

DRINKING GAMES 2:

VIDEO GAMES



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* CHAPTER FOUR ~ KAREN *

MARLA awoke long before she was scheduled to. Her mind was going a zillion miles a minute. For the first time since this whole ordeal began, she felt hope. Real honest to god hope. It was a glorious thing. It made the air smell sweeter, the light seem brighter.

She leapt out of bed, eager to get ready for the day. Everything had to be perfect when Joel did his routine inspection this morning. Marla wasn't worried though. Mistakes were only made when ritual became routine. Today she was focused. Today she had a reason to pay attention. She had a plan.

She was ready twenty minutes ahead of schedule; attired in her black gaff, push up bra, stockings and heels. When Joel came in, he would find a model prisoner. Or a prisoner who was a model, as the case was. Ironically enough, that's the last thing Joel wanted. Joel liked punishing her. Liked having a reason to rough her up, tie her down and degrade her. But Steve still made the rules and as long as she did nothing wrong, Joel had to curb his enthusiasm. That's the power she had over him. That's why she had to have everything perfect today. The plan depended on it.

Joel arrived at ten o'clock on the dot, eager to begin the day's festivities. Marla breathed an imperceptible sigh of relief. If Joel had awoken with a hangover, it would ruin her plans. She needed him awake and...amorous.

"Morning, beautiful," Joel said.

"Good morning, my love," Marla said, softly cutting off the last words as if they had slipped out accidentally. She made herself blush, looking down at the ground with an embarrassed smile. When her eyes finally drifted back up to the man, she saw it had worked perfectly. He was studying her.

"Did you have fun last night?" he asked finally, deciding to ignore the affection radiating off of her.

"Do you want the truth?" she asked coyly. She saw his eyes light up. If she said anything negative about what they made her do, he could punish her.

"Of course I want the truth," he said. An evil smile waited on his lips.

"The truth is, if I'm going to strip down and dance, I'd rather do it for someone I'm...fond of..." Marla

purred, shuffling her eyes back to the floor in embarrassment. Joel coughed and Marla rejoiced. She was making him uncomfortable. Plus she had answered in the correct way. She could feel his sexual tension radiating off of him. She had planted the seed. He wanted more than just a blow job this morning. He wanted to spank her. He wanted her kicking and screaming, resisting everything he did. He wanted to rape her.

Marla couldn't help but smile. She had power over him.

"You looked great last night," Joel laughed. There was nervousness to it. He wasn't sure what was going on. He didn't understand why she was being affectionate to him and at the same time wanted her badly. So he changed the subject again. "I've got it on tape. The guys loved you. We've got half a dozen more sessions lined up based on last night. You're turning into quite the popular girl."

Last evening had been horrid, but a good thing had come out of it. The idea of how to not only escape this captivity, but how to get revenge on her captors. It had all come to her wrapped up in ribbon. Or rather, wrapped up in her arms.

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The music started as she sauntered into the room. Marla set her pace to the drum beat as she moved to the center of the circle. It was a song she was familiar with. 'Bitch' by Meredith Brooks. One of the ones they used to teach her how to strip to begin with. The lessons, humiliating at the time, flooded back into her head now. The choreography would have to be changed slightly to accommodate the six watchers instead of the three. She started to plan ahead to the music as the guitar struck its first chord. She twirled dramatically as she hit the center of the circle. The short cheerleader skirt flew up showing the tight black thong underneath. The men around her smiled. They liked what they saw. Then as the first guitar chord struck, she began to dance. She swayed her hips back in forth in rhythm, the short skirt swishing against her legs. As the singer began to sing, she let her hands trace her body, turning to face each guy in turn.

These weren't college guys. These guys were in suits. Expensive looking suits. She wondered how much her captors were getting paid for her performance.

She lowered herself to the ground, running her hands up her smooth legs under her skirt. She threw her head back in ecstasy as she mock masturbated. She lifted her skirt up as she gyrated letting them catch just another glimpse of her panties, glancing at their reactions. Their eyes were locked onto her. She had their full attention.



Then as the singer got to the chorus, she ripped her blouse open. She thrust her chest out showing them her skimpily clad breasts for half a second, before wrapping it back around herself. It was then that she felt it. The small tingle radiating up through her body. Steve had turned the vibrator on. The little plastic rod that was crammed up her ass. She had forgotten it was there in her nervousness. It was hard to forget now though. It was tingling lightly, sending a shiver up her spine. The feeling was barely there, but it was potent nonetheless.

As her hands ran up her body, exploring her breasts mostly hidden by her open shirt, she let her eyes find Steve. He was standing in the corner with Terry and Joel smiling at her. She watched as he slowly turned the knob on the box he was holding. The tingle inside of her increased a little and she moaned softly.

She continued her choreography. Her body moving on it's on, her mind lost in the tingling sensation. She straddled the leg of the first guy in the circle, flashing her shirt open to him alone. She could smell his cologne as she leaned into him, letting him look down her bra. Her hands traced up his chest along his face. Then she was onto the second guy. She threw herself down in between his legs, climbing up his front like a cat. She kept going, bringing her chest up to only centimeters from his face. Then it was on to the next one. His legs were closed and she straddled both of them. He opened his legs as

She sank to her knees to regain her breath

she got into position and she found herself actually sitting on his lap. She grabbed his chest to keep from falling. The pressure caused the tingle in her ass to vibrate even more intensely. Marla found herself pressing down against the man's legs, wanting the pleasure to last just a little longer.

But she had to keep going. The first wave of lap dances needed to be done by the end of the song and it was coming down homestretch.

She whipped herself off of the man's lap with a lingering touch and then leaned over backwards onto the next guy's lap. She arched her back even more, so that her tits jutted out of her open blouse. As she rose back up, her eyes caught a glimpse of the lump in the man's pants. Her moves were working. Two guys to go. She leaned over at the waist for the fifth one, kissing his nose with her pouty lips. She knew she was giving a good view for the rest of the circle too. The cheerleader skirt was so short that bending over caused her ass to be plainly visible. Then as the last line of the song rang out, she pulled her arms out of her shirt and pressed her bra-clad chest against the face of the final man. It was just a momentary touch, and she fought back the bile in her throat at the thought of this leech's mouth touching her, but she had to give him something special since she was out of time.

Then the song ended and she wound her way back to the center of the circle, sinking to her knees to regain her breath. Round one was over. Now the scary part began. Madonna began to crone in a whisper about what it feels like for a girl. Marla knew what it felt like. She knew all too well.

As the music began she unhooked her bra, holding it in place with her hands. For almost a minute she teased them, keeping them covered just enough for their imaginations to run wild. Then it got to the point where she could tease them no longer. She let the bra fall to the floor. As her breasts stared out at the strangers in front of her, the tingling in her ass doubled and then tripled. She moaned again, unable to help herself. The men cheered. All of them. She tried to keep dancing, tried to keep her body moving, but the tingling was so intense, that she could barely stand. She sank to her knees quivering. How could Steve expect her to dance with the vibrator dancing inside of her? Her nipples were practically erupting off her chests. Her hands found them and for a moment she forgot all about anyone else in the room. Despite her nervousness and fear, the feeling was too intense...too pleasurable to think of anything else.

Then the tingling stopped. It was so sudden that Marla cried out. She wanted more. She needed more. Then she heard the song. She was behind in the choreography. She rolled onto the floor, letting her hands fall between her legs under her skirt. She touched her crotch as if masturbating and realized it was wet. She pulled her skirt in between her legs, hiding her panties and drying them at the same time. Then she wiggled out of the dress.

The men were howling now. One more lap dance a piece and she was done. Yet that was the worst part. She was virtually naked now, with only a thong chastity belt keeping her locked into place and the cutesy white stockings adhered to her thighs. She felt more exposed than she ever had, dancing for these men. There was something else too though. Excitement? There was a look in these men's eyes. They found her sexy. It wasn't that she was a prisoner, or a slave, or a guy turned into a woman. These men were looking at a sexy woman. For the first time, she looked at these men. They were all fortyish, even featured and obviously wealthy. They were paying a lot to see her dance. And from the looks she was getting, they felt justified in paying that much.

She straddled the first one's leg again, this time grinding her crotch down onto his leg, feeling the vibrator being massaged deeper inside of her. She looked into the man's eyes. She grabbed her breasts, riding his leg like a cowgirl. Her knee brushed against his crotch and she saw the huge protrusion sticking up. This man wanted her. She spent the rest of Madonna's song grinding against the first man. Then as the music ended she pressed her lips against his cheek, leaving a small red mark from her lipstick.

Then she moved on. A rap song she didn't recognize came on, not that it mattered. At this point choreography was pointless. It was a bump and grind session. She knelt between the second man's legs again. She put her hands on his knees and ran them upward, stopping just short of the tent pole sticking up in his pants. This man wanted her too. She looked in his eyes and knew it for sure. This man would be willing to pay an extraordinary amount of money to do only a fraction of the things that the guys were making her do for free. She pressed her face against his chest, feeling the protrusion against her stomach. The revulsion that had initially filled her was gone now. It had been replaced with a wonder. These men would give her anything she wanted, just because she looked like she did.



As the music began she unhooked her bra, holding it in place with her hands

She left him with a similar kiss, moving on to the third one. She straddled both of his legs, feeling his dick poke against her crotch. She ground against it as she showed him her breasts.

She sat across the legs on the next man's lap, forcing his hand up to touch her breast. She felt the protrusion poking into her ass swell at the contact and she lightly touched his lips with her own before jumping up and shaking her backside only inches from his face.

She sat on the next man's lap, with her back to him, facing out towards the other. His hands grabbed her breasts and she saw Terry start toward them. She nodded her head at him signaling that she was ok. She didn't want Terry over here. Didn't want to be rescued. She was in control here. There was no denying that. The man could grab her tits all he wanted. She knew how to control him. She grabbed his hands and eased them down her side, leaning back to plant a kiss on his cheek. Then she leaped off of him and moved to the last guy.

She sat on his lap and wrapped her arms around his head, pressing tightly against him. Then For the first time Marla looked at the man's face. She almost cried out in terror. For a brief second, she thought it was Karen's father. He had the same graying temples, the same square jaw. His eyes were different though. It wasn't him but he had that same wealthy air that Karen's father had always exuded. Her heart wouldn't stop beating from the shock. She pressed her body against him, her lips against his, giving him a full on kiss. She kept her mouth closed, as did he, but the sensation caused the cock pressing against her to throb with pleasure. She rubbed her body against him for a second and then with a flourish, moved back to the center of the room where she struck a pose just as the song ended. She couldn't have timed it better if her life depended on it.

The men burst into applause. Marla curtsied and picked up her clothes. She wondered if real strippers felt the embarrassment she felt at having to gather up all the garments. It didn't matter though, because she had a plan. She sauntered back to her bedroom, shutting the door behind her. From that moment on, she knew what she had to do.

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Joel was tying her into her chastity belt when she went into action. He was kneeling down beside her as he always did fastening the cloth around her crotch. Wistfully, she let her hand touch his hair. Her touch was soft, and when Joel didn't object, she began to run her fingers through it, touching his scalp underneath.

Joel finished tying her in, but didn't move to get up, so she continued. She let her hand drift down to his temples, still combing his hair with her fingers. Then she let it move to his cheek, brushing it lightly. He was blushing now, his face glowing like a jack-o-lantern. She was making him very uncomfortable and yet he didn't want her to stop. She let one of her fingers trace his lips, until he opened his mouth letting the intruder ever so slightly inside. She felt the warm wetness of his mouth around her fingertip and was surprised that the familiar revulsion didn't fill her. Maybe it was because she was in charge. She was manipulating him for all she was worth. And there was no doubt that he was being manipulated.

She pulled her finger out of his mouth in a sensuous fluid movement, breaking off contact with him completely. He just knelt there beside her, his eyes closed, not even fully aware that she had stopped touching him.

"Joel," she whispered.

It shook him out of his stupor and he scrambled to his feet.

She pressed up against him, giving him no time to find his head. She ran her fingers up his chest, her lips

only inches from his ear. She had worn her highest heels today in preparation of being able to get to ear level with all of her captors.

"Can I tell you something, Joel?" she whispered. He nodded and mumbled an affirmation.

"I'm tired..." she said softly in his ear. She let a little sob of a pout escape her lips before continuing. "I'm tired of pretending. I probably shouldn't be telling you this, but...every day...I keep hoping that you won't hand me over to Terry or Steve. I keep wishing you'd just claim me. Keep me for yourself. I know you could do it."

His eyes had glazed over. The seed was planted, now she just had to set the hook.



She moaned softly, tilting her head back in ecstasy

"You're so strong...so powerful. The way you bend me over and just..." she moaned softly tilting her head back in ecstasy. She felt his already hard crotch throb against her leg and pressed against it.

"I'm naughty sometimes, Joel. Sometimes I...need to be punished," she whispered, "You understand that. The others don't, but you do. Sometimes...I like to be taught a lesson..."

"...what?..." Joel stammered. He was sweating. She was making him sweat. This was going even better than she hoped. She had far more power than she ever realized.

"Don't tell me you don't know," she giggled, "You think I actually forget to walk on tip toe, or or to take my birth control pills. Please. I'm not stupid."

"You forget on purpose?" Joel stammered. Did she have to hit him over the head with it?

"Yes."

"Why?"

She kissed his cheek.

"To get you to pay attention to me, silly," she said, "Because I like it when you take control. But the others don't do that. Terry has no imagination. I'm always so bored with Terry. He doesn't understand how to tie me up or make me feel so deliciously helpless. And Steve...well...let's just say he doesn't have the same passion you do."

Joel's eyes were still glazed over. Then as if slapped he shook himself out of the fantasy he was thinking about.

"Nah," he laughed, "Terry and Steve are too attached to ya' to let you go."

She let her eyes fill up with tears. It was easy now. She felt like she could cry on command.

"I know," she wailed, "It's so unfair. They'd never let me go. Never. Not unless they got another slave with something I couldn't offer."

She collapsed on her bed in sobs. Would he get it? She felt him kneel beside her, his hands rubbing her

back.

"I have an idea..."

She stifled her cries and listened.

"What if we found them a new project..."

She sniffled slightly, letting her hope shine through. He had figured it out.

"What kind of project?" she asked.

"A new girl to train..." he said forming the plan in his mind.

"But who?" Marla asked dumbly.

Joel smiled sadistically.

"Karen."

Marla fought back a smile and looked at him as if the idea was new. The hook was set.

"I could get them to capture Karen. Then they could train her and I could keep an eye on you. We'd be together all the time. Would you like that?"

She threw her arms around him, hugging him close.

"Oh Joel," she cooed, "You're so smart. I knew you'd think of something. Then I wouldn't have to think up ways to screw up. Then you could treat me the way we both want you to...all the time."

"That's right," he laughed.

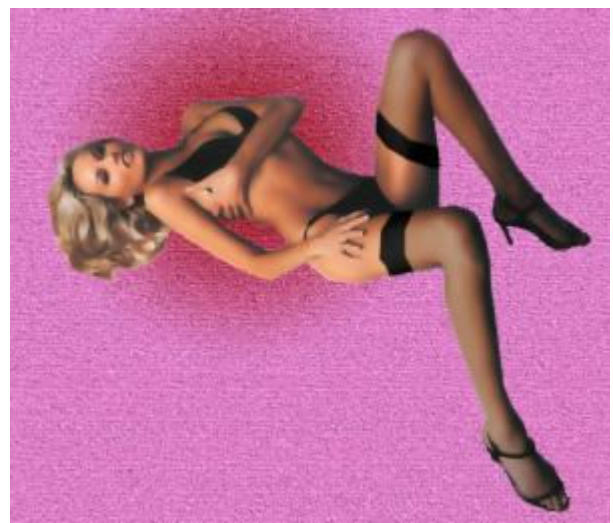
Now came the unpleasant part. She had to prove to him that the effort was worth the reward.

"But until then, we need a reason..." she said. She laid seductively back down on the bed, "Oh Joel," she said as serious as she could ever be, "I'm so sorry. I woke up late. I didn't mean to. Please...don't punish me."

Joel smiled. Just like a wolf.

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At last, Joel untied her. For the last two hours she had been strapped across the bed, with a ball gag buried behind her teeth gagging any sound she made. Her legs had been spread eagled and Joel had had a very good time indeed. Marla was pleased with herself. He had never been that big inside of her before. She had excited him tremendously. Letting him punish her had given her more power over him than he knew. Now he wanted it. Needed it. And he knew what he had to do to get more. He had to convince the other two to



She laid seductively back down on the bed

capture Karen.

Joel was exhausted from his endeavors, which left Marla with some free time to get cleaned up, have breakfast and do some household chores before the change of the guard. By the time Terry arrived to dispel Joel, Marla was fully rested and ready for step two of her plan. She knew Joel wouldn't broach the subject until Steve and Terry were both together. It would make it easier to convince them. This gave Marla time to plant seeds.

Joel was on the computer, playing some game or another when Terry arrived from class. Marla hugged him fiercely when he walked in the door, showing him more affection than she ever had before. As she wrapped her arms around his neck, she let her lips find his left ear.

"Let's go to the laundry room," she said breathily. It was a gamble on her part. She wasn't sure if Terry would let the role reversal happen. She suspected he would, but Terry had been giving her orders for the better part of a year now. The whole plan could be blown if he said no.

But he didn't. He blushed and ushered her out the door.

"We're gonna do some laundry," Terry called over his shoulder to Joel. Joel didn't notice. He was engrossed in his game, still too worn out from his morning activities to think coherently.

As the door shut, Terry tickled Marla's ribs and she knew right then and there that she already had Terry. He just didn't know it yet. She giggled girlishly at his attention and let him chase her down the stairs to the steamy laundry room.

She got there first and leaned seductively against the machine they had 'enjoyed' the day before.

"So you like the laundry room now?" he asked filled with pride.

"I like YOU in the laundry room," she said smiling. He came closer and she wrapped her arms around him again. She kissed his lips deeply, wrestling with his tongue as it bolted into her mouth. In a way, she was enjoying this. She was being a vixen, a cock-tease. Doing it for her own purposes. It made her feel sexy for some reason. She suspected that it had to do with the power she was gaining. It was an aphrodisiac unlike she had ever known.

As the kiss broke, she smiled big and kept her face only inches from his.

"I missed you," she said. She was playing the role of the teenage girlfriend. The role she knew Terry wanted. "I've been thinking about you all morning."

"Really?" Terry said. He blushed, which almost made Marla feel sorry for him. Terry wanted her attention, almost as much as she wanted her own freedom. Then she remembered the hundreds of horrible degrading things he had done to her over the last few months and all sympathy disappeared.

"I've missed you bad," she said, "I can't stop thinking about yesterday. About you... I think..." she leaned into his ear, "I think I love you Terry."

"...W...what?" Terry stammered.

"I love you Terry. I have for a while now. I can't help it. The other guys just want to fuck me, but you actually like me. I can tell. Maybe it's just all this stupid estrogen I'm on, but...I really love you. I wish..."

She let a tear drip out of her eye.

"I just wish I could be your girlfriend. Have you take me out to dinner and go see a movie with you and do the things that men and women our age do together."

She let her hands trace down his chest.

"That's not to say I don't like the...other...things we do together." she said letting her hands continue their journey down in between them. She felt the rigid pole sticking out toward her and knew she had him.

"I actually enjoy it with you, you know," she whispered, "Only with you..."

"Marla..." Terry said.

"I know you can't love me. Not knowing what I am and what I used to be...but I still just want..."

"I love you Marla," Terry said, wrapping her up in his arms, "I do love you. I guess I didn't realize it till just now, but I want us to do all those things that you just said."

"But we can't Terry," Marla cried, "The other two won't understand."

"They'll never give you up, that's for sure..." Terry said.

She let the tears begin to fall.

"But I don't want to be with them. I want to be with you."

She ran her hands down inside of Terry's tight jeans, squeezing his dick softly in her hands. It stiffened to impossible proportions against her crotch; practically lifting her skirt up on it's on.

"They'll never let me have you..." Terry said his eyes practically rolling with the pleasure of her touch.

She began to stroke his dick inside his pants as she lamented.

"How can you share me with them Terry. I want to be with you. You make me feel like..." she licked his lips, "like a woman..."

He kissed her, his cock throbbing in her hands as his tongue probed her mouth. She let one of her hands escape his pants and start fumbling with the snap and zipper. Within seconds her talented fingers had freed his monster from its confinement. She pressed it up between her smooth thighs, squeezing it between them. She felt it's warmth radiate through her. It was time to seal the deal. She kissed her way over to his ear.

"I want to get the surgery done, Terry," she whispered, "I want to be the woman I know you want. But I don't want the other two to be able to use it." She kissed back around to his lips, "Only you..." She felt his extreme excitement in between her legs. His cock throbbed at the thought. He wanted to have her all to himself. His own full trained adult film star, who was still a technical virgin. She squeezed her thighs around it, and he moaned against her lips.

She was about to plant the idea in his head when he beat her to the punch. He broke off the kiss, his eyes sparkling with excitement.

"I've got an idea," he said, "They'll give you to me if they get something in return. Someone new..."

Marla fought back the smile that was trying to burst out of her. Terry, the slow one of the group, had come up with the idea on his own. She hadn't even had to suggest it.

"And I know just the girl. I'm sick of her bitch attitude anyway..." Terry continued, kissing his way up her neck back to her lips. Marla kissed him back for all she was worth. No more words were needed. Now was the time for action. She sank to her knees in front of him, his cock coming into eye level, rigid and throbbing. She kissed it gently, her mouth salivating at the taste and smell. The head crept between her lips and she engulfed it eagerly. She had to make this good. She could taste the pre-cum oozing in her mouth as her tongue traced every inch of the top of his cock. Then she eased it down her throat the way he liked, teasing his balls with her fingers as she swallowed every inch of him. He moaned in pleasure. Marla wasn't surprised. She was pulling out all the stops, hitting every nerve, touching every spot he liked. At the rate she was going he would cum in seconds, but she couldn't let that happen. She had to make this the most memorable encounter ever. She pulled her mouth off of him, feeling the strange loss that filled her mouth in its absence.

He looked down at her surprised. Until today, she would never have dared to stop pleasing him, to tease him and then stop. His face was stunned, almost pained from being so close to climax.

She stood up slowly, feeling his dick now wet with her saliva slide between her legs again.

"Fuck me Terry," she said, her voice dripping with lust, "Fuck me like a woman..."

"How..." he stammered. She silenced him with a kiss and then slid her ass up onto the dryer behind them. She hiked her dress up exposing first her creamy thighs and then finally her taut stomach. She spread her legs, lifting them up as high as she could. Her back screamed at her, but she managed to get them up onto his shoulders. She felt the heat from his body against his cool skin. Felt his fingers fumbling with the tiny scrap of fabric, the only obstacle between his hard cock and her exposed ass.

Terry came in no time at all. He was barely inside of her before he erupted in a mind-blowing orgasm. Marla would have liked for it to have lasted longer. Not for her own pleasure, but to reassure her own doubts that she had Terry in her pocket. The look in his eyes told her not to worry though. Terry was wound around her little finger.

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Steve arrived in a whirlwind, much as he always did. Marla had actually had the most enjoyable afternoon she could remember. Since all the major cleaning had been done the night before Marla found herself with very little to do. The guys seemed to have been sexed out too, so when a Lethal Weapon Marathon came on TNT, Marla found herself sandwiched in between Joel and Terry on the couch watching TV.

It was chilly in the apartment, and in a flash of inspiration she ran to her bedroom and got a blanket. The three of them spent the afternoon underneath it holding hands. She knew that neither Terry nor Joel knew that she was holding the other's hand underneath the thick blanket. Their fingers caressed her soft skin and she knew that she had them both right where she wanted them.

As Steve came to take possession of her, she squeezed each of them in farewell. She got up and went to him, standing with her head down awaiting orders.

"Let's go," he mumbled, indicating her bedroom. He led the way, dragging her by the hand. She left the two on the couch with a lingering glance that each one thought was for just for him.

As she shut the bedroom door behind herself, she realized just how nervous she was.

The reason was simple.

Joel and Terry were easy to manipulate because they both wanted to be the only ones in charge of her. Steve was different. Steve didn't mind sharing her. Steve even *liked* sharing her. He honestly enjoyed making her squirm...making her into a slut. It was something that occurred to her the night before as she planned her revenge. Joel and Terry were one hundred percent heterosexual. Or at least ninety percent. They honestly thought of her as a woman, despite her equipment from her former life. They had fooled themselves into accepting her as a female. Steve was under no such illusion. Steve knew exactly who she was and what she had become. Manipulating him wasn't going to be easy. She had only one idea and it was a long shot. But she had to get Steve on board. He was the key ingredient.



"Steve", she said kneeling seductively in front of him

"Steve," she said kneeling seductively in front of him, "May I speak?"

He didn't answer at first. She watched as he unzipped his pants and pulled his limp cock out.

"Get it hard and you can talk," Steve said. It didn't take her long. In fact, she took Steve by surprise a little. All she did was touch the underside of his cock with her tongue and it leapt to attention. She engulfed it in her mouth, lengthening it by suction. Then her hand joined her mouth in the up and down movement. It was only a second later that she felt his hand on her neck pulling her mouth upwards.

"Jesus," he said pushing her to the side, "I said get me hard...not suck me dry! What's gotten into you?"

"I want something, Steve," she said her hand still lightly stroking him. She knew how close he was. Yet he was holding it back...barely.

"What could you want?" he asked. There was contempt in his voice. How dare she ask for anything? She wasn't a person anymore she was an object. Marla knew this was dangerous. There was very little she could give him that he couldn't just take from her and enjoy it more in the taking.

She looked him square in the eye, giving him her sexiest, sultriest smile.

"I want revenge."

Surprise filled his face. He hadn't expected that. His resolve weakened for a second and her hand oozed a drip of cum out of his cock. He grunted holding the tidal wave back, closing his eyes for a second in concentration. When he opened them, she gathered the drip of cum on the index finger of her free hand and then sucked on it, her eyes never leaving his. Part of her was amazed he had held it back. He was trembling with the exertion of it.

It had become a kind of game between them. He wasn't going to let himself cum until he was ready, and she was going to keep trying to make him cum. It was a power struggle.

"Revenge?" he asked as he gained control again. His curiosity was peaked at least. She had succeeded in that much.

"It's all I dream about at night," she said, pulling her finger out of her mouth luxuriously, "I want her to suffer."

He looked at her in puzzlement.

"Karen?" he asked.

She nodded.

"I want her to know what it feels like. I want her to go the same ordeal I've been through. The same training. The same treatment. And I want her to know that it's my fault she's in that position."

"Why?"

"Because it's her fault, Steve. She turned me into this. She let you guys do the transformation, but she planted the idea. She did this."

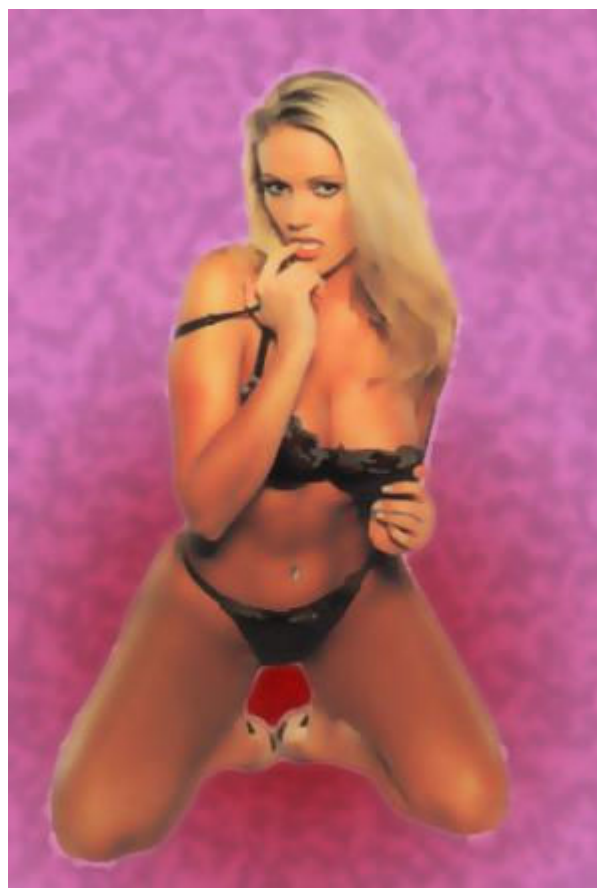
Steve's cock throbbed in her hand. She was on the right track.

"And there's another thing..." she said. She let her thumb massage the underside of the head and a little more liquid oozed out. He was gripping the side of the bed in concentration.

"Another thing?" he asked.

"She's been in my dreams lately, Steve. I haven't told the others this, but...I've started seeing myself as a woman in my dreams. Then this week I've been having these erotic fantasies at night. Thoughts of us tied together, our lips being unable to break apart. Forced to kiss all night long. Dreams of our breasts pressing together nipple to nipple."

More liquid coated her hand as it stroked up and down.



She gathered the drip of cum on the index finger of her free hand and then sucked on it

"I can't help but think about our tongues wrapping around each other as we give blow jobs. As we worship your cock, Steve. You holding our leashes, forcing us both to be objects. Your objects.

And without warning cum erupted out of Steve's cock. It hit her face like a rainstorm, spattering across her nose and cheeks. She smiled at him. She had won the battle. And unless her guess was wrong, Karen would only be a free woman for a very short period of time.

* * * * *

She spent the evening in her bedroom as the guys talked in the living room. It was nerve wracking. She knew what they were talking about and could only sit in her room, pretending to read, and hope for the best. She glanced down at her book again. Tonight's reading lesson was "Dirty Talk and the Art of Phone Sex." For the life of her she couldn't concentrate on it, even knowing she might be punished for not studying.

Her freedom depended entirely on how well she had tempted each of them and whether or not they discovered she had tempted all of them. It depended entirely on their conversation and she couldn't even listen to it.

When Terry finally came in the room, she ran to him in anticipation. She wrapped her arms around him, kissing him in greeting and then held her breath.

"Karen's coming over tonight. I convinced the others that we need two slaves."

Marla's heart exploded in joy.

"And then we can be together," she whispered breathily.

"That's right." He said, "Get into that slinky red dress of yours. We're gonna let you help."

Then he was gone. Marla couldn't believe it. Her plan was working. She bounded over to the closet and crammed herself into tight red dress. It was too short for stockings so with the change of shoes from black to red, she was done and once again forced to wait. She picked her book back up still not able to actually read it.

After an hour Joel came in. She went to him obediently. Her eyes brimming with anticipation.

"We're gonna do it." Joel whispered to her, "I talked them into it. She's here now, wanna help us?"

She nodded timidly.

"Thank you Joel," she whispered in his ear before he dragged her into the living room. Karen was sitting on the couch next to Steve. Even at first glance, Marla could tell she was tipsy. From the empty glass in her hand, she suspected that the guys had been liquoring her up for a while now.

"There's the slut," Karen said laughing at Marla, "How you doin' *Brian*? Still sucking cock?"

She laughed hysterically at her own joke. There was a lot of liquor in her indeed.

"Oh she's a great cock sucker," Steve said to Karen, "She could probably teach you a thing or two now."

"Her?" Karen laughed, "Please. Brian could never do *anything* useful."

"I don't know Karen," Terry said, "Marla's awful good at it now." He winked at her.

"Yeah," Joel said, "She practices every day. How often do you do it?"

"I could out suck her any time. I'm a real woman."

"Wanna put some money on it?" Steve asked. He was mocking her and she knew it.

"I'm not gonna put any of your dicks in my mouth. You don't have what it takes." She looked at Steve. "Especially you." Marla smiled. Apparently things were worse off between Karen and Steve than she had thought.

"You don't have to suck us off," Terry said.

"Yeah," Joel said, "Marla go get a dildo. The smaller ones. We'll go easy on you both."

"You're on. A hundred bucks says I give a sexier blow job." Karen said.

"No hands though," Steve said, "Mouth only."

"Done." Karen said and shook his hands. Marla smiled

"Grab a couple of sets of handcuffs in there too," Steve told Marla.

Marla dashed off hearing Karen's rants and brags all the way from her bedroom. She dug through her drawer and grabbed the medium dildo. She didn't want Karen to have too easy of a time.

When she got back, Karen was standing, ripping into all of them.

"...think for a moment that that she male you guys fool around with is even half the woman I am..."

"She might be more of a woman than you are..." Joel laughed.

She pushed him hard then wheeled on Marla.

"Let's do this Brian," she said.

"Set the dick on the coffee table," Steve told Marla. She did and then winked at Steve.

"I'm going first," Karen said, "I don't want that..."she pointed at Marla, "thing's spit in my mouth.". Marla smiled back pleasantly.

"Fair enough," Steve said, "Marla put the cuffs on her."

Marla slipped behind her, pulling her arms behind her back. Then the fuzzy red cuffs went around her wrists locking her in.

Karen sank to her knees in front of the dildo.

"How long I got?" she asked.

"Two minutes," Joel said, "Go!"

Karen opened her mouth instantly cramming the thing into her mouth. Marla couldn't help but giggle. She had no idea what she was doing. She was more concerned with getting it down her throat than with issuing

pleasure. An amateur mistake.

It took her thirty seconds or so, but she managed to finally get the dildo down into her throat, her lips touching the fake rubber base. That's when the guys sprang into action.

Terry and Joel jumped on top of her holding her down while Steve grabbed her head and wrapped a silk scarf around her mouth, locking the dildo inside. Karen's eyes widened in horror. She struggled to get away, screaming against the obstacle in her mouth. But between the guys on top of her and the dildo, there was nothing she could do but kneel there and whimper.

"Marla," Steve said, "Is there anything you want to say to Karen?"

"Welcome to the club," Marla said her voice dripping with sadism, "You're about to have your whole life changed. You and I are going to be spending a lot of time together."

"We've discussed it," Terry said to Marla, "We think you should have first crack at her Marla. Go get your other dildo out of our apartment and we'll get her tied up for you."

Karen's eyes screamed panic, while Marla's heart skipped a beat. This was better than she ever hoped. Here was her chance. She dashed across the hall, listening to the muffled commotion behind her as she went.

She shut the door to the Joel and Terry's apartment and dashed to the phone. She prayed with all her might that she still remembered the number.

A deep male voice answered the phone.

"Mr. Douglas," Marla cried into the phone, "It's about your daughter. She and I...we're in trouble. Help us..."

* * * * *

The police arrived twenty minutes later and escorted the three guys out of the building. Karen was freed, and wrapped in a blanket. She was in too much shock to talk. Marla couldn't help but smile.

She had come back into the room with the vibrator and the guys watched as Marla slowly inserted it up inside of her pussy. She pulled Karen's panties back up, locking the vibrator inside of her and then leaned forward to whisper in her ear.

"Remember," Marla said so softly that only Karen could hear, "When tonight is over, you could go to jail too. You and I were the *victims*. Remember that."

Marla was taken to the downtown police department to issue a statement and to speak to the psychiatrist. She played the part of the damsel in distress, saying she met the guys at a party and had been held prisoner for the last six months. All entirely true. She just omitted the fact that she had originally been male. Judging from her appearance, they never thought to ask.

When she left the psychiatrist, she saw Karen's father sitting in the lobby. He hugged her as if she was a little girl and to tell the truth she felt like it. She was free. She was a free woman.

* * * * *

Epilogue:

MR. DOUGLAS, or rather Dan, and Marla had a nice long chat that night. Dan was not only very upset with Marla's former captors; he was also in a position to do something about it. Mr. Douglas was the senior partner at Douglas and Jones Law Firm and was pulling down a yearly salary that would make most non-estrogen filled guys giggle like schoolgirls.

He was going to take a special interest in the three men's trial and was also going to pull some strings in their penitentiary. Marla suggested they should have the same thing done to them, that were done to herself and to Dan's little girl. Mr. Douglas agreed emphatically, and said they would soon know what it felt like to be raped.

Karen was going to be sent to a Catholic college. An all girl school. At least until she recovered. Dan felt sure that the change would be good for her, despite the distance from her family and friends. Besides he felt the strict rules might be good for her and help her stay away from these kinds of situations in the future.



She spent the night staring out at the city?

As for Marla...it was a very tumultuous time for her. She told Mr. Douglas that the guys had depleted her bank accounts, used up her cards and thrown away her ID. She had no money, no family and no real friends. Dan was more than happy to help her get back on her feet.

She spent the night in a hotel room suite on the eightieth floor. After a bath and an extremely tasty room service dinner, she called Mr. Douglas again to thank him. He told her not to worry about money for a while. He was sending over a check for ten thousand dollars the next morning. A reward he called it, for saving his little girl. Marla couldn't stop crying.

She spent the night staring out at the city. She couldn't sleep. Not now that she had freedom. And a big choice to make. She had the money. If she wanted to go back to being Brian she could. Or she could go the other direction and become fully female. On one hand she was born a guy, on the other she had a career. Hell she was practically famous as Marla. She could easily find an agent and a photographer and make a lot of money as a woman.

It came down to which one was really her. Brian had been a non-entity. A shell with no real characteristics. Marla was nothing BUT characteristics. On one hand she liked being pretty. On being thought of as sexy. She didn't even mind the sex part, lord knows she had had enough practice. If she found someone she loved male or female, she could see having sex with them as a woman.

She thought about it all night. Basking in her freedom and her new life. As the sun crested over the horizon, Marla couldn't help but smile. She had a lot of work to do.

After all, she needed a new photographer.

Author's Note: And all together everybody...a collective "aw". It did feel good getting Marla out of her predicament. I like how she used her feminine wiles on the guys each in a different way..especially the scene with Steve and the battle of wills.

A lot of people have asked us to keep the story going...but I think the best part of the story has been told. I'm not sure whether Marla went on to marry and live happily ever after, or whether she got involved with some sort of sleazy adult film producer, (knowing Marla's luck it would be the latter), but I think its best left up to the dear reader's imagination from here. Of course if we get huge amounts of mail contradicting that...you never know...