

DRINKING GAMES 2:

VIDEO GAMES



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* CHAPTER TWO ~ TERRY*

"GREAT STUFF, BEAUTIFUL...real hot!" Joel said, pulling the disk out of his digital camera.

Joel had turned the whole dining room of this apartment into a photo/computer lab. Steve gladly lent him the space in exchange for part of the profits he was making off of the online peep show that was Marla. He went to the computer and began uploading the images to the web.

"We still have some time this morning, so go climb into that librarian school teacher thing you just got the other day. We don't have pictures of that yet." Joel said as he began to format the pictures on the site. "And if you're lucky, Terry will be back to add some action to these pictures."

Marla shivered. She hoped to avoid any actual sex pictures today. Of course she hoped to avoid sex every day, yet it seldom happened. If she got through the day just orally servicing the guys, she considered herself lucky. She didn't feel lucky today though.

She scampered to her bedroom. She knew that if she took too long to get ready, Joel would punish her. There had been no punishment today. Yet. She prayed that would continue.

Marla knew Joel didn't want to see her in the same bra again, yet none of the other ones fit her developing chest. In a flash of inspiration she grabbed the black bustier she had in her drawer. She hated this thing, but it would save her from punishment and so she thankful. She wrapped it around herself, clipping it together in front and wincing as it pulled everything inward. It was one of the boning, slimming ones that lifted and toned. Her breasts poured out of the top of it, jiggling sexily as she sauntered over to the closet to get her outfit. The skirt was a short black number, with a slit that showed some of her bare thigh above her stocking. The blouse was a dark purple office shirt. She buttoned it all the way to her neck. It wouldn't stay that way, but she might as well start out modest.

She rushed to the bathroom to redo her hair. She quickly pulled it up into a bun, spraying it lightly for stability. She changed to more conservative stud earrings and then added the final touch. The nerdy black rimmed glasses. They looked anything but nerdy on her. She looked like a gorgeous model. If she actually did teach school she would be the wet dream of every boy. She touched up her lipstick and makeup, scampered back to the living room and froze...

Terry was there. He was sitting on the breakfast stool, twirling a horrid plastic ring around his finger. Marla shivered at the sight of it, her mind instantly scrambling back to that first day as Marla...

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"Here you go, Terry," Steve had said, "I got this yesterday in preparation for this morning..." The dog collar flew through the air into Terry's hands. Brian was horrified. Not only was he being treated like a dog; they were going to collar him like one too. He started to scramble to his feet, but Terry was already on top of him, his weight pushing Brian back down onto all fours. Within seconds, the plastic ring was strapped onto his neck, clicking into place. It hugged his neck tightly, not choking him, but certainly not comfortable.



Steve walked over, and knelt down in front of Brian. He watched with tears in his eyes as Steve slowly tied the nylon cord to the ring on the collar's neck. There was nothing he could do. Terry's weight was bearing down on him and he was struggling just to keep himself from being crushed down onto the floor. Steve tossed the cord to Terry with a laugh, rubbing Brian's head like an obedient dog. Terry pulled Brian's leash, forcing him to crawl over to the couch and kneel between his legs. He used his hand to push Brian's head against his inner thigh, stroking his smooth cheek with the back of his hand. Brian whimpered at the touch, trying to pull away, but being held firmly in place by the leash. He realized his whimper did not help him break away from the obedient dog image. A particularly sexy dog, dressed like a teenage girl.

"Terry..." Brian said softly looking up into Terry's eyes. If only he could reason with him. If only they'd let him change out of this horrid female clothing and be a guy again...

"Shhhh!" Terry hushed him, pulling his leash softly, "No talking..." The collar choked him and Brian reluctantly gave up any notion of trying to reason with Terry. There was no hope, except to just go along with this crazy game and hope it would end soon.

"You wanna see the best thing about that collar?" Steve asked Terry. Terry nodded and Brian watched as Steve reached into his pocket, pulling out a small black rectangle. He tossed it to Terry as casually as he had tossed the collar.

"What's this?" Terry asked, eyeballing the device.

"Anytime Marla does anything you don't like, just point that at her and push the button. Trust me...you'll like it!" Brian was nervous. Very nervous. He didn't like the sound of this at all.

"Speaking of which," Steve said, "It's breakfast time. You hungry Marla?" Brian realized he was not only hungry. He was starving.

"God yes..." Brian said, forgetting himself. Then an electric shock whipped through his neck, traveling

through his whole body. He yelped in pain, jerking backwards into Terry's crotch. Then the shock was over and Brian shivered trying to shake it off. Terry was laughing.

"Did that do what I think it did?" Terry asked.

"Yup," Steve laughed, "It sends a tiny electric shock every time you push that button. One or two of those and she'll be as docile as a sheep."

Terry pet Brian's head again. He could feel the heat from the hand against his cheek and couldn't stop shivering. They were going to shock him every time he did anything they didn't like. They could make him do anything!

"Come on, Marla," Terry said pulling her leash as he got up. Brian crawled madly after him into the kitchen, trying to relieve the choking around his neck. "Let's get you some breakfast..." Brian knelt by his leg as Terry grabbed a bowl out of the cabinet and filled it with water. Then he set the dish down on the floor.

"There's some water for ya'," Terry cackled, watching the dismay that filled Brian's face. Brian was beyond caring though. His thirst intensified at the sight of the water and he eagerly snatched up the bowl and brought it to his lips. He didn't get a chance to drink. The electric shock was racing through his body again. He dropped the bowl in pain. As the shocking finally subsided he brought his eyes up to Terry, unaware of the tears dripping down his cheeks.

"No hands, Marla!" Brian looked down at the bowl, which had landed between his legs. Luckily it had landed upright, most of the water still inside of it. His thirst was overwhelming now, and even though he knew he shouldn't, he lowered his lips down into the bowl. He lapped the water up with his tongue, feeling more ashamed than he ever had. Even the events of the night before paled in comparison to the feeling he had now. He was an animal. A pet. He was also aware of his position. He was clad as a beautiful woman, collared and leashed, on all fours with his ass up in the air, lapping water into his mouth with his tongue. He wished he were dead.

Slowly he sated his thirst. It was a tedious process, making him wish with all his might he could just pick the bowl up and drink, but he knew the consequences of that action. Finally Terry felt he had had enough. He was dragged back over to the couch, once again kneeling between Terry's legs.

"Ready for breakfast now Marla?" Terry asked. Brian glanced up at him and saw the objects Terry had in his hands. In his right hand was a banana. In his left, the horrid 'O' ring that had helped Brian into this horrible predicament. He shook his head, trying to deny any of this was happening. There was no denying anything once Terry had fitted the plastic ring in his mouth. It locked his mouth open, his lips only touching with the utmost effort. Brian watched as Terry peeled the banana and then held it upright over his crotch. He looked at Brian with anticipation, gently tugging the leash to bring his head over toward the peeled fruit. Brian tilted his head back, so that the saliva forming in his mouth didn't dribble down his chin. He was starving and he knew there was no choice but to do what Terry demanded. He pulled himself up over the banana and slowly slid the thing into his mouth. Behind him he heard Steve laugh, and Brian blushed profusely. He knew what this looked like. He also knew that there was a good chance they would make him do what this looked like later on.

In the meantime he had a different problem. He couldn't bite into the banana. The 'O' ring was keeping his teeth out of play. All he could do was use his tongue to slowly mash off parts of it. The only way he could get bits of it off was to move his mouth up and down along it. He knew this only made it look worse. He also knew he was turning Terry on. He could see the bulge growing underneath his breakfast. Minutes

passed and the banana disappeared. Brian wiped the drool off his chin with one hand, hoping as he did so that he wouldn't get shocked for it. Luck was with him. Or at least it was till Terry moved the banana skin out from between his legs and yanked Brian's leash so that his face was buried in his crotch.

"Open my pants, Marla" Terry demanded. Brian was suffocating in Terry's crotch and whipped his hands up quickly. Trying to open them as fast as possible before he passed out from lack of air. He pulled the zipper down and saw the pulsing beast throbbing against the inside of Terry's underwear.

"Don't be shy, girl, you've done this before..." Terry coaxed, "Take it out." Brian hesitated. He waited a moment too long apparently because a shock went through his body again. Whimpering he let his fingers coax the hard rod out of its confinement. It plopped against his cheek with a 'smack'. The creamy fluid oozed out of the tip, sticking to his cheek like a strand of a spider-web.

"Go on..." Terry whispered, "You know what to do..."

Brian slowly raised his lips up against the slimy head. It eased into his locked open mouth as if it belonged there. Then he felt the tug on his leash and his head was yanked down onto the cock. He gagged involuntarily and struggled to get the dick out of his throat and back into his mouth. He did but only for a moment before Terry yanked his head back down again. Brian's was so concerned with not vomiting, he barely realized the way his lips were gently caressing Terry's shaft, or the way his tongue kept sliding along the soft underside of Terry's cock. He did feel the thing in his mouth and throat begin to get bigger and he struggled to get it out of his mouth before the inevitable happened.

He didn't succeed.

The creamy fluid filled his mouth, most of it hitting the back of his throat and dripping down into him. Terry released the leash and let Brian pull his mouth free. A stream of semen drained out of his mouth as he did so, dripping languinely to the ground in front of him.

"Damn!" Terry panted.

"You done?" Steve asked amused.

"Yeah!" Terry said, "She's great!"

"I hope so," Steve said, "It's my turn..."

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Staring at the collar in Terry's hand, Marla shivered. She hadn't had to wear the thing in months. Terry had tired quickly of the dog routine. Lately their sessions had consisted of light bondage and lessons in deep-throat. Neither was pleasant, but certainly a far cry from electric shocks and being leashed like a dog. Terry had an evil grin today though, and it chilled Marla to the bone.

"Nice gams, teach," Terry said eyeballing her legs. She displayed them for him, jutting her hip out like a streetwalker.

"Do you like them, you naughty boy?" she cooed, playing the role despite the hatred of it.

"We'll do our lessons in a minute," Terry said sadistically, "Joel's got a few minutes left."

"Wanna be in the teacher series, Terry?" Joel asked fiddling with his camera, "She needs a pupil..."

"Love to..." Terry laughed and practically ran to the stool in the corner in front of the camera.

"All right, Marla," Joel said, "Stand next to Terry. Terry, pinch her ass. Big expression Marla." They did the shot, Terry's hand doing more than just pinching her ass.

"Now put one knee on his leg and point your finger at him chastising him. Good girl, perfect. Now a pensive expression. Thinking of a punishment for him. Unbutton your blouse. Offer your breasts to him. Terry grab the left one. Great."

While Terry groped her, Marla's eyes wandered back over to the dog collar on the kitchen counter. Fear raced behind her eyes. She hated being collared. She hated the constriction around her neck and the electric shock treatment worse than any other torture they had devised yet. She would do anything not to be collared.

Anything.

She saw her hand go down to massage the lump in Terry's pants.

"Whoa there girl," Joel said, snapping a picture anyway. "You'll get what's in his pants later. These shots are supposed to be for the soft-core part of the site."

"I can't help it," Marla cooed. She looked at Terry's face and saw rapture in his eyes. "You boys have gotten me so worked up..."

If she could only keep them off balance. Get Terry to cum without the collar having to be used, she might spare herself the torture. She saw Terry's crotch swim closer and realized she had sunk to her knees in front of him.

"Marla?" Joel asked.

"Hey man," Terry said, "I ain't *making* her do this."



"Unbutton your blouse..."



Her hands fumbled at Terry's belt...

more of his rod into her mouth, swallowing constantly, relaxing her throat muscles. Then she eased her mouth down, feeling the foreign intruder stab at her gag mechanism. Then it was past it and she found her nose pressed up against his body. She moaned again out of habit.

Behind her Joel laughed and began moving around, snapping pictures. "Damn," Joel muttered, "I'll have to try that out tomorrow. She took the whole fuckin' thing."

"Damn right she did," Terry said stroking her hair.

She let her tongue and her swallowing take care of the rest. Before long the monster inside of her erupted, and shot straight down her throat. It always felt like it was being rocketed to her stomach when she did this. She shivered at the thought of how much cum she digested every day. But this batch might have been worth it. If only it kept her out of that horrid collar.

She eased his manhood out of her mouth and cleaned it with her tongue. As he wilted, she gently tucked him away inside of his trousers, zipped him up and kissed the crotch as a final touch.

"Well," Terry said to Joel, "Looks like all that psychological training bullshit Steve's been doing with her is paying off. Best blowjob I've had in weeks. And that's really saying something, thanks to Marla here.

"No shit," Joel laughed, "It got me horny again just watching the two of you."

"Well take her," Terry said, "She was workin' on me for the last bit of your time anyway."

Marla blanched. She had thought she was done with Joel for the day. Now it looked like her enthusiasm had backfired on her.

"I'm still not collared yet though," She thought hopefully.

Her hands fumbled at Terry's belt. Just a quick blowjob and then maybe Terry won't have any energy left for worse things.

"Um...Joel?" Terry stammered, feeling her hands digging in his pants.

"Let her go," Joel laughed, snapping more pictures, "Looks like I got the slut horny this morning."

Marla ignored them, concentrating on the giant cock in front of her nose. Terry was a much different blowjob than Joel. Terry didn't like licking or biting. Terry liked it deep. She wrapped her lips around his head, and sucked gently. Slowly, she moved her head from side to side, rotating her lips around the underside of his head. She knew that this stimulated that sensitive spot on him and felt the thing grow larger in her mouth. She moaned as it throbbed, not out of any pleasure, but simply because of the routine. When the dick gets bigger in your mouth, you moan, or you pay the consequences.

Then she shifted around, preparing herself. Never taking the tip of his dick from her mouth, she reared up a little higher to get plenty of room to straighten out her neck. It was one of the secrets of getting him deep without gagging. She began to ease

"I've got an idea," Joel said to Terry, "You up for a three way?" Marla paled even further. Two of them now?

"Sure," Terry said, "But I'll need her mouth again. No way I'm gonna get hard enough this soon to take the other side.

"No problem," Joel grinned. He liked Marla ass better anyway.

Inside, Marla was crying. No tears spilled out, that would lead to punishment, but inside where no one but Brian could see, she wailed.

"Well I've got some naughty students," She vamped externally, watching with growing shame as Joel set up the web cam to record the encounter. When it was ready, he looked at her.

"Go ahead Marla, strip down a little for the camera."

She teasingly slid off her open blouse, letting it drape across her back before falling to the floor. Then she turned around, sliding her skirt down to her ankles, bending at the waist for the shot she knew Joel wanted. She struck a pose against the wall, waiting for further instructions.

Joel unbuttoned his pants and stepped out of them, his rock hard cock standing to attention already. He sat down at the base of Terry stool facing Terry as if he was going to suck Terry's dick himself. Except he wasn't close enough for that. Marla saw with revulsion that there was space between them for one. Her.

Joel gazed at her expectantly. Her eyes widened ever so slightly in surprise. He wanted her to fuck him. He was making her do it!

She cursed herself for her earlier attempt to forego torture. She just hoped it paid off in the end.

Slowly she strutted over to the two men, stopping only long enough to grab a bottle of lubricant from the kitchen counter. She shivered to think about how many jars of this stuff they had gone through in the last few months. About a week before Marla had come into existence, Steve had insisted that all four of them go to the health clinic and get a checkup. With no fear of disease or pregnancy, no contraception was used. Unless you counted the ridiculous notion of the birth control pills. She did thank her lucky stars that the guys all liked to use lubrication. They hadn't a couple of times and the result had been torture.

She stood between them in her undergarments. She felt so exposed, so vulnerable. Yet this was her life now. A sex toy for insatiable men.

She leaned forward letting her breasts touch Terry's



She struck a pose against the wall...

face, while her ass was in Joel's. She gyrated slightly letting them feel her skin. Then she sank to her knees, once again with Terry's crotch in her face, but this time with an obstruction behind her as well.

Joel was no help. He didn't lift a finger as Marla rubbed the lubricant up his member. He just sat there and made her do everything. She pulled the belt and thong out of her crack and eased the monster between the cheeks, feeling it throb against her sensitive opening. Then the tip was inside of her and she teased it up and down slightly before settling all the way onto it and turning her attention to Terry.

Again she undid his pants, this time teasing him more with her fingers. He was only slightly hard this time and it took extra tongue work to get him hard again. Behind her, Joel still wasn't moving, making her do all the work. She continued to raise herself up and down on top of him, while she struggled with Terry's partially hard dick. Part of her was amazed that her ass didn't hurt anymore. It hadn't hurt in weeks. She was completely used to being used this way and it filled her with horror and shame.

Both men having cum recently took their time and it was almost an hour later that they succumbed to Marla's wiles. She was exhausted. It had taken every drop of energy to satisfy both men at the same time, especially when neither did anything to help. The instant she felt she was close to getting one of them to cum, the other one seemed to lose interest and she would have to shift her attention. It was impossible to find a rhythm. Yet it was over and with any luck, the collar would be forgotten about.

Terry told her to go clean up and change into the "ass dress" as he called it. It was named this because according to Terry, "it gave her an ass that wouldn't quit."

She scampered to her room to clean herself out and stop the sticky cream that was running down her legs..

She hated getting rid of sperm in her ass. It was just another humiliation among millions that they had inflicted on her. Yet since three of them were sharing her, they insisted on cleanliness. They seldom ever wanted sloppy seconds.

She looked at herself in the mirror. As much as she hated to admit it, the red dress she was squeezed into did give her ass a much more pronounced shape. It was also sleeveless which only reinforced the femininity of it. She changed her heels to match and then sauntered back into the living room.

Her eyes widened in horror.

Terry was twirling the dog collar again.

"All right, sexy," Terry said walking over to her, "Get back on your knees."

Brian screamed inside Marla's brain. It had all been for nothing. Nothing she did helped. She was always in their complete control.



"Hold your hair up..."

fifty-yard radius. It'll be bad, Marla, trust me. The little shocks I normally give you are at level two. This thing is now set to level five. It'll make you curl up in a little ball and want to die, you hear me?"

Marla nodded.

"Now we're backed up on laundry and the whole apartment needs a good once over. We've got some big plans for tonight and we want the place looking spotless. So get to work and remember. I'm still keeping an eye on you."

Marla rejoiced. She was collared but not being treated like a dog. Better yet, she was not going to be shocked unless she went past fifty yards, which she most definitely was not going to do while she had this thing around her neck. All she had to do was clean. No more sex duties. Her heart skipped a beat and she couldn't help but notice the bounce in her step as she took the laundry downstairs. She was outside of the apartment by *herself*. Freedom never tasted so good.

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Marla spent the better part of three hours cleaning. It was the most fun she had had in a long time. There was always cleaning involved in her day to day activities, but having Joel and Terry both sexually exhausted and the freedom to move around as she liked was the most pleasant few hours she had had since this ordeal began all those many months ago. She even got lunch without having to earn it. Terry had said that he was just too damn tired for a blowjob and so she got her lunch for free.

Yet fear was beginning to loom in her heart. First of all, her time with Terry was almost up. Steve would be here soon and he was worse than the other two combined. Steve's aphrodisiac was humiliation. He liked watching Marla suffer. Or rather he liked watching Brian suffer. Joel and Terry seemed to have selectively chosen to forget that Marla was really male. Steve reinforced it with every word he said. Steve liked making Marla remember that she had at one time been a guy.

The other thing that began to loom on her mind was Terry's statement that they had big plans for tonight. If it were just going to be Terry, Joel and Steve why would they care if the place were clean? Cleaning meant that someone else would be here. Someone else would see what Marla had become.

Her mind was elsewhere as she strolled aimlessly downstairs to check on the laundry. It wasn't even close to being dry and she inserted more change and hit the permanent press button. As the drier kicked into gear she leaned against it, resting her feet for a second. Going up and down the stairs in these heels

were making her ankles ache.

Then suddenly she was pushed forward, her chest pressing against the drier. She screamed in horror, not knowing what was going on, only knowing she was helpless.

"Shh." Said a voice in her ear. It was Terry. He had followed her down here. Despite him pressing her against the drier she felt her heart calm down. For a moment she thought she was going to be raped. And not just like she was raped every day. But raped by someone *new!*

"I saw you pressin' yourself up against that drier, Marla." Terry whispered in her ear, "I followed you down and watched you lean your crotch against it. Do you like how that feels?"

Marla hadn't even realized it, but the drier was causing her skin to tingle; especially now that Terry was pressing most of her body against it.

"You're such a fuckin' nympho," Terry laughed softly, "We give you all the dick you could possibly want and yet at the first chance you get you come down here."

Marla squirmed. The drier was hot and his weight was making it hard for her to breath.

"Well if you *need* more action..." Terry whispered. Marla felt him raise her dress up over her hips. She was also painfully aware of the tingling the drier was sending through her crotch.

Behind her his zipper was pulled down and she felt him press up into her, one arm snaking around her hip, the other on her left breast. All the while he ground into her, pushing her against the vibrating drier. She moaned, and realized as it left her lips that this time it was actually a real moan and not a programmed one. Between Terry's cock stimulating her ass and the drier tickling her crotch and abdomen, she was actually getting turned on. Humiliation filled her. For once she was almost enjoying this.

She moaned louder, unable to help herself as Terry lightly nipped at her neck. He was getting close. Marla could tell from his breathing and the way the meat inside of her throbbed. Then as if timed on cue, pleasure erupted inside of her. Liquid filled her ass and seemed to shoot entirely through her body, coming out her own tiny, tucked away cock.

Marla couldn't believe it. She had had an orgasm. The first one since that first night as Marla. It had even seemed more intense than she remembered. Then again it had been building for months and months.

"You're a sexy bitch Marla," Terry said still whispering in her ear, "Be careful being alone down here."

With that he was gone and Marla was left still standing against the drier, feeling it massage her wet crotch.

She still couldn't believe that she had orgasmed. She had enjoyed herself having sex as a woman. A tear trickled down her cheek as she realized that she would never be able to go back to being Brian. Even if she could get rid of her captors and her breasts and the



Marla was left still leaning against the drier...

training, things had gone to far to be JUST Brian. Maybe she could be a man someday, but Marla's memories would always be there, mocking him.

She wiped the tear away and hurried upstairs before she was punished. The collar was a constant reminder that at any time pain could course through her body. As she got upstairs her hurry disappeared.

Steve was waiting.

"Go change, bitch," he said to her, "We've got places to go!"

Author's Note: Mmm. Like that dryer scene too. Its tricky in these multipart epics to not only stagger the sex scenes but make them seem to build in intensity. I think this did that, even though we went from a threeway, to a more erotic scene I think the eroticism of it still builds. What do you think?

Artist's Note: Again...the one I like...is the last one. Although the one with the collaring above it also does a good job. The rest illustrate well enough, but do little for my ego.