

Surrendering Sarah

By Night Writer

It was an accident. I just brushed his Harley when we pulled out of the parking space at the mall. He must have seen it happen. I sure didn't see him. Until it was too late.

Now he was standing in our home, tattoos and all, mad as hell. He wanted compensation. When I opened the checkbook, he just laughed. I was ready to call the police, when I heard the roar of bikes outside. He just smiled.

He said they'd kill us, at night as we slept. He promised we'd suffer first, then die slowly. They'd take their time though; he'd give us a few days, weeks, or months to think about the details of his revenge.

When he walked toward me, I prepared myself for a lot of pain. He stuffed a note into my shirt pocket.

"Bring her to that address, tonight, at 10:00. Maybe we can work something out."

He grinned at my wife. She was shaking, wide-eyed and terrified. He turned toward the door, then stopped and looked back over his shoulder.

"Fix her up, real pretty, ok?"

When I didn't answer, he turned toward me. His face reddened. His eyes bulged. I noticed the flesh over his jaw harden.

A thin whisper was all I could manage.

He glanced at her a second time. The menacing grin was back.

"Oh, one more thing. Shave her cunt and bring her naked."

"But, how-"

I shouldn't have protested. He took me by the throat, lifting me just enough to stop me from breathing.

"I don't give a shit how. Just have her at my front door, shaved and naked, understand?"

I nodded my head the best I could. He let me go and walked out the door. The roar was deafening as they rode away.

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I heard the shower running at 8:00. Her hands shook violently as she did her hair and makeup. Shaving was even harder. I offered to help. She shook her head and did it herself. I couldn't watch.

By 9:30, she was ready. She wouldn't speak, or even look at me. I couldn't help noticing how different she looked without pubic hair. The slit between her legs seemed much longer, running an extra inch up the front of her belly. It was so pink, and seemed to stand open more than I remembered.

We drove in silence. She slid down in the front seat, trying to hide from passing cars. It took a while for the heater to warm us. The night air made her shiver. An occasional streetlight made her white body glow for a second or two in the car's dark interior. Her eyes stared wildly

as she covered her breasts with both arms, trying to shelter the small, stiff nipples from the biting cold. As we arrived, her look begged me to rescue her. It quickly turned to one of resignation.

He left us in the cold for five minutes after we knocked. He opened the door, stepped out and took her by the hand, grinned at me, and pulled her inside. I waited in the car.

Fifteen minutes later, he opened the door a second time and waved me inside.

"Your wife sucks cock like a pro."

I studied her face. She stared at her feet. A small white pearl of cum clung to a loose strand of hair near her right cheek.

"She's an obedient little thing. You know, I think she gets a kick out of it."

He grabbed a handful of hair at the back of her head and pulled, forcing her to look at him.

"You get your secret wish now, Sarah. We'll even let your husband watch."

She whimpered and tried to shake her head. He jerked harder, arching her neck back further. I was afraid it might snap if he pulled again.

"Please, no, don't make him watch, please!"

He studied her for a few seconds, then shot his familiar grin at me.

"OK, it looks like she wants me all to herself. Maybe she'll let you watch next time, hubby. Have a seat. We won't be long."

I sat. He dragged her to the closest bedroom, left the door open, and ordered her to strip him. I tried not to listen, but the endless creaking of the bed put pictures in my head that I didn't want to see.

Twenty minutes later it was over. She returned to me, alone and naked. Her belly and inner thighs were slick with his cum.

"He said we can go," she told me, with a dazed look.

I opened the door and put my jacket around her shoulders.

"No, I have to stay naked until we get home. He wants me back tomorrow, at the same time. I'm supposed to drive myself."

We drove home in silence, his cum soaking onto the fabric of the seat as it oozed from the swollen, wet opening between her shaking thighs.

Chapter 2

She retreated to the bathroom an hour earlier the following night. When I didn't hear the shower, I quietly tried the door. It was locked.

She appeared at 9:30, fished her keys from her purse, and headed for the front door. She paused, and turned to look at me. I tried to read what was in her eyes, but found I couldn't.

She had dyed her chestnut hair black, and wore a deep red shade of lipstick I didn't recognize. Her flat little belly heaved in and out just above the freshly shaved cleft that now seemed more his than

mine.

She looked away, opened the door, and ran into the night, ebony hair rebounding again and again from bare, white shoulders. I heard the car start, then pull away. It would deliver her, naked and cold, to another man - a man who's demands I refused to imagine.

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By midnight, she was in our bed, beside me. Her bare arm was soft and cool against my chest. A wet, fleshy thigh draped itself over my legs as I lay in the darkness, unable to move or speak. She had to tell me everything. He wanted it that way.

"He makes me keep him hard. I take his cock out when I get there, suck it until he's hard, and keep it that way while I'm with him. He likes to play with me. He pulls and twists my nipples. He licks me, um, all over - my neck, breasts, tummy, then between my legs. He makes me dance to his favorite songs, like a stripper. He invited two of his friends over to watch me. He made me play with myself in front of them while I danced. He said he'd let them rape me if I didn't do as he wished. After they left, he carried me to his bed and had sex with me. He made me beg him to put his cock in me. He made me beg him to cum inside me. When he did, I had to thank him for filling me with his cum. He said I had to tell you all this, and - oh god, I'm so sorry, Honey - that his cock is huge, so much longer and thicker than yours, and that I told him I'll be his slut for as long as he wants me."

I turned my head to look at her. Her eyes were wide and uncertain, just inches away. She seemed precariously balanced between reality and something even she failed to understand. She wanted comfort, sympathy, and reassurance, while his semen dried to a thick paste between her

thigh and mine.

"He wants me again, tomorrow. I have to go. Please, forgive me."

There was nothing to forgive. I closed my eyes and prayed for sleep to come quickly.

Chapter 3

I left work early the next day. I couldn't concentrate. Images of her wide mouth grasping and milking his cock, her bright eyes locked on his, tortured me for hours.

At 3:30, I found the bathroom door locked again. He wanted her early tonight. She would have to go to him naked, this time in broad daylight. I could only stare as she paraded in front of me, nervously heading for the door.

I had loved her silky, shoulder-length hair. He had made her cut it. The few inches that remained was swept back off her face, heavily gelled. She wouldn't have cut it for anyone - except him. He had taken another piece of her, and owned her as surely as if she was bought and paid for.

I watched her run to the car in her bare feet. I watched her fumble with the key as she tried to unlock the door. I watched her, naked and exposed, desperate to give herself to him as ordered. I watched her drive away, her firm breasts gleaming milky-white in the late afternoon sun.

I answered the phone at 8:00.

"Want to know what your wife is up to, Hubby? She's on her knees in front of me, her pretty little mouth sucking on the head of my dick. I think she's beginning to enjoy this, aren't you Sarah. Of course, she can't answer with her mouth full, but that enthusiastic nod is all the answer I need.

"You should see her work. Absolutely the best head I've ever had. She's one hungry little bitch. Her tits are a little small for my taste, but I love those hard little nipples. You should hear her squeal when I twist 'em. Whew! Really gets me hot!

"The racket in the background is my company. A few buddies are hangin' out here tonight. Sounds like the boys are gettin' a little rowdy. But, you can't blame 'em. They've never partied with a piece of ass like Sarah before. She puttin' on quite a show; those delicate shoulders, tiny little waist, legs that go on for ever, and that cute little ass - c'mon Honey, put that little ass in the air for the guys. That's it. Damn, just like a fuckin' Barbie doll.

"Uh-oh. Looks like that's all it took to get Little Joe interested. Just relax, Honey. You're gonna like this. He's really not all that little, is he? Oh, man. She's takin' it all. How's it feel, Sarah? Christ, you should see her face - she's in heaven. It's ok, you can moan as loud as you want. Do it Sarah. Lets hear it. Can you hear that? Louder Sarah, for your hubby. Yeah. Yeah, that's it. Damn, I've seen Joe go on like that for hours.

"She's on her hands and knees now, Sport, ass in the air, takin' everything Little Joe has, doggy-style. And I think she's - yep, she's cryin' like a baby. Tears of joy, I'd bet, wouldn't you?

"And isn't her new haircut great? Now I can watch every bit of her pretty little face while she blows me. And it'll take half the time to wash the cum out of her hair. Oh, that's right, I forgot. That's one benefit you won't be able to take advantage of. I figure, until the damage to my bike is paid, her body belongs to me. No sex, no blowjobs, that's zip for you, Sport. But don't worry. With my easy payment plan, you'll have what's left of her back before you know it.

"Well, gotta go! It looks like Little Joe blew one hell of a load in her and I hate to be last in line. Not that I mind sloppy seconds once in a while, and what the hell, it's a party, right? If she's too tired by the time I get to her, I'll roll her over, fuck her face to face. I like to watch her eyes while she begs for my cock. Gets me off every time.

"Later, man."

The line went dead. It would be a long night.

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She tumbled into bed at 3:00 am. The smell of beer, cigarettes, and sex was overpowering. She pressed against me, her fragile body damp with sweat and semen. She sobbed as she pulled closer, arms and legs wound tightly around me. Soon the sheets were cold and wet with the cum of a dozen men, leaking from between her legs as though she had held every drop inside until her crying forced it from her like a slow, fitful river.

Chapter 4

Another slow day at work. It finally passed, but not without images of my wife and the biker replaying in my head.

I drove home hoping he'd give her the night off. Two bikes were parked in the driveway.

He stood facing me, just inside the door. Sarah was on her knees with her back to me. She encircled the head of his cock with her thumb and index finger. The harder she squeezed, the bigger and redder it became. Her other hand cradled his balls, lightly kneading one, then the other, exploring him with her fingertips. Her tongue worked feverishly under the shaft of his cock. Moving lower, she took his balls into her mouth, tonguing and sucking at them.

He grabbed her by the hair, forcing her to look up at him.

"Good girl. Still hungry?"

Her lower lip trembled as she whispered, "Yes".

"I thought so. Show your husband your favorite treat, for being such an obedient little wife."

She sucked the swollen head of his cock into her waiting mouth, milked him a few times with her small hands, and began to swallow her reward as the hot, thick stream of semen filled her mouth.

She pulled away after milking every last drop from him, and began to stand. He stopped her with a strong hand on each bare shoulder, and

pushed her back to her knees.

"Bad girl. What did we learn after getting our treat? Do I have to punish you?"

She looked up at him with terror in her eyes.

"No, please. I'm sorry. Please don't punish me."

"Then, what do you say, Sarah?"

"Thank you for letting me drink your cum."

"Much better. Now get up. We need a little cooperation from Hubby here to get tonight's party going. Oh wait, you missed a spot, right - there."

He pointed to the corner of her mouth where a thin string of cum crossed over her cheek. She carefully removed it with a shaking finger, then placed it in her mouth and sucked it clean.

He led me to our bedroom, then sat me in a chair. Sarah returned with a roll duct tape and began to secure my wrists and ankles. She couldn't look at me. She cried as she worked. He stood behind her, a large hand stroking her ass, then disappearing between her legs. I looked down and saw two thick fingers enter her. She gasped, opened her legs wider, and finished taping me to the chair. He tore off one last piece and placed it over my mouth.

"Well, well, well. What do we have here?"

Little Joe stepped into the room, walked to my wife, and put a huge arm around her waist. His hand trailed down her belly, middle finger

finally working its way inside her. He grinned at his friend, then at me. He was huge, bald, and covered with tattoos.

"Sarah, mind your manners. What do you say when you greet my friends?"

Slowly, she looked up into the face of the giant.

"May I drink your cum, please?"

He let out a sudden loud laugh.

"Man, you really have her trained right. Wish I could get my old lady to do that! Sure, Honey, you can have all the cum you can swallow. Here you go."

He unzipped his jeans and waited for her to begin. Sarah reached inside with one hand and pulled his cock free. Her hands went to work, rolling and squeezing it from root to tip. Her eyes widened as it grew into a massive, gnarled, column of meat. Once in her mouth, its branching veins pulsed and throbbed, until he grunted and thrust his hips at her. I watched her soft throat convulse while she swallowed the streams of cum that jetted into her delicate mouth.

After she was sure to get every drop, she looked up and recited what was required of her.

"Thank you, Little Joe, for letting me drink your cum."

"Aww, ain't that sweet. She has manners, too. But I think you should really thank limp-dick over there in the chair. He's why you're here."

She glanced at me, then back at him, eyes pleading for mercy.

"Please, he's my husband - I can't do this - anything else, but not this."

"Hey, I thought you had her trained, man. Shit! I'm not asking you, you little cunt, I'm telling you! Thank the wimp, now!"

Six slow steps later she stood before me, her head lowered. Little Joe devoured every inch of her with bulging, glassy eyes as his friend pressed against her from behind, hands on her smooth shoulders. He stroked her neck and played with her short, dark hair, whispering to her while waiting for her response. I shook so violently that the chair rattled, inching slowly across the hardwood floor.

Her words hit me like a bullet to the chest.

"Thank you for letting me drink Little Joe's cum. . . I love taking his cock in my mouth. . . running my tongue over it. . .feeling it at the back of my throat. . .it's so much thicker and harder than yours. . .he floods my mouth when he cums. . . so much more than the tiny squirt you give me. . .thank you for giving me a real man to suck."

I was screaming from behind the duct tape before she was able to finish. I closed my eyes, shaking my head from side to side, trying to erase each word, one by one, as they ripped at me from her moist, swollen lips.

Then, opening my eyes, I watched through a curtain of tears as he turned her to face him, pulled her close, and ravaged her mouth with his invading tongue. She seemed to hang there, limp in his arms, as though she no longer had the strength to resist. I tore my eyes away when I saw her mouth open to him, her tongue wrestling with his.

She wore her defeat with frightening resignation. I wore mine with anger and shame.

Chapter 5

He held Sarah in his arms, grinding his cock into her belly, whispering softly close to her ear. She let her head fall back, exposing her long neck to him. He sucked sloppily, stopping now and then to feast on the white, velvet flesh. Her sudden brief cries brought a chuckle from him each time he marked her with a sudden bite.

Then it began - at first in the tiniest voice she could manage, then, each time, a little louder, until her words were unmistakable.

"Fuck me?"

"Please fuck me?"

"Please, Rock, put it in me?"

"Please fuck me?"

"Please put your cock inside me?"

"Fuck me?"

"Do it now, Rock."

"Show him, Rock."

"Show him how my belly swells with you inside me."

"Show him how you stretch me until I can't take any more."

"Please show my husband how much I love your cock."

"Show him, Rock."

"Show him."

"Please?"

"Please?"

"Please?"

She begged him over and over while he watched me struggle to escape the chair. I knew she was coached. I knew that he gave her each and every word. I knew the moans and pleading were her only way of escaping a punishment that brought terror to her eyes.

But she used his name. He hadn't given it to either of us, and we didn't dare ask. But she knew it. She used it so easily, to beg for his cock. I fought to keep one brief seed of doubt at a distance. But it was too late. He had planted it with a word. Rock.

He shoved her toward me until her knees met mine. Taking a fistful of silky black hair, he bent her over me, until her hands found my shoulders for support. Twisting her head cruelly to the side, he put her soft lips against my ear. She knew better than to move an inch.

He circled behind her, leering at me over her shoulder. She lurched forward as he moved tightly against her, giving me a hint of what was to come.

"Do you want it, Sarah?"

She hesitated a few seconds, then began to whisper what I was to say.

"Please, Honey, tell him I'm ready. He'll punish me terribly if you don't do as he says. Just say what I tell you. They're only words. They won't mean anything if you don't let them. Please, oh god, please."

I looked up to find him grinning as her lips moved softly against my ear. I gave him what he wanted.

"She says she's ready."

The immediate laughter from Rock and little Joe was revolting.

"And what is she ready for, Sport?"

I swallowed twice and continued, using her words.

"She's ready for your big, thick cock."

"She wants *my* cock? Your precious wife is clinging to you, naked, begging for *my* cock? Why is that, Sport?"

I couldn't say it. The words refused to come. Fuck him. No.

But she cried softly, pleading with me to tell him. I had never seen her so terrified. Her body began to shake as she cried openly, repeating, "Please, I love you, please, I love you, please, I love you," until I had to be at least as strong as she tried to be.

"Because mine doesn't satisfy her anymore."

"Oh shit, Sport. That's a terrible thing for a wife to tell her husband. I'll bet that really hurts! Why would she say that? I'd want to know if she was my wife. Did she tell you why?"

"She says mine doesn't fill her cunt like yours does. She needs to be stretched inside, and mine's not big enough."

"Well, she can't blame you for being born with a tiny dick now, can she? Just doesn't seem right. I'm not sure I believe her. No man's dick could be *that* tiny. I think it's only fair to see for ourselves. C'mon Sarah. Let's see it. You can't say things like that about your husband without proof. Dig that monster out of his skivvies or quit

your bitchin'."

To my utter horror, she unfastened my pants and worked them down to my knees. She tugged and tugged at my underwear, but I was so tightly bound to the chair, she couldn't get them over my hips. Finally, Rock produced a knife from his shirt pocket, leaned over, and cut them to shreds. Sarah removed the pieces one by one.

Fear and embarrassment had shrunk my cock to the size of an acorn. I had always considered it's size to be average, and Sarah had never complained in our five years of marriage. Rock's hung from his open zipper like a heavy rope. It swung like a pendulum, spilling out of his jeans, hanging like a rubbery piece of meat between his legs. Even flaccid, its size shocked me.

"Holy shit, Joe. Take a look at this! Is that really a dick? I've never seen anything like it. In fact, it's hard to see it at all! It ain't right, man. C'mon Sarah. Give him a boner. Give the guy a chance. It's gotta get a little bigger, doesn't it?"

She knelt between my legs and pulled at it, trying to stretch it far enough to milk it with her fingers. She pulled, rolled, and rubbed for ten minutes, but I was too humiliated to respond. Finally, she took me in her mouth and did all the things with her agile tongue that never failed to make me hard - without success. They laughed and joked about our frustrating attempts, which only made things worse.

Finally, she just gave up.

"I'm so sorry, Honey. I don't know what else to do. Can't you get just a little bit hard? I don't want them to laugh at you, but I've tried everything I can, and nothing seems to work."

Rock yanked her to her feet.

"I hate this whining. That's as big as he's gonna get. Give it up, bend over, and we'll finish what we started."

She leaned over me, her lips again brushing my ear. Rock moved in close and rubbed the tip of his cock into the tight slit between her legs.

"Let's hear some chatter, bitch. Now!"

I heard her gasp as he rocked her forward.

"Mmmm, he's putting the head of his cock inside me. I'm so wet. I want all of him. He's sliding it inside me. Deeper, deeper. Oh god, such a huge, hard cock, buried in your wife's tight cunt. I can feel his balls pressed against my clit. I'm so full of him. He's fucking me now, so hard, so deep. Can't you feel how my body moves with him, impaled on his giant prick? Yes, that's it. Faster. Faster. He's ready to cum in me, Honey. I've taken his cock so many times, I can tell. Yes. Yes. Yes, Rock! He's cumming inside me now, long, hot jets of cum, filling me, flooding your wife's pussy. Empty your balls in me, Rock. More. More. More. It feels so good to hold his sperm inside me, deep inside where you've never been. It's flowing out of me now, sticky and warm on my legs. Sooo good. So good, Rock. So good, so good."

I listened as a familiar sound grew louder. They arrived over the next thirty minutes, bike after bike filling our driveway. They paraded through the house like it belonged to them, helping themselves to our most private possessions. TVs, stereo, microwave oven, anything of any value, was stripped and hauled away. Small souvenirs collected from our many vacations, picture albums, including one with the only memories of

our wedding, and even our clothes, were thrown into cartons and carried off into the night.

The looting quickly became a party. Music blared from the living room and the hiss of beer cans opening was everywhere. Rock made his appearance and returned to the bedroom with six members of his gang.

"Guys, these are our hosts, Sarah, and her husband, Sport. Sarah's not too happy with Sport tonight. What was it you said, Sarah? There never seems to be a cock around when you need it? So they begged me to help her out."

The room rang with their laughter as they pointed at my shriveled dick.

"Now, what was it you told your husband to tell me? Think hard, Sarah. I know that's a tall order for a bimbo like you, but it was just a little while ago."

"I-I-I told him I was ready for a big, thick, cock."

Howls filled the room again. They leered at her as she hung her head, trying not to look any of them in the eyes.

"Damn! Look at that body! She doesn't look like any wife I've ever seen. Looks more like a Barbie doll to me! A livin', breathin', Barbie doll. Hey, Barbie, here comes Ken!"

Ringo was a mountain of fat and sweat. She stood there, shaking, as she watched his enormous bulk come to a stop in front of her. The biker grabbed her breasts and squeezed, over and over, dwarfing them with his bear-like paws. Rock went to her side, watching with a new fascination.

"Hey, I like that, man. Barbie. . . Barbie. . . it's perfect! Hard little body, clueless as they come, stays in any position as long as you want - yeah, Barbie the fuck toy."

The biker mauled her breasts while Rock took her by the hair and turned her face to meet his.

"I never liked 'Sarah'. My sister's name is Sarah. It's disrespectful. You like 'Barbie' better anyway, don't you?"

She nodded her head the best she could while he twisted her neck as far as it would go to one side.

"Speak, Barbie. I know you can do it. Try reeeal hard."

"I like 'Barbie' better than 'Sarah'."

"Good girl! Now, what's your full name?"

She looked terrified.

"I-I don't know what to. . ."

"Christ! What an empty headed bitch! OK, we'll do this real slow, so even you can remember. Ready?"

She nodded quickly, afraid of what would come next.

"Baaarbiee"

"Barbie"

"Fuck. . .toy"

"Fucktoy"

"Now, all by yourself. What's your name?"

She eyed the group of bikers around her, glanced quickly at me, then looked immediately back at Rock.

"Barbie Fucktoy"

Rock's hands shot into the air, high-fiving the cheering mob that now filled the room. The crowd edged toward her, backing her up against the foot of our bed. Rock took her hand and stepped up onto the mattress, towing her behind him. The mob looked up at them and quieted as Rock held his hands in the air again, this time to get their attention.

"Hey, quiet down, you freaks! Barbie has something she wants to say. OK, Barbie, this may hurt that tiny little brain of yours, but try really, really hard to remember. Now, go ahead, you mindless little piece of meat, tell them what you want."

I could see the expression on her face as she looked down at me from where she and Rock towered over the crowd. It was an equal mix of fear, exhaustion, and surrender. She knew what would happen after she answered. She had known for hours. A fragment of what was once Sarah broke free and retreated to a place where Barbie was born. It was an act of desperation, done in a heartbeat. To Sarah, it was a fair trade.

Her words were crushing.

"I'm ready for a big, thick, cock."

Cheers burst from the encroaching mob as she was lowered to the mattress by scores of unseen hands. Four of the bikers lifted my chair, hoisting me to the top of the dresser for a better view.

They surrounded the bed, holding her arms and legs, while fifteen pairs of hands explored every inch of her body. Rock snatched a sweaty bandanna from a bystander, wrapping it around her head as a blindfold. Soon, fifteen erections sprouted from the circle of men closest to the edge of the mattress.

Rock pointed to Ringo, and waved him onto the mattress. His bulk made the bed sag and groan as he crawled between her slim thighs, now stretched wide by the surrounding mob. He worked the head of his cock into her gaping slit, and with one quick thrust, buried the entire length of it in her belly. I saw her wince in pain, and heard her sudden cry as the weight of his immense body drove his cock farther inside her.

Rock appeared at her side in seconds, his jaws flexing, eyes full of rage.

"Did I tell you to speak, Barbie? Did I? Huh? I don't think so. Now stop whining like a baby and be nice to Ringo. You'll hurt his feelings. And then I'll be very pissed off. Understand?"

She gave him two tiny nods, trying to keep from crying out as Ringo plunged into her a second time. Rock stared into her face, waiting for her make the slightest sound. Ringo pulled back, took a deep breath, and grunted. He slammed into her a again, this time with enough force to batter her cervix with the bulging head of his cock. The scream was horrifying. Tears streamed down her face as she shook her head from

side to side. Rock was furious.

"Can't keep your mouth shut, can you. You stupid little slut!"

Ringo stopped to watch Rock in action. He enjoyed Rock's temper tantrums, and grinned at Rock as she took his abuse. Just for fun, he twitched his cock a few times inside her to try to make her squeal again. She gritted her teeth and managed to stay quiet.

"Fine. You wanna use your mouth for something? Open it. Now. Good girl. I'll only tell you this once, so you'll have to use that empty little head of yours. Understand? Good. You'll keep your mouth open until I tell you to close it. Fuck up, and I'll cut you. Fuck up twice and I'll make your face look like a road map. Got all that, Barbie? You Sure?"

She nodded again, keeping her jaw open as far as she could. Her eyes followed the gleaming blade of his knife as he folded it and returned it to his shirt pocket.

"OK guys, she's all yours. Filler up!"

Six bikers knelt on the mattress beside her. They crowded around her, rubbing their cocks over her hair and face. Her eyes darted wildly as they smeared trails of juicy precum over her cheeks and lips. When one of the bikers forced the bursting head of his dick into her mouth, her tongue brushed the tip of it, then pressed against it again when she tried to avoid licking it a second time. He came instantly, spraying long streams of the sticky goo against the back of her throat. With her mouth open and head back, she had no choice but to swallow as much of it as she could. One by one, all six bikers filled her open mouth as they masturbated over her. Six others took their place when they were finished, and a line began to form. A second line at the foot

of the bed took turns between her legs.

I watched for hours as they used her. After a while, no one had to restrain her. She gave in to them, letting them fill her mouth and cunt with load after load of fresh semen. It collected between her legs in a slimy puddle, oozing from her every time a new cock slid inside her. Sometimes two or three of them would come in her mouth at the same time. She would choke and gag on the sudden flood of thick paste as it collected in the back of her throat while trying to take every bit of it in large gulps.

I lost count of how many men shot their cum into her before it was over. The room easily held twenty-five or thirty of them, and the line outside seemed endless. They partied until sunup, then were gone as suddenly as they had arrived. They left us naked, in an empty house.

Sarah had to free me from the chair, still perched atop the dresser. Her pretty face was ravaged with the aftermath of the night before. A thick layer of cum, now partially dried, coated every inch of her face. Even her eyelids glistened with it, leaving her eyelashes matted and stiff. Her short, black hair was drenched with pools semen. I watched with disgust as large globs of the sticky mess left her once silky hair, landing with tiny splats on her bare shoulders.

Chapter 6

We spent the next day trying to put our life back together. Every piece of clothing we had was gone. I searched through stacks of cartons in the basement, finally finding an old T-shirt and shorts that had been used as cleaning rags. I looked like a vagrant, but they would have to

do.

Sarah had nothing at all to wear, so my day would be spent shopping for clothes for the two of us. I scribbled some quick notes before I left to be sure I remembered her sizes, and what styles and colors she preferred.

"I have to have some tops with my new name on them, pink ones."

I froze and stared at her. She still looked dazed and confused.

"Sarah, what do you mean? You can't be serious."

"Rock said I should be proud of my new name. He wants me to show everyone how much I like it. He gave me this shopping list so Barbie can dress like a bimbo all the time. I need some T-shirts that say 'Barbie' across the front, in big letters, so everyone knows my new name. Get them a size too small, so my tits make the letters stand out more."

"Honey, there's a limit to what we can get away with. Even Rock must understand that. I can't let you humiliate yourself in public dressed like that. People we know will see you. What will you tell them?"

My reasoning seemed to reach her. Her expression changed, and the Sarah I knew began to cry.

"I don't know what I'm going to do! What will I say to our friends, or the people at work? Rock says I have to be 'Barbie the Bimbo' twenty-four hours a day, until he tells me I can stop. If I don't dress and act the way he wants, he'll hurt us, or worse. Look what his gang has done to our home! They left us with a few sticks of furniture and a

cum-soaked bed. You don't know what he can be like. He's a psychopath, and his friends are even worse!"

Her sobbing echoed through the empty house.

"We'll find a way - I'll find a way out of this. I've had enough. I'll go to the police. He'll sit in prison for a long time for what he's done. It'll be OK. I promise."

"Oh fine! Then what will we do? Move? Find new jobs? Change our names? They'll find us eventually, wherever we try to hide. If it's not Rock, it'll be one of those maniacs he hangs out with. Don't you understand? We have no choice! If only you hadn't run over his bike!"

Her last words cut into me like a knife.

"I didn't run over his bike! I just touched it with the bumper! It barely moved!"

"Well it doesn't make much difference now, does it? I'm the one who's paying for it!"

"Oh, and I'm not? I just spent the night taped to a chair with my pants down while fifty bikers made jokes about the size of my dick!"

"You poor bastard! That's *much* worse than being raped by fifty bikers, and having fifty more cum in your mouth! I feel *so* sorry for you! Just go out and get what I'm supposed to wear so I can play 'Barbie the Fucktoy' while you sit around and watch!"

I stormed out of the house, tears streaming down my face, and drove to the mall.

When I returned, Rock's now familiar bike was back in our driveway. It took two trips to carry the bags and packages from Victoria's Secret and Frederick's of Hollywood from my trunk to the front door. Rock's shopping list had been a long one. I had to take the T-shirts to a small kiosk in the middle of the mall to get the lettering applied. Rock's note was specific - three were to be labeled 'Barbie', three with 'Bimbo', and three more with 'Fucktoy', all in 4" flowery script. It was an embarrassing day.

I heard Rock chuckling from the bedroom, and reluctantly went to check on Sarah. He was lying on the bed, watching Sarah and a hard-bodied redhead locked in a deep kiss, as the hot water from the shower created a cloud of steam that swirled around them. They held each other tightly, tongues wrestling, hips grinding fiercely against each other. She pushed Sarah's face to her breasts, holding her there until she took the nipple in her mouth, moving her tongue over it until it hardened between her lips. She feasted hungrily on both breasts, fascinated with the pert mounds of velvety flesh.

"Sport, meet Betty. Looks like Barbie has a new best friend. I brought Betty along to help clean her up, but once they got in the shower, Barbie just couldn't keep her hands off her. Did you know she liked redheads?"

Sarah moved lower, her tongue trailing over Betty's belly in large, slow circles. Suddenly she stopped, looked up at her, and began to beg.

"Please, can Barbie eat your pussy? Can I lick it until you cum?"

Shaking badly, I took a step back, stumbled, and fell. Rock roared with laughter.

"What's the matter, Sport? You think the view's better down there? Just stay put. The show's just started!"

I sat on the floor, fearing what Betty's answer would bring.

"My little pet must be hungry. Isn't your tummy still full of cum from last night?"

"Barbie is Rock's fucktoy. He said I'm a much better cocksucker after last night. But Barbie needs practice eating pussy. I want to be a good pussyeater too. I want to be good at everything for Rock. Please let me lick your pussy. Barbie wants you to cum with her face in your pussy."

"Hmmm. I don't know. I don't usually let empty-headed bits of fluff like you anywhere near my pussy. But, because Rock's my man, and I always keep *my* men satisfied, I'll let you eat me, on one condition - that you make me cum. If you don't, so help me, I'll drag you out into the street and rape your asshole with the biggest strap-on I can find. Well, what are you waiting for, you stupid little cunt - get started!"

Sarah buried her face between the redhead's legs, her tongue racing over her swollen labia and clit. Betty's eyes widened as her head fell back, her hands now stroking my wife's hair.

"Oh my God! Ohhhhh! Sweet Jesus! Rock, you really think she needs practice??? Mmmmm, pet, you have a tongue with a mind of its own."

Rock couldn't resist one of his sick jokes.

"It has to be natural talent, Babe. She's too much of a twit to have

much of a mind anywhere else!"

It was sickening. Sarah licked and slurped at the redhead's cunt like she was possessed. The shower rained down on her as she worked, plastering her short hair against her head like a drowned rat. Betty fell back against the warm tile, now thrusting and grinding against Sarah's face. She pulled Sarah's head into her, holding her by the hair, until finally she came, thrashing and bucking against her battered face.

Rock broke into frantic applause.

"C'mon Sport. Give her a little credit! She finally found something she's good at! Give her a hand, now!"

I sat and clapped as Betty pulled Sarah to her feet, holding her obscenely in a long, wet kiss. Betty used the only towel to dry off, then threw it back into the wet shower. She took Sarah by the hand and brought her to us, dazed and soaking wet.

"Rock, I don't think she deserves the name 'Barbie'."

Sarah shot a terrified look at her.

"I think she should wear this for now."

She held up the tiny pink T-shirt that read 'Bimbo' across the front, then handed it to Sarah. Sarah pulled it over her head without question and stretched it over her damp breasts. The thin cotton revealed every detail of her nipples and clung to her belly like a second skin. Her firm B-cup breasts strained at the fabric, obscenely emphasizing the degrading nickname.

Rock liked what he saw, but was curious.

"Why not 'Barbie', Babe?"

"Look at her tits! Those aren't Barbie tits, *these* are Barbie tits!"

She held a perfect C-cup breast in each hand and thrust them at us, grinning proudly.

"You're right again, Babe. I guess she is too small to be a 'Barbie'."

Sarah stared at Betty's tits with envy, now afraid of disappointing Rock, and losing her new name. Her lower lip trembled, and her eyes began to tear.

"You know what we have to do, don't you, Betty?"

She grinned back at Rock and nodded.

"Barbie, how would you like a new set of tits, just like Betty's?"

I jumped to my feet, heart pounding like a jackhammer.

"You can't do this! This has gone far enough!"

I took a step toward him, and met his fist with my face. My skull rang like a bell, and my nose spurted blood everywhere. I didn't even see the punch coming. The pain was excruciating.

He just stood over me for a while, shaking his hand lightly.

"Sorry Sport, but you gotta learn to behave yourself. Now Barbie, how would you like a pair of tits like Betty's? You'd look at lot more like a real Barbie. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

She was still staring at Betty's breasts. She nodded slowly, then looked back at Rock like a small, frightened animal.

"But, how, I mean, how would you make them bigger?"

"Now, how do bimbos usually make their tits bigger? You really are a clueless little bitch, aren't you!"

"You mean, make me have surgery? Please, Rock, I'll do anything at all for you, I mean anything, but don't make me do this. I hate hospitals. I've always thought women with implants were. . ."

"What? Bimbos? Barbie bimbos?"

"I guess so, something like that."

"Don't worry, we know a great doctor, the same one who did Betty's. It looked to me like you thought hers were good enough to eat a little while ago! You'll look great!"

Betty circled her, as though she was inspecting a piece of meat. She stopped in front of Sarah, playing with her breasts through the thin T-shirt.

"Hmmm. What do you think, Rock? Let's make 'em really huge. No use doin' it half-assed. She'd be a real cum magnet with a pair of double Ds!"

Sarah broke away from her and ran to Rock. She fell to her knees, unzipped his jeans, and slipped her hand inside.

"Please, Rock, don't do this to me! I'll be a freak! My breasts will be ruined! I'll suck you, Rock. I'll suck your big cock night and day, as often as you want. You and your friends can fuck me, too, in front of my husband if you want. I'll be your fucktoy. I won't even struggle or fight. I can be very sexy, Rock. You'll see. You can have me any way you like, and I'll make you believe I want more. I'll make my husband believe it too. He's jealous because you have such a big, thick cock. I can make him even more jealous, Rock, if that's what you want. Just please, pleeease, don't turn me into a freak!!"

She freed his erection and milked it slowly with both hands. Then, turning him to give me a better view, she sealed her lips around the pulsing, rubbery head, all the while keeping her eyes on me. She ran her tongue along the soft underside of the big cock filling her mouth. Drool oozed from around her mouth and dripped onto her breasts, darkening the bright pink material stretched over her hard nipples.

He let her finish. She moaned loudly as he shot stream after stream of thick, salty cum into her waiting mouth. I watched in horror as her fingers dug deeper into his ass, her throat welcoming every drop of his slimy seed.

Afterward she cleaned him. Her tongue traced every contour of his cock, leaving it shining with her saliva, her eyes locked on mine as she licked and slurped. This wasn't my wife; it was someone, no, something else.

Rock grabbed her hair and pulled her to her feet. He eyed her breasts, still trapped behind the drool and cum-soaked 'Bimbo' on the skin-tight

T-shirt.

"Don't worry your empty little head, Barbie. I think a nice large C-cup is just the ticket. I never was a tit man. More than a handful is a waste anyway. Betty, get her some pants. We have an appointment with the doctor."

Betty retrieved a tiny, white pair of shorts from one of the shopping bags. She offered them to Sarah with a lecherous grin.

"Here you go, Honey. Wrap your pussy in these and lets get going!"

Sarah squeezed into them, but was barely able to stretch them over her hips. They left most of her firm ass exposed. The thin material instantly slipped into the slit between her legs, molding and separating her meaty labia for all to enjoy. She might as well have been naked.

They dragged her kicking and screaming from the house. My guts churned as I heard her promise Rock more sickening acts of perversion than I could have imagined. Then, in an instant, she was gone, sandwiched between them on Rock's bike.

I don't remember much about the hour that followed, or the salesman that took my money without question. I sat in the basement, stared at the package for a long time, and finally unwrapped it. It was surprisingly light in my hand. I saw Rock's face, the way it looked the first time he entered our lives, even then grinning like he owned us. Then, I imagined that grin fading, as I pulled the trigger of the empty 9mm over and over and over.

Chapter 7

A week passed without a word from Rock or Sarah. On Sunday I opened the door to find one of Rock's friends holding a small package. He thrust it toward me, hitting me in the chest with end of the cardboard box. I reached for it and took a step backward, expecting him push by me, or to at least tell me where Sarah was, or when she would be back. He just stood there and grinned, finally breaking into uncontrollable laughter before climbing on his bike and riding away.

Inside, I opened the box to find a letter. It was written by Sarah, probably with Rock's help, and was stained with streaks of sweat and beer.

Dear Husband,

I'm writing to let you know that I've spent the week with Rock and his friends, and that I'm doing my best to please them. My new tits are perfect, a very full c-cup, thanks to Rock and Betty. Rock told me I've learned to suck cock so well, and have swallowed so much biker cum, that he'd keep his promise not to make me a freak with double-d tits. I'm really proud of them; now I look just like a Barbie. Even Betty agrees. I want you to thank them for my new tits. I have - over and over again. They're so firm and round, and bounce just a little when I walk or suck cock. They're wonderful - so much better than my old little titties. Now I can be a real Barbie and make Rock so proud of me.

Last night Rock threw a celebration party for me and

my new tits. He really is so good to me. He invited three more biker clubs to a cookout, and I was the guest of honor. The guys ate steaks and drank beer while I danced for them. They all loved my new tits too. When I got tired and sweaty from dancing, they sprayed me with beer from head to toe to cool me off. After a while, they even let me drink some; in fact, they wouldn't take no for an answer. I guess I drank a lot, because I don't remember too much after that. Later, Rock let me lie down on a nice soft blanket by the fire. He told me how proud he was, and how beautiful my face looked, covered with layers and layers of beer and cum. I couldn't take my eyes off his; it felt so wonderful to please him.

Then, his cock was inside me, stretching me, filling me with its own praise. After a while, I couldn't help myself. His words, his cock, his strong body sliding over my wet belly and thighs; it was just too much, and I wanted to please him so badly, to be the Barbie he wanted me to be.

Finally, it happened. I'm so sorry Darling, but I lost all control. I became Rock's fucktoy, moaning, screaming, and thrashing while he buried his fat prick in me until he came too, filling me with stream after stream of his hot cum.

I'll be home this evening to show you my new Barbie tits. I'm sure you'll love them as much as I do. The tape is a present from Rock. He knew you would want to see my party. I'm so sorry you couldn't be there, but

Rock said that he wanted me to taste everyone's cum, and we all know that you wouldn't even be able to get hard, much less cum in my mouth. Rock says your limp little dick is wasted on me, and now that I've had biker cock, you'll never satisfy me again. It hurts when he tells me things like that. I want so much for your cock to be big and hard like his. I want you to fuck me and make me cum like Rock can. You never used to have trouble getting hard. I'm worried that you don't find me attractive anymore. Maybe when you see my new Barbie tits you'll like my body again, and will be able to stay hard long enough to make me cum. Rock says I'm a clueless little bitch when I say things like this, but I still have some hope for you.

Rock wants you to watch the tape before I get home so you can see what a good girl I was at my party. Please do as he says so he doesn't get angry. He promises he can make both of us so much more miserable if we don't obey him. I don't want to see you hurt, and he's capable of almost anything, as you know.

I have to go now. Betty's waiting to clean me up so I can come home to you. We've showered together every day this week. She loves to tie my wrists to the showerhead and play with me while the hot water washes over us. My nipples get so hard when she sucks on them. She slides her vibrator into my pussy, then my ass. I never knew that could feel so good. I can't cum for her yet like I did with Rock, but I'm really trying hard to please her. After the hot water is gone, she unties me

and lets me lick her pussy until she cums. She says watching me on my knees, shivering under the cold water while I eat her is my best Barbie trick yet.

Love,

Barbie

Had she become the fucktoy Rock had promised to make her, or was Rock telling her what to write? I couldn't accept that she had become Barbie in such a short time. Her letter hinted that she was still Sarah, or at least a part of her was, but I still couldn't be sure, even after the third read.

The tape was four hours of endless agony. Each scene led to yet another that was almost too disgusting to watch. The four hours must have been only part of a much longer party, and God knows what the tape didn't show. But, Rock would have been sure to include the worst of the worst, knowing I would have to watch my wife offer her soft, innocent body to more men than most women would have in a lifetime.

It was dark, so dark that the only visible features were those within twenty feet of the huge bonfire. Sarah stood in front of the raging fire, her ankle held by a ten-foot chain anchored to a nearby tree trunk. She looked frightened and a little dazed as she waited nervously in her tiny, pink "Fucktoy" t-shirt and matching panties. Music blared from somewhere in the background, and an unseen crowd of bikers began to chant, "Dance, dance, dance!" She did as she was told, and I was shocked at the way she thrust her hips suggestively while running her hands up and down over her swaying body.

In just minutes the chanting turned to, "Strip, strip, strip!" Without

the slightest hesitation she pulled the t-shirt up over her head and threw it into the crowd. Her new breasts jutted from her chest, two hard, round mounds that seemed to defy gravity. Rock hadn't made her a double-d cup, but the swollen bubbles of flesh looked far from natural on her tall, slim frame. Rock and Betty had succeeded in making her the closest thing to a living Barbie that I had ever seen.

She lowered the panties over her hips, letting them slide down her long thighs to the ground. She stepped out of them and tossed them into the crowd to a sudden burst of cheers and applause. She approached the crowd, dancing the best that she could until the chain stopped her. Her hands were everywhere - squeezing and twisting her hardened nipples, running seductively down over her belly, and finally trailing between her legs where two fingers disappeared into the long, narrow slit that glistened in the red light of the flames behind her.

Her dancing slowed as she masturbated for the bikers, one hand still caressing her new breasts. The crowd was in a frenzy by the time Rock appeared beside her. They hushed as he raised both hands to quiet them. He turned to Sarah and waited. She stopped and returned a look of sober uncertainty. Rock grinned and waited, until his patience grew thin.

"Well? What do you say to greet a biker, Barbie? Come on, you cum-hungry little slut, use that empty head for something other than a sperm bucket!"

I could see the humiliation in her eyes as she finally understood.

"Please Rock, may I drink your cum?"

"What? Just my cum? That's not very polite, Barbie. What about your

guests?"

She turned her head slowly, taking in the surrounding mass of over one hundred men, now more hungry for Barbie than steak. Her lower lip trembled, and she had to try twice to get the words out.

"P-Please let me drink everyone's cum."

The crowd went wild with cheers while the men closest to her fought to get to her waiting mouth, their bobbing erections closing in on her in a tight circle. I saw her take an immense penis in her mouth just before she disappeared behind a wall of eager volunteers and the scene faded to black.

The next scene was horrifying. The fire had died a bit, but Sarah was still chained in front of it, now alone on her knees, sobbing quietly. Her face was almost unrecognizable under the thick layer of semen. Her shoulders, breasts, and belly were slick and sticky, and globs of cum fell from her hair and chin, adding to a small puddle that formed slowly on the trampled earth before her. How long had it been? How many bikers had masturbated into her mouth and face? One hundred or more? Impossible. I just couldn't believe it.

Rock appeared next to her and helped her to her feet. He wiped the cum from her eyes with both hands, then, grinning, placed his sticky fingers on her lips until she sucked them clean.

"Time to dance for your guests again, Barbie. They're getting bored, and my parties are never boring."

She stared wildly at him, barely able to stand on her own.

"Please Rock, I don't think I can. I want to, but I'm so tired. I feel like I'm going to be sick. I've never swallowed this much cum before. Please don't make me dance again. Please Rock. I just can't."

"You whining little bitch! This is your party! And you don't even appreciate it! You really are a stupid bimbo, aren't you? AREN'T YOU?"

The muscles of his face twitched with rage as she cowered and cried.

"Yes Rock, I'm a stupid bimbo! Please don't hurt me! I'm a slut, an empty-headed cum-drinking slut. I'm sorry, I'm sooo sorry Rock. I'll do it. I'll do it for you, Rock. I'll dance for them. You'll see. I'll dance and play with myself and let them do anything they want to me. I'll - I'll. . ."

"Now that's my Barbie! We'll clean you off, and you'll be just like new again, ok?"

Sarah nodded her head, relieved and shaking.

"C'mon all you freaks! Barbie needs a shower!"

The unruly mob appeared at once out of the darkness, again closing in around her. Fifty cans popped at once, as jets of cold beer hit her from every angle. She shrieked and covered her face with both hands as the freezing spray soaked her, all the while trying to dance for Rock. He stood there and clapped as the last of the beer dripped from her body.

"Nice try Barbie! Now you get to learn a new trick. It's called a bottle dance. Now concentrate real hard, Barbie. Here's what you do."

The scene faded again, then returned. The fire burned brighter, its flames climbing high into the night sky. Sarah squatted in front of it, her naked back welcoming the heat. Rock walked to her, opened a fresh Bud long-neck, and set it on the ground under her. Slowly, carefully, she lowered herself over the bottle and sank down over the length of it, taking the slim neck inside her. Oohs and ahhs escaped the captivated crowd as she squatted naked in front of them, impaled on the cold glass. She stared straight ahead as if in a trance, then began pumping the bottle with short, furious strokes. Soon a thick foam poured from her, flowing over her slender hands in a sudden gush. She continued to shake the bottle until half the beer had escaped inside her, then removed it, brought it to her mouth, and chugged the rest.

By the third bottle, I was shaking violently, barely able to watch the degrading spectacle. Sarah was expressionless, her eyes locked somewhere in the distance, as another small piece of her was taken, used, and discarded. The scene faded after the sixth bottle.

Seconds later, Betty was beside her watching with fascinated amusement. Sarah was surrounded by more empty bottles than I could count. No longer able to squat over the bottles, she sat in the dirt with legs spread, clumsily trying to stuff one more long-neck into her reddened slit. Betty reached down and took the bottle from her, now laughing out loud.

"Why Barbie, you little slut. I think you're drunk! What would your husband say if he saw you like this, trying to fuck beer bottles in the dirt like a sow in heat?"

Sarah lowered her head in shame as beer continued to trickle from her swollen pussy onto the ground between her legs. She lost her balance, fell to one side, caught her fall with an outstretched arm, and pushed

herself upright again, now looking up at Betty with tears in her eyes.

"I'm s-s-sorry, Betty. I d-don't feel so good. I-I'm just sooo dizzy. I can't - "

"'I can't, I can't, I can't.' Is that all you know how to say, slut? You're dizzy all right. You're dizzy enough to be Barbie's retarded sister! How dare you get drunk and ruin Rock's party! You're the entertainment, for Christ sake!"

"I'm s-sorry Betty. I'm d-doing the b-best I can. . .but -"

"Quit your blubbering, slut. You'll just have to do something extra now to make Rock's party a success. He gets furious when someone fucks up a good party. Do you hear me, slut? Answer me!"

"I hear you, Betty. I'll do whatever you want me to. P-please don't tell Rock I ruined his party. I'll do anything. . ."

"You're damn right you will."

Betty retrieved the end of the chain from a nearby tree, then moved the other end from Sarah's ankle to a thick leather dog collar that she secured tightly around her neck. She gave the chain a few hard tugs, then pulled Sarah to her feet.

"Since you seem to like wallowing in the dirt like an animal, you'll be my pet cunt for the rest of the evening. Tonight you're a cunt on a leash, nothing more. You'll follow me on your hands and knees wherever I go, do whatever I say, without any whining. Do you understand, Cunt?"

"Y-yes Betty. I'll try to be a good cunt for you. I promise."

"Quiet, Cunt! Unless I tell you to speak, a nod of that empty head is how you answer. Understand?"

Sarah nodded quickly, trying to focus on her instructions through a drunken haze.

"Well, what are you waiting for? Get down in the dirt where you belong!"

Sarah fell to her knees, choking and gagging when the chain pulled her collar tight. Betty chuckled, then let her have enough chain to crawl on her hands and knees. Sarah looked up, waiting for her first instructions.

"Don't look at me, Cunt! You're only a cunt, remember? Cunts don't have faces. Keep your head down, and don't embarrass the guests! Understand?"

Sarah lowered her head and nodded, not daring to look away from the beer-soaked mud beneath her.

Betty circled her a few times, inspecting her new pet.

"Oh my, Cunt. It looks like you're in heat! Your pussy's so red and juicy! Are you in heat, Cunt?"

Sarah nodded enthusiastically, remembering to keep her face lowered.

"Well, my little pet. If you behave, maybe we can find a nice big cock for you tonight. Would you like that, Cunt?"

Sarah nodded again as she felt the thick leather collar dig into the soft skin beneath it.

"I'll bet you would, you little tramp. But you have to let all those big cocks know that you're ready for them. Since you're a poor dumb animal, I'll have to teach you how. Listen carefully, Cunt.

"When you're not crawling along in the dirt, I mean each and every time we stop to visit a guest, you'll arch your back, spread your legs, and hold that wet, ripe pussy in the air, just like an animal in heat should. Now, let me see you try it."

And then, like a bitch in heat, Sarah thrust her ass in the air and spread her knees as far as she could. Her swollen labia protruded obscenely, still moist with beer. Betty had reduced her to less than an animal. She was a cunt, and only a cunt. It was a disgusting sight.

"Good, Cunt. Very good! Now for the most important part. Make that hungry little pussy move. Open and close it, again and again. C'mon, Cunt! Use the same muscles that you use to milk Rock's prick. Tighten them, then relax. Let all those big hard cocks out there see what it can do to them! That's it! Excellent! Good Cunt!"

Her pussy unfolded, then tightened, over and over, showing its wet, pink depths for a few seconds, then hiding them again with plump, freshly shaved flesh. How could I have let it come to this? Would Sarah ever be the same? Somehow, I had to stop this, before we were both changed forever.

The camera followed them as they wandered through the crowd, stopping occasionally to film Sarah silently beg for the nearest cock with her

small, round ass in the air. Few of the bikers could resist. They rode her like an animal, humping her as she struggled to stay still and quiet. As the word spread, a line formed. Betty stood at the head of it, telling each waiting biker how cock-hungry her new pet was, and that the harder they fucked her, the better she liked it. One of the men slammed into her brutally, pushing her face into dirt before exploding violently inside her.

As the last biker buried his cock inside her, Betty knelt beside her, lifting Sarah's face to look into her eyes.

"Moan a little for me, my pet. Let him know how good his cock feels inside you. Moan like you moan for your husband, then moan louder, like you moan for a real man."

She began softly, with the familiar little noises I knew all too well. Betty moved closer, placing her mouth over Sarah's, stabbing at her with her tongue. She kissed her hard and deeply, muffling Sarah's quiet moans. Then came the sounds I had never heard before, deep long, throaty moans that were more like an animal's than my wife's. They grew louder and louder as Betty sucked at Sarah's mouth, and the biker plunged into her from behind. Her fragile body rocked back and forth as they invaded her from both ends, until the last of the bikers emptied his cum into her and left. The scene faded as Betty led her away at the end of her leash into the darkness.

The final scene was the worst. The party had become quiet bits of conversation here and there by those still sober enough to stay awake. The fire had died to a wide circle of glowing embers, releasing a column of gray ash and smoke into the night sky. Silhouetted by the red glow, Sarah mounted him, guiding the head of his cock between her legs. She lowered herself on it slowly, until the full length of it was

buried inside her. Her eyes were locked on his, and the faint light showed just enough detail to make out Rock's sickening grin. She began to rise and fall on his rigid meat, impaling her slim body with the thick shaft of warm flesh that stretched and filled her in ways I never could. She moved faster, panting and drooling as she fucked him. Small little cries that I recognized from our own lovemaking escaped her, evenly spaced between gasping breaths. Rock urged her on, whispering to her as his gaze paralyzed her. Sarah's words stabbed at me from the darkness.

"Oh, Rock...it feels so good...so big and hard inside me...Barbie loves your cock...Barbie wants you to cum inside her...Barbie wants you to make her cum too...oh God, you're so huge...sooo good, Rock...so fucking good...fuck me, Rock...fuck me harder...I'm your fucktoy...harder, Rock...please, harder...oh God, you're making me cum, Rock...I'm cumming now, Rock. . . "

In a second he was on top of her, pumping and grinding his cock inside her heaving belly. Her fingers dug into his ass as she tried to pull more of him inside. He grunted sharply as the first jet of semen entered her. Sarah moaned one last time, a long, low, guttural tone, the sound she had only made looking into my eyes. The scene faded slowly as she thrashed and cried, cumming wildly at the end of Rock's plunging prick.

Chapter 8

By eleven o'clock I had given up hope. Then, ten minutes later, the doorbell rang. It was Sarah, or what was left of the Sarah I knew. She stood there in the doorway as if she was unsure whether she had the

right house. She finally managed a warm smile, and I realized she was waiting for me to invite her inside. I was stunned by her new look. The pink "Barbie" t-shirt had been trimmed to show her long, slim waist, leaving just enough material to make sure the now distorted lettering was intact. Her new breasts strained against the thin cotton, stretching it so tightly that the bottom curve of each hard ball of flesh peeked from beneath it. White stretch-pants covered her like a second skin from waist to ankles. Her hips swayed as she struggled to keep her balance, poised precariously on the hot pink six-inch heels. As she stepped through the door, I noticed the seam down the front of her pants had been partially split, just enough to allow her plump labia to escape when her legs were not pressed tightly together.

Once inside, her smile widened. She walked slowly toward me, greeting me with a tight hug. Her lips brushed my ear, her breath hot and sweet on my neck. She was an inch taller than I in her six-inch heels, and the solid flesh of her new breasts felt alien against my chest. Her hand found the fly of my slacks, and easily worked its way inside, milking and rolling my cock with surprising skill. She nibbled my ear, while a voice I didn't know oozed from her lips like warm honey.

"Mmmm. That's it. Get it hard for me. I'm sooo hot for it. My pussy's so wet. I need you inside me, to fuck me, to make me cum. Ooohhh, yes. I need a cock in me. Please put your cock in me. Please put your cock in Barbie. Barbie will make you cum too. Barbie will be your fucktoy. Barbie will suck you, drink your cum - "

I broke free and shoved her away. She fell backwards, falling on her ass with her legs in the air, her wet slit glaring at me from between the pink high heels.

"Stop it! Stop it, Sarah! This has to stop! Can't you see how you're

acting? You're not Barbie! You're Sarah, my wife! Don't let them do this to you! You're home now - you're safe! You don't have to play Barbie now! Just be Sarah. Please, please, just be Sarah, my wife. Oh Christ, what have I done? What have I let them do to you?"

She sat there on the floor watching as I went from rage, to helplessness, to utter despair. My hands shook violently, still suspended in the air from the sudden push I gave her. She stared at me with the pathetic look of a confused animal. The tiny pink top had released both breasts, now mounted ludicrously on her chest like two fleshy grapefruits.

Her flat belly began to shake. A single tear rolled down her cheek, landing in the deep valley between her breasts. She cried harder, finally becoming hysterical. I knelt beside her, cradled her head in my arms, and cried with her. Soon a part of Sarah came back to me, defeated and humiliated.

"I'm so sorry, so sorry, Honey. I don't know what happened to me. I was so exhausted, so drunk, so tired of fighting them - I can't believe I did those things. And - oh, God - how could I have let another man make me cum? How can you ever forgive me? Now you'll never want me again! I'm filthy - a filthy slut - just a filthy, filthy slut. . . "

She ranted on for a while, then quickly collapsed into a deep sleep. After carrying her upstairs to bed, I tried to undress her, but the clothes clung so tightly to her limp body that I gave up and tucked her in as she was. She never stirred.

Later that night I found myself back in the basement with a bottle of my favorite scotch, pouring glass after glass of courage to end this nightmare once and for all.

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I let her sleep the next morning, calling her boss as usual to let him know Sarah was still under the weather, but would return soon. I didn't have the same luxury. I owned my own company, and had missed too many days over the past week.

At work, the hours dragged on, until I finally called Sarah at noon. She answered in a groggy voice, but sounded more and more like the Sarah I knew. I told her I'd be home early and to get some rest. She said she'd try. She sounded so small and fragile I felt guilty for leaving her alone.

She seemed brighter that evening, more alert and centered than I'd seen her in a week. She had dinner ready when I stepped through the door, and spoke calmly while we ate.

"Rock's leaving town tomorrow. He and his friends are riding to the west coast for a while. I don't think he'll bother us again. He said we've paid our debt to him. We'll be ok now."

I looked across the table, studying her to make sure she was serious.

"He said that? He said that we're even? He's leaving town?"

"Well, yes. He said that after he had sex with me, and made me, um, cum, that there was nothing else left to take from us - and that I should name the baby after him. Don't worry, I'm not pregnant! It was just his way of leaving us with a final insult. So typical of the slimy bastard. Anyway, he's gone. Will you be ok?"

"Me? How about you??"

"I don't know. I think we have a lot of things to try to forget. If you'll try, I'll try too. We'll take it a day at a time - maybe an hour at a time, for a while. I still love you. Try to remember that."

She sat there in her white cotton blouse like she had so many other nights, trying to be strong for me, trying to reassure me after all she had been through. But tonight that blouse was fuller, the middle two buttons straining to contain the bulging mounds of flesh inside. Some things would be harder to forget than others.

After dinner I relaxed under the hot spray of a much-needed shower while Sarah called a co-worker to prepare for her return to the office the next day. Although a hundred horrors still raced through my mind, the relief I felt was exhilarating, and seeing Sarah padding about the empty house in a pair of my old slippers, her bright eyes now offering hope and forgiveness, brought a new optimism for our recovery and future together.

She was still on the phone when I dried off, so I wrapped myself in my thick, new robe and decided to catch up on some reading until she finished. As I sat on the edge of the bed, a sudden thunk startled me. I looked down to see my loaded 9-mm on the floor. I had hidden it under the mattress the day before, and had forgotten it was there. It was odd how unfamiliar and menacing it looked lying there, after having spent so many intimate hours with it plotting the route to our freedom. I pushed it back between the mattress and box springs, planning to dispose of it when Sarah wasn't around. No need to scare her.

"Honey, could you come here for a minute?"

I smiled to myself as I left the bedroom, certain that she needed help with the VCR, or some other gizmo that was my specialty.

Betty and her friends stood just inside the front door. Sarah was naked, facing them with her back to me. She knelt between a petite blonde's legs, her face buried in her crotch, feverishly licking and slurping as the others looked on with approval. Sarah's hands clutched the girl's thighs as her assault escalated. I could hear the wet, sucking sounds from where I stood across the room. Betty grinned and winked at me, amused by my surprised look.

"Sport! Nice to see you again! The girls and I just dropped by to see if Sarah can go with us tonight. We're celebrating our last night in town, a kind of "girls night out". I'm sure you won't mind, will you? This is my friend Shayla, and her friend Stacey. Oh, sorry, it looks like Stacey and Sarah are busy at the moment, getting acquainted and all."

Shayla stood to her right. She was six feet six inches of lean, black muscle that looked like she meant business. Her long, black leather coat opened in the front to reveal a black thong and black leather halter that barely contained her huge breasts. A small, gold charm dangled from a gold ring that pierced her navel. Cornrows lined her perfectly rounded skull, and tangles of black braids woven with multi-colored beads parted over her shoulders, clattering like tumbling dice when she turned to sneer at me. She held an elaborately braided leash ending at a short loop of chain that was Stacey's collar. She was the image of a proud, African princess - with an attitude.

Betty produced a plastic garment bag and offered it to me as Shayla watched Sarah with a critical eye.

"We even brought her something nice to wear tonight. I think she deserves a better wardrobe than those tacky T-shirts you bought for her. She'll look much nicer in this."

I took the heavy bag and stood there in my robe, still in shock.

"Well, sport! The least you can do is help the girl get ready! If you can't fuck her, maybe you can dress her. While you're at it, give her a shower and wash her hair. We want to look hot tonight - all of us!"

Shayla gave Stacey's leash a nasty yank, reeling her in next to her. Stacey glanced at Sarah, then allowed a pent-up giggle to escape. Shayla exploded, shrieking at Stacey, inches from her face.

"Insolent little bitch! I will not tolerate simple-minded outbursts from the likes of you! Explain yourself, Pet, or you'll be very, very sorry!"

Stacey couldn't suppress another giggle before continuing.

"It's her! It's her, Mistress!"

Shayla studied Sarah for a few seconds, then returned her attention to Stacey.

"Who - is - 'HER'?? Tell me! Now!"

"I'm sorry, Mistress. It's Sarah Breckenridge. I know her from work. She's an accountant there. I'm one of her secretaries. It's just that, that, well, she's a real bitch. She thinks she's better than all of us. I just wasn't sure it was her at first. I'm sorry for laughing without permission. Please forgive me?"

Shayla and Betty exchanged surprised stares, then broke into roaring laughter. Shayla took Stacey's face in her hands and kissed her hard on the mouth. She seemed to melt in Shayla's hands, pressing her slim, white body against yards of hard, brown flesh.

Shayla hugged her as she grinned at Betty over Stacey's shoulder.

"You're forgiven, Pet. Not only are you forgiven, I'll see to it that you have a night to remember - for a long, long time."

Her grin widened as Sarah and I trailed off into the bedroom with her new clothes.

As we approached the bathroom I heard Sarah muttering to herself in front of me.

"Shit! Shit! Shit!"

I stopped and turned her to face me. Her eyes were red and glassy, her face pale and drawn. She still looked exhausted.

"I'm so sorry, Hon. I wish there was something I could do. Who would have guessed that she'd come back for one last night? But it's one night, then they're gone for good."

"One night! Don't you understand? I have to go back to work tomorrow! It was going to be hard enough explaining my hair and tits, but now I have to deal with her! Stacey's the worst gossip in the entire firm. We didn't get along to start with. The little slacker is always looking for ways to get out of doing her job. She'll make my life a living hell!"

"Ok, so quit. Don't even go back. You're great at your job. I'll bet you can find another one in a week. We'll work it out."

"Work it out? Work it out? That's easy for you to say! I've spent nine years clawing my way to the top. Do you have any idea how rare that is for a woman in this city? I'll be a partner any day now. And you expect me to just walk away, start over? I'll tell you what, 'Sport'. Why don't you just give up your business and start over? Think you can work that out?"

She was nearly hysterical, crying and screaming at me at the top of her voice. Shayla appeared behind us, scowling and clearing her throat.

"I'll tell you what, Sport. If you don't shut her up and get her in the shower, neither one of you will be able to start over. Allow me to be crystal clear. I'm already late for what began as a chance to spend some quality time with my friends. I'm a very impatient person. You're wasting my precious time with your pathetic whining. Get her ready, now, before I lose what little control I have left. You have thirty minutes. After that, I drag her naked into the street whether she's ready or not. Understand?"

She stood there waiting, ebony muscles flexing behind black leather. A chill ran through me when I realized she planned to watch every minute of Sarah's grooming.

I adjusted the shower the way Sarah liked it, and helped her in. She picked up the soap and began lather it over her arms and shoulders. Shayla shouted orders from the doorway.

"Give the soap to him, Sarah! It's his job to clean you. And Sport, get

that robe off, get in there with her, and get started! NOW!"

I dropped the robe on the floor and climbed in beside her. Shayla's eyes devoured us as I pulled the shower curtain closed. She was there in two long strides. The curtain exploded outward as she jerked it free, finally tearing the aluminum rod from the wall above us.

"Don't get cute, Sport! Get busy!!"

I moved the soapy wash cloth over Sarah's body, taking humiliating instructions from the black amazon. It was the first time I had touched her new breasts, and I was shocked at how tight and hard they were as I covered them with a foamy coating of soap. She told me how to wash between Sarah's legs, first parting her smooth labia with one hand, then rubbing her clit in small, slow circles with the soapy cloth. Sarah scowled at me the entire time. The sharp fingers of steamy water washed tear after tear from her face as Shayla enjoyed every second of her misery.

I lathered her hair with shampoo, rinsed it, and started over, per Shayla's instructions. The familiar handfuls of chestnut brown were now two-inch strands of jet-black fluff with cinnamon roots.

I finally led her from the shower, drying her from head to toe as Shayla watch every move. She came a few steps closer, fingering and parting Sarah's hair.

"Hmmm. This won't do. Not at all. You need something that screams, 'I'm Barbie, and I'm the fuck of your dreams!'"

She searched through the bottom of the garment bag for a few seconds, and retrieved a small plastic bottle.

"This should do the trick. I'll see to it myself."

Twenty minutes later Sarah's ermine hair was a blinding platinum blonde. Shayla was proud of her work. She circled Sarah repeatedly, running her hands through Sarah's shocking white mane.

"Now that's Barbie hair! You should wear it longer, though. Men love the feel of long, soft hair on their cocks. Why do you wear it so short?"

"Rock said it would be easier to wash the cum out of it. He likes it this way."

Sarah's tone was defensive, and surprised Shayla.

"Well, Rock's leaving tomorrow, and I don't give a shit how long it takes you to get the spunk out of your hair, so you'll wear it longer from now on, understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

Shayla handed me the plastic garment bag and ordered me to get Sarah dressed quickly. Its contents both confused and appalled me. I emptied the unfamiliar items onto the bed and began to sort them according to size. Sarah stood helplessly beside me, too embarrassed to offer any assistance. Shayla came to the rescue with her usual blatant instructions. I cringed when Sarah modeled the results for us.

The white spandex shorts barely covered her ass, and clung to the inner folds of her pussy like wet tissue paper. A black fishnet crop-top exaggerated the fullness of her new breasts, exposing the long lines of

her narrow waist. White lace gloves ran from fingertips to elbows, and fluffy white anklets topped her hot pink, six-inch heels. A brief, pink, pvc motorcycle jacket and matching pink cap completed the outrageous outfit. She couldn't have looked more like a hooker if she had carried a sign that read "Fuck me!".

Just as they ushered Sarah out the door to the waiting limo, Rock arrived. He had been drinking all day, and didn't hesitate to grab Sarah, giving her a long, wet kiss. Betty waved him off, telling him it was "girls night", and that he'd have to catch up with them later, if he could find them. Never one to turn down a challenge, he revved his bike and started off after them. At the end of the driveway he stopped, looked back, and motioned me over.

"C'mon Sport! Hop on! Let's go, before we lose them!"

I straddled the jarring machine in my bathrobe, trying to hold on and keep the robe closed while he sped after the black limo. We followed it for thirty minutes, finally stopping in the middle of a cluster of warehouses near the waterfront.

The girls got out and walked fearlessly along the dark street, passing one dingy, yawning entrance after another, until, rounding a corner into a narrow alley, a flickering neon sign glowed ominously in the thickening fog. A single figure cast a long shadow on the damp concrete. He wore a tuxedo, and seemed oblivious to the rain that had just begun to fall. The sign over his head read, "Leather & Lace". He stood in front of a heavy steel door, guarding it with his well-muscled bulk.

The girls approached to within twenty feet of the brute, then stopped, chattering quietly among themselves. Rock and I jogged to

catch up to them. We arrived just as they sent Sarah over to him, looking every bit the well-oiled sex machine. She strutted like a whore, her hips swaying invitingly as the bouncer watched her with a contemptuous grin. Everyone waited in hushed anticipation for her to reach him. Shayla passed a tiny camcorder to Stacey, who giggled quietly while she taped Sarah's every move. The next words we heard were Barbie's.

"Hi. I'm Barbie."

He looked her over, eyes stopping on the fishnet top, where her nipples had worked through the coarse netting.

"I'll bet you are," he laughed. "What can I do for you, Barbie?"

"My friends and I are looking for a party. Can we go in?"

"Well, Barbie, this is a private club. Are you a member?"

She pouted a few seconds, then shook her head.

"I didn't think so. Sorry, if you're not a member, I can't let you in. Of course, sometimes if a young lady is very nice to me, I can be persuaded to make an exception. Can you be very nice to me, Barbie?"

Her eyes widened and she nodded enthusiastically. Then, without another word, she dropped to her knees in front of him. Opening his fly, she searched inside his pants until she pulled his cock free. She licked the underside of it in one long stroke, starting at his balls, then continued up to the tip where she eagerly sucked a sticky droplet of precum into her mouth. He held her head in both hands, tilting it up to look into her face.

"Beg, Barbie. Show me how grateful you can be - if you want in, that is."

Her voice changed pitch, becoming almost childlike. She whined and pleaded like a little girl. His cock grew hard and thick as she ran her delicate fingers over the length of it, stopping at the base to trace lightly over his balls. Stacey's hands shook as she struggled to keep the camcorder still, doing her best to capture every word and gesture.

"Please let me suck your cock. It's sooo big and thick. So juicy and tasty. Barbie loves cock. I get so wet when my mouth is fucked by a huge cock like yours. I'll drink your cum, too. I won't spill a drop, I promise. Can Barbie suck you now, pleeeeeease?"

She didn't wait for his answer. Her mouth was full of him seconds after she ran out of words, sucking and slurping the hard meaty shaft while she pumped him with both hands. He came with a long moan, pounding her throat with his cock while his strong hands grasped her by short strands of platinum hair. She choked when he hit the back of her throat, allowing trickles of semen to leak from both corners of her mouth. The camcorder whirred as Stacey zoomed in for her closeup.

The bouncer waited until she cleaned him, then helped her to her feet.

"That was ok, Barbie. I've had better, but you get extra points for the slutty outfit. Tell you what. Sweeten the pot a little and I'll get you and your friends inside. What do you say to, oh, \$200, each?"

"Um, well, I don't have that much cash on me."

She dug into the tiny pink purse, sifting through its contents.

"I-I have this credit card. Will that do?"

He plucked it from her hand, chuckling at her predicament.

"This will do just fine, cutie. Get your friends and let's go inside."

She turned and waved to us with a lacy white glove. Betty was beside her before the bouncer opened the door.

"Barbie, aren't you going to thank the nice man?"

He faced her and waited.

"Thank-you for letting me suck your cock. You're cum was delicious."

He looked at Betty, grinned, and raised his eyebrows.

"I don't know where you found her, but they're gonna have a ball with her tonight. Follow me, everybody."

Once inside, "Leather & Lace" was worse than I imagined. A live heavy-metal band assaulted us with the earsplitting whine of guitars from an elevated stage across the cavernous room. We entered at the balcony level where the bouncer swiped our credit card to pay his inflated cover charge. As he handed it back to Sarah, I saw his hand cupped against her crotch, kneading her pussy through the paper-thin spandex. She merely smiled back at him, traced her finger over the front of his jeans a few times, and thanked him again.

Betty led us down the steep stairs to the floor level. The dim interior was shoulder-to-shoulder with women, all partially dressed, or

undressed, in the most bizarre collection of costumes I had ever seen or imagined. Slashing beams of intense light cut through the darkness from above, interrupted only by the intermittent blasts of blinding white strobes.

A skinny blonde wearing only a leather collar and black thong recognized Shayla and stopped her at the bottom of the stairs. Shayla grabbed her collar, pulled her face close, and kissed her brutally. Betty led us through the crowd, leaving a preoccupied Shayla and her friend by the stairs while Stacey stood near them and pouted.

It took us nearly ten minutes to work our way to the bar at the opposite end of the room. The stainless steel surface ran the entire width of the club, lined with thirsty customers taking advantage of the wait by pawing and fondling each other as though no one watched or cared. Betty and Rock pushed to the front of the line, waving frantically at the bartender. Sarah and I were alone for the first time tonight. I moved a step nearer to her and discreetly took her hand. It seemed to startle her. She glanced over at Betty, then looked back at me and gently squeezed my hand. After another quick glance at the bar, her lips were next to my ear, her words quiet and desperate.

"Help me. Please do something. I'm scared."

For a second, I was plotting again, determined to play her hero, sure that I could save her. There must be a way. If only -

Then her tongue was deep in my ear, swirling and sucking, drenching me with her saliva. I turned with a start to see her grinning at me obscenely, licking her bright pink lips, her hand now gripping mine with all her strength.

"What's the matter, Sport? Don't you like women anymore? Afraid your dick won't get hard again? Or is it just me? Don't like my new look? Well, what's the matter? Cat got your tongue?"

Her voice went from pleading to mocking, then suddenly to frustration and anger.

"Damn you, damn you, damn you! What's wrong with you! Are you going to be a pussy all your life? Look at me! Every man that sees me wants to fuck me! All you can do is stand there with your limp dick and watch! Why don't you want me? Why, why, why???"

I was stunned. She shoved me repeatedly as she ranted, then unleashed a flurry of punches, hitting my chest with her small fists. Betty and Rock returned carrying our drinks, just in time to witness her outburst. Betty took her by the shoulders from behind and pulled her away from me.

"What the fuck is going on, Barbie? We've been here all of twenty minutes and already you've managed to make a scene! I knew you didn't have much of a brain, but now I'm wondering whether you have any at all!"

Sarah slipped back into her Barbie voice, this time with frightening ease.

"He was being mean to me, Betty. He's not nice like the other men - not nice at all!"

Rock grabbed my robe and pulled me away from them, leading me toward the bar.

"C'mon Sport. Lets get you out of here before you get in any more trouble."

He found two empty stools near the middle of the bar, sat me on one of them, and handed me a drink.

"It's scotch, Sport - your poison, according to Barbie, right?"

I nodded and took the glass, downing it in two swallows. Rock made sure it stayed full. The bar tab was added to our bill, now charged to the credit card Sarah had given the bouncer. It would be an expensive night.

While Betty was showing off Sarah to her friends, Rock pointed to a small cage the size of several telephone booths, suspended at the edge of the balcony, overlooking the club. A nearly naked young girl gyrated inside, rocking and grinding her hips to the music. She wore a tiny crop-top, identical to Sarah's, and nothing else. After the third double, I couldn't take my eyes off her. She leaned back against the bars at the rear of the cage, thrusting her hips at us as though she was fucking an invisible partner. Her body was slick with sweat and she panted and groaned like an animal in heat. It was a chilling sight.

Between his usual lewd remarks, Rock leaned closer and opened his hand.

"Here you go, Sport. These will help you make it through the night. You'll thank me later."

"What are they?" I asked, eyeing the two purple capsules.

"You don't want to know, Sport. Just shut up and take them. NOW."

I washed them down with a slug of scotch, hoping I could handle whatever he had given me.

"Rock! Lover! I have't seen you in ages!"

A girl in her early twenties ran from behind the bar, jumped into Rock's lap, and kissed him for what seemed like an eternity. Her long, wavy black hair shimmered over her bare back as she squirmed against him. Two perfect brown legs led to a pair of tiny cutoffs, now unable to cover most of her firm, round ass. As she pulled away from him, both breasts nearly escaped the tiny black halter. She looked over at me and giggled.

"Who's your friend, and is that a bratwurst under his robe, or is he just glad to see me?"

"That's Sport. Sport, this is Kathy. And it looks like he's really glad to see you, babe."

They both laughed and pointed at my lap where, to my embarrassment, my erection had slipped through the opening of the robe. Now I had a pretty good idea of what the pills were for. I pulled the robe together to cover myself, but Kathy stopped me and opened it again. She moved in beside me, rubbing her breasts against my face while running her nails slowly up and down the length of my cock. My erection hardened and throbbed almost painfully as she played with me. A few of the women on either side of us had now gathered around to watch. I was never so humiliated, but my penis seemed to have a mind of its own.

She teased me by stroking it slowly, then circling the head with her fingertips, gently pulling and tugging at it until it spasmed and jerked wildly. Then she stopped, and women around us joked about what a

slut I was for allowing them to play with me in public. Finally, after half an hour of torture, she let the other women take turns with me, joking with them about who would be the first to make me cum. The drugs did their work, and by the time a menacing looking bull-dyke had her turn, I lost control, spraying semen everywhere. They congratulated the winner, applauding her skill and my performance. Kathy was ready nearby, collecting every drop of cum in a small glass, displaying it proudly on the bar.

Rock kept the drinks coming, and after a few more doubles, pointed to the second cage, which until now had been empty. I watched as Betty helped Sarah inside. A small spotlight drew everyone's attention to the balcony where Sarah surveyed the crowd from twenty feet overhead. Betty had taken the white shorts and pink jacket, leaving her only the flimsy net top, pink high-heels, white gloves, and shocking pink motorcycle cap.

Betty barked at her from outside the cage, and she began to dance, slowly at first, then mimicking the other dancer as Betty ordered her to follow the other girl's seductive grinding and thrusting. Betty urged her on, becoming more threatening when Sarah hesitated to rub her cunt up and down over one of the thin chrome bars closest to the audience. She relented quickly, burying the vertical rod between her reddened labia, then sliding up and down over it as she panted and moaned in feigned ecstasy.

Rock stared and cheered, I drank, and Sarah danced - for hours. A new dancer entered the other cage every half-hour, but Betty forced Sarah to continue without a break. She was exhausted, her slim body slick with sweat as her dancing slowed, now an exercise in futility.

The crowd parted in front of us, revealing a six-foot circle of blue

light. At its center was a gleaming steel column topped with a small, blinking light. Shayla stood behind it, with Stacey at her side. She turned to look at Sarah, now barely able to stay on her feet. Shayla shot me an evil grin, extended her well-muscled arm, and pressed the blinking button. A deafening clap of recorded thunder shook the club, and strobes everywhere shot volleys of blinding light in all directions. Sarah's eyes widened. She lurched to the back of the cage as the electric current surged from the floor through the cleverly concealed steel rods in her pink heels. Her slim calves and thighs hardened and twitched as the voltage shot through her. Its dying tingle spread upward, between her legs, coaxing her labia and clit to swell and stiffen. She looked stunned for a few seconds, then danced faster. Her eyes were wild with panic as the rules of the new game became clear to her.

Shayla toyed with Sarah for an hour. The crowd cheered and laughed each time Shayla's finger hovered over the button, making Sarah dance faster with every last bit of energy she could muster. When her dancing slowed, Shayla hit the button again, holding it a few seconds longer. Sarah began to cry out as the shocks became more sustained. The muscles of her thighs bulged with rigid ropes of flesh under the smooth, white skin, and her hips bucked and spasmed in continual rhythmic thrusts. When Shayla released the button, Betty was there, shouting instructions, ordering her to match the other dancer's frenzied moves.

Even with the shocks, Sarah was eventually too tired to do much more than shuffle

from foot to foot. When Shayla pushed the button, Sarah would jerk and twitch until the shock subsided, but her aching muscles and shattered nerves prevented much of a response at all.

I watched from my seat at the bar in a drugged and alcoholic stupor. At times I wasn't sure whether it was a dream or reality. My erection had persisted for hours, and I had lost count of how many strange women, all lesbians, had teased me until I spurted another stream of semen into Kathy's bar-glass.

Then Shayla came for me. She stood before me like a powerful, mythic goddess, her smooth, chocolate skin rippling as she reached for me. I found a part of me strangely attracted to her intimidating physical appearance and proud, forceful air. The other larger part of me was scared to death at what might follow.

She led me to the center of the club and peeled the robe off my shoulders. My cock wobbled in front of me, still harder than I had ever seen it. Hundreds of women stared at my nearly naked body, making obscene comments about my raging hard-on. 'Humiliated' or 'degraded' didn't come close to what I felt, even in my drugged state. Sarah stared down at me from her cage. Even through her defeat and exhaustion, I sensed her anger and disbelief.

Shayla took my hand and held my palm in the air, an inch above the button. Sarah's eyes widened, then shaking her head, she begged me with every ounce of breath that remained.

"Nooo! Please, please, noooooo!"

At Shayla's signal, Stacey knelt beside me, taking my cock in her hand. She played with it like a new toy, amusing herself by exploring each vein and ridge with her sharp nails. My legs began to shudder as I tried with everything I had not to give in to her touch. Sarah was shaking so badly that the cage rattled, while tears streamed from her drawn face to the floor below.

Shayla held my shoulders from behind, whispering my instructions as Stacey stroked my balls, then traced wandering patterns up and down the underside of my cock with the tip of her finger. I had reached a line I couldn't cross, under any circumstances. I wouldn't do it. When I told her, she replied in an instant, hissing her threat at me.

"You WILL do it! If you don't, I'll turn up the juice and fry the little cunt myself!"

As her last word hit me, Stacey pumped my cock with both hands, catching me by surprise. I came with a muffled groan, watching the cum spurt into Stacey's hands. My palm fell against the button, holding it until the crushing orgasm subsided. Sarah thrashed against the bars of the cage, unable to escape the endless, burning shock. She cried out to me, begging me to stop. Her piercing screams grew louder with nightmarish intensity as I lost myself in Stacey's skillful victory over me. Hidden in the waves of satisfying release, under the guilt and shame for being the cause of Sarah's pain, buried so deeply that to find it would mean our destruction, I wanted to push that button. I wanted to see her suffer for the self-doubt she nurtured in me. How sick had I become? It was Rock's doing. Soon it would be my turn to undo it.

Afterward, Sarah lay panting on the cage floor. I could just make out her bewildered eyes peering over the edge, terrified of another shock.

Stacey wiped my cock clean, coating her fingers with an even layer of sticky semen. She turned and held her hands up for Sarah to see.

"He's mine now, bitch! All mine!"

Sarah's eyes closed and her body went suddenly limp. The crowd cheered, chanting, "Sta - cey! Sta - cey! Sta - cey!". Stacey turned slowly in the blue circle of light, cum-coated hands in the air, relishing the crowd's praise, and her victory over her long-time rival.

An hour passed, Betty revived Sarah, and Rock saw to it that my glass was always full of scotch. Betty, Sarah, Shayla, and Stacey joined us at the bar at 4:00 AM for last call. Sarah was conscious, but seemed to be in shock. A blank stare was all she could manage when anyone spoke to her. She didn't recognize me at all.

Kathy stepped up onto the bar to get the crowd's attention.

"Last call, everybody! But before you go, we owe Barbie one on the house for entertaining us tonight. Come on up, Barbie!"

Stacey led her to the edge of the bar, climbing up first, then pulling Sarah up over the leather padding. The three of them towered over the restless sea of women. Sarah stared straight ahead.

"Here's to Barbie and her best friend, Stacey! Drink up, girl!"

She handed the all-too-familiar glass to Stacey. It was now almost half-full of cum, with contributions from the bouncer, and anyone who happened by the dark warehouses that evening. Stacey held the glass to Sarah's lips and spoke to her so that everyone could hear.

"Drink, Barbie. It's good. You love cum. It's so thick and salty. It's your favorite drink, remember? Mmmmmmm. Nice and warm, like it's fresh out of a big, thick cock."

My stomach churned while I watched Sarah guzzle the slimy mass of semen as though it was the finest brandy. She smiled sheepishly as the crowd applauded, then slowly and deliberately licked the last bit of it from her hot-pink lips. Her eyes stopped on me as she scanned the crowd. The sheepish smile widened, changing to something much more sinister. I soon realized she was staring at my cock, still rigid from a second dose of Rock's drugs. But it was Barbie who looked down at me from the bar; it was a hard cock she wanted, any hard cock, and nothing more.

By the time we left Leather & Lace, the rain had slowed to a fine, even mist. The flickering, blue sign above the door was dark, and the bouncer was nowhere to be found. Hours of rain made the long walk back to where we had parked seem less ominous. The standing water gave the illusion of having washed away the grime and neglect of the decaying buildings, and the reflections of occasional signs and streetlights in the glistening streets seemed to brighten our way.

Soon the black limo was in sight, flanked by the gleaming chrome of Rock's bike. Sarah barely kept pace with the rest of us as the fatigue of hours of dancing made walking in the six-inch heels more difficult than ever. Then, as one of her pink spiked heels sank into a patch of soft earth, she lurched to one side and disappeared from sight with a brief, shrill cry. Everyone stopped, peering over the edge of the road into a shallow drainage ditch. Sarah fought desperately as she tried to get a footing in the wet grass. She nearly escaped the four-foot ditch when her left shoe buckled and she fell to the bottom, this time sliding a few feet deeper, then falling further into a newly excavated pit bordered by two barricades with flashing yellow lights. The six-

foot deep trench held two inches of water from the recent rain, and Sarah landed face-down in the muck at the bottom. She tried again and again to get up, but her aching arms and legs had only enough strength to pull her a few inches above the mud before falling again face-first while everyone howled with laughter.

Betty hopped into the ditch, still laughing so hard she couldn't speak. Every time Sarah tried to pull herself out of the muddy hole, Betty placed a booted foot between her shoulder blades, pushing her back into the mud with a splash. Finally, she rested the sole of her boot on the back of Sarah's head, shoving her face into the muddy water and holding it there. Sarah's arms and legs thrashed wildly as she fought for air.

Rock and Stacey were in tears, now joined by a small group of passing dock-workers arriving for the early morning shift. Steaming cups of black coffee passed from hand to hand as the men pointed into the pit and joked about the way Sarah's nearly naked body twisted and splashed under Betty's boot.

After having her fun, Betty towed Sarah from the pit. Betty had retrieved her shoes, and handed them to Sarah with a grin. Sarah choked and wheezed as she bent to put them on, giving the workers a show they wouldn't soon forget. Rock strolled over to her, tilting her chin up to him as he looked into her face, now crusty with drying mud.

"Barbie, Barbie, Barbie. You won't find any big cocks down there in that mud-hole. Poor Barbie. The only cock you've seen all night has been Sport's, and it looks like he's saving that for Stacey. I'll bet your little pussy has been soaked for hours just waiting for the next man to shove his meat into you. After all, a real Barbie doesn't feel like a woman without a fresh load of cum inside her, does she?"

By this time, a much larger group of workers had gathered and stared quietly, not believing the scene that played out in front of them. Sarah ignored them while she whined and begged.

"I want to be your Barbie, Rock. Please fuck me. Put your big, thick cock in me. Fill my pussy with your cum. I need your cock so badly, Rock. Please, please make me cum again. Show him how I like it, Rock. Show him how a real man fucks me. Please, Rock? Pleeese?"

Rock looked over at me and shook his head slowly.

"Man, did you hear that? If my woman talked about me that way, I don't know what I'd do! How do you put up with this little bimbo, Sport?"

Rock and the other men chuckled as I stood there in my robe, watching my wife beg him to fuck her. I was frozen in place, paralyzed with anger and humiliation.

Rock looked back at Sarah. She was already fingering her nipples, pulling and twisting them into hard, pink buttons. He watched her for a while, then gave her his answer.

"You know, Barbie, it's been a long night and I'm pretty wasted. I think I'll take a rain-check. But I'm sure you can count on this fine group of gentlemen to give you what you want. What do you say, guys?"

A low murmur ran through the crowd, followed by the cheers of one volunteer after another. Sarah looked stunned.

"No, Rock. Please. I want you! There are so many of them! They might hurt Barbie! I want you to fuck me, not them! Don't give me to them, Rock! Please don't! I want you - you, Rock!"

Rock's smile vanished and his stare turned icy.

"Stop whining, you little cunt. You're being rude! Go over there, give them a good look at your new tits, and tell them what you need. Now!"

She turned and started toward them without a word, pulling the brief top over her head on the way. Her slim body trembled as she walked. She stared at the ground, biting her lower lip, as a single large tear raced down her cheek.

They circled her like a pack of jackals waiting for the first to pounce. She shook off her disappointment and fear in an instant, held her head high, thrust her breasts toward them, and allowed Barbie to take over. Barbie smiled obscenely, cupping her breasts with both hands as she teased them with her best Barbie Bimbo voice.

"Hi, guys. I'm Barbie, and I'm ready for a big, thick cock."

A few of the closest men pawed her breasts just before the rest closed in and dragged her to the ground. She disappeared into the growing herd of animals as each brawny thug fought for his share before the others consumed her. Stacey kept the camera going as Rock and Betty doubled over in hysterics. They were killing her, and Rock was enjoying it. His deep laugh assaulted me like a relentless pile-driver. And, there was that grin - that disgusting grin that had haunted me for much too long.

Deep in the oversized pocket of my robe, my hand closed around its familiar cool, solid contours. Now driven by desperation, fueled with the booze and drugs Rock had forced on me himself, I drew the 9-mm, pointed it at Rock, and fired.

The impact of the bullet sent him spinning. He fell to the ground, clutching his right arm and cursing as the sleeve of his shirt turned wet with crimson. Betty screamed and ran to him, frantically trying to stop the bleeding. I aimed again carefully, this time placing the sight dead center on his chest. A sudden warmth rushed over me as I felt the pressure of the trigger against my finger for the second time.

The gun jolted upward, but there was no sound. A strong, black arm circled my neck. The gun was in Shayla's other hand, now forcing the barrel tightly against my ear. Her arm tightened around my neck, lifting me until I couldn't breathe.

Rock was furious. He shoved Betty away and started toward me, wincing as he clamped his hand over the wound.

"He shot me! The mother-fucker shot me! You think this is bad, you fucking wimp? I've taken bullets in places that make this look like a scratch!"

He wrenched the gun out of Shayla's hand and jammed the barrel against my mouth.

"Suck it, wimp - unless you want me to slide this little beauty up Barbie's cunt and pump her full of the last load she'll ever remember."

I opened my mouth. It had an odd metallic taste mixed with the residue of burnt powder. He forced the pistol deeper. Searing pain raced through my jaw as the nose of the barrel broke a jagged chip from one of my front teeth.

"You fucked up, Sport - big time. You couldn't wait one more night,

could you? You had to be a hero. I was ready to walk away, to let you and the wife go back to your pathetic little lives. I even broke her in a little for you, not to mention the new tits. You're out of your league, Sport - a pussy in a man's world. No wonder she came like a whore when I fucked her."

He nodded at Shayla to release me. Keeping two inches of the 9-mm buried in my mouth, he backed me to the edge of the ditch. In the distance, Sarah and the mob were silent as they watched Rock take his revenge. Sarah, now Barbie, was expressionless, her eyes staring vacantly into the curtain of rain between us that washed the remaining mud from her exquisite body.

"I'm gonna enjoy this. Bye, Sport."

I felt the gun move in my mouth just before the explosion of pain and light filled my head. Then, as in a dream, I was falling, away from the sounds around me, away from Sarah's unfamiliar eyes, away from Rock's hideous grin - to a place deeper and darker than Rock could ever have taken me.

Chapter 9

She shuddered at the image in the full-length mirror. The outfit would have been unremarkable, if she had been Stacey. But, Stacey was a size smaller and at least a head shorter. The pink silk blouse hugged her breasts and waist, molding her nipples like a second skin. Stacey's black spandex skirt covered only a few inches of thigh and molded Sarah's ass into ripe, twin globes. The absence of pantyhose made her feel practically naked.

"Ummm, you look delicious today, Barbie."

Stacey's face appeared beside hers in the mirror. They could have passed for sisters. Stacey wore a matching outfit, but on her shorter, b-cup figure, it would attract much less attention on Sarah's first day back at the office.

"I know we're going to be best friends from now on, aren't we, Barbie?"

Her hands cupped Sarah's breasts, quickly finding her nipples, rolling the hardening buttons between her slender fingers.

"Please Stacey, I - I - can't do this. I don't understand. We don't even like each other. Rock may have made me promise to stay with you for a while, but we could never be friends. We're - just, too different."

Stacey's eyes brightened as she pulled harder at Sarah's nipples.

"Betcha I can prove you wrong, Barbie. I think you're more like me than you care to admit. Anyway, just be a good girl at work today. If you're a little slow the first day back, I'll be close by to remind you of all the little things I've taught you. And, of course, there are those nasty consequences for Barbies who forget to do what they're told. After all, I'm sure you haven't forgotten last night already - "

"Stacey, please, you have to tell me, is he ok? I can't seem to remember - he looked so, so - "

"So pathetic? So weak? So helpless? Why should you care? When's the last time his cock was hard for you? When has he shown even the slightest hint of concern while you fucked and sucked your way through endless gangs of bikers? He doesn't care about you, Barbie. He

probably never has."

Stacey's words triggered a procession of mental images. They returned slowly, painfully, in sequence, like the turning of pages in a worn book read by flickering candlelight -

...his erection as it jutted, pink and hard from the open robe...

...the short, powerful jets of his semen, frozen in flashes of harsh strobelight as the women brought him to orgasm, again and again...

...the terrible pain as Stacey coaxed the cum from him one last time, his open palm smashed against the switch that sent the current surging through Sarah's convulsing thighs...

...the embarrassed helplessness on his face when Shayla took his gun away effortlessly, easily lifting his nearly naked body with one arm, a haughty predator taking her prey before offering it to her young...

...the way Sport had frantically sucked on Rock's gun, his cheeks hollowed out, head pumping up and down, terrified that Rock would shoot him, willing to give his gun a blow job to live...

...the gun's muzzle torn from his mouth at the last second - the sudden vicious blow to his head, blood spurting into the falling rain as the steel butt sliced through hair and scalp...

...his drenched, pale body falling lifelessly backward into the darkness of the yawning pit...

At the same time, Stacey's relentless words, pushing and prodding

Sarah to relive the worst of that night and to accept and gloat over Sport's impotence and defeat, drove her on.

She closed her eyes, no longer able to look at the reflection of what she was becoming, but the flashes of recollection only became clearer. With the memories, Sarah found that she had reluctantly accepted her betrayal. Then Stacey's lips were on hers, pressing softly, until Sarah yielded to her invading kiss. She felt Stacey's hand brush her inner thigh, then settle along the smooth slit between her legs. Distorted images assaulted her, now in random order - a frail white body, barely visible at the bottom of a dark, murky pit; thick jets of cum in slow motion, pumping endlessly from a grotesquely misshapen penis; a sea of mocking faces, captured second by second in flash after flash of brilliant white light; his face, caught half-way between grimace and grin, his cock buried in Stacey's ass; her own nude body, hips thrust forward, nipples burning, as she surrendered to the flow of current that rose from calf to thigh, then finally into her wet, open hole, warming, then boiling the juices that flowed from her.

She shuddered slightly, hesitated, then collapsed, moaning and whimpering into Stacey's embrace.

"That wasn't so bad, was it, Barbie? I told you we have a lot in common."

Stacey's cutesy smile did not reach her eyes.

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The drive to work was a long one for Sarah. Stacey lectured her as she drove the red Escort through the usual early morning rush. Sarah sat in the passenger seat, afraid to look out the window for fear that

someone she knew might see them together. She tugged constantly at the tiny skirt, finding it nearly impossible to keep it below the transparent, white panties that Stacey had given her to wear.

"First, a few Barbie basics. Let's start with something simple, like how to walk. No slouching, and stop walking like a man. Hold your head up, shoulders back; stick those new tits out like you're proud of them. Remember, the first parts of you to enter a room are your nipples. When you walk, cross those legs a bit; put one foot directly in front of the other so your hips sway like, well, like the office bimbo. I've seen Hank watch your ass every time you leave his office - now leave him with something he'll remember. And by the way, you're much too aloof when he hands you a compliment. I want you to smile and look into his eyes - and every man's eyes for that matter - like he's the most fascinating creature you've ever met."

"But Stacey, Hank's an arrogant lech. He's my only competition for partner. He'll think I'm coming on to him!"

"Oh come on Barbie, it won't hurt you to be nice to the guy. In fact, I insist. You do want to know what's happened to that loser husband of yours, don't you? And I don't imagine leaving a copy of your little video from last night on Mr. Burgess' desk would help your career at all. Get my point?"

Last night's distant memories resurfaced and, once again, startled Sarah with their sudden clarity. Until now, she had forgotten the glimpses of Stacey with video camera in hand, capturing her slutty performance, and the threat of exposure stunned Sarah. All composure lost, Sarah decided to humor Stacey, whatever it took, for the time being.

"Now Barbie, when you talk to a man, don't look him in the face for more than five seconds without glancing down at his cock. They love that. Play with your hair a bit. Lick your lips. If I don't see Hank with a hard-on before the day is over, the video goes to Mr. Burgess. I don't care how you do it, but you better find a way by 5:00. Understand?"

"But he'll expect me to - "

"To fuck him? Sure he will. But you won't. You have to learn how to be Cock-Tease Barbie first. And you have a lot to learn, so absolutely no sex. Now, who are you today?"

"I'm Cock-Tease Barbie."

"And who's cock are you going to tease all day today?"

"I'm going to tease Hank's big cock and give him an erection all day."

Stacey started to giggle.

"Barbie, you can be such an airhead. Bimbos like you give guys hard-ons, not an erections. Now try again."

"I'm going to tease Hank's big cock," Sarah repeated nearly in tears, "and give him a hard-on all day."

Stacey nodded at Sarah's "improvement." Sarah's sigh of relief made Stacey chuckle as she parked the car as far away from the building as possible. Sarah understood all too well. She would have to walk the hundred yards with Stacey by her side. Everyone would see them together. They would see her new clothes and her new look and her new

walk. She would have to be Barbie for the rest of the day.

Stacey stopped her as she began to open the car door.

"Wait Barbie. I have a welcome-back present for you. It's in the glove-box."

Sarah opened the plastic panel and retrieved the present, wrapped in pink paper with a small silver bow.

"Open it, Barbie. Welcome back!"

Reluctantly she peeled back the wrapping to find six boxes of assorted condoms. She cringed as they fell into her lap, then looked at Stacey with a puzzled expression. She had promised, no sex.

Stacey grinned, then laughed out loud at the look on Sarah's face.

"They're a fashion accessory, Barbie. Part of the Cock-Tease Barbie set. Put them in your purse. Aren't they pretty?"

"Yes, they're very pretty. I'll put them in my purse now."

Stacey helped her tear the multi-colored strips into single packets, then watched as Sarah stuffed the tiny purse with them.

"Ok Barbie, ready for your first day back?"

"Yes Stacey, I guess so."

"Oh, one more thing before we go in. How about a kiss for your new girlfriend?"

Stacy placed her hand behind Sarah's neck and pulled her close. The lot was teeming with people. Sarah recognized many of them as they passed the car, now heading for her building, her floor. She resisted at first, then gave up and welcomed Stacey's tongue into her mouth. She spread her legs without thinking as Stacey's hand trailed over her exposed thighs, then up over the plump, fleshy lips of her cunt. She closed her eyes and let a quiet moan escape as Stacey found the stiff, slippery nub and rolled it between her thumb and finger.

Then, just as Sarah's hips began to rock, her flat belly tightening with each thrust, Stacey leaned on the steering wheel, sounding a long blast from the car's horn. Sarah tried to pull away, but Stacey held her by the neck, forcing her tongue deeper into her mouth. Out of the corner of her eye, Sarah noticed a group of passing women stop and stare, hands covering their mouths; then shaking their heads with disgust, they continued on toward the office building. One of the women glanced back over her shoulder just as Stacey pulled Sarah on top of her, holding her by the hair as she sucked at her open mouth. Sarah struggled, now horrified, as she saw Mr. Burgess' executive secretary turn away to rejoin her co-workers.

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The morning was a total loss. Sorting through the pile of work that had accumulated while she was gone was bad enough, but Stacey made things worse with her constant visits. When she wasn't sitting on Sarah's desk chatting, she flitted in and out of the office, leaving another carefully printed note with each pass. Each small, yellow, adhesive-backed slip of paper contained a short request or errand that Sarah was required to complete before the day's end. By noon there were a half-dozen clinging to her desktop, with only her lunch hour to

see to them all.

She sat behind her desk all morning, trying her best not to be seen in the tiny skirt. Hank's interest in her new look was inevitable. His eyes seemed riveted on the shameless display of nipples under the snug blouse. Stacey watched her constantly, making sure her eyes dropped to his crotch as she appeared to welcome his crude compliments. Stacey prompted her from a safe distance, stroking her hair, wetting her lips, always there to remind Sarah that Hank's hard-on was her first priority. It was embarrassing at first, but became easier as she learned the routine. Inside, a burgeoning Barbie was even excited by it. He obviously wanted her, and his attention filled an emptiness she had forgotten existed. Had she ever realized the empty spot had existed? Did other women feel this way too? Or was Stacey right?

Hank stopped by her office again at noon and offered to take her to lunch. She nervously declined, using Stacey's errands as an excuse.

"C'mon Sarah. I'll give you a lift. Stacey said you two rode together today, so you don't have a car anyway. I'll be happy to do it."

Stacey appeared in the doorway, smiling and nodding, waving good-bye with the video cassette she was holding. Helpless, Sarah twirled a short strand of platinum hair, looked longingly at Hank's crotch and accepted with her best "I can't wait to suck your cock" smile.

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Stacey's errands took hours to complete. It wasn't that Hank's car wasn't comfortable; it fit Hank perfectly. The late model Lincoln floated over bumps and potholes without acknowledging them, leaning and swaying as it lumbered around turns that Sarah's BMW would have eagerly

challenged at twice the speed. Inside, Sarah found more than enough room to stretch her bare legs, allowing the tiny skirt to ride up just enough to show Hank a glimpse of the thin white panties and the contour of the long, deep slit beneath them.

At each stop, Hank strolled beside her, grinning, as a constant parade of men eyed him with envy. Often, he would drop back a few steps just to watch Sarah walk. She did her best to follow Stacey's instructions. Was Stacey following her? Checking to see if Barbie did as she was told? Crossing her long legs as her hips swayed suggestively, Sarah noticed the oncoming men's looks too, and after a while found that exaggerating the motion got her even longer stares. She tossed one thigh over the other, hips bobbing, soon not caring that the tiny skirt gathered at the very top of her bare thighs. She was both bewildered and humiliated that some dark part of her psyche enjoyed the gawking attention.

Stacey's list was an odd mix of mundane and mortifying tasks. A trip to the dry-cleaners to collect Stacey's clothes was followed by a visit to an exclusive shoe store across town. She was to purchase three pairs of the highest heels she could find, in black, white, and of course, pink. The young college student that waited on her spent almost thirty minutes with his face a few feet from her tiny panties. Her skirt was nearly waist-high as she sat in the low chair. She allowed him to slide her feet into pair after pair of outrageous shoes until he found a perfect fit. She caught him staring more than once, and after the third or fourth time hoped the dampness between her legs had not yet stained the thin material stretched over her gaping slit. By the time he was finished, the boy had a raging erection. He looked up at her with a knowing smile, and she gasped suddenly when he stroked the back of her calf. A quick glance at Hank told her he was not at all amused.

They spent another thirty minutes finding each carefully described item on Stacey's grocery list, then another fifteen minutes in the checkout line. The clerk at the adjacent liquor store was wide-eyed as Sarah unloaded a cart full of bottles onto the counter by the register. Stacey's list had included enough liquor to open her own bar. Hank watched without a word as she checked the list again and paid the \$1000 total with her credit card. A handful of condoms fell from her purse as she presented the card. She smiled coyly at the clerk and left them behind.

"Um, having a party, Sarah?" Hank asked with a grin.

She licked her pink lips, stroked her hair, glanced down at his cock, and asked him to help her to the car with the booze. She made sure to brush by him as he held the door for her. As her breasts moved lightly across his shirt she moved her hips forward, just grazing the front of his pants. He was hard as a rock.

It was almost 2:30 when they found time for lunch. Hank sweated and leered at her as he inhaled a huge sandwich and drank his second beer. Sarah ordered per Stacey's instructions - a small salad and three Manhattans. She rarely drank, and by the time they finished it was all she could do to stay on her feet.

The last stop required a drive to the south side of the city. Once there, Hank parked the car and followed her into one of the many sex shops crowded side-by-side along the narrow street. He stared in wonder at the assortment of bondage paraphernalia displayed on shelf after shelf. He followed Sarah, his mouth agape as he passed under a canopy of leather harnesses and restraints that hung ominously from the ceiling.

Sarah approached the clerk and tried to read Stacey's list, but the alcohol had her mind reeling. She gave up and handed the list to the old man, remembering to smile and stare at his crotch as she asked for his help. They waited at the counter as he shuffled about the cramped shop filling several well-worn grocery bags with merchandise. Sarah felt some relief as she noticed that much of it was obviously not intended for her. Hank winced as he watched the bags filled with unfamiliar but frightening items - "cock rings", "ball-stretchers", "butt plugs", and an varied array of leather goods made to bind and torture male genitalia in ways he could have never imagined. Sarah smiled at Hank, lowered her eyes to his cock, licked her lips, and even ran her hand lightly over her right breast beneath the pink silk, but to her chagrin, his erection was gone.

It was after 4:00 when they returned to work. Hank helped her carry the bags and cartons to her office, then quickly retreated to try to recover what was left of the afternoon. Stacey had watched them get off the elevator. She stood with two of the other secretaries, all of them giggling as Stacey whispered to them. She appeared in Sarah's doorway seconds after Hank's hasty exit.

"Where have you two been, Barbie? Mr. Burgess has been looking for you all afternoon - something about some figures he needs by the end of the day. I hope you had a good time. Did you get all my stuff?"

Sarah stared at her, boiling beneath a fragile exterior.

"Yes, Stacey. I found everything," she answered icily.

"Well, I didn't see Hank wearing a big hard cock when he left your office. Were you nice to him, Barbie?"

"Yes, Stacey. I was very nice to him. And for the record, he had an erection, I mean ... a hard-on, almost all afternoon. It seems he was a little squeamish after our last stop. But of course, you knew that, right?"

"Now Barbie, don't blame me if you couldn't get him hard. You didn't have much luck with your husband either, did you? I don't think you're trying. Be creative. Be sexy. Be Barbie. You have less than an hour. See ya!"

What could she do? Work was out of the question. The drinks from her late lunch made it impossible to concentrate. Anger and fear overwhelmed her as she sat behind the desk that hid her bare, trembling thighs. A large tear formed at the corner of each eye, threatening to combine with a second, then spill over her cheeks, carrying dark streaks of eyeliner with them. Then, she knew what she had to do. Barbie knew.

She worked the sheer panties over her hips and let them slide down her legs, leaving them on the carpet under her desk. At 4:45 she was leaning against Hank's open door, leering at him, asking for his help. By 4:50 he was standing in her office again, watching her from behind as she tried to lift one of the cartons of liquor from the floor to her desk. The skirt rose over her ass as she bent at the waist, giving Hank an inviting view of her pouting cunt. Just as Betty had trained her, Sarah began to work her cunt open and closed, inviting her penetration. She froze for a few seconds, then looked back at him and grinned. Hank stepped up behind her quickly, his hand cupped between her spread legs. She could feel a finger worm its way into her, stroking and rubbing the length of her watery slit. She studied his reflection in the mirrored wall that faced them. She was still

repelled by his familiar smirk, the red, puffy cheeks, and drooping eyelids. So why did it feel so good? Why did she want him to slide two fingers, then three, or finally his entire hand inside her? She arched her back, opening her cunt to him, wanting not only his hard-on, but a thick, long cock that could fill her to her limit, a cock that could stretch her painfully, pound relentlessly into her until the hot cum flowed from her like a fountain.

Just as Hank pulled his cock through the open zipper of his slacks, Stacey burst through the door with her usual exuberance.

"Hi, guys! What's up? Whooops, it looks like Hank's up! Sorry big guy, but we've gotta go! C'mon Barbie, you two can play tomorrow."

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Sarah was shaking, trying to keep her legs together in the small Escort. Stacey gently stroked her thighs with her long nails.

"Are you still horny, Barbie?"

Sarah groaned. She couldn't believe the display she had made of herself ... and with Hank of all people. He would tell all of his sexist bastard friends at work. She wanted to finger herself, plunge her hand right into her cunt and bring herself off. But Stacey had said No Sex.

"Yes, Stacey, I'm still horny."

"Who's horny? And let's hear some details."

Sarah burned beet-red.

"Cock-Tease Barbie is horny. She spent all day teasing Hank's cock. Hank had his finger in her hot pussy. Barbie wanted him to fuck her hard but Barbie is not allowed to have sex with Hank, just tease his cock."

"That's right. You're just a cock-tease for now. Later, when you're so horny that all you can think about all day is big cocks, when you stare at guys' cocks all the time and look up at their eyes every minute or so, when you wiggle your ass because you want some guy to bend you over a desk and fuck you, maybe then we can start on a new Barbie game. Meanwhile, you just work on your lessons."

Sarah sat sullenly.

"Now pay attention because this is going to be hard for an airhead like you to understand," Stacey taunted. "You see, the reason you love to tease cock is because guys' cocks get so hard. And you love to stare at guys' hard cocks because then you can see who has the biggest cock. See, you don't want to fuck a guy with a dinky cock. You want a really big one, a cock that rips your cunt up bad. Only really big cocks can make you cum, so you need to keep getting guys' cocks hard until you find one big enough to fuck you."

Slowly, Stacey's hidden message dawned on Sarah. Stacey wanted her to make a display of herself with every guy at work until she found the one with the biggest cock. In the meantime, Stacey planned to keep her on sexual edge, increasingly frustrated and begging for release.

Sarah remembered the first cock that had made such a lasting impression on her, a cock bigger and thicker than any she had ever seen. Rigid, powerful, throbbing with an intricate network of branching veins, its

image, disembodied, looming enticingly in her mind's eye, refused to leave her. She could almost feel the head of it prying her open, stretching and filling her in a way she had never known. What was it Rock had said to her when she had surrendered to him, lost in an orgasm so intense she would have sacrificed everything for a few more seconds of it?

"You've always been a fucktoy, Sarah, always hungry for a bigger cock, never really satisfied with a puny one. I can see it in your eyes. Let yourself cum, Sarah. It's what you want. It's what you've always wanted."

She could still see his eyes, dancing with flickering orange highlights from the fire behind them. They faded, now replaced with a familiar set of eyes - eyes filled with pain and weakness, pleading with her to reject the warm, thick shaft that filled her, to abandon that which gave her more pleasure than she could ever have imagined. She shivered as Stacey's nails traveled up along her inner thigh. It was the first time she felt pity as she gazed into her husband's eyes.

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In the weeks that followed, Sarah found each day more frustrating than the last. Stacey never left her alone for more than a few minutes at a time. The lunch-hour errands Stacey required of her became a daily ritual, and since Stacey always drove them to work, she had to ask one man after another at the office for transportation.

The outfits Stacey chose for her became more outrageous each day, so she usually had no trouble attracting a different "date" for every lunchtime outing. There was always a opportunity to prance and wiggle in front of them, and if that didn't work, a few extra buttons undone

on an already revealing blouse, or the promising offering of her shaved pussy as she bent to recover a dropped condom from her purse always made them hard.

Almost without realizing it, she became fascinated with the variety of cock sizes and shapes. She marveled at how some of the largest men's pants barely bulged at all, while a few slender, quiet types she would have never looked at twice were excitingly impressive. She began to collect business cards from each of them, scribbling a guess at the size of his hard-on on the back of it when she returned. She arranged the cards in neat rows on her desktop, sorted from biggest cock to smallest. Each afternoon when she returned, she re-sorted them based on another observation, or when she added a new card. She could never quite decide who was the biggest. Even when she thought she knew, she daydreamed about finding the next cock, one that would be a little longer, or just slightly thicker.

She became the office joke, "a real bimbo" as more than a few of the women muttered when Sarah pranced through the office. Worse yet, there never seemed to any time for work. The long lunches, the three-Manhattan-buzz afterward, and her growing obsession with finding a bigger cock kept her mind occupied the entire day.

Then, just when she thought things couldn't get worse, and her days became frighteningly routine, Stacey would find a new and sadistically clever way to humiliate her. The nights were often worse than her days. Stacey toyed with her, kept her on edge for hours while they watched X-rated videos of guys with enormous cocks. One horrible trick that Stacy loved drove Sarah crazy. Stacey would slowly work a long slim dildo into Sarah's aching cunt, and then do nothing at all with it. Stacy would play with her nipples and clit, but that hard rod in her cunt was there to torment her. Just when Sarah was nearing a

tremendous orgasm, Stacy would pull the fake cock out and leave Sarah hanging.

Three weeks after Sarah's return to work, Stacey was waiting in her office when she stumbled in after what now was a four-drink-minimum lunch. By afternoon, Sarah routinely was in a haze of drunken lust and frustration. Stacey closed the door, grinning at Sarah's unsteady gait as she made her way to her desk, wobbling in the hot-pink thigh-high boots.

"Have a nice lunch, Barbie? I see you got my groceries."

"Yes, Stacey," she answered, while juggling the overfilled bags.

"Who was it this time? Was his cock big enough?"

"It was Stu, and yes, he has a huge cock."

"You mean st-st-st-stuttering Stu? From the mailroom? Barbie, you're such a slut."

"You shouldn't make fun of him. He was nice to me. Much nicer than Hank."

"Well of course. Hank hates you, now that he's figured out that you never intended to fuck him. So, does Stu go to the top of the list?"

"Stu doesn't have business cards. But he's. . ."

"No, I guess a mailroom clerk wouldn't."

Stacey smirked as Sarah tore a page from a small notepad, folded it

until it was the size of a business card, quickly wrote a few lines, and placed it above the first row of cards on her desk.

Stacey walked behind the desk and opened the blinds covering the wall of windows. She looked out over the construction site adjacent to their building. The steel framework was already higher than their floor, and a swarm of workers in hardhats were busy erecting interior walls for the new offices.

"Oh look, Barbie! Look at all those big, strong, sweaty guys! All those cocks...I wonder how big they are? Let's find out. Wave to them, Barbie."

Sarah rose and turned toward the window. Stacey was right. It was a steamy August day, and the young workers bodies gleamed with a shiny layer of sweat. Their bare chests and thin, lean waists would have provided hours of eye-candy for any woman, but Sarah was more interested in what they carried between their legs. Her gaze lingered on the tightly stretched denim just below each shallow navel. She was barely conscious of her right hand, now waving furiously at the window.

It didn't take long for a row of the men to assemble along the nearest beam, waving and whistling back across the fifty feet that separated the buildings. Sarah's pulse quickened as she waved and smiled back at them. Unconsciously, she was bouncing on tiptoe in her platform heeled boots, setting her tits ajiggle.

"Strip Barbie. It's the only way you'll be able to tell which one has the biggest cock."

Stacey stood just out of sight, to one side of the windows. She fiddled with the radio, finally tuning it to a local pop station.

Sarah knew immediately what she was to do, and started to sway in time to the music. She ran her hands over the pink latex micro-dress, rubbing her breasts with both hands, then stretched her arms in the air over her head. The slick material worked its way up over her hips, exposing her hairless cunt as she gyrated and thrust it at the cheering men.

"The desk, Barbie. They can't see you're pussy. Get up on your desk."

Sarah glanced at Stacey and sighed. Then, as she climbed onto the large oak desk, a change came over her. She stood there looking down at the growing crowd of construction workers. She didn't see faces, only the hard, tanned torsos and the outlines of more swollen cocks than she could count. A quick tug on the large gold ring opened the zipper that ran the length of the tiny dress. A wiggle and a shrug, and she was naked, except for the flashy, pink plastic thigh-high boots. The men let out a howl that could be heard for blocks. Her dancing became wilder. She used every suggestive gesture she could remember, then made up a few of her own. Her moves became a frenzied blur. She squeezed her tits, pulled and twisted her nipples, grinned and drooled as she witnessed the men's responses. Finally, now no longer in control of her own urges, she brought both hands between her legs, plunging two fingers inside her while holding her cunt open with the other hand. She wanted, needed, the biggest cock of the bunch. But which one? Who was the biggest? There were so many. Frantically, her eyes roved the crowd.

Stacey brought her back to reality with an unexpected tug on her right boot. She held a huge cucumber, one item on the long list of produce purchased as instructed during Sarah's lunch outing.

"Show them what you really want, Barbie."

Sarah stared in horror, backing away and shaking her head.

"No, Stacey. Please, no. I can't . . . don't make me, please . . ."

Stacey just grinned, offering the massive object to her until she gave up and accepted it.

"Hold it up so they can see it, Barbie."

She raised all ten inches of it in the air, waving it for the men to see. The crowd was larger now, and exploded with cheers. She saw smaller groups of men here and there fighting for the use of a few sets of binoculars.

After more of Stacey's threats, Sarah put the end of the cuke between her legs and began to push. It felt gigantic - even bigger than she had imagined. The three-inch diameter stretched her painfully at first, but after coating a few inches of it with her juices, she was slowly able to bury nearly eight inches of it inside her grasping vagina. She watched the men watching her, imagining the hard presence inside her sprouting from one of the sweaty, naked torsos that cheered her on. Her breathing became quicker and deeper as she worked. It felt so good, so big. Her finger stroked her clit, now slippery and engorged to its full size. Stacey recognized her frequent sideways glances as desperate pleas for permission to finish it, to cum in front of her audience.

"You want to cum, don't you, Barbie?"

Sarah couldn't bring herself to say it, but her eyes gave Stacey her answer.

"Well, you've been a good Barbie today; if you tell me what you really want, I let you go ahead."

"I want ... I mean, Cock-Tease Barbie wants to cum in front of all these guys so that she'll know who has the totally biggest cock, and Barbie can go ask to fuck him."

Stacy nodded.

"Go ahead, show all the guys just what you want - if their cocks are big enough, that is."

Sarah dropped to her knees on the spacious desk. With a quick sweep of her arm she cleared the top of it, sending pens, paperclips, and stacks of unfinished paperwork flying. Then after rolling onto her back, pink-booted legs in the air, she found her hungry little clit and went to work.

The men with binoculars had the best view. Her cunt faced them, stuffed with the giant cucumber. One hand held it in place, twisting and pumping it in short rapid strokes, while the fingers of her other hand danced over her clit like an angry insect. Her legs formed a large V in the air above her, framing her hard breasts and nipples as they too pointed at the ceiling, bouncing just a little as her hips twisted and jerked.

She no longer cared that she was naked on her desk at work, masturbating for a crowd of strange men. When she closed her eyes, the best and biggest of them was inside her, his immense cock filling her, possessing her, as surely as a sturdy lance had skewered her, pinning her to the cold, hard oak. Was it one man or more than one? Many?

The face in her mind kept changing. Only the cock remained the same - huge and totally filling.

There was no warning. She came suddenly and violently. Her loud moan filled the room as one long exhalation of satisfaction. Minutes later, curtains drawn, Stacey tried to calm Sarah down and pull her back together. Sarah continued to clutch both hands against her cunt, forcing her fantasy cock deeper, mumbling incoherently. Stacey stroked her hair, planting small kisses over her face, waiting, waiting, until Sarah's words fell softly and breathlessly on her waiting ear.

"No . . . you can't have it . . . I found him . . . it's mine . . . I won't let you take it . . . mine . . . all mine . . . all mine . . ."

This time, Stacey's smile lit up her entire face.

Chapter 10

It was the kind of Sunday that Sarah and her husband would have enjoyed together not long ago. Now she lay on the large quilt beside Stacey, propped up on her elbows, watching the parade of joggers on this warm fall afternoon. Just beyond, the lake sparkled in the mid-day sun. An endless procession of lean, tan bodies circled the small lake, crowding the narrow path that ran its circumference, disappearing into the wooded park at the far end, only to reappear in the distance across the restless water.

A few blades of long, fine grass yielding to a short gust of fall air teased her ankle near the edge of the quilt. Startled, she

brushed at it, as if to send a fly or some similar pest on its way. Now distracted from her daydreams, she turned her attention to Stacey, lying on her stomach next to her. The sky-blue bikini hid little of her slim figure, glowing alabaster-white in the afternoon sun. Turning toward her, she gently touched Stacey's cheek with the back of her hand, then ran it down her neck to her shoulder where her open palm came to rest. It was now more habit than obedience. Stacey had required it of her weeks ago; the brief but intimate gesture was to precede each and every conversation. Whenever they spoke, Sarah kept in touch with Stacey's body until they were done.

Stacey's pixie face was turned toward her. She stirred under Sarah's touch, a wide, warm smile growing beneath closed eyes.

"Mmmm. Nice."

She reached out, eyes still shut, easily finding Sarah's bare leg. Still purring as though half-asleep, she explored the warmth of Sarah's inner thigh. Sarah shuddered, glancing along the path a few yards from them as Stacey's fingers lifted the thin nylon and slid inside the tiny white jogging shorts. Her hand tightened on Stacey's shoulder as she felt a finger enter her, then trace slow circles through the juices pooling between her legs.

Stacey's eyes were open now, peering up at her with teasing curiosity.

"You're sooo wet, Barbie. Did I catch you filling that empty little head with cock fantasies again?"

As usual, Sarah was distracted by the passing joggers. Half-listening to Stacey, her eyes were locked on an approaching boy, about sixteen she guessed, with an enormous erection that bobbed and wobbled as he

trotted past them. He looked down at them and smiled, then winked. Sarah was sure she was his target. She waved back, wiggling her fingers and flashing her best Barbie smile.

Flushed, Sarah looked away at the boy departing.

"I think I'll go for a run, Stace. OK?"

"Behave yourself, Barbie. No hanky-panky, and don't be too long - I'm starting to burn."

Stacey watched her prance along the water, now getting stares from everyone she passed. She had insisted that Sarah slit each leg of her tiny shorts to the waistband. In the bright sunlight her translucent tube-top revealed the twin dark circles of her stiffened nipples. Stacey found her pink visor in the clearance section of a local toy store; it bore a cartoon likeness of the ever-popular doll's pouting face just above the Barbie logo, glittering in flowery script that could well have been the signature of Barbie herself, assuming Barbie could write.

Stacey closed her eyes, again smiling with satisfaction. The past weeks had been particularly rewarding. Sarah had worked her way through all the men at the office except for Burgess himself. Each had taken his turn escorting her on daily lunch breaks, drooling at the chance to succeed where the others had failed. Those able to sustain the most impressive erections were treated to a few heart-pounding moments when Sarah would expose her shaved cunt to them, teasing them with the promise of burying their "big, thick cocks" in her hungry hole. One by one, they all failed. Sarah rejected them because Stacey demanded it. Barbie rejected them because even the biggest cocks weren't big enough.

It wasn't long before all of them despised her. Prolonged frustration followed by wounded egos, all in full view of their peers and subordinates, made her repeated rejections especially humiliating.

When they no longer spoke to Sarah, they began to take out their anger on the nearest female. Secretaries, co-workers, clients - none of the women escaped the wrath of Barbie's handiwork.

And of course, the women hated her as well. They had a headstart. Their aversion to Sarah began the first day Barbie entered the office.

Watching the men fawn over her like school-boys in heat didn't help, and now further abuse from those same vengeful "bags of testosterone" had the women fuming. Soon they turned on each other. Petty disagreements escalated to heated shouting matches followed by periods of sulking while each plotted her own special revenge. The office was in turmoil. Stacey stood in the midst of it, feigning a shared dismay at Sarah's disgraceful conduct, savoring each minute of the chaos she had so successfully orchestrated.

Even Stu had abandoned her. On their second outing, no longer able to resist the magnificent arch of meat straining at the front of his slacks, she placed a hand in his lap as he drove. His cock seemed to go on forever. It throbbed in her hand as she milked the entire length of it, searching for the tip, guessing its length and girth. God, it was sooo entirely huge! She had to have it. Sarah was dripping wet. But he had stopped her when she went for his zipper, desperate to free her long awaited trophy. "P-p-please d-d-don't, Sarah," he had managed with a worried glance. "I'm m-m-married - m-m-y wife - I just c-c-can't." Sarah was stunned. Stacey made things worse when Sarah confided in her later that day.

"I don't understand, Stacey. Why didn't he want me? Any of the others would have jumped at the chance, married or not."

"Barbie, you poor stupid little thing. Don't you get it? What do I have to do to make you understand? Repeat after me, 'Gee, I guess I'm too dumb to get it.' Then, ask me to explain it to you."

"Gee, Stacey, ...uhmm, I guess I'm ...like, so dumb," Sarah stammered, "I mean, too dumb. Could you ... you know, tell me why Stu didn't let me suck his big cock?"

"I'll say this really slow so that even you can understand. Guys with really big cocks only want to fuck the best Barbies, the drop-dead gorgeous ones."

Pulling her in front of the mirrored wall next to her desk, Stacey continued to explain while Sarah looked hesitantly at her reflection.

"Big-cocked guys only fuck Barbies with massive, hard tits and nipples. They only put their cocks inside Barbies with tiny waists and long, thin Barbie thighs with that little space between them that screams 'Fuck me till I cum!' Just look at yourself. You're just not a Big-Cock-Barbie. You're more Hank's type."

Sarah stared into the mirror at what she had become. The hot pink leotard fit her like a glove from neck to ankles. She pulled her shoulders back, forcing the short, white bolero jacket open as her breasts thrust forward against it. Even wearing the heavy, white, platform boots, she saw no daylight between her slim thighs. And she had always wished that her waist was a little longer, a bit more slender.

So she dieted - and exercised - half-heartedly at first, then religiously. Stacey was ecstatic each time Sarah asked to go to the gym, or grunted her way through another exercise set on the apartment floor. When she picked at a salad each night instead of sharing Stacey's deluxe pizza or Chinese take-out, Stacey made a big fuss. Sarah lingered over the details of how she might look in the full-length mirror after one more day of salads and aerobics. She spent hours imagining each new line and curve, each subtle improvement that may lead her to a cock worthy of her attention. 'Pretty soon, those guys with really big cocks will want me. I'll be so hot that the biggest cocks will fight over me.' For Sarah, believing that had not only become a religion for her, it was salvation.

But Stacey's favorite pastime was watching Sarah before bed as she posed in front of the mirror. Naked, on tiptoe, she cupped her breasts with both hands, trying unsuccessfully to make them appear larger and harder than the night before. Then, still stretching, up on the balls of her feet, heels together, she would carefully place a hand between her legs, checking for a space wide enough to allow a single, narrow finger to bridge the widening gap. Best of all was watching Sarah's disappointment return, the increasing dissatisfaction with her body, her developing fantasies of the body she might have that would be irresistible, that definitely would command every cock in sight.

Still, even after her best efforts, Sarah remained an outcast at work. Now her only lunch-time companions were the young construction workers outside her office window. Following up on her desk-top dancing sessions, Sarah would mince and wiggle across the street. She never grew tired of sampling them, eagerly climbing aboard one rusty pick-up truck after another, obsessed with finding a new cock bigger than the last. None of them objected to her hand in his lap, or to her skillful

attempts in her quest to bring his cock to its fullest glory. She rewarded those with the biggest cocks by masturbating them as they drove. She was fascinated with the way a cock seemed to surge a bit in size just before eruption. Without realizing it, Sarah had come to love the moment a big, fat cock spewed its thick contents at her. Not sure whether a hand-job counted as the sex Stacey had forbidden, never touching her own steaming cunt, Sarah took no chances, consuming the evidence of her research with enthusiastic licks and slurps.

Today, for the first time, Stacey saw Sarah's obsession spill over into the weekend. In the past, a day away from the office chased Barbie back into the shadows. Even the slightest retreat allowed the familiar hint of regret and humiliation to show in Sarah's eyes, and Stacey would have to resort to an especially embarrassing punishment. Last Sunday she had Sarah loosen the string of her bikini top as she finished the last half of her final lap. Stacey had laughed hysterically as the top fluttered to the ground, Sarah's bare breasts bouncing, legs pumping madly while she fought to make it back to the safety of her towel. Sarah could feel the burning stares of the other runners, but Stacey was quick to remind her that only the men with the smallest dicks looked for more than a second or two. Retrieving her top was worse. Stacey had her go after it when the path was the most crowded. A few of the men stared, but she couldn't avoid the women's vicious insults of "stupid slut" and "blonde bimbo".

But today was a milestone. Sarah's eyes darted from crotch to crotch, sizing each thinly concealed prick, making mental notes of which was the biggest and thickest. She flirted with many of them, and was rewarded with a few unmistakable hard-ons that poked embarrassingly at the front of their jogging shorts.

Stacey watched with amusement as Sarah made the turn that headed her

back to their blanket. The pink sneakers cycled up and down as the practiced prance carried her slowly on her way. Soon she collapsed next to Stacey, breathing hard, but smiling brightly. Stacey grinned back in wonder, her eyes drifting lower, away from Sarah's face. Beaming with pride and exhilaration, she decided not to even mention the thin string of semen that arced shimmering and thread-like over Sarah's right shoulder.

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"Pleeeeeease? Oh, please, please, please?"

Sarah held Stacey lightly by the shoulders, then moved both hands up to cup her face, stroking her neck along the way. Stacey stood a foot away, bracing herself against Sarah's whining. She despised the grating sound, even if it did come from a Barbie.

Word came on Monday morning that the firm's potential new client would arrive later in the week for final negotiations. Success would mean a promotion to partner for the employee able to demonstrate an image aggressive and creative enough to close the deal.

Sarah continued to beg and whine, hopeful that Stacey would let her dress for the occasion. She met the conservative Japanese executives on their last visit and had charmed them with her no-nonsense air and easy smile. She cringed at the thought of having to greet them dressed in flaming pink spandex. Was a navy business suit too much to ask, for just two days?

Suddenly, eyes glittering, Stacey gave in.

"Oh, alright, Barbie - if it means that much to you. But it won't

matter. Clothes may make the man, but they won't give a Barbie Bimbo the sense to come in out of the rain."

"Oh, thank-you, thank-you, thank-you, Stacey!"

Sarah took her in her arms, bouncing up and down on tiptoe, continuing to thank her like a small child allowed to stay up past her bedtime. Stacey rolled her eyes, now thankful she had closed the door to Sarah's office.

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Sarah felt like her old self again. She strutted through the office, smug as ever in the sleek Liz Claiborne suit, now confident she could recover any ground lost over the past month and reclaim her career. The morning passed too quickly as she reviewed the lengthy contract, but by noon she was buoyed by increasing optimism. The image in her office mirror was a welcome one for a change. The suit fit as though it was made for her - the jacket square shouldered, narrowing to a long slim waist, the dark skirt flirting with a few inches of thigh above well-sculpted lines of knee and calf. But the picture wasn't perfect. Stacey had insisted on the six-inch heels, although she did allow a matching color. Her platinum hair lay flat and shining along her face, now curled under as it followed the line of her jaw. The jacket bulged at the front, her new breasts tight against the tailored silk blouse. Stacey was right. Barbie was still underneath somewhere, straining to get out. Her only hope was that the bit of Barbie that showed might appeal to the men, giving her an advantage.

"They'll see right through it. You know that, don't you?"

Sarah turned from her reflection, meeting Stacey's stare with an angry

one of her own.

"You can dress the Barbie up in fancy clothes, but you can't disguise an empty head. Do you really think they'll listen to you for more than a few seconds? Every time you open your mouth, all they'll be thinking about is how fuckable you are. But I'll have to admit I agree with them. You're so cute, trying to dress like a respectable business woman..."

Stacey crossed the room and put both arms around her waist. She brought her face to within an inch of Sarah's, gazing deeply into her eyes, then looked down at the rigid mounds now crushed against her own modest breasts. Sarah eyed the open door warily, but knew better than to object to Stacey's advances at a time when she needed to stay on her good side. Her hand found Sarah's breast and palmed it, feeling the rising nipple through blouse and bra. Her voice was a raspy whisper.

"Mmmm. I could just slip this off you and suck on these for hours. Bet I could make you cum. Don't you think I could make you cum just by sucking on your tits?"

"Please, Stacey. Not today, not now."

"But why not, my little fucktoy? Don't you want to play with me? Don't you love me anymore? I could make you lose the blouse for your precious meeting - let you show the nice men more titty than you planned. This jacket wouldn't hide much."

Stacey plucked at the buttons. She opened one, then another, and finally a third, slowly parting the fabric to expose the inner third of both firm spheres.

In the outer office two women stood and chatted directly in Sarah's line of sight. Both noticed her at nearly the same time, and sneered with disgust at Stacey's body, now pressed tightly against hers.

"I-I love you, Stace. But they're watching us! Please, any other day, Stacey, just not today? I'll make it up to you. OK?"

Exasperated, Stacey dropped her arms with an exaggerated sigh.

"Oh, alright Barbie. Go to your silly little meeting. But first, could you do me a really, really big favor?"

Stacey held the yellow square of paper at arm's length. The edge stuck to her outstretched finger, the list of finely written items barely legible from three feet away.

Sarah felt her world caving in about her. As hard as she tried, as desperately as she struggled for what little control Stacey had not yet seized, a tear began to grow at the corner of her eye.

"Pleeease. The meeting's in an hour! I'll never get back in time! You promised! You can't do this to me!"

"Come on, Barbie. It's just a few simple things from that gourmet shop we love so much. I wanted to fix you a nice dinner tonight. You're not going to be ungrateful, are you? You'll have plenty of time if you leave now. Be a good Barbie. Bye-bye!"

By 12:05 Sarah was making her way as fast as she could in the six-inch heels to the nearby construction site. She knew better than to ask any of the men in the office for a ride these days, and besides, they were all busy preparing for the meeting.

They didn't recognize her at first. Pink was her color. But that didn't stop them from staring slack-jawed at the slim young woman approaching them. She marched quickly across the makeshift ramps of wood as if she knew her way, calf muscles flexing beneath six inches of exposed ivory thigh. Then, when she came close enough to count the sparkling beads of sweat racing into waists of their jeans, pooling, she knew, in the spaces made between swollen cocks and straining zippers, she heard her name passed from one man to another.

There was little time to waste. She wiggled her tits, bounced up and down on her toes, and waved her best Barbie wave.

"Hey, guys! Like, can anybody give me a ride? Pleeese?"

A tap on the shoulder startled her. She turned awkwardly, almost falling off the plywood into the deeply rutted mud. Jared stood there grinning, hands on his hips, watching her as the plywood shifted beneath her heels. By now he was her favorite. For a week she sat beside him in his Jeep, smitten by his gray eyes, crooked smile, and perpetually hard, monstrous cock. He was mysteriously quiet from the start, deep she thought. He hadn't flinched the first time she stroked him through his jeans. Then, later, when she routinely freed the log of warm flesh from his pants, he would keep his eyes on the road and grin while she caressed the mushroom-shaped head with her fingertips. It was only after he sensed her pleading eyes on him that he came, covering her hands with a surging river, thick and white. Try as she might, she never seemed able to make him cum until he was ready, after he saw her beg.

Two younger boys hung back, a yard behind on either side. Bared to the tops of their faded cutoffs, they gawked and elbowed each other,

peering from behind Jared's sturdy frame.

"Oh Jared, I'm sooo glad to see you! I'm really, really late and I need a ride downtown to that gourmet shop, you remember the one. Can you take me, now, pleeease?"

The two boys chuckled at her choice of words, and edged closer. Jared smiled his crooked smile and took her hand, helping Sarah off the plywood toward the parking lot at the back of the site. He held her hand firmly as they walked, even after they reached the fine gravel where the footing was better. She felt comfortable, protected, just as she had with her husband when they first met. She tried to remember when those feelings had left her, but it hadn't happened in an instant, or even a day or a week. She felt safe in the warmth of Jared's large, callused hand, and, clinging to those few seductive minutes, put her shoulder against his bare arm, never once lowering her eyes to his crotch.

The white van sat at the back of the lot, parked well away from the row of resting dumptrucks and dozers, their job now nearly done. Jared stopped next to the faded blue lettering on the side door.

"Mine's in the garage today. We'll have to take the van. Mind if the boys tag along?"

He unlatched the door, leaning hard against it, sliding it open with a sudden shove. Before she could answer, she was pushed inside followed by Jared and the boys. The door slammed shut taking daylight with it. The van was filled with mover's quilts and plastic tarps, now more visible as her eyes grew accustomed to the dim interior. The sweltering heat robbed her of her breath as she struggled, now tangled in the heavy padding. She was finally on her knees. Then came the

sudden burning over her scalp as strong hands grasped her hair, snapping her head backward with a vicious yank.

Jared crouched between her and the windshield. He was a dark silhouette now, without gray eyes or crooked smile. She felt his powerful hands at the sides of her face, then a rough thumb traveling over it, finally forcing it's way into her mouth. His friends held her from behind, one by the hair, the other wrapping her wrists tightly with a strip of cloth.

"What's the matter, Barbie? Not in a party mood? You probably thought I'd be satisfied to let you play with my cock for as long as you like, then wiggle your ass on over to the next guy when you get bored. I've seen your type before. The respectable business woman decides she needs a few jollies, so she goes slumming - thinks it's so cool to go after some real cock for a change instead of that needle-dicked preppie crowd she cuddles up to while she's on the clock. Only you don't fuck us, do you Barbie? You save the pussy for your lawyers and CEOs. What do you think about when they're humping away on that fine little body? The money? Does the money make you cum? Do you see green when you close your eyes and grit your teeth, waiting to slide out from under those pasty momma's boys after they whack off inside you? Well, bitch, do you?"

"Please, please, Jared. You're scaring me. It's not like that, not at all! I want to, I want to so much. You don't know how much I've wanted you. But I can't. I can't explain right now, but I just can't!"

"I think you can. I think it's time you lived out your little fantasy, Barbie. I think it's time you get what you've wanted all along."

His prick was even larger than she remembered, now just inches from her face. He pushed the slick tip against her lips. She welcomed the musky flavor, sealing her mouth firmly around the shaft as it edged forward. Now she wanted nothing more than to show him how hungry she was for him, to devour him with the skills learned from taking hundreds of cocks in her mouth. But her best efforts were useless. The boys held her tightly from behind while Jared clamped her head between his huge hands. She was helpless, unable to move or show her willingness to give in to him. He stabbed roughly at her open mouth, never stopping or allowing her to rest. She lashed at the head with her tongue, then worked it along the heavy ridge on the underside, drooling long strings of saliva down her chin, onto the silk blouse. All feeling drained from her hands as the tightly cinched cloth slowed the flow of blood at her wrists. Her knees burned as the rocking motion ground them into the floor of the van. And she was wet, wetter than she had ever been - dripping, sopping between her legs. If only she - someone - could touch her there, put a finger inside her, just enough to trigger her release. Then, with no warning, he came, filling her mouth and throat with jets of thick, white cum. In an instant, her own orgasm shook her like a jolt of current, holding her in a brief seizure, then racking her with loud moans of relief. Jared pumped his cock deeper into her, forcing the semen she couldn't swallow out of the corners of her mouth, down her chin, and onto the shoulders and front of her tailored suit.

For the next half-hour she gave in to them. Hands tied, limp and willing, she would have tolerated any perversion for a taste of the sex forbidden by Stacey for so long. The two boys took turns at her upturned ass as they bent her over a stack of padding. She heard the skirt rip as it bunched about her waist, then the sudden coolness as her panties were pulled over the tops of her thighs. It burned at first, but eventually even their brutality made her wet. She watched

Jared as they sodomized her. He milked his now flaccid cock, still nearly as large as when it filled her mouth. Slowly, his erection returned, almost as if she had willed it back to its jutting, rigid state.

The boys finished quickly, each of them filling her bowels with a load of sticky spunk. It leaked from her slowly as they turned her onto her back, cooling as it settled in small puddles over the dark skirt. Jared appeared between her legs. Her gaze was fixed on his renewed erection as he hovered over her. It was so huge, so potent, so beautiful. The boys held her ankles, spreading her legs until she cried out in pain. Then, Jared was inside her. He filled her suddenly, in a single, swift thrust. She gasped, tilting her hips into him instinctively. She struggled to free her hands, still bound behind her back. She wanted to stroke his chest, run her hands along his strong arms, explore the rows sharp ridges that crossed his belly. She begged him to free her, promising him anything and everything if he would only allow her to show him how much she wanted him.

Instead, Jared's hand closed around her throat as the boys gripped her legs, spreading them painfully until her struggling ceased. Jared's grip tightened until she could no longer speak or moan. Yet, the pressure around her neck was strangely exciting. It made her small and helpless in his firm grasp - impaled on his raging prick, her very breath controlled by a single powerful hand. She was a mere receptacle, weak and willing, controlled by the lust-driven cravings of a savage animal.

Jared squeezed tighter. Breath became more difficult for her as his came faster and deeper. Splotches of black danced before her eyes and darkness approached from all sides. Everything she was was between her legs now, wet, throbbing, sucking, frantic for just the right touch

that would bring boiling throes relief to her fragile body. She could sense it a long way off, building like a tsunami, now closer, closer...

Suddenly, a maddening emptiness between her legs, then a dizzy rush as she was lifted by the back of the neck to face the huge head of the monster. It stung her eyes like hot rain, boiling out of his cock, running over her like molten lava, finally slowing to rest in the creases and valleys of her new suit. He laughed as he sprayed his cum over her, and she burned as her cunt twitched and flowed, searching for relief that was not to come.

They tossed her onto the gravel beside the van, never once looking back as they returned to work. Sarah tried to stand. Small, jagged stones bit into her knees when she fell. On the third try she was able to walk. She staggered back across the gravel lot and the maze of planks leading to her meeting, stopping only long enough to focus on her watch through the broken crystal. She had ten minutes.

Chapter II

It was sooo weird, like she was looking through a tunnel. And it was taking way too long. She hadn't been that far from work but she always seemed turned in the wrong direction. She tried to walk faster but her six-inch heels made that really hard. People were staring at her, just openly staring. God, she must be like so dirty and everything. What had happened to her? Was she in an accident? Sarah paused to study her reflection in a store window. She was having trouble remembering where she had been. If she hadn't been able to see her office building, she wouldn't know exactly where she was. Her clothes were filthy, her skirt split up the rear to the waist. Big holes had been torn in her

stockings. Thick globs of cum still splattered her face and ran sluggishly down over her breasts. Oh God, how had she ever gotten this way? Something nagged at her, something she didn't want to think about. She had a big meeting today. Sarah looked at her broken watch. It said she was two hours late. That's just crazy; she'd never be late for a big meeting like that. After all, she was wearing her best suit. 'I can't go to the meeting looking like this. I'll sneak in through the delivery entrance and clean up first. They'll never see me and I'll look as good as new.'

She made her way across the parking lot. Hiding behind vans and larger cars, she slipped in unnoticed. No one was on duty at the delivery door. Swiping her pass card, she slipped in and quickly used the rear fire escape to get to her office. Where was Stacy? She could help! 'I don't know what to do. I can't wear these clothes.' Sarah pawed aimlessly through the pile of brightly colored spandex, hoping to find something suitable. Suddenly, she brightened and began to pluck bits and pieces from the pile.

Stacey was worried; perhaps, she had pushed too hard. After work yesterday, it had seemed such a cool idea to stop and talk with the construction guys across the street. All she had wanted to do was see how Sarah was going over, how her lunchtime shows were being received. Instead, she found out how angry they were, how much they wanted to put "Barbie" (she couldn't believe they called her that too) in her place. Stacey suggested that they show her what a good time really was. She wanted it anyway. Show her what they had. Stacey suspected something had gone wrong, very wrong. Sarah should have been back more than an hour ago. The meeting room had called three times to find out why she wasn't there. The briefing book with handouts was on the table. There just was no Sarah to go. Stacey looked out the window. Where could she be? Did she finally go to the police? Stacey hurried down the hallway.

Passing Sarah's office, something caught her eye. She stopped and went in. As quickly as she could, she turned and quietly closed the door.

"What do you think," a giggling Sarah asked. 'Oh my God, she's snapped.' On the floor, stained and tattered, the business suit lay balled-up and crumpled. Sarah was posing, hands on hips. She had found the suit Stacey had brought to work, a suit tailored to humiliate her after the meeting. Pink of course, with a little satin jacket over a mid-calf, spandex tube skirt. Patterned white stockings, platform ankled boots with seven-inch heels, a see-through white lace blouse with huge ruffles at wrist and neck, made worse by too much make-up, perfume, and jewelry.

"Aren't I like the most totally fantastic Barbie in the whole world?"

She was out of her mind, Stacey thought. They raped her. She could see smears of dirt and traces of what had to be cum in Sarah's hair. Standing back a moment, thinking it through, she saw what had happened. After the attack, when her suit was ruined and she realized she couldn't make the meeting, she, Sarah, couldn't take it, so Barbie had taken over. Barbie would go to the meeting and everyone would like her and Sarah wouldn't be a failure. It was madness, but Stacey couldn't see any other explanation.

She made a couple of exchanges in Barbie's briefing folder and sent her on her way. Frantically, she scampered for the telephone and started to make calls. Oblivious to Stacey's growing panic, giggling Barbie left and made her way to the meeting, hips swinging in the high heels, mincing in her skin-tight skirt. Along the way, the secretaries stopped and stared. 'Screw them. They're just jealous. They wish they looked as hot as I do.' Sticking her tongue out at one mean, shriveled-up old bitch, Barbie took a lollipop from her candy jar and put it in her

mouth. It tasted so good; she had no idea that she liked lollipops so much. The door to the meeting room was open so she just walked in, twirling her lolly, sucking away, hollowing her cheeks as she did.

Everyone stopped talking when she walked in. It was sooo cool. They must be totally turned on by how great she looked. Some of the other women from the office were there but they were just some stupid little jealous bitches, and screw them too. All of the guys were just staring at her, even the old farts. Stu was turning red; he was so cute. It was like totally a shame that he was married. Maybe, with just a little more time alone with him, she could get him to do her anyway. She had to be lots better looking than whatever hag he was married to.

Hank was reviewing sales numbers for Region 2. That was boring, she decided. The presentation was for the Japanese affiliates. Now, they looked like lots of fun. They were smiling and nodding. They wanted to see her, to meet her, to listen to her presentation that was going to be sooo radically better than Hopeless Hank's droning drivell.

Mr. Burgess was old but he was cute too, in a "daddy dear" sort of way. He sat at the far end of the table, folded hands resting on his copy of Hank's report. They were large, strong hands for a man his age, much like her memory of her father's when she was very young. She stared at them, until they became her daddy's hands. She recognized the same thick fingers and wide palms - powerful hands that carved a miniature zoo of her favorite animals from shapeless scraps of oak with the small, red-handled pocket-knife - warm, comforting hands that made her feel safe and protected when she was sick, or when a nightmare sent her padding down the hall to his bedside in the middle of the night. No one's hands had ever touched her in the same way, and for the first time she knew that empty space for what it was.

But now he was scowling, like her father used to do after she had her first period and her tits began to grow. Then, it was always the same: never have any fun, curfews and chaperones at the dances, all day at church, getting those droning lectures about how she had to meet a higher standard. He was a minister and with her mother dead, people were watching. Sarah had to work harder, stand taller, be better, someone to look up to, not a girlie for the boys to ogle. 'Boring old Sarah. I don't want to be her. I want to have fun. Oooh, those Japanese men want to have fun too.'

Barbie pranced over to them, her big breasts bouncing, all smiles and flirty eyes. One of them had his hand on her ass. She wiggled to give him a better feel. They were saying things she didn't understand. It was in like Japanese and she didn't speak that. So what, it didn't matter. They definitely liked her a lot. And they'd love her presentation ... 'oh my god, I have to do the presentation.'

She opened her folder and began to offer handouts. They were snatching them from her. Barbie never got to even see them. She should have brought lots more. She never knew she was so popular. Mr. Burgess was whispering furiously to someone. What was he so mad about? Barbie made her way to the end of the table and started.

"Hi," she burbled gaily, "my name is Barbie." Suddenly, Burgess was on his feet. So were Hank and Stu and all the other guys and even the women, applauding. They were cheering and laughing and applauding. Then, the Japanese were doing the same thing. Everyone was applauding and laughing. She didn't know why but she was laughing and applauding too. Which made the women laugh even more. Two of them came up to her and suggested she go outside for pictures. Okay, that sounded like fun. They told her to wave goodbye, it would be so rude if she didn't, so she did and everyone waved back, especially those nice Japanese men.

She liked them. When they got outside, Burgess came out, his face red with rage.

"Sarah, you're fired. I've never been so disappointed in anyone. I don't know what's happened to you. You used to be someone I could look up to for the future, but now ..."

Sarah had trouble focusing. What had he said, she was fired?

"Now get her out of here."

'Look up to me? More like look up my skirt.' That's what they all really wanted, what those guys across the street wanted. They wanted to watch her show off and then do things to her, nasty things, and they felt so good. The women grabbed her. Get your hands off me, she wanted to say, but only a long nasal whine came out. Roughly, they dragged her to the front door. When she tried to resist, some of the secretaries helped. Where was Stacey? She'd explain, she'd help Sarah ... Barbie, she wouldn't let them fire her.

"So Hank, what do we do?"

Hank's stock had suddenly risen with his suggestion that they trick the Japanese into thinking that Sarah had been a model done up like Barbie as a gag. The problem was there were still the Region 3 numbers to present.

"I'm not sure, Mr. Burgess, but let me try something."

Spotting Stacey starting to follow Sarah towards the front door, he called her back. Hesitating at first, she finally came to where Hank and Burgess were in conference.

"Stacey, how well do you know the Region 3 numbers," Hank asked. "Very well, I put them together," she replied.

"If the company paid, do you think you could find a sharp business suit and make the presentation right after lunch?"

Stacey swallowed. She wanted to say "yes," and Mistress Shayla should be willing to let her. "Okay," she nodded, "but with one condition; I need to make sure that Sarah gets home safe. I called someone to pick her up." Both men nodded and then Burgess came close.

"Stacey, this is very big. Come through for us, you get Sarah's job."

This wasn't hard. Take her husband, take her job, take her life... Stacey assured Burgess she could handle it. Time to ship Barbie off to camp.

Barbie was in the lobby, crying and struggling. She wasn't going to go, Stacey was coming for her. Stacey stepped in and took Sarah under the arm. Forcefully, she steered the sobbing woman to the door.

"Where are we going, Stacey?" Sarah begged. Stacey ignored her until they were in the parking lot. A dark van was pulling in at the opposite end.

"I'm going back to do your presentation, Barbie," she taunted. "They all thought you were too stupid to do it. After all, look at what you were handing out." Sarah looked at the paper that Stacey handed her. It was the handout from her presentation, the one with the graphics on revenue growth. But it was different. On this one, the rising slope for 1st quarter revenue was her bustline and the fourth quarter was her

tight rear. It was even called the "Barbie Barometer". No wonder they all were laughing at her. The van was parked, the side door opened and Stacey pushed her in.

"You're too dumb, too ugly to deserve a good job. You're just Cockteasing Barbie, not a Cockpleasing Barbie, a BigCockPleasing Barbie at that. You're just Loser Barbie."

Sarah froze, not able to grasp Stacey's sudden turn against her. Then without warning, the fragile thread severed that connected Barbie to the only remaining life she had, Sarah lashed out at Stacey, arms flailing wildly in a desperate fit of rage.

"You bitch! You fucking bitch! I thought you were my friend! I'll kill you, you little cunt! I'll - "

Just as Sarah readied herself to leap from the open door, her long, pink nails poised to tear into Stacey's smirking face, she lurched backwards into the van. Shayla crouched behind her, her strong fingers buried in Sarah's hair. When Sarah struggled harder, Shayla gave her head a vicious yank, arching her neck painfully until she went limp, still panting and hissing through clenched teeth.

Stacey slammed the door shut, and turned away. Sarah could hear her laughing. They all were laughing at her; everyone was.

Shayla's amused smile appeared over Sarah's upturned face. Her full red lips parted slightly, guiding a hot, sweet column of breath over Sarah's heavily made-up features. Sarah fought the pain, moaning with disgust while Shayla toyed with her.

"Now, my little slice of fuck-meat. Want to tell me what's wrong?"

"My job! That little bitch made me lose my job! My career, my life, it's ruined! Everything I've worked for, everything I've earned, is gone! I'll get her! I'll get all of you! Fuck you, fuck you all!

Shayla let her shattered victim babble on as she skillfully slipped the fine needle beneath the tender skin at the side of her neck. Sarah felt the wasp-like bite, followed by the numbness that began in her fingers and toes and spread across her belly and chest. As darkness engulfed her from all sides, a final shudder racked her body. Something told her that things were going to get very much worse than they ever had been.

Chapter 12

The subject was within program limits and approaching her next scheduled peak. In the control room, the thin elderly man watched her for a moment and turned away to make adjustments at the instrument panel to his left. He sighed as his eyes returned to the sleek curves of succulent flesh laid out before him, remembering a time before his own flesh bore the ravages of a life's obsession. His work was all he had now, but at times it seemed like only yesterday when things were much different...

Behavior reconstruction's greatest protection is that no one believes that it exists. It does, of course, or at least since the conclusion of Site 27's work in 1983. Instead, there were all sorts of fictions and rumors and deluded theories, usually masquerading as science or bad

religion. Much of the most wishful thinking emerged in sexually-oriented stories, always causing someone virtuous and presumably virginal to fall into sin. The truth was very different, and much darker. With the collapse of Germany, Army intelligence officers learned of a secret program to control the populace in the face of the Allied advance. Their initial work had been useful and its staff was transferred to a remote location in Montana. Soviet defectors brought news that the Russians had learned too of the program and of America's interest, prompting them to launch their own. By 1980, senior KGB staffers projected that their country would fail in the near future and sought to buy their way out. Soviet space and missile technology had no value and the U.S. was well aware of the ongoing bio-weapons program. The only asset that they had to sell was the Gorky Institute's mind control program, its working papers, study results and selected doctors and technicians.

The Russians had taken their lead in 1950 from Pavlov's work to create their institute. Repeated stimulus and response would program desired behavior. Still, there were problems that suggested the approach was limited. Pavlovian training presumed that all stimuli that the subject had were controlled by a higher power. If the stimuli merely changed, the response could not be predicted or controlled. While endless labor, terrorism and isolation could serve as mega-stimuli to bridge this issue somewhat, inevitably results showed significant erosion in subject control. By 1963, the field seemed stalled and destined to be of little more use than a lab to test prison population control techniques.

He had been on track to a major appointment at Harvard Medical School Neuropsychology when they came to him. Two men, quietly dressed, stopped him as he was about to get in his car. They had federal identification and got in the car with him. He was invited to join a

highly secret project delving into certain aspects of neuropsychology based upon his recently published papers. He would have to relocate. Compensation was very high and there were additional bonuses and benefits of joining that could not be discussed under the circumstance of where they were. He had retained the presence of mind to ask what would happen if he refused. They said that they would kill him. That had been nearly 30 years ago, and he no longer regretted the decision.

In 1983, they had solved the problem at Site 27, and he had been there. The mistake was to aim too low. Prior mind control techniques focused almost entirely on the reptile brain. If repetition creates habit and habit directs and molds behaviors like sexual attraction, eating and sleep and aggression patterns, training must rely almost entirely on repetition. This was true enough but failed to go far enough. Site 27 realized that Pavlovian technique served only to paralyze lower level habit operations and higher level cognition. Unless there was very substantial reconstruction of higher level thought processes, the subject would either backslide or fracture into schizophrenia. Neither state was useful. From 1965 when the first Soviet leaks emerged until 1983 when the breakthrough was achieved, Site 27 labored to create a mechanism that would permit consistent and effective behavioral reconstruction whose results were predictable.

He had been the first to see the value of computer architecture as the correct analogy for program design. Almost entirely, humans, as do computers, intake data by optical scan. Audio and tactical inputs are relatively negligible. If lower level responses could be tuned to certain states and higher level functions suspended, a subject would find themselves in a constantly refreshed forced instructional setting in which higher level functions (thoughts, fantasies, dreams) would be driven by lower, now entirely-controlled habits.

The dream-state was the key. Freud had used it as a purely analytical tool, a one-way connection from the subject's mind to the scientist's ear. In the years that followed, Freud's ideas were challenged, then criticized as outdated and misogynistic. Modern social scientists saw dreams as housekeeping tool, freeing the mind from clutter assimilated during waking hours. He saw it for all it might be, a two-way conduit, receiving as well as transmitting enigmatic fragments that could reconstruct the architecture of the subject's persona. The goal was to first open the conduit, then decipher the language of dreams well enough to speak it. Real-time interaction with the subject's subconscious followed, allowing preconstructed sequences to be edited into a mix of naturally occurring and induced dream scenarios. The technique was elegantly subtle and frighteningly powerful. After years of perseverance, he had constructed the Rosetta stone of "dream-speak", enabling him to converse in dream language as easily as present day archaeologists read the once enigmatic hieroglyphs at Karnak and Abydos.

There had been a range of experiments to confirm the result. Could pictures of male genitals excite a reconstructed heterosexual male? How about a heterosexual female, or homosexuals? Could stealing be a reconstructed trait in a subject testing high for integrity? Or alcoholism, drugs? Could they train housewives to want to watch violent entertainment? Or men to watch to watch soap operas? He had successfully concluded the experimental phase when he trained a female conservative Christian, former missionary and elementary teacher to perform sexually in front of cameras - and like it. The change had been so complete and final that the overwhelming consensus was that there was nothing left to be done.

Personnel had been reassigned, operations and facilities closed, support withdrawn. He was offered a chance to transfer to other

projects but always declined. He would see through the closure, the accurate storage of results, the film of experiments, and maintain tracking of subjects. It was a dead end but it suited him. He stopped responding to colleague inquiries, and more than once left a mostly empty bottle of scotch in a desk drawer. He allowed deadlines to elapse and wrote ill-thought and subtly angry notes of explanation to his superiors. They scheduled a "routine" review a week away but he had been working steadily so there was no need to rush. He had long ago removed copies of all the critical information and stored it safely away. He placed the corpse in his car, a plastics charge in its lap. He almost had underestimated the blast force but was able to step behind a wall. Carefully, he made his way back through the burning rubble to find portions of shattered mandible and skull. He reached into his mouth and withdrew bridgework that, anticipating just such a day as this, he had done. Between the heat of the explosive and the chemical contamination he had induced in the car's interior, there would be no DNA testing. All they would have would be the crown that matched his dental records. The finest mind in behavior reconstruction in the world disappeared into the dark in a well-used 1985 Buick Skylark, traveling just over the limit like anyone else might.

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A voice drifted in. Sarah slowly became aware of her surroundings. She recognized it all too well - the precise, calculated cadence laced with a light accent. Her vision was still blurred, but if she strained, could just make out the small, bald head perched atop a green gown.

"I understand what's required, but I could make her so much more. Imagine, physical perfection as a bonus. I could - "

Shayla towered over the old man. The smile he shot back at her was more

like a sneer. Perfect rows of tiny white teeth gleamed from behind paper-thin lips that twitched and widened, but never opened more than a sliver.

"I'm all too familiar with your ideas of physical perfection, Finch. We don't want a freak."

How dare she. In his day he could have ended her, wiped out her position as a junior agent. His brief note to any one of her superiors would have removed her from the face of the planet. Perhaps he had made a mistake when he chose to mentor her. He took her tone of late much as a parent endures a spoiled child. Back then, Shayla had only hints of his true work, but his name and reputation inside the agency would have targeted him for the attentions of any young agent convinced she was worthy of a future far brighter than her peers. And Shayla never missed her target. He pulled strings to have her reassigned. He opened his files to her, years of work that only he understood. Perhaps it was weakness, but he swelled with pride as she took to his work with a passion.

Shayla was intelligent, fiercely ambitious, and a natural beauty. He had been alone all of his life and she was more than he could understand or analyze. For a month he puzzled over her familiar light touches during casual conversation, the maddening way she crossed her long, chocolate legs, and the suggestive phrasing cloaked in the most innocent of questions. Later, it became routine for them to work late, order take-out, and put the day's labors behind them. Much later, when she rode his cock, her dark, firm body pinning him to the office floor, her motives no longer mattered to him. If he had been the master of mens' minds, he was no longer the complete master of his own.

But change is inevitable. And the day came when the world changed in

ways Finch never imagined. The Russians imploded and the Cold War ended. Funding evaporated. No one wanted to admit ownership for his research. The entire work was redlined before the Agency budget went to Congress. At first, he was merely bitter about the loss of resources. As the project closed, he was reduced to a caretaker of his brilliant career, a lifetime of work made obsolete. As time passed, his bitterness became rage, sending him on a much darker path. When the opportunity to jump ship was presented to him, he accepted without hesitation. The compensation was lavish, but he would have taken much less than the unchanging figure the DOD discreetly deposited in his account each month. His new employer's unsavory origins didn't cause him a moment's pause; in fact, his thirst for revenge made the offer all the more appealing.

He had taken Shayla with him. In fact, she insisted. Soon her ambition and good looks brought her to the attention of those higher up in the organization. She was given a field position, managing a small group of reports to be selected at her discretion.

Rock was a rare find, almost by accident, during a late-night visit to a crowded leather bar on the west coast. He hit on her mercilessly, but all she saw was a clever, powerful male, a born leader. By the end of the night they had struck a deal, and for much less than her budget allowed. His band of bikers was a lucky bonus, perfect for distancing herself from the dirty work she deemed beneath her.

She found Stacey on the street, homeless, hungry, staying afloat on whatever drug she managed to trade for her services. Shayla was moved by something in those sky-blue eyes, and she was seldom wrong about first impressions. She took the girl in, cleaned her up, and began her education. Stacey proved to be a quick study. The streets

had made her a survivor; her talent for deception and innocent facade made for a dangerous combination to anyone who crossed her path. Only Shayla was immune to her girlish charm. Within days she began to nurture the submissive lurking just below the surface of Stacey's tough exterior. Within weeks, sleep came only after Stacey buried her face between Shayla's legs, eagerly exploring her dark sex with an agile tongue. After, Stacey slept soundly at her feet, curled into a contented ball like a smiling fetus.

Finch. The years had not been kind to their relationship. The anger that devoured him wrinkled his skin and erased the color from his hair. She found it difficult to ignore his physical decline, and his tortured brooding and short temper did little to help. Fleeting pangs of sentiment, pity, and at times desire made being close to him uncomfortable, and she regretted the loss of control, the words that she knew had both hurt and angered him.

"So, it's come to this! Are you so fond of giving orders that you've forgotten how you've come to give them? Or has it become customary to dismiss old friendships when it's convenient for your career?"

His red-faced protest fell silent in an instant. Shayla's hands rose to the front of his light green gown, her fingers gently caressing the collar and seams over the old man's narrow shoulders. She had taken a step toward him, and her wide smile exposed teeth much larger and whiter than his own. She warmed as she felt his wiry frame tremble at her touch. Such a small, fragile man. How perplexing that such thin, quivering fingers could become the tools of an artist behind needle and knife.

Ice-blue eyes peered up at her, like they had on so many other visits. His trembling never failed to excite her. How she wanted to pass her

hands under the gown, to press her fingers into his pale skin, to stroke him as she knew he would allow, down, down, until she held the short rope of flesh, encircling the withered sac with invading digits, probing the meager, firm fruit inside. Her thighs flexed and clenched tightly for a moment. Such delicious pain, twisting and crushing his vulnerable offerings, sending fire and defeat through the sensitive nerves, until they were as dead as his dreary soul.

But, they had work to do...

The sharp bite of the iv needle startled Sarah, clearing her head. The dull presence invading her arm seemed a sickening warning of what was to come. They spoke as though she was still unconscious, ignoring her widened eyes, now filled with increasing terror.

"Such exquisite flesh. So much potential."

Finch drew the fingertips of his left hand over her breast, stopping at the nipple. Grasping and rolling it firmly between thumb and finger, his menacing eyes envisioned what she might become. Sarah inhaled suddenly as a single digit trailed over her ribs and across her shaking abdomen. He lingered there, probing deeply into her soft skin with both hands, committing everything to memory - from the firm but yielding surfaces beneath it to the unyielding boundaries of her narrow pelvis. He watched carefully for the slightest twitch of her eyes, or the sudden rise of her pouting breasts, all telltale signs of a bit of skin where nerves rose close to the surface, or, where deeper clusters of ganglions sent stabs of breath-robbing pain throughout her body. He went back to each of these spots again and again, testing for a stronger response a fraction of an inch this way or that, his smile widening as Sarah gasped and struggled against the restraints that held her naked and spread-eagled on the steel table.

Shayla towered over her, now facing Finch at the opposite side of the table. She seemed fascinated with Sarah's terror. Leaning close, she traced the lines of Sarah's face with an outstretched finger, gloved in warm, black leather.

Finch's hands continued down over her thighs, stroking and kneading them as his breath came faster, his eyes glittering with the reflection of them, a perfect white V that resisted his touch.

Sarah froze in terror when his long fingers arrived spider-like between her legs. Spreading her outer labia, he tugged and pinched the inner lips before inserting two fingers inside her. Now she felt his probing from within, the constant pressure as his fingertips dug into the walls of her vagina, finally arriving at her cervix, where the pain stiffened her slim body with spasms of agony.

Shayla glanced at the plastic iv bag that delivered a steady drip of hazy, viscous liquid to the needle taped to Sarah's arm.

"What's in the bag? I told you I want her to suffer."

Finch said nothing, keeping his eyes on Sarah's as he dilated the firm tissues of her cervix with the tip of his index finger. Her mouth was stretched wide in a silent scream. A minute passed before he withdrew his hand and looked up.

"Look at her. Have you ever seen such pain in a subject's eyes? The drug amplifies the nervous system's sensitivity tenfold. The pain is unimaginable."

"I don't hear her screaming. They always scream."

"Ahh, and you always complain, no? So, a bit of this, a bit of that, and her vocal chords are paralyzed. No screaming - I thought you would be pleased."

It wasn't the first time Shayla had underestimated Finch's attempts to please her. Even so, she shuddered inside as she imagined Sarah's agony, precisely applied, without the ability to scream or even release a defeated moan.

"Finch, my darling little man, you never fail to amaze me."

"Or, excite you, my dear?"

"Or to excite me...", she whispered, her dark eyes drilling through him as he paused, hands trembling over Sarah's nakedness. Shifting her gaze from Finch to Sarah, she smiled and took a single, deep breath.

"Let me see you work."

The small round tray held a circle of tiny syringes, much like a plate of hors d'oeuvres waiting to be sampled. He plucked one at random from the sterile surface and applied a practiced push on the plunger, allowing a tiny fountain to jet from the tip. Sarah's wrists strained at the leather cuffs as he brought the needle close to her face.

Sarah's head burst into fiery agony as the needle sank into the moist flesh along her upper lip. Then, with precision of a delicate machine, Finch injected the full volume as he maneuvered the tip deeper.

She had only a few seconds of relief before his hand returned with a second syringe, this time digging into her lower lip, again stiffening her body against the restraints.

Finch paused to watch her as the third syringe hovered over the nipple of her right breast. Sarah shook her head violently, mouthing words no one could hear. He glanced up at Shayla. She was smiling.

Sarah's body went rigid when he slid the needle under the edge of the nipple. Now her eyes were closed, her jaw clenched. He watched the pink bud expand to a hard button, then the full circumference of areola beneath it rise slightly above the mound of white breast.

After filling her left nipple with a fourth syringe, he stopped to inspect his work. His contented smile was interrupted by a pair of large black hands, now cradling his head with long, wandering fingers. Shayla bent over the table, her intoxicating dark eyes inches from his own.

"Sometimes I forget what a wonderfully talented man you are."

Her words were almost a whisper. Finch's eyes dropped to her breasts. They moved ever so slightly, the generous black nipples pouting at him from between rows of undone buttons. It was rare to see her out of leather these days, and even rarer to see her in a dress, even if it was a dress that hugged every curve of her muscular frame. She covered Finch's small mouth with hers, assaulting him with her tongue while holding his head tightly with both hands. Sarah looked up in horror as he mauled Shayla's breasts with thin, trembling fingers. She could feel his long, slim cock pressed against her belly as Shayla pulled him over her across the table. He rocked against her, caving in her stomach as his prick, now exposed and wet, twitched and pulsed over Sarah's bare skin.

Finch's body shuddered briefly, then was still. Sarah felt the cool

remains of his orgasm, slippery and wet, spread across her belly. He regained his composure as quickly as he had lost it and stood again beside the table, eyes still on Shayla.

She was tracing circles in the pool of thick semen with a gloved finger. Then, capturing a portion of it as it rose to coat the rounded tip of supple leather, she delivered it to Sarah's open mouth, past lips too sore to resist the invasion. Shayla continued with a haunting smile, until only a slick trace of the old man's cum remained, drying like a second skin on Sarah's flat stomach. She gagged and choked as the salty mass reached the back of her throat, but in time managed to rid her mouth of the vile taste, gulping the mixture of semen and saliva long after Shayla fed her the last drop.

Shayla's face was closer now, her large brown eyes peering into Sarah's. Her breath was hot on Sarah's face, her smile terrifying.

"Mmmm. You're shaking, my dear. Don't you know this is for your own good? Don't you appreciate the efforts we've taken to help you? Your looks are all you have now. Don't you want to be beautiful?"

Sarah shook her head frantically from side to side, her lips forming words where none would come - 'no, no, no, no, no'.

"Now, now, we're nearly done. Unfortunately, this last bit is the worst. I'm afraid it will be horribly painful."

Before Sarah had time to react, Finch drove the needle into the soft, sensitive tissue of her inner labia, filling it with practiced precision. The muscles from her shoulders to her toes tightened into steel bands. Her back arched in a single prolonged spasm, lifting her body off the table. Then, a second injection at the same site,

followed by a third and forth, until the entrance to her cunt was frozen in an wide yawn, held open by engorged, fluted ridges of flesh.

Sarah lay panting and exhausted, her mind now focused only on the pain - when it would come, and when it would stop. Trickle of sweat ran between her breasts and over her belly. Her thighs were shiny and wet, her drenched hair cold and sticky between her head and the steel table.

Shayla's lips brushed her ear as she spoke in a low whisper.

"Sooo delicious, showing off for the good doctor, all tits and pussy. It's what you are now - tits and pussy. No career, no husband, no friends, no responsibilities - just two hard tits to be fondled and a warm, juicy hole between your legs."

Sarah glanced at the mirror overhead. She closed her eyes and tried to think. 'A name - my name - if I can just remember - ' Names sifted into the shattered remains of her memory - Barbie, Stacey, Shayla - but which one?

She gasped as Finch tugged at her clit, rolling it between thumb and forefinger. Shayla's voice returned, her breath now closer, hotter against Sarah's ear.

"Everyone will want you. Men with long, thick cocks will stand in line to stuff your pouting little cunt. Women will drool at the sight of you, longing to suck those hard nipples. Boys will see you and cum on their sheets at night dreaming of you. And girls will do anything to be like you. You'd like that, wouldn't you? To be beautiful, desirable, so satisfied, so content. It's so close - just one more terrible step - but a step you're eager to take, so eager - so..."

Finch drove the needle into her clitoris and squeezed the plunger. His erection returned as he watched the sensitive nub grow thicker, then longer as he guided the needle deeper.

In an instant, she was blinded by the sudden stab of agony. Every nerve in her body seemed to react at once. An explosion of images and memories overwhelmed her in random order, some vaguely familiar, others appallingly real. And then all the pain faded as cold emptiness swallowed her, until the only thing in her world was the comfort of the darkness and the words that floated nearby.

"...drool at the sight of you...do anything to be like you...so eager...so beautiful...so satisfied..."

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She woke to flashes of brilliant color, to patterns of lines and circles that shifted and pulsed in cadence to a throbbing hum so deep that it seemed to come from inside her. Once she opened her eyes it was impossible to close them. The flickering kaleidoscope drew her in; the longer she looked, the more she needed to follow the evolution of one shape into the next. And the pain was gone. It made the pain go away. And she was so warm, so satisfied, so tired and empty.

Finch forced himself to look away from her nude body, now unrestrained on the padded chair. Her breasts rose and fell seductively with each deep, even breath. The visor covered her face from forehead to just below the bridge of her nose, revealing the slight flare of her nostrils as she inhaled the cool air of the darkened lab. Most of the room's light came from the row of monitors lining the wall behind a

long desk where Finch sat peering into a much larger screen. Endless lines of code marched across it, scrolling from top to bottom, but Finch's eyes were glued to the upper right corner where inch-high red numerals marked Sarah's progress.

Shayla watched from the foot of the chair. Finch recognized the sadistic smile and concentrated stare as she enjoyed the view from between the reclining subject's legs. He watched her exhilaration as she attached the necessary instruments - the tiny electrodes glued to Sarah's flat belly, one above each ovary, and finally the thick, plastic double-phallus, inserted simultaneously into rectum and vagina, held in place by a vacuum drawn through the flexible base-plate.

Whirling streams of dazzling light slowed and dimmed to muted shades that dissolved into recognizable shapes and features. Sarah watched, mesmerized, as a pretty housewife dressed in apron and high-heels knelt by the door, gave her small daughter a warm hug, then ushered her along to a waiting school bus. It left Sarah with a warm, full feeling in her belly, a feeling Sarah's own mother might have given her, if only her weakened heart hadn't taken her from Sarah so early in life. She saw a the large hand of a tall, dark man push open the door and hurry through it. He ignored the pretty wife, but glanced back for a second and scowled before disappearing. His look chilled Sarah and her stomach went queasy, just like when her daddy used to give her "a good talking-to".

The scene faded. Sarah stared helplessly as the same housewife knelt in front of a young delivery boy. Her tongue slid from between parted lips in slow motion, gently licking the tip of his monstrous cock. A rush of warmth and excitement washed over Sarah as she watched her take the pulsing head of the boy's cock in her mouth. Something stirred inside her. It felt so good - so warm and thick and filling.

Then came familiar scenes - Sarah, dressed for success, strutting through the halls of her old office - Sport, working on the books at night, never missing a chance to inch a hand under her dress when she came close enough - the two of them embracing, kissing like newlyweds, for no special reason, day or night.

And with them came the pain. At first a twisting sickness in her belly, it grew, gnawing and icy at her very core - so cold, stabbing at her from inside. She wanted to look away, to put the scenes out of her mind, anything to make the nausea and pain stop. She must be dreaming. If she could only wake up, the nightmare would end and everything would be right again. But she couldn't wake up, and the images played on.

Shayla paced in circles around the chair, watching Sarah's squirming body with delight. She stopped and leaned close to her face, studying the repeated grimaces and frowns, each fleeting expression sadistic gratification for Shayla's hard work and twisted desires.

The pain worsened as the visor revealed the familiar softly-lit bedroom. They were making love, with Sport on top of her in his usual position. He stroked her face as he moved slowly, almost cautiously, in and out of her. Then came the short, repeated pecks over her neck and lips, almost kisses, more habit than passion. His weight pressed down on her, trapping her on her back with legs spread. Each breath required more effort than the last. A suffocating claustrophobia seized her, tightening its grip until terror and panic forced her to cry out, begging to be rescued. With one last brutal thrust he stiffened and moaned. She could feel his cum jetting, splashing inside her, searing bursts of fire and acid that ate away at her cunt, robbing her of its delicious sensations forever. His poison crept deeper into her belly, feasting on tender flesh, devouring her from the inside out

with relentless agony.

Relief came suddenly when the visor faded to black. Tiny specks of light formed in the darkness, slowly growing brighter, until she stared into a field of thousands of stars gliding past her. They began to dance and rotate, lazily at first, then at a dizzying pace, finally smearing into twisting streams of changing color. She went limp against the padding of the chair, her breathing now soft and even.

Finch watched the monitor intently as the counter reset. The instructions halted for a moment, the screen cleared, then began to fill with new characters, one line at a time.

[Sub*p.22_Sarah]

Rtr mod 3b.11.9y

Ld mod 3b.11.9y

Ini mod 3b.11.9y (tim:3,sr:norm,dp:max)

Inj*

Cal vagaiq {0,9,2}

Cal anaa2q {0,6,1}

Cal stim[3F22C] ld[1,2,3,4]

Cal intmix[min**00,max**?9]v/r set

Wait

Wait

Rtr mod 4a.01.0x

Ld mod 4a.01.0x

Sync[3b.11.9y][4a.01.0x]

Ini [v,a,s,i] lnkcpl m/p

Ini mod 4a.OI.Ox (tim:*,sr:push,dp:max)

Inj*

Sarah focused on the new scene that formed inside the visor. Her view was from the back seat of a moving car. Looking up and forward, she could see the pretty housewife and the dark man silhouetted in the bright light streaming through the windshield. He drove, she sat silently beside him, watching the passing scenery. She could smell the musty cloth that covered the seats, worn and frayed along the edge where she liked to sit. It was hot. So hot. The car windows provided the only relief from the mid-day heat, tossing her long blonde hair in the gushes of wind that came at her unevenly from the left and right.

Then in the distance, a siren wailed. It grew louder, until finally she turned to see the red flashing light gaining on them from behind. Their car slowed and pulled to the side of the road. The dark man was angry. The pretty housewife put a hand on his arm to settle him, but he shrugged it off, raising his voice and glaring at her.

Sarah watched the policeman from the rear window. He climbed off the biggest, shiniest motorcycle she had ever seen and marched toward the car. She couldn't take her eyes off him - the black leather jacket wrapped around shoulders three feet wide, the stiff black boots that crushed the gravel under them with each heavy step, and the wide belt that circled his slim waist. A holstered gun hung at his right side, a long, thick night-stick at his left, swaying hypnotically as he approached.

She tried to listen as the policeman and the dark man talked, then began to argue. The policeman's face was close now, his large sunglasses reflecting the sudden fear in the dark man's eyes. His wide grin made her heart race with both fear and excitement. His voice

seemed to melt the knot in her stomach and warm the insides of her bare thighs. Ignoring the dark man for a second, the policeman studied the pretty housewife from face to calf.

"You've fixed her up real pretty."

The pretty housewife glanced at him, allowing a thin smile to escape.

The dark man yelled at the policeman and opened the door to get out. The policeman put a large hand on his slim arm and pulled him from the car, easily turning him and pinning him to the fender.

"You fucked up, man - big time. You couldn't keep your mouth shut, could you? You had to be a hero. I was ready to walk away, to let you and the wife go back to your pathetic little lives. I'm gonna enjoy this."

He walked the dark man to the front of the car, snapped the handcuffs over both thin wrists, and bent him over the hood. Sarah's heart pounded faster as she stared through the windshield.

His pants were around his ankles now. Passing cars slowed, their passengers laughing at the dark man's sagging buttocks and skinny thighs exposed in broad daylight. His eyes stared back through the windshield, wide with terror. Sarah began to moan at the instant the policeman placed the end of the night-stick against the dark man's ass and slowly pushed an inch of it inside. The dark man was crying now, begging the policeman to stop, begging the pretty housewife for help. Another inch disappeared inside him, then another. Cars continued to slow and gawk, now blowing their horns and cheering through open windows. The dark man became hysterical, crying and screaming for help as the policeman began to pump the weapon in and out, going deeper with

each thrust. Sarah's cunt clutched and sucked at the thing between her legs. It felt so good, probing and pulsing with energy and warmth.

The policeman leaned into the car window next to the pretty housewife. She just stared into his dark glasses as he began to unbutton her dress. He pulled her bra down, revealing the two firm mounds of breast topped with large, stiffening nipples. The dark man watched through the windshield as the policeman pulled and squeezed until the pretty housewife's nipples were purple and distended. He began to cry again when she moaned softly, her eyes unable to hide the lust that overpowered her.

The policeman was in the driver's seat now, unbuttoning the front of the pretty housewife's dress until she sat beside him in bra and panties. His large hands moved over her stomach and thighs, rough calluses against satin skin. She whimpered when a strong finger wormed beneath the white elastic, traveled the length of her moistening slit, and finally found the swollen nub that made tears come to her eyes.

"I knew you'd be easy. I could see it in your eyes. How long have you waited for it, a real man's cock? Say it. He's waiting."

The pretty housewife glanced through the windshield at the dark man, then back into the policeman's dark glasses, now inches from her face.

"I'm yours."

The visor blinked. A second of black, the low rumble of distant thunder, then back again. The dark man was on his back, stretched over the hood, arms pulled wide by invisible restraints, his small erect penis visible as it pointed upward toward the darkening sky. A light rain began to fall, mixing with his tears as he continued to sob and

mutter incoherently. A large black bird fluttered down from the sky, landing on his heaving belly. Its size was twice that of the largest of birds, with claws and beak the color of polished steel. Another followed, then a third. They eyed his erection as if it was unfamiliar prey, then together, as if on cue, devoured it with shining, slashing beaks. Dozens of birds arrived as a silver-gray cloud, then dozens more, each finding a perch on his naked body, all feasting in a black, seething frenzy, until his sobs were drowned out by sound of rustling feathers and clicking beaks.

The roof and doors of the car melted away until there was nothing but the musty seat under her and the crawling cloud of black feathers, expanding as far as she could see. As it closed in around her, the black faded to gray, then brightened to a brilliant white. The seat melted away as well, and she floated there, suspended in a sea of white doves, floating, soaring, carrying her with them, caressing her thighs and breasts with a thousand velvet wings. Warm juices pooled, then flowed from between her legs. Never had she been held poised at the brink of orgasm for such a long time. She closed her eyes, breathing deeply, losing herself in time, reveling in the ecstasy.

When her eyes opened again, the scene had changed. The pretty housewife pushed a vacuum cleaner back and forth over a spotless, white carpet. There were no walls, no furniture, only brilliant light surrounding her. She was naked, except for bright red high heels and a wide red choker. She hummed softly as the vacuum traveled silently over the carpet.

The policeman appeared behind her, his black boots and jacket a stark contrast to the blinding white light. She turned as if she could feel his eyes on her, then walked to him, stopping when her swollen nipples touched black leather. She looked up at him, expressionless, her

delicate features forming a perfect profile, her voice a coarse whisper.

"Fuck me."

The scene exploded in white, then returned as a spacious Victorian bedroom. At its center stood a canopy bed draped in yards of white lace and satin. The pretty housewife rested peacefully, arms extended, legs spread, almost floating over the down-stuffed spread. She was still naked, the red shoes now gone, her creamy skin supple and relaxed beneath the crimson velvet bands that circled her wrists and ankles. A white marble dressing table stood against the opposite wall, just a few paces from the foot of the bed. A small hand-mirror and hair brush, both of glistening silver, lay on its cool, glassy surface. Next to the table, an oval full-length mirror surrounded by an intricately sculpted silver border hung eerily in mid-air.

The policeman appeared at the foot of the bed, still in full uniform. The pretty housewife raised her head to look at him, then sliding her hands along smooth, white thighs, clutched her knees, pulling her legs up to open herself to him. His cock spilled from the fly of his pants, hanging like a thick length of rope. It thickened and grew longer, inch after inch, until the tip reached the quivering slit between her legs. It was impossibly large, the diameter greater than his massive fist, the length still increasing as it pushed her lips aside and entered her, steadily forcing its way deeper into her cunt. Her belly swelled as the monstrous organ filled her, burrowing deeper each second. Slowly, almost reverently, she let her head fall back and opened her mouth in a wide yawn. The fleshy bulb paused for a second, then, forcing her jaw wider still, emerged glistening and pulsing before her eyes. Taking her hands from her knees, she cradled the warm, purple head, spreading flow of slick pre-cum over the enormous

glans, then returning to the gaping eye for more. Her legs circled the thick base, her hands the engorged head, while her slim body writhed and twisted, deliciously impaled on the throbbing skewer.

A steady fountain of pearly-white semen erupted from the yawning fissure, flowing over the pretty housewife's hands onto her face and shoulders. It continued down over her body as though seeking out the smallest crevices, until it coated her like a second skin, glossy and moist under the intense light. After clinging to the edge of orgasm for what seemed like hours, Sarah cried out as it finally washed over her. It seemed to lift her into the air, piercing her body through every pore, invading and seizing her tender flesh with an intensity no mortal lover could hope to offer. This was what she needed, what she had waited for, for such a long time. If only it would last this time...she would be a good girl, an obedient girl, a beautiful girl...if only it would last...forever.

Then she was in a different place, with no memory of how her soul seemed such a small price to pay for the satisfaction only a machine could bring, only moments ago. She sat at the marble dressing table in the same white bedroom, slowly running the silver brush through strands of luxuriant blonde hair. She studied her reflection in the glittering hand-mirror. 'Is that me? My thick blonde hair? My full red lips? My perfect nipples?'

"You are everyone's desire, Dear."

The pretty housewife stood beside her, still naked, still radiant with the policeman's semen, now a glowing halo that followed each graceful movement. Her smile was irresistible, so warm, comforting, and familiar. Sarah rose and went to her, falling into her as the pretty housewife held her with strong, slender arms. Her words came softly,

lovingly, filling a space left empty far too long.

"I love you, Dear. So many others are waiting to love you too. Men with long, thick cocks will stand in line to stuff your pouting little cunt. Women will drool at the sight of you, longing to suck those hard nipples. Boys will see you and cum on their sheets at night dreaming of you. And girls will do anything to be like you - like me - like us."

Their bodies pressed closer, hard nipples on hard nipples, rippling belly against rippling belly, until they became one, merging as effortlessly as the ether of spirits passes through earthly flesh. Sarah stood alone before the oval mirror. The image reflected back at her was perfection, flesh that no one could resist, lust that consumed all defenses. She could have any man, anyone, and would openly be his slave for the chance to find the rapture that promised to save her.

The mirror's silver border turned crimson, flowing restlessly, expectantly. It's silvery surface rippled, changing from brittle glass to flowing mercury. The voice from behind it was as compelling as it was familiar.

"You've always been a fucktoy, Sarah, always hungry for a bigger cock, never really satisfied with a puny one. We can see it in your eyes. Come to us, Sarah. We have what you're looking for, what you need...what you've always needed."

Her feet moved, one after the other, until she stood an inch from the shimmering surface. She could feel their hands on her breasts, cold fingers teasing her nipples until they stiffened, sending promises of what lie beyond the mirror to their target, now wet and swollen between her ivory thighs. Another step and she was falling, first

through the cold boundary between her world and theirs, then into the darkness that rolled her into a ball and swallowed her, taking everything from her, and giving nothing in return.

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Shayla and Finch watched as two large men eased Sarah into the padded cage that was to be her home for the long journey. She slept soundly, her breathing shallow but steady. They secured her wrists to leather cuffs at each side, her ankles to identical restraints on the top of the enclosure. Shayla could feel the sudden warmth between her legs and the wet coolness that followed. Sarah lay on her back, naked, knees against her chest, ankles firmly anchored to the cage lid. The position displayed Sarah's exposed genitals at the end of the cage, lodged firmly against a smaller trapdoor.

Finch paced back and forth, his eyebrows knitted with concern.

"We should wait another day, do more tests. There is a small risk..."

Shayla nodded to one of the men and waved them along as they lifted the cage and walked it toward to steel door.

"The real risk is that our client will delay the transfer of payment if we're late. You know who I answer to. I won't end up in one of those cages just because you want to dick around with your statistics for another day. We'll deliver her on time, take our pat on the back, and move on. Where she's going, who's going to care what she's like a year from now, assuming she makes it that long."

They watched the door swing shut, the electric locks buzzing as the steel cylinders snapped into place. Finch stared for a few seconds

after the bolts engaged.

'If only I could have had her for just one more day.'

Shayla looked back at the chair, then through the wide glass window where a bare steel table stood surrounded by trays of empty syringes. Her hand came to rest at the front of her dress, two long fingers pressing lightly into the nagging heat between her legs. For the first time in many years, their thoughts were exactly the same.

Chapter 13

Cold. Hunger. Fear. He had learned to accept two of the three, but the cold just seemed to get worse. Shivering in the dark, Sport sifted through the events of the past two months, trying to make sense of it all, how everything went wrong, and what he might have done to make it right again. Many of his memories were clear, all too clear, but he was unable to assemble them into a rational sequence. Out of context, fleeting moments of opportunity from the past only served to frighten him, and he retreated from each one, trembling at the likely consequences.

It had been cold that day too, when two burly officers dragged him from the muck at the bottom of the ditch. The docks looked so different. Daylight had painted over flashing neon and shiny, wet streets with drab grays and browns, and burned away the fog that crept and breathed about their feet the night before, licking at Sarah's bare thighs with a hundred ghostly tongues.

Bright. Too bright.

A muddied hand shielded his eyes from the morning light. Squinting through narrow spaces between his fingers, he cringed as face after face stared back at him. Most pointed and snickered, until the growing laughter drowned out the cackle of seagulls that circled overhead like slow, gray-white vultures.

A few faces turned away quickly with lips pursed, shaking their heads with disgust. He shuddered as he lowered his eyes over splotches of mud, now drying to a thin crust on his skin. He was naked - worse than naked. He could feel the weight of his erection bounce and pull at him as they ushered him to the patrol car. How? Why? The throbbing in his head made concentrating difficult.

Loud. Too loud.

The policemen were asking him too many questions. He didn't know what they wanted or how to make them stop. They were pushing him, pulling his hand away from his eyes, fastening his wrists together behind his back with something cold and hard.

Once at the station, he tried to explain it all to them. His head ached; he couldn't think straight. The words came out all wrong and the policemen just laughed at his story. Why wouldn't they listen? Why couldn't they understand? They kept asking the wrong questions.

"So, your wife is having an affair with this biker?"

"How long has she been seeing him?"

"Do you know her lover?"

"Did you plan to kill them both last night?"

"How much did you have to drink?"

No, no, no! Why couldn't he make them understand? The metal chair was so cold, and they just kept laughing at him, naked, still hard from the drugs Rock forced him to take the night before. A few female officers drifted in, anxious to get a look. They snickered as they eyed his throbbing erection. He kept asking for some clothes, anything to cover his cock, to keep him warm. How could they let him sit there naked, exposed to anyone passing by the row of windows looking out into the busy hallway?

"Please, help me - some clothes, please - I'm cold - so cold..."

Finally they gave up, threw a blanket over him, and led him to a holding cell. He sat and shivered for hours, dazed and helpless, head still bleeding from where the butt of the gun slammed into him. He wished the explosion in his head had been a charging slug of lead, tumbling through soft gray-matter. He had expected that, accepted it, finally welcoming the escape from the torture he had grown powerless to prevent. What else did Rock want from them? He had taken his wife, first by force, then willingly, gloating as Sarah begged for the biker's huge cock. Then this - how weak he must have looked to Sarah that night, so helpless - he had his chance, he had the gun, only to have all hope wrestled away by Shayla's strong arm about his neck, the warm metal barrel in his mouth as Rock mocked him, Sarah looking on as he sucked the end of the gun at Rock's command - but if it wasn't over, what next?...Oh God, what next...

"Let's go, Sport. Your wife's here to take you home."

The words seemed to clear his head, and he stared at the officer, still a bit wild-eyed. Thank God - Sarah was ok - they let her go - they could go home now - be together again - try to forget -

As they rounded the corner and approached the front desk, he recognized her voice, a soft mewling mixed with the little-girl whine.

"He's such a dear, the poor thing. So understanding, considering what he puts himself through. Oh, Sweetheart, there you are! I'm so glad they found you! I was worried sick! Are you ok?"

Stacey ran to him, seizing him with a tight hug.

"No! No! No!!! She's not my wife - she's one of them - get away from me - where's Sarah - what have you done with her?"

Stacey watched with her best disappointed look as he backed away babbling, refusing to leave with her.

"He gets like this sometimes. As I was telling you, it's been so difficult for him. He's been impotent for so long. When he's sober, he's agreed to let me go to my friend for my physical needs if I'll stay married to him. It works for a while, until it gets the best of him. Every so often he snaps, goes out and takes God-knows what combination of drugs, anything to get him hard. The sad part is that he gets so wrecked, he never comes home to me when he could satisfy me. He gets obsessed with finding my friend and me together, and the drugs and alcohol send him into the night, driven by a crazed fantasy that I'm cruising the city, sleeping with every man I can find. Of course, nothing could be further from the truth, officers."

Stacey's wide-eyed stare traveled from one policeman to the next, her wet lips opened just enough to glisten with anything but innocence. The policemen stared back, paralyzed by her girlish innuendo.

"Jeezus..."

"Poor bastard..."

"Well, um, Ma'am, if we could just see some identification, we'll release him."

Stacey opened her tiny white purse and presented Sarah's driver's license, her picture now neatly covered by Stacey's, blue eyes gazing coyly from the upper left corner.

When Sport objected a second time, a large blue uniform moved against him from behind, a wide firm hand heavy on his shoulder.

"Listen buddy, you have a beautiful wife who cares enough about you to be here for you. If I were you, I'd calm down, go home, and sleep it off. Unless of course, you'd like to be our guest for a while..."

Stacey led the way through the double glass doors, her brief cotton dress bouncing just enough to show a glimpse of sheer white panties from behind. The roar of the policemen's laughter followed them all the way to the curb where Stacey's red Escort waited. It started on the third try, and before pulling into traffic she glanced down where the blanket parted, revealing his now-shrunken stub of a penis. He caught her looking and tried to cover himself as she shook her head, grinning.

"Don't worry Sport. They say that size isn't everything, right?"

But I'm afraid right about now Sarah couldn't possibly agree."

Stacey dropped him in front of his house. Sport was as relieved as he was surprised that their destination wasn't more sinister. He slumped beside her in the cramped passenger seat, waiting for the worst. But Stacey just sat and fidgeted, tapping the steering wheel lightly to an unheard beat that rolled endlessly through her pretty blonde head.

She gave him a minute or two. She loved indecision in men. It made her feel powerful, in control, and generally reaffirmed her contempt for the crude, useless creatures. After that, they just pissed her off.

"If you're waiting to grow a dick, do it on your own time, Sport. Some of us have a life."

He gathered the blanket around him, taking a few seconds to glance up and down the block. His next-door neighbor eyed the car with quick, suspicious glances.

"Christ, do I have to spell it out? GET OUT, you pathetic fuck!"

Sport kicked open the door and fled across his yard, the small blanket trailing behind as he ran for the safety of the house. He could feel the warm sun on his skin and the breeze, unexpectedly cool, as it rushed between his legs. He glanced to the side just long enough to

see Janey, now still and straight as a statue, follow his progress through the ankle-high grass.

He never liked Janey. He liked her even less after she divorced Fred, her henpecked husband, and took everything he had, including their spacious two-story home. Now she had money, *and* the body of a woman half her age.

It hadn't taken long for Sarah and Sport to learn to avoid Janey's attempts to socialize. Fred would sit quietly, a shell of a man, while Janey went on for hours with stories about how inept Fred was at this or that, and how their new gardener ogled her when she sunbathed in her new bikini, or how her young doctor spent just a bit more time than was absolutely necessary examining her breasts. Then came the slow wink, directed at Sarah, as if Fred didn't notice, as she touched Sarah's hand, expecting a knowing wink in return. But Sarah's obvious embarrassment didn't faze Janey. When Sarah declined to respond positively to her crude anecdotes, Janey would counter with, "Aww, c'mon, Honey, us girls have to stick together, don't we?"

Sarah told him Janey was too insensitive and "flamboyant" to be anything more than a pest of a neighbor. Sport pictured her staked across a mound of fire ants while he poured honey over her silicone-stuffed tits. More than once, he imagined her screams as vicious, frantic swarms of tiny red predators consumed her naked, writhing body.

Then, suddenly, he was falling, somersaulting head over heels in the long, soft grass. He landed sprawled on his back, naked, the blanket gone. Caught in a sudden gust of wind, it folded and flapped against itself twice, fluttered in an updraft, and finally came to rest at Janey's feet.

He looked up to see her eyes wander over his pale body, then settle where his dick hung lifelessly between his outstretched legs. It was her grin, that sly, crooked grin, that made his head start to throb again - pounding, pounding - long after he reached the front door and bolted it behind him.

"Hi, Mr. B. You look beat. Tough weekend?"

Shannon, his receptionist/secretary beamed her usual wide smile from behind her desk.

"Uh, yeah, kind of, Shannon. I may be coming down with something, maybe a bad cold. I'll be fine."

'Ah, to be twenty-two again,' he mused. She wore the white sweater today, the one with the deep neckline that clung to her like it was custom-knitted with every curve in mind. Shannon was the all-American girl - tall, blonde and tan, with the eternal enthusiasm of a cheerleader. He was mildly surprised when Sarah had hired her. She wasn't the type a wife would ordinarily trust around her husband. After one week he had a new appreciation for Sarah's judge of character. Shannon was never late, handled customers with the utmost tact, and showed a flair for numbers and record-keeping. She kept her private life private, and except for the tastefully flattering clothes, never made her presence a temptation for him, or any of the other employees. She was the perfect assistant, and provided a daily helping

of safe, innocent eye-candy to boot.

"Oh, Mr. B., you have a visitor. She's waiting in your office. She's hot, Mr.B. Your taste in customers is improving," she teased.

He smiled, trying not to stare at her cleavage, shook his head, and went inside.

Shayla was in his chair. She leaned back casually as if she owned the office, her long chocolate legs stretching for what seemed like yards in front of her. The brief navy skirt revealed all but six inches of muscular thigh, while the matching jacket narrowed at her long waist, emphasizing full breasts that rose firm and round into the open space above the top button.

"Well, it's about time Sport. How do you stay in business if you don't arrive early every day to watch the help?"

He froze in the doorway, his feet now lead, his heart a racing time-bomb.

"Close the door, Sport. We have your future to discuss, and Sarah's of course."

He sat across from her, in the chair his customers took while listening to his terms and prices. Shayla just smiled, uncrossed and crossed her legs, and smiled wider when she caught him glancing up her skirt.

"Let me explain how our little business meeting will go, Sport. I do the talking, and you shut up and listen. When I finish, and ask for questions, you may speak, but not before. Follow my instructions, and you and your precious Sarah may be together again soon. Open your

mouth when you shouldn't, or make trouble of any kind, and, well, believe me, there are horrors that neither of you could possibly imagine.

"I'm your new business partner."

Sport straightened in his chair, his reflexes raising him a few inches off the seat, then nearly bringing him to his feet before Shayla's words stopped him.

"Uh-uh-uhhh, Sport.

She picked up the receiver of his phone, holding it in mid-air on its way to her ear.

"Should I make a call? I could have your darling wife's boob-job undone rather hastily. The doctor is busy these days, but I'm sure Rock would love to give it a try. He's always so eager to play doctor. It might get a bit messy though, not to mention what her little titties might look like, if she survives.

Sport collapsed back into the chair, shaking helplessly with fear and rage.

"Relax Sport. It won't be so bad. Just do as I say. You may even thank me someday.

"Now, I've looked over your books and inventory, and, well, I see potential here. You custom design and manufacture medical appliances and equipment - everything from artificial limbs to wheelchairs and hospital beds. Some very clever stuff, too. And your mail-order business is impressive, to say the least. I think I can be a big help

here. Of course, we'll have to trim the inventory some - and I have some interesting plans for your machine shop.

"We'll share your office for the time being. I like this desk, and the chair's nice and comfy, too. Set up one of those small tray-tables where you're sitting. I'll be doing most of the work anyway, and I want to keep an eye on you. Now I'd like a tour of our building. Time to meet the help."

Sport led her through his office, cringing inside each time he introduced Shayla as his new business partner. The looks of surprise and shock on his employees' faces made it even harder. Later, Shayla did her best to win over the men in the shop, then the shipping department. Her suggestive innuendoes and light touches had most of them eating out of her hand after only minutes. Sport saw her making mental notes of the few that were disgusted by her behavior, but most just stared at her legs and breasts.

Lunch had arrived by the time they retired to his office. Shayla had ordered the food from a nearby deli. Sport stared at his small salad while Shayla pulled small white boxes of Chinese takeout from a large paper bag.

"I'm putting you on a diet, Sport. I hope you like salads. From now on, I'll be providing all your meals. And no cheating, or that sweet little wife of yours will end up in pieces."

Shayla sat and watched as he picked at the small mound of lettuce lightly coated with watery, bland dressing. She grinned with satisfaction, then began to feast, the odor of General's Chicken filling the small room.

Sport spent the rest of the day sitting across the room doing absolutely nothing as Shayla raided his computer. She stretched her legs often, opening them just enough to make sure he couldn't miss her firm, plump labia framed by the longest, smoothest inner thighs he had ever seen. As the hours passed, he began to fidget. The hard chair became more uncomfortable. His hands began to tremble. By the end of the day, increasing nervousness had him jumping at the slightest noise.

"Sport!" shouted Shayla.

The sudden command nearly shook him out of his chair.

"What are you looking at, Sport? Answer me!"

She had caught him staring between her open legs, and he stammered nervously, afraid of what would come next.

"So, you like my pussy, Sport? The least you could do is ask to look at it. I might even give you permission."

He just sat there, heart pounding, dreading what was to come.

"Well, go on. Let me hear you ask, Sport. Quickly! I'm easily insulted!"

He gulped, licked his parched lips, and slowly got the words out.

"M-may I please look at your pussy?"

She shook her head as she answered, her voice laced with convincing disgust.

"It's no wonder Sarah was so eager for a real man. You beg for what other men so easily take. Come over here."

Sport rose shakily to his feet. His eyes stayed glued to Shayla's.

"I said get over here, now!"

He crossed the space between them in three rapid steps, stopping at the edge of her desk. She had spread her legs wider, hiking the brief skirt about her hips. He struggled to keep from looking through the glass desktop at her magnificent thighs and the parted, shaved lips nestled between them.

"Take it out, Sport."

He stared blankly, his heart pounding.

"Your dick, Sport, your dick. Take it out. Let me see it."

His hand shook as he lowered the zipper of his slacks and fished the limp worm of flesh from its hiding place. Shayla reached forward and gently grasped the head between thumb and fingers, rolling and tugging as she watched his reaction. She lowered her other hand to her crotch, first spreading the plump lips with two fingers, then inserting a third inside. Slowly, deliberately, she penetrated herself, with each stroke withdrawing just enough to display the glistening juices that coated the single long digit. She smiled as his erection grew.

"You'd love some of this, wouldn't you, Sport? Your dick says you'd sacrifice your precious little Sarah for it. How do you think she'd feel? You're obviously as easy as she is. But still, betrayal can be the most difficult of life's surprises to accept. Would she hate you

for it? Could she ever erase the pain delivered in an instant, like a sudden knife through the heart?"

His cock responded to her touch, growing longer and harder with each careful trace of her long, pearly nails. He hated himself for the betrayal, but found her touch impossible to resist. His knees shook. His trembling hands grasped the edge of the desk. As he stared at her cunt through the glass, he could feel his belt being undone, the slow inching of his slacks over his hips, and finally, her invading hands around his sac, pulling all of his sex into the cool office air.

"So, the answer to your question Sport, is, yes, you can look at my pussy. Get a good look. Memorize every detail. Imagine how tight and hot it might feel around your insignificant little prick, and then cum in my hand, knowing that Sarah would welcome the same from any man."

He wouldn't. He couldn't. He closed his eyes as Shayla's hands milked him. Sarah's face stared back at him in the darkness, black hair flowing over delicate, bare shoulders. Shayla's voice purred in the background.

"You're nothing to her now, Sport. She's had a hundred men better than you."

He felt the urgency build in his testicles, then spread slowly through his belly and cock. Sarah's face was replaced with disturbing images - her legs wrapped tightly around a biker in their own bedroom, her thighs shuddering as her naked body jerked and spasmed in a cage suspended over a cheering crowd, and finally, silhouetted by a dying bonfire, her small body eagerly rising and falling on Rock's massive cock, willingly flaunting her own betrayal...

"Oh, Rock...it feels so good...so big and hard inside me...
oh God, you're so huge...sooo good, Rock...so fucking good...
fuck me, Rock...fuck me harder...you're making me cum, Rock...
I'm cumming now, Rock. . . "

Shayla's hand tightened around his balls, drawing him closer, forcing him to lean forward over the desk. She circled the head of his cock with her fingertip, scraping away the expanding droplet of sticky fluid as her nail grazed the sensitive opening.

"Let her go, Sport. If she feels anything for you at all, it's contempt, or worse, pity. She's starving for everything you're not. Cum for me, Sport. Show me I'm right. Forget the little slut. It's what she wants. It's what you want. Trust me..."

He felt the long, tortured moan rise from deep in his chest, then burst from his lips as though it was another man's voice.

"Nooooo, oh God, nooooo..."

His hips rocked forward. He could feel the semen surging on its way from his belly to where Shayla's fingers stroked his penis, now hard and urgent in her exquisite hand. Behind his clenched eyelids, Sarah's face stared back in disbelief. A large tear formed at the corner of her eye, then raced over her cheek as a second formed behind it.

Shayla smiled as he delivered the spoonful of cum in her hand, arriving in three small spurts. Three. She counted them. Such a small offering. Yet, to Sport, it was much more. It was his defeat, and the betrayal of his love for Sarah, a love that connected them like a fraying thread.

He tried to pull away from the edge of the desk, but Shayla snugged the fingers of her left hand around his sac, countering with just enough resistance to keep him close. After milking the last drops of semen from his cock, she opened her right hand, raising it to offer him a better view.

"I see now why you never had children, Sport. Just look at this tiny little puddle of cum. You do everything in such a small way, don't you."

Sport glanced down at the semen she had won from him, now barely wetting her open palm.

"What should we do with this, Sport? Any ideas?"

He knew what was coming, and let his revulsion show as he looked into her eyes.

"Mmmm, yes, I thought about that, Sport, but it would be so degrading, don't you think? I mean, the homoerotic implications alone are enough to send most real men screaming from the room. On the other hand, it could be a valuable learning experience. Wouldn't you like to know what it's like to be on the receiving end for a change? You may even learn to like the taste of it. Isn't that what men fantasize about - that we'll grow savor the taste of your cum so much that we can't get enough of it?"

His body shook violently and uncontrollably. Nausea rose from deep in his gut as her hand tightened around his testicles, drawing him closer over the desk. His face was inches from her outstretched hand, close enough to see the moist crevices between her fingers, and to smell the faint odor of his semen that spread slowly over her palm.

"I sense you're not open to my offer of self-enlightenment, Sport. I should have known. What were the words that Sarah used to describe your sexual prowess to Rock? 'Tediously domestic', I believe. Although 'tame', 'dull', and 'unimaginative' also come to mind. She does tend to babble on while she's riding a sturdy cock. So, consider this your first assignment from your new boss. Lick, Sport. I'll tell you when to stop."

As his employees' cars filed past the office window at the end of their work day, Sport licked, then continued to feast on each of Shayla's long, brown fingers, sucking one after another into his mouth as she buried her hand between her legs. Her body stiffened for a second as a sudden, quiet sigh escaped her, then relaxed as her full lips tightened into a wide smile. The smile became a snicker, then a laugh that shook her muscular body from wide shoulders to shapely calves, a laugh that echoed painfully through Sport's throbbing head.

Too loud.....Too loud.....