

DRINKING GAMES 2:

VIDEO GAMES



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* CHAPTER THREE ~ STEVE *

HERE it was. Marla couldn't help but shiver at the sight of it. It was a huge monster looming in front of her eyes. It wanted her, wanted her so bad that she could taste it. She shuddered, knowing that she had no choice. She had to do it. Steve's hand was on the back of her neck, urging her forward toward the beast. Resigned, she moved toward it. Then she was past the point of no return. Steve had pushed his way in, and then roughly pulled her through the front door of the mall.

It was a monstrosity of sight and sound with bright lights and cookie-cutter stores. She had never been fond of the mall, but now that she was the center of attention she despised it with every fiber of her being. And she *was* the center of attention. Steve had her dressed skimpy enough to make a teen pop star blush. The cutoff shorts were not only too small for her expanded hips, but also chopped off horribly high on her legs. To make matters worse, they were vibrant purple. Shorts made for a college girl, which, she supposed, was what she was now. Although her studies seemed to be centered around the career of an adult film star.

Then there was her blouse...if you could call it that. It was a real eye catcher. First off, it was pink. Very pink. Second of all it was short. Very short. Third of all, Steve hadn't let her wear a bra. It was hard for her to believe she had at one time resisted wearing one. She would give anything to have one now. Her pert nipples were poking through the thin pink fabric as if it wasn't there.



It felt like every eye was on her.

It felt like every eye was on her as she walked obediently beside Steve. In truth, most eyes really WERE on her. Guys were changing directions just to follow her. Women were scowling as she moved by them. She still couldn't believe it. She was sexy. How could she be sexy? She wasn't even a SHE.

The answer was there, though. Marla WAS a woman now. She still had a piece of male equipment between her legs, but every other inch of her was female. She even moved like a woman now, her hips jutting out with each step she took on the impossibly tall platforms Steve had made her wear.

"We've got a little while before your appointment," Steve said, "You hungry?"

Marla nodded. She was always hungry these days, although she couldn't seem to eat very much. All this time of eating only tiny portions had taken its toll on her stomach. Still it grumbled at the thought of food. The smells of the food court didn't help either.

"Are you hungry?" Steve asked again. Marla knew the answer he wanted. She pressed her body up against him, one hand wrapped around his neck. She pressed her lips gently against his cheek, kissing her way around his face to his ear.

"Please feed me Steve," she whispered. She felt a stirring against her abdomen. An uneasy feeling filled her. He couldn't expect her to go down on him here, could he? Was she going to have to earn her meal here in front of everyone.

Steve kissed her lips hard and then began pulling her through the aisle. Then Marla saw their destination. In the middle of the walkway was a tiny novelty photo booth. Steve opened up the small plastic door and ushered Marla inside. The inside of the tiny plastic room was cramped with the two of them in it, but with the door shut it was completely private...as long as no one opened the door!

Without a word, Marla sank to her knees between Steve's legs. With nimble fingers, she undid his pants and slipped her hands inside of them. Steve's loose boxers did little to protect his cock from her prying digits. Then it was standing to attention before her.

She kissed the tip lightly, feeling the saliva build up in her mouth. She was starving. She flicked the underside of the head with her tongue, watching the beast grow larger and larger from her teasing. Steve's hands were on the side of her head, guiding her. Steve liked to maneuver her around as she licked him. It gave him a sense of control that he liked. She bit him gently with her teeth, then kissed it again. Variation was the key. The more varied her performance, the more Steve liked it.

Then Steve's hand dropped down to manipulate the action. He pressed his dick against her lips, forcing it gently into her mouth. He began to rub the head of his cock against her tongue. Marla relaxed and let him. With Steve it was best just to give in to him and let him do whatever he wanted.

"You've become quite the cock-sucker, Marla," Steve whispered down to her. She licked him in response and he laughed. "This is what you're SUPPOSED to be."

Marla pressed her lips down around his cock. She felt the pressure building up inside of it. She knew all the secrets now. She knew exactly what to do to get Steve off. He had made sure of that from the very beginning.

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Brian knelt on the floor, watching in despair as Steve and Karen kissed passionately above him. Steve's hands were all over Karen's body. He was massaging her breasts through her cotton T-shirt, making her moan slightly. Brian was filled with a murderous rage. Steve was fooling around with his girlfriend. Right in front of him! And she was reciprocating just as much. One of her hands was around his neck, the other worming down in between them to his crotch.

Yet there was nothing Brian could do. They had tied and locked his leash tightly to the foot of the couch. He had just enough slack to turn his head to watch them. And he had to watch them. He couldn't help it. It was a like a loose tooth that couldn't be left alone no matter how painful. His body and mind were filled with the full gambit of emotions: anger, embarrassment, fear, jealousy and lust. They were all there.

He was angry with Steve and Karen both. They had obviously been fooling around for a while now. The passion they were showing was something that could only be from weeks and weeks of foreplay. They had plotted against him. Turned him into this pitiful creature kneeling on the floor. It had been planned all along. The Halloween maid's costume, the rape the night before, the dog collar, the leash...all a plan. All Karen's plan.

The two lovers fell to the couch above him, still a giant mass of groping hands and grinding hips.

"Tell me," Karen panted in between kisses, "Tell me how you did it..."



Tied and locked to the couch.

"It was easy. It was too easy," Steve said. Karen was lying on top of him staring into his eyes. Steve kissed her lightly on the lips and then told her the whole story of the night before. Told her about the drinking and the dares. About tying Brian up and the 'O' Ring. Of Terry and Joel orally raping his open mouth. She was on edge. Her legs were straddling one of Steve's, her crotch grinding against it with each word.

Then Steve told her of how he had forced Brian to go down on him of his own free will. Karen giggled uncontrollably until Steve told her about Terry raping her. Then her giggles turned into whoops of joy. She kissed him hard.

"You are a genius," Karen said, "I didn't really think you'd get him to do it...I really didn't...but..."

"But I did," Steve said.

Then Karen scrambled off of Steve and rolled onto the floor beside Brian. Brian couldn't meet her eyes. Karen grabbed his face forcing him to look. It was horrible. She really wanted this to happen to him. She liked him like this.

"What do you think, Brian?" Karen asked him. "Do you like what you are now?"

"Karen..." Brian started. He never finished. A shock ran through the collar making him cry out in pain. When the tears cleared from his eyes he saw the little control box in Karen's hand. She wasn't even going to let him speak.

"Just nod," she said, "Yes or no. Do you like what you are now?"

He shook his head no. Tears were pouring from his cheeks. Why was she doing this to him?

"That's too bad, Brian," Karen said, "Because this is your life now. You were a piss poor man Brian. You were nice, but nice ain't enough sweetheart. So Steve and I started talking one night and one thing led to another..."

Brian sobbed. He couldn't help it. His heart felt like it was breaking.

"So then I told Steve about my fantasy, about how I liked to force you to wear my panties sometimes. I told him you wouldn't do it for me anymore. No matter how much I pleaded or begged. I told him that I was tired to being with a guy who wouldn't do what I wanted."

"Then he asked me what I wanted and I told him."

"I told him I wanted to make a guy feel what it's like to be a woman. I told him that he and I could never be together, because he was too masculine..."

She grabbed Brian's face and made him pucker his lips. The O ring ground into his mouth.

"Not like you..."

She kissed his nose.

"But Steve had an idea. He said we could kill several birds with one stone. I could force a guy to be a woman, get rid of a useless boyfriend and be with a real man all at the same time. And he was right..."

Brian wanted to die. It was all Karen's fault. Karen, a girl who he had fully given his heart to. A girl he had loved.

She was untying his leash now. Pulling his head over toward the couch. Over toward Steve.



She was untying his leash now. Pulling his head over to the couch?.

Steve, letting his dick slowly ooze up into her, only inches from Brian's face. Karen settled herself all the way down on him, before raising up. Then her movement got faster. She was humping Steve's cock as if her life depended on it and Brian couldn't look away. He watched as they both built to a feverish pitch. Then he saw cum oozing down Steve's dick, running out of Karen.

Brian was crying again. He hardly noticed as Karen pulled herself off of Steve. She moved to the other end of the couch and spread her legs in ecstasy. Steve tossed her the leash.

"Here. Let the maid clean you up," he laughed. Karen giggled uncontrollably, pulling Brian over between her legs. Her hands forced his face down against herself.

"Start licking," she said, her legs wrapping around his head. Brian already felt liquid oozing into his mouth. The O ring kept him from shutting his lips tightly and Karen was pressing against him hard. He could taste Karen's juice. That was nothing new. He had gone down on her many times. There was a new taste now though. A taste that he was growing familiar with. Cum. Steve's cum was draining into his mouth. He felt like he was going to gag.

Then a shock went through his neck and in a panic he started to lick. He ran his tongue up and down her lips, centering on the clitoris for a few seconds before plunging back down. Karen moaned pressing against him even harder.

"I could get used to this," she said to Steve.

"Me too," Steve said behind him, "The two of you look hot!"

"I still can't believe how good he looks," Karen said.

Brian couldn't believe they were having a conversation as he cleaned their juices out with his tongue.

"Me neither," Steve said, "It's like I'm watching two lesbians."

"You like that don't you?" Karen asked in a seductive voice, "You like watching her lick me, eating your cum out of my pussy?"

She was holding Brian head with one hand now, the other hand scratching his back with her nails.

"Whatcha doin?" Steve asked.

"I want him to watch," Karen said. Cruelty dripped from her voice. Cruelty and pleasure. "I want him to watch us fuck..."

"My kind of girl," Steve said to Brian.

"Hold him," Karen said tossing Brian's leash to Steve. Steve grabbed it, jerking Brian's head over to rest on his stomach. Brian's eyes landed on his crotch. Steve's huge cock was straining against his pants. But only for a second. Karen's hands undid his pants, sliding them down so that the beast within sprang up like a jack in the box. She lifted her skirt up and pulled down her panties, letting them pool to the floor. She straddled

"Too bad you just came, or you could fuck her right now," Karen said, "You could pull those hot little pink shorts off her ass and stick your dick right up inside of her. That is...if you had the...energy."

Brian was painfully aware of his ass stuck up in the air. Exposed to Steve's every desire.

Her thighs clamped shut around Brian's head and whatever else she had to say was muffled by her soft thighs. He continued to lick, praying that this would end soon.

Then he felt the hands pulling his shorts down. He screamed struggling to get away. But the legs around his head and the hands around his waist held him firmly in place. Steve's beefy fingers were pulling the thong out of his ass and he screamed in fear. Steve was going to rape him.

Then he felt the cock still wet from Karen's juices sliding slowly inside of him. With Brian securely trapped between her captors, Karen opened her thighs, grabbing his head with her hands again.

"What do you think, Brian?" Karen panted, "Do you like being fucked like a girl?"

Tears were draining out of Brian's eyes, mingling with the liquid coming out of Karen. She was getting wetter and wetter from Brian's predicament.

"Doesn't it feel great having a cock up inside of you? Especially Steve. Doesn't he just have the best dick?"

Steve started to slide in and out of Brian, growing bigger as he got into it.

"You're gonna really like being a woman, Brian. We've got big plans for you...*big plans!*"

Karen was getting close. Steve wasn't far behind.

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Steve came in her mouth, letting the photo booth take a picture of her with his dick in her mouth. She swallowed the cum eagerly, hardly containing her excitement about getting some kind of take out food. She was ravished.

"Good girl," Steve said, stroking her head. Marla cleaned him up with her tongue and then slowly redid his pants, while Steve collected his pictures. Marla caught a glance of them, noticing how sexy she truly was. It was scary in a way. Not only was she pretty enough to be a model, technically she was one. She had a website, with people paying to see pictures of her. Granted they were dirty pictures, but she was still a model. It was kind of a realization for her. She was a model!

Steve ushered her out of the booth, grinning at the one or two guys that had watched them go in together. He tossed one of them the strip of pictures they had taken and laughed as the man's eyes boggled. Marla blushed ladylike as she was pulled toward the food court.

Steve bought her a corn dog, which made this the best day Marla could remember. Granted, Steve made her eat it suggestively, flirting with every guy who looked at her, yet it was still the tastiest thing she had stuck in her mouth in a long time.

Then it was off to the beauty parlor. Her appointment was with Nancy and they had to wait for a few extra minutes for her to get done with a previous client. When Nancy came out to meet them, Marla figured out why. Nancy was a talker.

"Why don't you go look at magazines next door," Nancy yelled over her shoulder to Steve as she dragged Marla back to the parlor, "We'll be done in an hour."

Steve clearly didn't like being dismissed, and there was a look of doubt in his eyes about leaving Marla unattended. But boredom won out and Marla watched from the back of the room as Steve slowly disappeared into the crowd. Meanwhile, Nancy was mid-monologue.

"...so I told him that we couldn't do that here, unless he wanted to pay the fee," Nancy said, "Which reminds me, what's the big occasion? Your boyfriend said you needed to have the works done on you today. Got big plans?"

Marla shrugged, not really knowing how to answer.

"Surprise, huh?" Nancy said. She dipped Marla back in the chair, her head resting in the sink. She began to wash her long blonde hair, shampooing it with something fragrant.

"I tell ya', a girl like you ought to have guys surprising you all the time. You're quite the looker, aren't you?"

She rinsed the soap out of Marla's hair and wrapped her up in a towel. Then the torture began in earnest.

"Yup...They're eating out of the palm of your hand...and why not? You give a guy a little sugar and they get addicted to it, am I right? Of course I'm right...so here's the plan...we're gonna give you some highlights...a little trim...perm you up a little. Then we'll work on your skin. Your guy said you wanted to try some long lasting makeup, so it's gonna take a little while, but I think by the end..."

Marla zoned out. She was thinking about something Nancy had said. Were the guys addicted to the sex she was giving them?

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She walked in the door to whistles and catcalls from Terry and Joel. Not that she didn't deserve them. She was beyond just beautiful now. She was gorgeous. Her face was like a porcelain doll, perfectly flawless and smooth. Her lips were pouty and highlighted. Nancy had used a small amount of some kind of oil to give her lips more body. They poofed out from her face so that she could actually see them when she looked down.



Steve collected his pictures?

"How'd she do?" Joel asked.

"Great," Steve said, "She's a regular mall rat now. We even christened the photo booth."

Terry and Joel both laughed hysterically, like it was the funniest thing they had heard today.

"So she gets her reward?" Terry asked. There was an eagerness in his voice that frightened Marla. They were all looking forward to rewarding her today, which more than likely meant it was something scary.

"I think she more than deserves it," Steve said, "Joel...it was your idea...want to do the honors?"

"My pleasure," Joel said and went to his computer desk. He pulled out a small wooden box and handed it to Marla.

"Congratulations, Marla." Joel said, "You're gonna like this."

Marla hesitantly opened the box and felt her heart sink when she looked inside. It was a small, white vibrator. About the size of her middle finger. Her face instinctively lit up with joy, knowing it's what they wanted to see, while her mind screamed in horror.

"Now they want to watch me fuck myself," Marla lamented to herself, "They want me to fuck myself like a woman..."

She picked up the little piece of plastic and switched it on, giggling girlishly as it tingled in her hands. Then she switched it off and hugged and kissed each one of them in thanks.

"Strip down, Marla. We'll try out this new toy," Joel said.

She peeled herself out of the tight shorts. Joel came behind her, pressing her up against the table and she heard the soft hum of the device as he turned it on. Then it was pressed against her neck. She shivered as it sent chills down her body. Her nipples sprung to attention under her t-shirt.

"She likes that," Terry laughed, "Look at her tits."

Steve grabbed one in each hand, massaging the nipples with his thumbs. Marla barely noticed. Joel was dragging the stick down her spine, letting it rest on the swell of her ass. His fingers pulled her chastity belt to the side and she felt the soft tingling touch her sensitive opening. Then it was sliding inside of her. Joel pushed it in, letting it disappear up into her. Then he replaced the belt, trapping the device inside. Marla shivered. It was causing her to tingle all over.

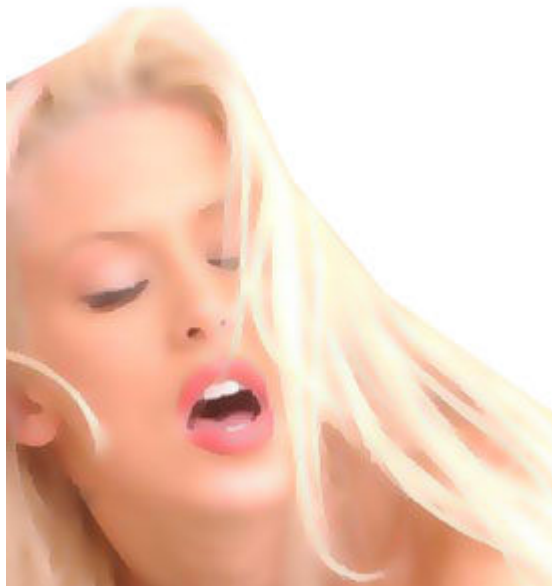
"You ready to see the best part, Marla?" Steve asked moving over to the desk. He picked up a tiny box and pushed a button on it. Immediately the tingling intensified growing to an almost unspeakable sensation. She gasped in surprise, falling to her hands as the machine inside of her seemed to throb. Then the humming died back down to the low vibration it had started with. Marla couldn't catch her breath. Whatever Steve had done had been the most intensely pleasurable thing she had ever experienced.

"We've decided to do a little positive reinforcement for a change," Steve said, "Instead of shocking you for doing things wrong, we're going to reward you for doing things right. For instance...play with your nipples."

Marla brought her hands up to her tits and began rubbing slow circles around the protrusions sticking out. Steve pushed a button on the box and the tingling in her ass intensified. She moaned uncontrollably, her

hands running up under her short shirt to her bare breasts. It felt like she was going to explode. Liquid was pooling in her crotch again. She could only assume her barely functioning dick was oozing out cum. And no wonder. She felt like she was orgasming over and over again.

"What do you think?" Steve chuckled.



"Oh...god..." Marla moaned unable to help herself.

The guys laughed at her. She didn't care. Her body was radiating pleasure. Slowly the vibrating inside her eased back down and she regained self control.

"I think she likes it," Joel said.

"Leave it in her," Steve said, tossing the box to Joel, "It'll help her perform tonight."

Questions filled Marla's head. Perform?

The guys were not forthcoming with answers.

"You've got two hours Marla," Steve said, "Get into your schoolgirl outfit. Then get some rest. You're gonna get a workout tonight."

Marla moaned Dread filled her. Still she kissed each one of them on the cheek and scampered off to her bedroom to change. Something big was going to happen tonight she could feel it. Why else would they have given her a makeover? She had a bad feeling and it wasn't just the piece of plastic still crammed up her ass.

She pulled the pink t-shirt off, being careful not to muss up her makeup and hair. She leaned against the dresser and stared at herself in the mirror, wearing nothing more than her chastity belt. She was even hotter than she could have imagined. Nancy had done a small miracle on her face and hair. Marla had always been pretty, but this was ridiculous. Even Brian, buried deep in her head gaped at the creature she had become. Why hadn't she realized before how sexy she was? Surely this didn't happen overnight.

Then like a bomb, a thought dawned on her.

Why should she be a prisoner? There was no doubt in her mind that no one would recognize her as the man she had used to be. If anything, people were more likely to recognize her as what she was now. An adult internet star. She giggled to herself. All she had to do was wait for their guard to be down and she could easily slip out the front door and disappear. She had enough clothing to last her months, and as for money....

Looking at herself in the mirror, she didn't see money being a problem.

Her heart was beating fast just at the thought of it. She could be free. For the first time since this whole thing started, Marla saw a glimpse of freedom in her beautiful reflection.

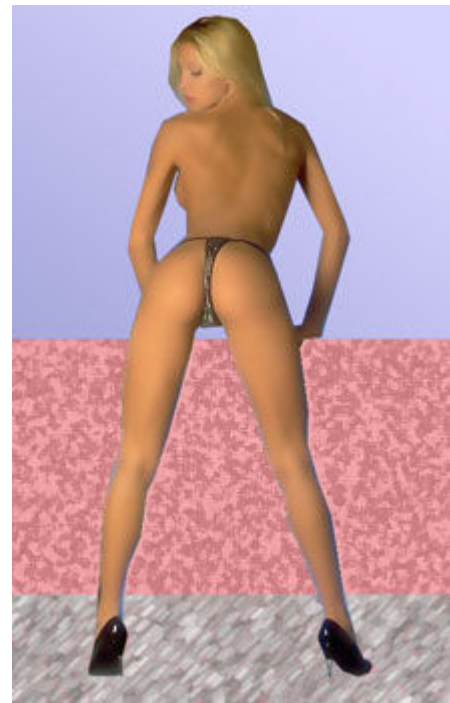
Her mind was racing as she slid her thigh high school girl stockings up her legs. They were pale white and were held up with adhesive against her thighs. She tossed on one of the new bras that she and Steve had picked up at the mall today. The white one matched her stockings and she strapped herself into it, grateful for the support again. Then she grabbed her outfit out of the closet. The little red plaid skirt and the tie off blouse. She strapped some black pumps on her feet, realizing that they really were cute shoes for this outfit. She grabbed a couple of red hair ties out of the bathroom and tied her hair up in ponytails.

Then she looked in the mirror again.

The sexiest school girl she had ever seen stared back at her. The girl in the mirror smiled and Marla felt herself getting turned on at the sight.

"Jesus," she thought, "I'm so hot I'm turning myself on."

She posed playfully in the mirror, lifting her skirt up in a sexy curtsy. As she moved she noticed again the intruder in her behind. She had forgotten it was there for a while. Yet if she focused on it, she could feel it rubbing around inside of her. She watched in the mirror as she ran her hands over her new tits. She winked at herself, knowing she was being naughty, yet enjoying the feeling.



She leaned against the dresser, looking at herself in the mirror



She posed playfully in the mirror, lifting her skirt up in a sexy curtsy.

Then one of her hands found it's way down under her skirt. The chastity belt kept her tucked up and flat, but she could still feel the sensation of touch through the tight fabric. And it felt good.

There was a momentary flicker of guilt in her head. She was enjoying her body. This horrible body they had forced her into.

"Yet why should they have *all* the fun," the other part of her brain thought, "They get to play with me all the time. And I have a little time to myself now. Why not enjoy it."

She was rubbing her crotch now. Watching in the mirror as the sexy woman masturbated in unison. She wanted more though.

She sat back on the bed, feeling the pressure drive the vibrator deeper inside of her. That helped. That was what she wanted.

She pushed herself up and down on the mattress, letting the vibrator massage her ass as it moved around inside her. Her hand continued to rub itself against her crotch, her other one finding her breasts again.

A moan escaped her lips.

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Marla was still on the bed when Steve walked in. She had no idea how long she had been playing with herself. She was very close to orgasm, but couldn't seem to make herself peak. It was both frustrating and delicious at the same time. She was so involved in herself that she didn't even hear Steve come in. Only the sound of the door closing behind him

alerted her that someone was in the room. She froze, sprawled out on the bed, one hand on her crotch, the other under her shirt.

"Enjoying yourself," Steve chuckled.

Marla jumped up off the bed in fear and embarrassment. She wasn't sure how Steve was going to react to this.

"You looked sexy like that," Steve said. He pushed a button on the box he held and a warm tingling radiated through Marla's body. Her already heightened senses reveled in the sensation. She moaned as pleasure filled her. Then it was gone. Marla missed it. She wanted more.

"So we've got a big event planned tonight," Steve said walking over to her. His arms encircled her waist, his warm hands touching her smooth skin. She was still tingling. She couldn't help it. Even his touch was turning her on. Why in the hell had she gotten herself so stimulated?

"You're the main event," Steve said, kissing her cheek. Even the kiss felt good. She was filled with revulsion at the thought, but she was enjoying Steve's touch.



He slapped Marla smartly on the ass.

"There are six guys out there who have paid a lot of money to see you tonight." Steve said, "Stripping only, of course. We're not actually sharing you with anybody."

Marla's mind was still trying to catch up. There were other guys in the apartment?

"Remember those stripping lessons we gave you. You're to follow those to a T. You can touch them, but they can't touch you. Standard rules. Each one has bought two lap dances. If they give you any problem just call Terry. He'll deal with it. Understand?"

Marla nodded dumbly.

"Start slow. Dance for a while, teasing them all, then lose the shirt. Do the first lap dance for each of them, then lose the skirt and bra for the second one."

Marla blinked. She was going to have to strip for strangers now? Sure she had done it for the web site before. But this was in person. This was pressing herself up against strangers.

"Be sexy and you'll be rewarded. Let us down...you'll regret it. Got it?"

Marla nodded again, swallowing the lump forming in her throat.

"Then get out there. Terry'll start the music on your entrance."

He slapped Marla smartly on the ass and ushered her towards the door. She sauntered out, hearing the music start around her. The lights were dim and the living room had been rearranged to have a big central area with seats all around it.

Then she was standing in the center. Six strangers surrounded her. Staring at her. Wanting her.

With one final nervous swallow, she started to dance...

Author's Note: Can I just say that I laughed out loud when I read the first paragraph of this story. I had forgotten about it and it hit me by surprise. What a great misdirection. This episode is ok...it feels more like a filler episode, which I guess it is. Marla gets the idea that she might not be as powerless as she thought, and we get a great deal of insight into Karen, setting the stage for the final episode.

Artist's Note: Ok...I lied. I like two in this one. The bottom two both work VERY well.