suction brought her up just under the head, she felt the cum explode from the base under her hand and she quickly pulled her mouth just barely off the cock so that it spurted expertly into her mouth. This was another trick she had learned. Let them see you swallow the cum. That and it kept it from smearing all over their cock and needing to be licked off. She gave him the moan that he liked to hear after he came and then made a show out of swallowing the meaty liquid. If it looked like she enjoyed it, she would get breakfast. Otherwise she would have to wait for lunch and hopefully a better blow job. session with Terry.

The sad truth was, she had grown used to the taste. Not just grown used to it, it was worse than that. Their experiment had worked. The taste of cum made her ravenously hungry. In order to trim her figure even more they were feeding her meager portions of everything. The only thing she seemed to get a substantial amount of, was semen. At least three big spoonfuls a day. Inside of Marla's head, Brian was screaming again. Marla barely noticed. She was hungry and was trying to prove to Joel that she deserved breakfast. She licked her lips with his cum still in her mouth, opening her lips just enough to let him see the gooey mess.. Then she closed her eyes and let it slide down her throat, moaning in ecstasy. Fortunately Joel had enjoyed himself and enjoyed her reaction to his cum even more. Breakfast looked like a sure thing.

"You like that, don't you beautiful?" Joel chuckled.

"*Mmm-Hmm*," Marla moaned still pretending to savor every last drop of the creamy fluid.

"You're getting *really* good at that, Marla. I'm starting to think you really could suck a bowling ball through a garden hose." He laughed as he saw Marla's face blush. Brian had used that expression more than once about various girls back in his masculine days. To hear it used on him was both an outrage and a huge embarrassment.

"And those breasts of yours..." he grabbed dual handfuls of Marla's chest and squeezed them. It was gentle squeeze, thankfully. "They look like B's now. "

"*Mm-hmm*. Do you like them," she purred sexily jutting her chest out. His still hard cock rested between them, settling naturally into the groove of his cleavage. Brian screamed silently inside the sexy shell of his body.

"Like them! Hell! *I love them!* I think Marla's just about ready for her topless debut on my web page."

Marla shivered. The web page scared her more than anything they could do her. The more dirt on her that got out into the public, the harder it was going to be for her to ever go back to being Brian. If anyone ever put together Brian's disappearance and Marla's sudden emergence, he could never go back to being *just* what he was. He would always be the guy who dressed up as a woman to satisfy his friends. No matter what he said to defend himself, that is what everyone would think. Tears were brewing again, and she blinked rapidly to dispel them.

"Go fix your lipstick, then meet me in the kitchen." Joel said, leaving the room with the same gusto he entered it with.

As she entered the kitchen she saw her 'meal' laid out for her. A small serving of oatmeal, a bottle of mineral water, and the assortment of pills she had grown used to taking every morning. She was ravished after her oral duties, and her mouth, despite still tasting of Joel, began to water again at the smell of the oatmeal. Brian used to hate the gloop, but Marla was being fed so little now, that any food was good food. Especially if it didn't come out of someone's penis. One of the most demeaning things about the psychological experiment was that every meal maintained an aftertaste of the person who served it to her.

She wolfed the oatmeal down, and then set to work taking her pills. She knew that a few of them were estrogen. That had started almost instantly. As soon as the guys had decided to keep her prisoner long term, they had started her on a strict regiment of female hormones. One was a pill that Joel had sent away for from the back of a magazine. An increased female sex drive pill. Marla doubted it's authenticity and doubted even more if it would work on a guy, On the other hand, only moments ago she was salivating at the thought of sucking on Joel's cock. So maybe they *were* working.

She assumed the rest were multivitamins. At least she hoped they were. There was no telling what other nastiness she was downing ritually. Still, if she didn't take them she was punished. And she would do anything to avoid punishment. That was a lesson she had learned over and over again. It had started on the first day after that first horrible night.

She had resisted the estrogen that first day. That first horrid day after she had been tricked into dressing up like Marla.

* * * * *

Brian had awoke, not having a clue where he was. All he knew was that his whole body ached. His mouth hurt most of all. He rubbed it absent-mindedly as he sat up, confused over the crustiness that came off on his hand. His head screamed with a hangover unlike any he had ever had. Then his eyes settled on the tiny ring of plastic on the coffee table.

It all came back to him with the clarity of a photograph. The drinking...the dares...the costume...the rape.

He looked down, seeing his body draped in the sexy maid outfit and fought back the scream that was building inside his head.

It had happened. It had really happened. Joel, Terry and Steve...his "friends" had convinced him to dress as a French Maid and then raped him. They had tied his arms, forced him to wear that O ring gag and then used him. Each had cum in his mouth and Terry had...

He shivered uncontrollably. He had been fucked. He could still taste them in his mouth. Still feel the horrible sense of penetration radiating from his ass.

He got to his feet wobbly, aware that he was still in the three inch heels of his costume. He had to get out of this outfit. Had to take a year long shower and try and wash the memory of last night forever from his brain.

He walked down the hall to his bedroom as if he was in a dream. He could hear the sound his heels made as they clicked on the wooden floor of the hall. He could feel his stockings rubbing against his legs. He could feel the thong, uncomfortably crammed up into his sore behind. It all felt surreal.

Then it got worse. His door was locked. Instinctively he reached for his pocket, where his keys normally resided. Except they weren't there. Or rather his pocket wasn't there. He just felt the smooth curve of his hip, under the skin tight maid outfit. Panic began to set in. He *had* to get out of these clothes. He was bound to see the guys this morning and the last thing he wanted to do was be in this outfit when he saw them. Best just to change back into a guy and pretend none of this had ever happened. Yet how could he? All his clothes were locked behind his door. Had he locked it last night after he had changed into this costume? He couldn't remember...

"Good morning Marla..." Steve's baritone voice rumbled behind him. Brian twirled around, nearly twisting his ankles in the impossible shoes. His roommate was standing in his bedroom doorway, grinning a sadistic looking smile. Brian recognized his grin from the night before.

"That's the look he had when he blackmailed me into going down on him," Brian thought, "That's not a good look."

"Did you sleep well?" Steve chuckled, "You got quite a bit of exercise last night..."

Brian smiled uneasily. Apparently Steve wasn't bothered by the events of the night before. His eyes took in Brian's body like it was a priceless piece of art. There was a flame burning in his eyes and it made Brian wish he was wearing something a lot less revealing. He tugged self consciously at his dress, pulling it down over the tops of his stockings. He hated the helplessness he was feeling in this outfit.

"I...seem to have locked myself out of my room," Brian stammered after a second. He couldn't help notice how girly his voice sounded. He had always had a high voice. High tenor that had made him the star of his high school chorus. But his voice had never dramatically changed since then, much to his dismay. Now, dressed as a woman, it was even more noticeable.

"I locked it..." Steve said, his voice losing it's playful chuckle.

Brian's eyes widened in fear. There was something in the way Steve was looking at him that sent chill bumps up his entire body.

"Why?" was all he could think to say.

"Cause there are gonna be some changes round here," Steve said, the chuckle back in his voice. There was no humor in it, though.

"Wh..." Brian started. Then he was cut off as Steve stepped closer and grabbed Brian's neck with his hand. He pulled Brian's head toward his own, kissing him hard on the mouth. Brian was stunned. So stunned he didn't even resist at first. Then he felt Steve's other arm go around him, grabbing his ass, pushing their crotches together. Steve pressed him up against the wall, grinding against him. He felt Steve's cock throb against his stomach, despite the dress and Steve's jogging pants in between them. He tried to pull away, but Steve had him pinned. He felt Steve's tongue begin to worm it's way into his mouth. His lips did nothing to stop the incessant organ. Only his clenched teeth stopped it from probing his mouth. He felt

it tracing his teeth and his lips, tasting him.

Then Steve pushed away from him. Brian teetered on his heels trying to regain his balance, his hand going to his mouth to try and wipe off Steve's taste.

"God, you're sexy," Steve said laughing, "I've got lots of ideas of things we can do together..."

"Knock it off, Steve," Brian spat, "I'm not a girl! I'm your roommate, remember! I'm Brian!"

"Not anymore," Steve said. He grabbed Brian's wrist and pulled him roughly toward the living room. Brian scrambled madly to keep up.

Brian was thrown to the sofa landing hard in the center. His skirt rode up revealing the exposed thigh above his stocking. Steve didn't notice. He was fiddling with the remote for the television. It flickered to life and Brian stared at the horror show being portrayed for him.

It was him, or rather the woman he was dressed up as. He was sucking on Steve's cock as if his life depended on it, while Terry fucked him from behind. Not that you could tell it was a him. You couldn't see any sign of maleness, just a sexy blonde servicing two guys. Only the blonde WAS him. That was clear with very little inspection. Did he really look that much like a woman? It sent a shiver through his body. They had taped him being raped. And worse yet, it didn't look like rape. It looked like she was enjoying it. She was sucking Steve's cock like a vacuum, her ass pounding itself backward against Terry's cock. Fear radiated through him. No one would believe he hadn't done that of his own free will. The tape cut off and Brian looked up at Steve with dismay.

"Pretty hot stuff there, huh?" Steve said laughing at his expression, "You're one hell of a fuck to hear Terry talk."

"Steve..." Brian stammered, "Please..."

Steve slapped him hard across the cheek. His eyes brimmed with tears as the pain filtered through his already aching head.

"No talking. Your job is to listen. You hear me? Well? Do you?"

Brian nodded, rubbing his cheek.

"Now," Steve said, "You're gonna do what I tell you to, when I tell you to. You understand? Otherwise this tape is going to find its way into the hands of everyone you know. And with the way you look, every guy you know is gonna be hitting you up for blow jobs. After all, your mouth looks as if it were made for them."

The tears that had brimmed in Brian's left eye from the slap now began to fall as he listened. Steve wasn't joking. He was serious. Brian could either follow Steve's every order, or have the entire school see what he had done last night. The thought made him cringe. He had guys come up to him for weeks after the Halloween party, making fake sexual offers. That had been embarrassing enough. This tape would get him offers that weren't fake. Maybe not even offers. Quite possibly he would get demands. He was half the size of most of the guys he knew. If they wanted him to do something, they could easily make him. So what choice did he have? He would do what Steve said. He hung his head as the tears continued to flow.

"So the first thing I want you to do, is get out of that costume," Steve said. Brian lifted his head with hope. Steve didn't want him dressed like this anymore. Maybe they were going to put last night behind

them. "I'll get you a change of clothes."

Brian quickly leaned over and unbelted the infernal shoes, slipping them off his feet. He had never been so glad of anything in his life. Then he looked up to where Steve had went and his hope drained out of him.

Steve wasn't getting him his own clothes. He was getting the clothes that Brian had stolen from the girls downstairs the night before. It had been one of his dares, to go down to the laundry room and steal the laundry of the two sorority girls who lived beneath them. At the time, Brian had felt he had gotten off easy. Two dryers full of clothes, stolen at the same time. No problem. Now he knew that wasn't the case.

"Strip," Steve said. He was pulling various pieces of clothing out of the piles that Brian had swiped. When there was no response to his command, he glared over his shoulder at Brian. "Did you hear me? Strip!" Brian stood up. He was trembling. His life had spun wildly out of control and the thought of taking his clothes off in front of this man that had raped him only a few short hours earlier, filled him with fear. At the same time, he was insanely glad he was no longer wearing the heels. He slowly peeled himself out of the dress, letting it pool on the floor around his feet. He shivered in the cold air around him, feeling bumps raise up on his skin. He sat back down and unrolled the stockings off his legs. As he stood back up, Steve was staring at him. Brian unconscious brought his hands around to cover his crotch. Not that anything was visible. The gaff he was wearing had him folded and tucked so tight that no one would know he was born a boy. Yet Steve's eyes were devouring him.

"Here," his roommate said at last and tossed him a wad of clothes, "Put these on."

Brian caught them and sorted through them to see what horrors Steve had selected. His hopes that had dropped, now plummeted to new depths. There were two items. Brian had noticed one of them last night and thought how much he would have liked to have seen the owner in them. Now it looked like fate had a different plan. It was a pair of tiny exercise shorts. The kind that were form fitting, that you had to stretch to get on. Resigned, he pulled them up his legs, and squeezed his hips into them.

Steve laughed as Brian pulled the wrinkles out of them.

"Good thing you're wearing a thong," he said, "Otherwise you'd see your panties right through those things."

Brian felt the blush on his cheeks. Steve was checking out his ass. He still couldn't believe this was happening to him.

The other piece of clothing was a cutoff T-shirt. It was black with pink neon letters on it. He pulled it over his head and pulled the long blonde hair that topped his head out from under it. He was dismayed to find that the shirt stopped just under his fake breasts. When he breathed in, the underside of his bra showed. The result was an emphasized bust that only made the words running across it more embarrassing. Brian's jaw dropped as he read them: "*Me so horny!*"

He looked up at Steve who whistled a catcall.

"Lookin' good, sexy," he laughed, "Just wait till the guys see you..."

Brian's eyes widened even bigger. The guys?

"Go knock on their door and see if they're up?"

Brian's lip trembled. Go out the door dressed like this?

"Steve, no...please..."

Steve grabbed his arm and pulled Brian into him again. His hand grabbed Brian's face on either side of his mouth, forcing his mouth into an 'O'. He brought his face down next to Brian's ear and whispered menacingly into it.

"Don't you ever say 'no' to me bitch. Do you hear me? You do that again and I will make you beg to do anything I can think of. I'll do things to you that you haven't even thought of yet. I'll invite the football team over here for a party and offer your services to *them*. I'll have you arrested and thrown in the tank with guys who make the football team seem tame. I'll fuckin' sign you up with an escort service and see if you can make some money with that cute ass of yours. Would you like that, slut? Would you? Cause you better like it if you ever say *no* to me again!!!"

Tears were freely flowing from his eyes now as Steve let his face go. His head hung in shame as he went to front door and slowly opened it, peering into the hallway to see if anyone was there. Not that there was anything he could do if there was. Thankfully the hall was empty and he stepped out into the world.

He walked across the hall to Terry and Joel's room, aware as he did of the blonde hair dancing across his bare back. He wiped his eyes to get the tears out of them and then raised his hand and tapped on the door.

There was no answer for an impossibly long time. He knocked again. Then the door opened. Terry peered out of it at him, dressed only in his boxing shorts. He was taken aback to see him there and awkwardly covered himself up.

"Oh...I'm sorry miss...I..." Terry stammered before looking at his face.

Brian was pained. Terry had thought he was woman.

"Good morning, Marla," he said, realizing his mistake. With the realization came a power that put an end to the stammering. "Love the outfit. Come on in!"

He opened the door wider and Brian meekly stepped inside. Joel had just emerged from his bedroom and his jaw dropped at the site of Brian. He and Terry exchanged a look. A look of pride and satisfaction at Brian's predicament. That and a growing sense of excitement in their lower regions. Brian panicked.

* * * * *

"*Marla!*"

Joel's voice snapped Marla back to the present. Joel was looking at her expectantly. He was holding his camera, and Marla knew what he had in mind for the day.

Joel had started up an adult web site that offered hundreds of pictures of Marla in different outfits and positions. From Joel's expectant look, it must be time for a new set to be posted. She strutted over in front of him, sitting sexily on the stool in the corner. The wall behind her was off-white and a perfect backdrop for Joel's pictures. He snapped his first picture as she sat. She looked at him with doey eyes, awaiting instructions.

"Stand behind the stool. Lean on it, real low so we can see down your tits!" Joel directed standing on his footstool to get a higher angle."

She did and pursed her lips at the camera. Flash.

"Turn around and raise your skirt up, halfway over your ass!"

Flash.

Now pull your skirt up to your thighs and sit on the edge of the stool. One hand in between your legs, fingering yourself, the other across your breasts in modesty. Look like you were caught masturbating."

Marla gave him a 50's pinup look. Flash.

He came over and pulled the left strap of Marla's dress off her shoulder and then repeated the same picture again. Flash.

Then the other shoulder strap was pulled down.

"Lose the dress. Let's see that hot body of yours!"

Marla wiggled out of her dress, Joel's camera flashing away as she did so.

"Cover yourself with your arms with an "Oops I lost my dress," expression."

She did. Another pinup look with big eyes.

He adjusted her bra straps letting them drape off her shoulders. One of her arms was massaging her right breast, the other behind her head in ecstasy.

"Unhook your bra, but hold it in place with your hands. Grab your tits, beautiful. I've watched what you in the tub experimenting. I know you like those boobs of yours. Squeeze them!"

Marla did. Joel had been watching this morning. It made her shiver slightly that she was never alone in this house. Never. She also didn't like the way this photo shoot was going. She had never unhooked her bra for the camera before. She had a bad feeling where this was going. She was right.

"Let the bra fall to the floor. Push your breasts up with your hands. Lean forward, so we see the cleavage."

Reluctantly she did. She felt really vulnerable without her bra now. Hard to believe she had once hated to wear one. Now she would give anything to have it back on. To not have to follow Joel's next command.

"Hands on your ass, let's see those tits. Arch your back."





She arched her back, jutting her new tits out for the world to see. And the camera went *Flash!*

"Damn the estrogen. Damn the bras. Damn them all."

Her mind wandered back to that first day, while she continued to pose in more and more graphic positions for Joel.

* * * * *

Brian was standing in front of them in his sorority girl clothing. They devoured him with their eyes.

"I need some help getting dressed," Joel said moving toward his bedroom, "Give me a hand Marla." Brian shuffled slowly into Joel's bedroom. Joel stood standing in the middle of the room, waiting.

Brian looked at him confused. Joel just indicated his jogging pants and Brian winced. Joel expected him to

remove his pants and then put clothes back on him.

"Joel..." Brian begged, "*Please!* I don't..."

Joel grabbed him and threw him face first onto the bed. Before he could react, Joel had straddled his back, facing his feet. He began to smack Brian's ass with one hand, while the other hand pushed Brian's head into his pillow muffling his screams of pain and protest.

As the spanking stopped, Joel got up and walked back to the center of the room waiting expectantly. Brian got up hurriedly, not wanting to be underneath Joel again under any circumstances. Then he saw Terry watching from the doorway. He had an amused look on his face, enjoying Brian's discomfort.

Brian winced. Even if he wanted to escape he couldn't. Terry was blocking the door as effectively as any bouncer. He turned and looked at Joel who glared at him with insistence.

Brian humbly moved over to him. He couldn't figure out how to begin. He had two choices. Remove Joel's pants by kneeling in front of him, or by bending at the waist. Either way put him in a very vulnerable position. His ass still stung from the spanking though, and that made the decision for him. He knelt in front of Joel, his face eye level with a monster that had grown while Brian was spanked. He didn't want to look at that monster. Didn't want to be anywhere near it, but didn't see as how he had any choice.

He hooked his fingers around the waist of Joel's jogging pants and pulled them down. His cock sprang out like a jack in the box hovering only a foot from Brian's face. He shuddered at the sight of it, trying to ignore it and get Joel's pants off his feet. Joel put a hand on his head, as he stepped out of his pants. The hand not only balanced him, but managed to draw Brian's face inward until it was almost pressed against the side of his cock.

Brian fought against the pressure, but Joel was more than twice his size. There was no fighting it. So he knelt there, his face barely an inch away from the throbbing monster. Little did he know how familiar he would become with the beast over the next months. At the time though, horror was flying through his mind. He could see from where he knelt, a reflection of himself and Joel in the closet mirror. He was impossibly

sexy. If someone as sexy as he was, was knelt between his own legs, he would have been hard pressed not to rape her. Joel apparently had similar plans. His cock brushed against Brian's cheek and he flinched away. Joel grabbed his head again and pulled it back, using his other hand to grind his dick against his cheek.

Brian felt it's heat burning into him and was filled with revulsion. How had this happened?

Joel maneuvered the head of his cock down his cheek and across his tightly shut lips. It was dribbling cum now and Brian shivered as the liquid moistened his lips despite their being shut. He pressed hard against his lips and the very tip of his dick slid in between them touching his clenched teeth. He tried to pull away again and was surprised to feel Joel let go. Without the resistance, he fell backwards, landing hard on his back. Joel scrambled on top of him, sitting on his chest, his dick plopping down onto Brian's face. His weight held Brian down and there was no amount of struggling that would free him. He squirmed none-the-less, trying to get out from under the long rod of meat laying against his face.

Then it got worse. Joel clenched two fingers over his nose, causing Brian to open his mouth to gasp for breath. With the weight on top of him he could barely breath anyway, and with his nose cut off he was gasping in and out as much as he could. With his other hand Joel maneuvered his dick over Brian's lips. Then it slid into his mouth, past his open teeth and onto his tongue. He tried his best to breath around the obstruction, which only resulted in his tongue wiggling underneath the monster. This combined with Joel's own hand moving his cock back and forth across Brian's tongue, quickly brought the man to climax. He shot his cum into her mouth, while still holding her nose. It made him swallow it. There was no choice. It was that or drown. Then it was over. And Joel was climbing off him again.

"Damn she's hot," Joel said grinning at Terry, "She's all yours. I can dress myself."

"C'mere Marla," Terry said, slapping his leg like a dog. Brian started to scramble to his feet, scared not to, but Terry stopped him. "Don't get up."

Brian looked at him confused.

"Crawl."

Brian did. More tears flowing. It still felt like a bad dream. Like a horrible nightmare he couldn't wake up from.

He crawled on his hands and knees over to Terry, who only moved away to the living room. He whistled for Brian as if he were a dog and Brian continued to crawl toward him. There was no choice.

Then he saw Terry hadn't stopped. He had opened the door to the apartment and was standing in the hallway. He slapped his leg again, and Brian meekly crawled out to meet him.

They weren't alone. One of the guys that had just moved in upstairs was walking down the hallway toward the parking lot. He saw the two of them and grinned widely.

"I got her trained," Terry said, slapping Brian's ass in possession, "You gotta train em."

"Wish I had one like her," the kid said. Brian was both pleased and horrified that he had been mistaken for a girl. In one sense, it didn't help his masculine ego, on the other hand, a guy dressed as a sexy woman, being treated like a dog wouldn't help it any better.

"Do you see her ass?" Terry asked the kid. Brian didn't know what to do, so he just knelt there on his

hands and knees as Terry slapped another possessive smack on his ass.

"Wow!" The kid ogled, "She's hot!"

"Go ahead and touch it if you want to," Terry said proudly. Then Brian felt the guy's hands squeezing his cheeks. One of them slid down in between his legs and Brian practically screamed. The guy was feeling his equipment. There was no reaction though except admiration and Brian realized that he was so small, and tucked so tight that the guy hadn't noticed anything wrong in his quick feel.



"That and he's young enough that he may never have touched that part of a woman before. He might not know *what* to expect."

The kid slapped his ass in appreciation.

"If you ever want to get rid of her..." he said to Terry. Terry just grinned.

"Nah. It takes too long to train em. If you want to come down and use her sometime though, we can work something out. Stop by next month, after the training's a little further along."

The kid's eyes popped out of his head.

"Wow! *Really!* Yeah, I'll be there."

"I keep her in 501. Just knock and we'll talk next month."

"Will do." The kid said and with one final squeeze of Brian's ass disappeared down the hallway.

"Looks like you're gonna be popular Marla," Terry laughed and walked into Steve's apartment letting Brian crawl behind him. Steve laughed as they came in.

"Nice dog you got there Terry."

Brian's face was burning with embarrassment. He didn't see how it could possibly be any worse. He was wrong...

Author's Note: Wow...This is a dirty story. I like the switching back and forth between the 'experienced' Marla and the just recently inducted Brian. I think the sense of despair is well captured too. They've treated him so horribly, abused him so badly that the thought of punishment overpowers the NEED to escape. I also think the Pavlovian blow job is brilliant. Ren came up with that and I have to say that I find the idea, horribly erotic. Marla earning her breakfast is probably one of the best blow job. descriptions I've ever read or written (in my humble opinion.) Quick on the Part Two.

Artist's Note: In each episode of this series, there is one picture I like. Lissa and I agreed that each story should have at least a few pictures, and most of them turned out ok, but I really like the first one in this story (the pink nightie). Joel holding up mannequin Marla is another one

of those instances where we decided we needed that image, but I had once again boxed myself into a stylistic corner. If I had just been drawing these by hand, I could have done a nice stylized pic of this scene, but needing the photograph to paint over meant splicing images together. Not a great result. I do like the banner for this story though.