

The Candidate—Part 1 of 3

Prolog

Senator Wilson knocked twice on the door of the motel room. It was answered by a tall man with a bushy moustache. It wasn't whom he was expecting.

"Come in, Senator, come in!" said the stranger. "I know you wouldn't want to be seen with me, even though anyone would be hard pressed to prove that it was me."

"Dr. Cosgrave?" asked the senator, incredulous. Cosgrave had been a short, fat, balding man in all of the photos during the scandal four years ago.

"Yes, Senator, it's me. And as you can see, my scientific genius continues to produce wonders, despite my current unemployment. But please, come in. We have much to discuss."

The senator followed the notorious scientist into the motel room. There on the bed, in a green negligee that barely contained her, was a red-headed woman with the largest breasts he had ever seen. She was squeezing a protruding nipple with one hand and stroking her crotch with another, a vacuous, contented smile on her face. Senator Wilson stared at her, astounded, aroused, and suspicious.

"Don't mind Dean Dawson" said the self-avowed genius, "I just brought her along as a visual aid."

"Dean Dawson?" asked the senator. Patricia Dawson had retired suddenly from her position as Dean of Research at MIT about a year after she had been in the news so much when she exposed Dr. Cosgrave's human experimentation and the web of corruption at the Institute that had allowed it to go unchecked. Now that Senator Wilson thought about it, the woman on the bed did resemble Dawson somewhat, except for the monstrous tits, the wild red hair, the whorish make-up, and the look of vapid arousal.

"Yes, DeeDee here was once quite a thorn in my side," explained the scientist. "But now she's just another slut in my harem, aren't you DeeDee."

The red head giggled. "I'm a slut!" she declared happily.

The senator was dumbfounded. If his story was true, what had the madman done to this poor woman? And of much greater concern, what did he want with him? He had come here secretly because he had received a note promising that Cosgrave had something to tell him that could guarantee his reelection. He had expected the notorious scientist to reveal some role which his opponent had played in the MIT scandal when her late husband was mayor of Boston, but could Donna Travers really be mixed up in something like this? It seemed unlikely.

"I believe," continued Cosgrave, "That a certain woman is making your life rather difficult, Senator. Latest pole that I saw had you trailing by 18 percentage points. And the election is only three weeks away."

"We've had some snags in the campaign," defended the Senator "but I still think we can rally the support of the people of Massachusetts."

"Oh come now, Senator," chided Cosgrave. "Face reality. I saw the last debate. She made you look like a buffoon. And your little incident with the young campaign workers six years ago still hasn't faded from the public memory. Even if you were able to tamper with the paternity tests—yes, I know about that—there are still a lot of doubt left in people's minds. Some of the bolder newspapers have gone so far as to compare your moral fiber to mine! I don't think there are two women in this entire state that would admit to supporting you. The only reason your doing as well as you are is that some people out there still can't imagine having a female Senator. This final debate next week will be the final nail in your coffin. Unless...."

The Senator was angry and embarrassed, but he knew what Cosgrave had said to be true. What did he have to loose?

"Unless what?" he asked.

"Well, Senator," smiled the oily scientist, "Don't you think you'd have better luck running against someone more like DeeDee here?"

The red-head giggled at her name being mentioned.

The senator finally realized just what he was being offered. He had a sudden vision of his no-nonsense, highly-respected opponent with a massive set of hooters giggling and fondling herself. He found that his pants no longer fit him very well.

"I...I don't think anyone but a pervert would vote for...someone like DeeDee."

"And as many perverts as there are in Massachusetts, most of us don't vote." chuckled Cosgrave.

"What's the catch?" asked Wilson.

"It's quite a simple exchange, Senator. You are the head of the subcommittee which oversees the Department of Defense. The DOD has quite a substantial research budget which, unlike the NIH or NSF, can fund research deemed 'top secret', and thus not subject to inquiry from the general public or even most congressmen. I have acquired a small private research institute in Tahiti, but it has exhausted all of my funds. Since my fall from academic grace, I have had to obtain money by dealing with people even slimier than US senators, if you can believe such people exist, and it is quite frankly more dangerous than it's worth. I miss my old days at MIT and my old federal grants. So, the deal is as follows: One week from now, you will debate an over-sexed bimbo who has been abandoned both by the feminists and the religious right. Two weeks later, the good people of Massachusetts will give you six more years to abuse your office. After the Christmas holiday, the DOD will receive a grant application for \$10,000,000, renewable annually, from the Tahitian Institute for Transformation Science. You will ensure that it is fully funded without peer review and given the highest possible security rating. You will then ensure its renewal for as long as you hold office."

The senator bit his lip. Ten million was nothing compared to the DOD's budget. He had diverted more than that in the past successfully. And if the madman could really pull it off...

"How...how would you do it?" asked the Senator.

Cosgrave smiled, knowing that his quarry was hooked.

"I have developed a device which can have remarkable transformative effects on the human mind and body," explained Dr. Cosgrave. "DeeDee, having stripped me of my research subjects, has acted as a my primary guinea pig."

"The machine is yummy," affirmed the former Dean. "It gave me big boobies!"

"I've always been a bit of a breast man, despite the rumor that we geniuses are supposed to prefer legs," explained the scientist. "I've recently developed a hand-held version of my machine. All I have to do is give Ms. Travers three treatments and the transformation will be complete."

"How will you get close to her?" inquired the senator. "She's had a constant body guard ever since her husband was assassinated."

The scientist grinned, cat-like.

"I see you've already considered messier options," he teased. "But I won't have a problem getting close to her."

He pulled out a large microphone and an authentic-looking press pass.

"You just tend to your campaign, and I will tend to your opponent."

DeeDee giggled. The senator grinned.

"You have yourself a deal," he said.

"Splendid," replied Cosgrave. "And to sweeten it, I'll let you borrow DeeDee for half an hour."

The red-head squealed with pleasure.

* * *

Donna Travers was in the small town of South Carver, 4/5ths of the way through her avowed goal to visit every county in Massachusetts. She had spent a somewhat productive evening talking to the chamber of commerce about her proposed small business legislation. Now she had only to face the small contingent of reporters that had been following her, then she could get a well-deserved night's sleep. Her campaign was really coming to a head and she was quite happy and enthusiastic. It would be so great to have kicked that bastard Wilson out on his keester.

She stepped out of the chamber of commerce building and was swarmed by the reporters, all jockeying for position to get their microphone closest to her face. It was so silly—why couldn't they all agree to just use one mic and share the audio? They inevitably all ended up using the same quotes anyway. There was a new one today—a tall man with a bushy moustache. His microphone read 'What'sNew.Com'. Oh well, she supposed she should be grateful for the coverage.

The reporters shouted out their usual barrage of questions, a few about her proposed legislation, most about her opponents long list of scandals and rumors of impropriety. The former she answered at length, the later she quelled with a smug 'No Comment'. The 'Honorable' Mr. Wilson could easily hang himself without her having to get her hands dirty.

The new guy didn't have any questions. No doubt one of those many little internet news sites that touted speed more than content. He'd probably have a ten second quote online ten minutes after the press conference was over. As lackadaisical as he was about asking questions though, he certainly was competing for microphone space—his oversized mic was constantly in her face, all the more so since he never brought it back to ask a question. It was getting annoying, especially combined with the way he kept grinning at her with that cheesy moustache. Maybe it was that distraction which was making her feel so disoriented. Her head felt fuzzy and her normally crisp answers were coming out somewhat muddled. It seemed very warm all of a sudden. Thankfully, Susan, her campaign manager, saw that she was in trouble and called off the press, whisking her away to the hotel where they would spend the night.

"Thanks, Susan" she said as they drove off. "I guess I'm more tired than I thought I was."

"Well, a good night sleep will do you good," consoled Susan. "Just three more weeks and then you can relax until January, when you'll be sworn in as the junior senator from Massachusetts!"

"That'll be good," said Donna, more about the relaxing than about her new job.

She still felt very warm and a little dizzy when she was at last alone in her hotel room. So warm, in fact, that once she had her clothing off, she decided to forgo her nightgown and sleep in the buff. She smiled at her naked self in the mirror. She still looked pretty good for forty three. She had a coif of blonde hair which she kept short and business-like, piercing blue eyes, a firm chin that was strong without being mannish. It was a face that told everyone that she was born to lead. Who knows, a couple of terms in the senate and she might aim for the oval office.

Her body had held up pretty well also. She was as lithe and slim as she had been when her late husband first ran for mayor.

A little giggle escaped her lips as the thought occurred to her that she was seeing the future president of the United States stark naked.

"You look awfully sexy tonight, Madam President" she said.

She didn't usually spend much time looking at herself, but tonight she couldn't help thinking how pretty she was. She kept herself fit and trim, swimming a mile each morning. Her small breasts were still perky. Tonight, they seemed perkier than normal, her nipples rigged despite how warm she felt. Come to think of it, they looked as firm as they'd been when she was 18. And they seemed fuller somehow. She reached up and gave them a tentative squeeze. Sparks shot through her body and she gasped. She couldn't remember ever being this sensitive. Something odd was definitely happening to her. But she felt so warm and sleepy that she didn't want to worry about it right now. There would be time to figure it out in the morning.

She stripped the blankets off the bed and slipped between the satin sheets. The soft fabric felt glorious against her skin. The slight dizziness she had felt since the press conference, while annoyingly distracting when she had to speak, now felt delicious. She imagined that she was floating in a warm tropical lagoon, being gently rocked by soft waves. Soon she was asleep.

She dreamed. In the dream, she was a cave girl with long tousled hair and large jutting breasts, barely covered by an animal skin, like something out of a really bad movie. She felt hot and bestial, like a wild cat in heat. Two big hairy cave men were fighting for the right to take her and fuck her brains out. She was so horny and she wanted them to hurry up and do her. Suddenly, she knew what to do. She ripped off her animal skins and strode boldly between the two men. They turned to her in surprise and with an earthy grunt, she grabbed hold of both of their sweaty cocks and began to fondle and stroke them. Both became instantly hard and she fell to her knees, turning to one meaty cock which she began to lick and suck while she raised her hips and indicated to the other man to start fucking her. Happily, he obliged. He slammed into her and pounded and ground while she did her best to swallow the huge member in front of her.

She half awoke and her skin was on fire. She felt so deliciously slutty. Her hair felt soft and sensual against her face, the soft sheets were rubbing against her hard nipples, her strong thighs pressed together, her snatch hot and wet between them, aching to be touched. Her hand snaked down her body, down her stomach, and gently probed her burning pussy. She let loose a little moan. It felt so good! She began to rub harder and harder. Soon a finger slipped into her soft, wet hole, followed by another, and she began to rhythmically push them in and out, her hips eagerly rising to meet them. Meanwhile, her other hand roamed across her body, finally coming to rest on her right breast. It felt huge in her small hand, but squeezing it felt so good that she gave little thought to its size. She gasped and moaned as she pulled roughly at the nipple, her other hand working furiously at her snatch. She imagined her self being fondled and fucked by dozens of big, sweaty men, their mouths, hands and cocks all over her. At last she climaxed with the most massive orgasm she had ever had and she screamed out in ecstasy, then collapsed on the bed in a thought-free warm fog. She was reluctantly pulled out of it by frantic knocking at the door. She stumbled out of bed, wrapping the sheet around her as an afterthought. She opened the door. It was Susan.

"Donna, are you all right? Jeff heard you scream."

The look of panic and concern on her friends face finally brought her fully awake and, realizing what she had just done, she blushed furiously. She was even more embarrassed that her bodyguard had heard her—but she couldn't help wondering, just for a moment, if it had turned him on. An image of the big nordic-looking man naked and hard flashed through her mind and she wanted nothing so much as to go back to bed for an encore.

"I...I'm fine Susan. Uhhh...Bad dream. Sorry. G'nite."

"Donna, it's 9 a.m. You have to meet with the league of women Voters in Bridgewater in two hours. We have to go!"

Her campaign manager suddenly got a perplexed look on her face.

"Donna, what happened to your hair?"

Donna then realized that the hair that kept falling into her face shouldn't be there. She kept it cut quite short. She rushed to the mirror. Her hair had grown at least six inches over night. In her shock, she dropped the sheet and was met with another surprise. Her breasts jutted out proudly from her chest, at least three times the size they had been when she went to bed last night. She reached up to touch them and once again found herself kneading them, blood rushing to her head and pussy. It was an effort to let go.

"My God, Susan!" she exclaimed. "What's happening to me?"

"I don't know, Donna." her campaign manager said with more than a little fear in her voice. "I...I'll cancel your appointments for today. You should see a doctor."

Donna thought about that. The press always made such a big deal about health problems during election time. and she had to meet with the teamsters this afternoon. They still hadn't endorsed either candidate. Not that she really needed to garner more votes, but she wanted the satisfaction of burying Senator Wilson by as large a margin as possible. And she didn't feel ill—she actually felt better than she had in a while.

"No, Susan," she said. "I've got to meet with the teamsters. Labor is one of my key issues. Rosa can fix my hair on the way to Bridgewater and we can find something to hide...these. If it gets any worse, I'll see a doctor tomorrow."

Susan conceded and helped pick out one of Donna's bulkiest jackets to go over her loosest blouse, which now stretched tightly across her swollen bosom. If the swelling didn't go down, she was going to need a whole new wardrobe. Oh well, the senate gig paid pretty well.

They packed up and piled into the RV that served as their mobile headquarters. Rosa, Donna Travers hairdresser cum image consultant, was absolutely astounded at her hair growth and was quick to notice her growth elsewhere. As they drove, the stylist pulled out the tools of her trade and soon had Travers' hairdo returned to its short business-style. She did her make-up and even offered one of her bras. Donna gratefully accepted, drew the curtains closed, and stripped to the waist. Her nipples were still protruding and it was tempting to pull on them, but she resisted and tried on Rosa's pale pink bra. It was a 36C and, to Donna's amazement, it fit her perfectly. She'd worn a 34A yesterday. She had no idea what was happening to her body, but at least this should help hide her...problem for now.

They got to the town of Bridgewater and Susan went in to the meeting hall to make sure that everything was set up for Donna's speech. Donna waited in the alcove, going over her notes one last time. She still found it hard to concentrate, but she was feeling very confident. She saw that Susan was arguing with the man from 'What'sNew.com' over by the podium..

Susan stormed back to where Donna waited.

"Asshole" muttered Susan. "What's up?" asked the candidate. "Oh, Mr. Internet over there says he has a special mike that makes for a clearer broadcast over the net and he wants to set it up at the podium. Probably just wants his logo on any photographs, but I don't have the time to argue with him. Hope you don't mind."

"No, that's o.k." said Donna. "Boys must have their toys."

Donna went before the crowded auditorium of the League of Women Voters and they broke into applause. Everyone knew that Wilson was a misogynistic asshole and the women of Massachusetts saw Donna Travers as their champion, facing off against the 'good ol' boys club' on her own terms. She basked in the applause, then went into her speech about how it was both a woman's right and her duty to take charge of her own destiny and the destiny of her community and country. It was a speech she had given many times and she was able to go through it with her usual aplomb, despite the fact that she was feeling so warm and that the dizziness had started again. Rosa's bra felt so tight under her blouse and jacket. She couldn't wait to take it off once the speech was done.

The words of her speech were getting harder and harder to remember now. She stumbled at several points and had to consult her notes, which seemed blurry. This shouldn't be so difficult.

She was getting to the point that was designed to remind the audience of Wilson's philandering without mentioning him by name.

"We must show the men of our communities that we are equal partners with them in government, in business, and in life. You all know that there are men out there who see us only as sex objects..."

What came next? She drew a blank. She couldn't find her place in her notes. Time to improvise.

"They see us only as sex objects, to be fondled and groped and licked."

God she was hot!

"They want to squeeze our breasts and rub our asses. They want to make us their whores and do all sorts of nasty things to us. My God, just think about what they want to do to our bodies! They're all around us with their long, hard dicks, just waiting to fuck us!"

Then Susan was there arm and Jeff. Her body guard took her arm and led her off the stage, while Susan told the crowd that Donna was ill and had to go.

"But..but I wasn't finished!" complained Donna.

By the time they got her back to the RV, Susan had convinced Donna that maybe it wasn't the best thing to say during her speech. But she didn't see why she was making such a big deal about it. After all, everyone loved her. A small laps in judgment wouldn't make a difference. And besides, she told herself, what she said was true, even if Susan and the others didn't want to hear it. Men did want to fuck her. They all did. She just knew it. And she wasn't sick, she was just horny. That and her bra was too tight. She stripped off her jacket and blouse, followed by the tight, uncomfortable bra. Jeff turned away, but not too quickly Donna noted with a smile.

Susan really thought she should call off the meeting with the teamsters but Donna argued until at last she relented. No speeches, but she could sit down with the leadership. Susan got on the phone to make the appropriate change of plans and to arrange for a doctor's appointment tomorrow in Boston. Meanwhile, Donna decided to take a nap. She was feeling sleepy and very, very warm.

She made her way to the bed in the back of the RV, drew the curtain and was soon fast asleep. She began to dream again. Again in her dream she had gigantic breasts and wild long hair, but this time she was wearing a sparkley sequined outfit like something she'd seen once at a show in Las Vegas. Susan was there and was frantic as always.

"Hurry," she said "Get in! They're waiting for you!"

Susan pointed her to a huge hollow cake and Donna climbed into it and pulled the lid down. The next thing she knew, she heard 'Hail To The Chief' being played and she knew what she had to do. She sprang out from the top of the cake and yelled 'Surprise!'

She was surrounded by men in suits. The President was there, as was Senator Wilson, several other congressmen, and her 10th grade math teacher, for some reason. She stepped down to the second layer of the five layer cake and started to dance, stripping off her costume as she did so. The men cheered and shouted out to her. She felt so proud—they really liked her! They all gathered around the cake. Once she was nude, she shook her big boobies at them, driving them wild. Then she had an idea. She scooped up handfuls of frosting and smeared it all over her breasts, her stomach, her ass, her pussy, then she bounced down two layers and spread herself out on her back. The men descended on her, drooling heavily, and started licking her vigorously, everywhere. She felt so good! But then one of the men stated shaking her. Why was he doing that?

She woke to find that it was Susan shaking her. She stared at her friend through a haze of blonde hair, uncomprehending. God she was horny.

"Donna, it's getting worse!" Susan was saying. "Look at yourself! We've got to get you to a doctor!"

Donna sat up and felt an unaccustomed weight from her chest. She pushed the hair out of her face with both hands and gaped at herself in the full length mirror on the door of the commode. Rosa's morning work was completely erased and then some—her hair hung in loose curls down to her shoulders. And it looked as if she had stolen her breasts from a Playboy Bunny. In fact, her entire body looked like a centerfold's. The sag of 43 years of gravity was gone. Even the hint of crows feet at her eyes had disappeared. She looked like a teenager's wet dream and she could have passed for twenty five. Not what she was used to—but she kind of liked it. And she knew a group of truck drivers would. Might as well play whatever was happening to her to full advantage.

"Come on, Susan. If I suddenly break off the meeting, the press is going to want to know why. Do you want to try and explain these?" she asked, cupping the melons hanging from her chest and hefting them. God that felt good.

Susan had to admit it would be difficult to hide her condition from the press. They certainly didn't want them asking questions before a doctor could figure out what was wrong with her. Wild speculations about health problems were never a good thing at election time. "Well, we'd best have Rosa cut your hair again." said Susan, resigned. "I'll have someone run out and get you some clothing that will fit."

"I don't know," said Donna. "I think I kind of like the hair."

"Donna, you look like a bimbo!" exclaimed Susan.

Somehow, being called a bimbo gave her a very urgent need.

"Um...Gotta go use the little girls' room," she excused herself, then rushed to the tiny water closet and frigged herself to a raging orgasm. She bit into a roll of toilet paper to keep from screaming, hoping it would be enough to conceal her actions. From the embarrassed way no one would look at her when she came out, she knew it hadn't.

They got her three new minimizing bras in progressively larger sizes, just in case, and a large blouse and heavy jacket. It couldn't hide the fact that she had grown, but at least it concealed somewhat the enormity of her transformation. Over Susan's protests, Donna tied her hair back loosely with a scrunchie. It had continued to grow and reached between her shoulder blades by the time that they reached Brookline where she was scheduled to meet the teamsters.

The men she met with were large and tough-looking. You didn't become a leader of truckers without being all man, she thought. God she was horny. The look on their faces when she entered the room was priceless. Clearly, she wasn't what they expected. She felt their eyes roam up and down her body, lingering on her chest. If only they knew, she thought with a smile.

She sat down along with Susan and made niceties with the teamsters. At Susan's request, the press had been barred. Donna didn't feel at all flustered like she had with the ladies this morning. She felt more confident than she ever had before. These men really, really liked her. She just knew it. And she liked them too. She wondered if she could get some time alone with the big African-American one. She wished Susan wasn't there.

They spent some time asking her about transportation issues and OPEC. She told them what she could remember about her proposed policy changes and they seemed satisfied on the whole. They had a few objections, but Donna quickly conceded that they probably new best.

"Of course," she confided with a smile, "I imagine you boys could talk me into just about anything."

The teamsters chuckled—some even giggled. Susan looked mortified. Why did she have to be so jealous? These guys really liked her. And they were all so cute!

"My it's warm in here," exclaimed Donna, then she took off her jacket to Susan's horror and the teamster's delight. She was telling the truth—she did feel awfully warm. But she also thought that the teamsters would really like to see her new big boobies. She was right—they did. Her swollen breasts were straining against the new bra and her hard nipples were clearly visible. A few of the men were glancing at them nervously, the rest were staring in out and out wonder. Donna giggled.

"Um, we should be going now," said Susan. "Mrs. Travers hasn't been feeling well."

"Oh Susan, I feel fine!" exclaimed Donna. "I feel absolutely great! You boys don't mind hanging around with me for a little longer, do you? I want to really get to know my future constituents."

The teamsters enthusiastically agreed. They had beer and snacks brought in and Donna cheerfully continued to flirt with them for two more hours. She drank much more beer than she was accustomed to and the happy bubbles washed away that nagging feeling that something wasn't right. It also helped to wash away her nagging campaign manager who, after whispering that they should leave every five minutes for half an hour, finally sulked over to the beer and proceeded to drink and scowl at her. What a tight ass, thought Donna.

When at last the party wound down, Donna let Susan call Jeff to meet them with a car in the back.

"The press does not need to see you drunk and half naked with a bunch of truckers," declared her campaign manager emphatically. (Donna had undone several buttons over the course of the evening and untied her hair as well.)

Donna blew her new friends kisses as they made their exit and the men all bid her a fond farewell.

"You don't meet with anyone until you see a doctor, Donna," muttered Susan on the way to the car.

"O.K., O.K." said Donna, "First thing tomorrow."

Donna wondered what she was so upset about. She had wowed them in there.

The Candidate—Part 2 of 3

They made it back to Boston late that night and went straight to Donna's Beacon Hill home. They had lost the press, probably for as long as they needed since the official schedule didn't have them back in Boston for two more days. Susan insisted on staying in the guest room and taking Donna to the clinic in the morning. She didn't want to risk anyone else being exposed to the candidate in her present condition.

Jeff was going to take a taxi home, but he lived an hour away in Pinehurst and Donna insisted that he stay in the other guest room. Susan decided that was probably a good idea. The young bodyguard had proven very resourceful that night and he might prove useful in getting Donna to the clinic discretely. They all went to their respective rooms, two of them, at least, feeling exhausted from the days events. Donna, however, was still bubbling with excitement over how the the truck drivers had taken to her.

Donna felt vindicated in the morning Susan burst in with the newspaper.

"Check it out, Donna!" she cried happily, pointing to the headline that read 'TEAMSTERS ENDORSE TRAVERS'. The campaign manager's happiness was added to by the fact that Donna had no more hair or boobs than she had last night. She was also showing a modicum of modesty, holding the sheet over her enlarged mammaries with a flush of embarrassment on her cheeks.

"I told you everything would be fine!" said Donna. "The boys really like me, and it doesn't hurt to give them a little thrill. If you've got it, flaunt it!"

Susan sighed.

"Don't kid yourself, Donna," she chided. "We got lucky. If the religious right had seen you last night, they'd be calling to have you stoned. And the press isn't all good. Some of the ladies at the League of Women Voters were really offended, though your speech doesn't even get mentioned until page eight. But worst of all, there's an article speculating over your change in appearance. They got pictures of you going in to see the teamsters, though not coming out, thank God!

Donna pouted. "I think my hair looks nice," she protested. "And my boobies are pretty too and they feel good!"

Susan sighed, a look of sympathy and concern replacing the stern one.

"I know it might seem that way, Donna" she said, taking her hand, "But you just haven't been yourself lately. It's not just your body that's been changing. You've been acting...odd. If Dr. Wang can't identify what's wrong with you, I really think you should see a psychiatrist."

"But I feel fine, Susan!" objected Donna, "More than fine. I feel great! I have so much energy lately. Why, you should have seen me last night! I was..."

There was a chocking sound from the adjoining bathroom. Susan looked aghast.

"Donna," she said pointedly, "who is in the bathroom?"

Her question was answered by the door opening to reveal Jeff, looking exhausted and very ashamed.

"You son of a bitch," Susan exclaimed in a low, deadly voice. "How could you? Can't you see that she's sick?"

"I...I'm sorry," stammered the bodyguard. "She, well, she said that...um...I'm sorry."

"Oh don't be mad at Jeffy!" exclaimed Donna, "He was so wonderful! And I needed it so bad! I've been so horny lately and my fingers just haven't been enough. Don't be mad at him. I made him do it. I made him do it again and again and again and it was so great! God, Susan, you should try him!"

Susan shook her head and turned back to Jeff.

"Get your pants on and get out." she said coldly.

"Yes ma'am" said Jeff, eyes down cast. "Sorry. Sorry Mrs. Travers. I...Good-bye."

Then he was gone, leaving the two women alone. Donna pouted. She was getting horny again already.

"Donna," said Susan, gentle but firm, "We really can't afford a scandal right now. The reason your doing so well is that so many Republicans are disgusted with Wilson's philandering. If the press finds out that you're screwing a man half your age, they'll go back to Wilson. I know it's not fair, but the public is always more willing to forgive men for sexual peccadillos than women."

"I know that, Susan!" defended the candidate, "God, do you think I'm stupid? That's why I chose Jeff. I knew that he could be discrete. And I just had to do something. I'm so horny I could die!"

Susan sighed again, feeling very, very tired.

"Well, let's get you to the doctor and hopefully he can help you," she said. "Let's see, what can you wear?"

They took Susan's car and went to the small private clinic where Donna's primary care physician, Dr. Stewart Wang, had his practice. Donna had tied her hair back and wore a large winter coat over a bulky sweatshirt that had belonged to her husband. The bright Autumn morning was not particularly cold, but Susan had insisted.

Susan waited in the lobby and the nurse lead Donna back to the examining room. The nurse had recently started at the clinic and apparently didn't follow politics enough to recognize Donna Travers. She just took her vitals and chatted with her about nothing in particular, then told her that the doctor would be with her shortly. Donna could have sworn that the woman was checking her out, her eyes lingering on Donna's large breasts. Donna wasn't sure how she felt about that.

The nurse left and Donna sat on the examination table waiting for Dr. Wang. Dr. Wang. Funny that she after four years with him as her physician, she had just now noticed that his name was synonymous with cock. She giggled at the thought.

She'd never been with an Asian man. She wondered if their cocks were distinctive. A warm glow began to build within her as she contemplated the many possibilities. How yummy it would be to play with Dr. Wang's wang!

But Susan had said she needed to be discrete. And she was right, of course. A politician had to be careful who she fucked. She could indulge her libido, as most of her male counterparts did, as long as it didn't get dragged out before the public. Yes, discretion was the key. But god-almighty she was horny.

And a doctor-patient relationship was supposed to be confidential, right? What could be more discrete than that? Yes. the good doctor would be just what she needed. Donna stripped off the sweat shirt, exposing her swollen mammaries and pinched her nipples until they were good and hard. Then she ran her fingers through her hair, leaned back and practiced sultry looks and pouts. The good doctor wouldn't know what hit him.

Dr. Wang came in reading a clipboard.

"Good morning, Mrs. Travers. It says here that you have some swelling in your br...Holy Shit!"

The physician gawked and Donna chuckled.

"Ah...um..." stammered the young doctor, trying to regain his composure. "Sorry. You didn't have to take off your top yet. Would you like an examination gown?"

"Oh no, doctor" said his patient. "I'm quite comfortable. And after all, you're here to see these, aren't you?"

Donna hefted her large breasts and presented them to him. She was delighted to see his eyes widen.

"Um, yes. Well. When did this start?"

"Well, I first noticed it yesterday morning," explained Donna. "My hair and boobies kept growing all day yesterday, but they seemed to have stopped. Susan, my campaign manager, is really worried about it, but I don't know why. I figure I just developed a little late in life. I look great and I feel marvelous, so why question it?"

The doctor looked incredulous.

"So quickly? And there hasn't been any pain or discomfort?" inquired the physician.

"Oh no!" Donna denied. "They feel wonderful. And I feel great! I'm just a little...randy. If you know what I'm saying."

"Hmmm," said Dr. Wang, trying to be professional despite his initial shock. "That's very...unusual. It's a good thing you came, though. It could be the first symptoms of something more serious. I'm going to have to examine you."

"Of course you will, Dr. Wang," said Donna, spreading her arms wide, throwing her head back and thrusting out her chest. "Examine away!"

Donna was disappointed to feel the physician's hands at her throat, having expected that he would go straight for her boobs. They were nice hands, though, and they felt good as they palpated under her jaw line and along her neck. Then his hands were in her armpits, probing and prodding. This wasn't nearly as enjoyable as Donna had hoped.

"Your glands and lymph nodes don't seem to be swollen at all," observed Dr. Wang, perplexed. "Have you had a fever or any other illness recently?"

"Well, I have been feeling awfully warm lately," Donna confessed. "In fact, I'm feeling very, very warm right now, doctor."

The look she gave him did nothing to help his composure. He retreated to his clipboard on the table. From the way he shuffled, Donna could tell he was suffering from a stiffy. She smiled.

"The nurse didn't report a fever," said Dr. Wang. "And you don't feel hot. But maybe we should take your temperature again."

"Dr. Wang," chided Donna, "I'm not here because of a fever, I'm here because my boobies got bigger all of a sudden. Aren't you going to take a look at them?"

"Yes, well...Yes, I suppose that is necessary," said the doctor.

He placed his hands on her enlarged breasts and she let out a sigh of contentment. At last. His nibble fingers probed the firm tissue. His palm brushed against her left nipple and Donna let out a low moan and bit her lower lip.

"I'm sorry," apologized the doctor, "Is it painful?"

"Oh no, doctor!" replied Donna. "It feels really, really goood!"

As she said this, she rubbed a knee up his inner thigh until she found the hard mass of his cock. His eyes widened.

"You have great hands, doctor."

"Mrs. Travers, I really don't think...." the physician began, taking his hands from her breasts.

"Hey!" protested Donna, grabbing his hands and pushing them firmly against her mammaries, "You're not done with my examination. You have to feel me. You have to rub me all over."

She rubbed his hands against her engorged nipples and half-reluctant, his hands began to massage her of their own accord. She leaned into them and reached down with one hand to stroke his now completely engorged cock through his dark slacks. The physician swallowed hard.

"Mrs. Travers, this...this really isn't appropriate," he managed.

"Oh, I'm not going to tell anyone, Dr. Wang," she said giving his member a squeeze, "A doctor-patient relationship is confidential. No one has to know. It'll be our dirty little secret."

At this, she leaned in and licked his neck, then attached her mouth to it and sucked hard.

"Mrs. Travers!" protested the doctor, pushing her back.

"Oh, please," she said, nonplused and continuing her advance, "Call me Donna! And I'll call you Stewart. Or would you rather I call you Dr. Wang? I could pretend to be one of your hot little nurses and you could do me right here on the table. Doesn't that sound just yummy?"

She was on her feet now, pressing herself against the retreating physician. She reached behind and grabbed his firm buttocks and pulled their groins together. She ground herself against him, feeling every inch of his cock through the clothing as she rubbed her bare breasts against his shirt.

"Mrs. Travers..." he began.

"Donna," she reminded.

"Donna," he conceded, "I...I think that what ever is wrong with you is affecting your judgment. And your libido."

"Lucky me," said Donna "But if it's effecting my libido, don't you think you should examine my pussy?"

She grabbed the doctor's wrist and tried to force his hand down the front of her pants. He resisted though. Donna just couldn't understand why he didn't just take her. She knew that he wanted her.

At last he pushed her away and in a flash had a stool between them.

"Mrs. Travers, you are clearly very ill" shouted the distraught physician. "I'm going to give you a sedative that should calm your...your urges. And I'm going to order some blood tests. The nurse will be in shortly to draw blood. Until we have the results, you need to take the sedative and get some rest."

"The only thing I need is that hard rod between your legs," objected Donna, beside herself with unsated lust and angry at the physician's lack of cooperation.

"I...I'm sorry" said the doctor. "I...I just can't. It wouldn't be right."

And then he was gone, leaving Donna alone and frustrated and feeling very sorry for herself.

The nurse came back and drew blood. She, at least, appreciated Donna's breasts. But Donna was so frustrated by Dr. Wang's rejection and so unaccustomed to thinking of women as a sexual option that she didn't do anything about it.

When she came back to the lobby, Dr. Wang was talking to Susan, but he hurriedly left as soon as he saw her. Susan was disappointed that they still didn't know what was happening but was glad of the prescription and order of bed rest. Donna just sulked and headed for the car. Susan followed.

They stepped out of the clinic and were immediately swarmed by a horde of reporters, many more than usually covered her campaign. Susan looked panicked—Donna had forgotten her coat!

The reporter with the bushy moustache reached Donna first and his big microphone was right in her face, soon joined by a dozen others. Donna was a little upset by the mob, but not nearly as much as Susan. After all, reasoned Donna, what did she have to be ashamed of? Her body was beautiful. Why should she try to hide it? Seeing all the microphones pushing towards her, the 'WhatsNew.com' one predominant by its size, she found herself wondering if the size of a man's microphone was proportional to the size of his dick. God she was horny.

They were all shouting out questions, even Mr. Big Mic. It was hard to tell what they were saying with all the shouting. She looked out across the sea of reporters and cameramen. It felt dream-like. She felt dizzy.

Susan was shouting now and some of the microphones turned toward her. But not the big one.

"I get the big one," Donna thought and she giggled.

"Mrs. Travers is not feeling well," Susan was saying. "Please, just let us go. We'll have a press conference tomorrow."

"I feel fine, thank you" said Donna in a dreamy voice.

"What's wrong with her?" shouted a reporter. They were finally calming down enough to ask one question at a time.

"We won't know that until tomorrow," said Susan. "They have to run tests. We'll tell you then."

"Mrs. Travers, is it true that you recently had breast augmentation surgery?"

It was Mr. Big Mic. Susan loudly denied it, but attention was back on Donna. All those microphones. All those long, hard microphones.

"No, I didn't have a boob job." denied Donna. "They just kinda grew. All of a sudden. My boobies got really big. They're nice."

Everyone was looking at her boobs. It felt good. They were taking pictures of them. She knew that everyone wanted to touch them. God it was warm. Why did she have to wear this damned sweatshirt? She pulled at the bottom It tightened across her chest. Cameras flashed. So dizzy.

The reporters continued to shout out questions. Did she change her appearance to attract male voters? Did she think she could maintain the respect of the other congress persons? Some one in the back asked if she was wearing a bra. Donna tried to answer questions, but she felt so confused and oh so very warm. Forming a coherent sentence was nearly impossible. Susan just kept shouting to leave them alone and let them go.

The clinic security, consisting of three unarmed men, tried to help the two women but found it very difficult to do anything about the mob. Eventually, they pushed their way to Donna and Susan and then, surrounding them, pushed their way slowly to Susan's car. Susan drove away furiously, nearly hitting a camera man in the process.

"Fuck!" said Susan as she drove. "Fuck! fuck! fuck! fuck! fuck! fuck! fuck! fuck! fuck! fuck!"

Donna thought that sounded like a great idea. She dreamily slipped a hand down the front of her pants.

When they got to Donna's home, Susan was even more angry, mostly because the woman she had tied her career to refused to see just how much trouble they were in. Susan told her to go and take the sedative the doctor had given her while she made some phone calls. She had fires to put out and Donna would be more helpful unconscious.

Donna gladly agreed; She was feeling very sleepy. She went to her room and stripped off the hot sweatshirt. Her breasts bounced happily in their freedom. They were very pretty boobs. Why did Susan want her to hide them?

Pants and panties followed the sweatshirt and the Democratic candidate for Senate in Massachusetts flopped naked onto her nice soft bed. She was asleep before she remembered that she was supposed to take a sedative.

She dreamed. She was an actress on the set of a movie. The reporter with the bushy moustache was the director. The set consisted of a bunch of gym equipment and for a moment Donna thought it was an exercise video, but then she saw that she was naked except for a sweatband, a pair of leg warmers and gym shoes. Sweat glistened of her massive breasts and she realized it was a porno.

The director was explaining that in this scene, Susan was going to play her personal trainer. Then Susan was there, and the campaign manager's costume was more elaborate. The tiny brunette wore an outfit that was all black leather straps and shiny stainless steel rings. Her legs were clad in high heeled black leather boots that reached up to mid thigh. In her hand was a riding crop. At her crotch was a big black strap-on dildo.

Her campaign manager smiled. "Are you ready for the show?" she asked.

Then the director yelled 'Action!' and Susan's face went cold.

"On your knees, bitch!" she yelled and Susan complied, terrified. "You want a work out, do you? Well I'll work you harder than any man ever could."

She grabbed a fist full of Donna's long blonde hair and pulled roughly so that she went down on her hands, her massive breasts brushing the floor.

"You're bad, Donna!" Susan scolded, swatting her naked ass. "You're a nasty little slut, aren't you?"

"Yes" squeaked out Donna.

"What?" demanded Susan, "I can't hear you!"

"I'm a slut!" shouted Donna. "I'm a skanky slut!"

It felt so good to admit it.

"And what do sluts do, slut?" asked her trainer.

"They fuck!" responded Donna. It was all so clear.

"So what do you want to do, slut?"

"I wanna fuck!" shouted Donna. "Fuck me, mistress, fuck me!"

And then Susan was behind her and the big black dildo was pounding into her sopping wet pussy. Susan pulled her hair, yanking her head back and her big tits swung forward. Donna came and came like never before, screaming out for more.

She collapsed on the floor, breathing hard. Suddenly, the air was filled with applause. She looked up to see that they were really on the stage of a huge auditorium and thousands of people were watching her. They had all seen her fuck. They had all heard her come. And they liked it—they really liked it. She felt so proud of herself.

She wanted to give the audience more of what they wanted. She rolled over on to her back.

"Fuck me more, Mistress!" she demanded of Susan. "Fuck me hard!"

And then Susan was all over her again, and again she was coming.

And the crowd was cheering.

She awoke awash in a sea of soft blondness. She tried to sit up, lost her balance and felt her breasts pull her over onto her side. She brushed the hair out of her face and saw that her tits had grown to at least twice the size they had been this morning and her hair now reached her waist.

"Pretty..." she breathed in hushed reverence.

She made a more successful attempt at sitting, then parted her hair with her hands and pulled the heavy locks back over her shoulders to keep them out of her face. The soft hair being drawn across her huge jugs felt heavenly and she cooed with pleasure, then started to rub them. They were real, they were firm, they were beautiful, and they were hers. She cautiously made it to her feet, the unaccustomed momentum of her tits pulling her this way and that, wobbling and knocking into each other. Donna giggled.

She carefully made her way to her mirror and gurgled with delight at the grinning naked woman with irrationally large titties that looked back at her.

"I'm so pretty!" she said, amazed, squeezing her breasts, lifting them and dropping them, letting them bounce and jiggle while she giggled.

"I'm so sexy!" she cried with growing excitement. She couldn't wait to show off her new rack. She knew that any one who saw her would want to fuck her. And she so wanted to fuck!

"I'm so slutty!" she exclaimed with sudden delighted realization.

"A slut," she thought, remembering her dream. "That's what I am. That's what I want to be. I love to fuck, and why should I be ashamed of that? If that's what I like, then that's what I should do!"

She saw that it was just past five. She knew what she needed and just what she had to do. None of her clothes would fit her now and they weren't sexy enough anyway. She needed to buy new clothes. Then she needed to go show off her new body and find someone to screw. Hell, she needed to find a lot of people to screw.

She giggled, then wiggled into her french-cut panties and her tightest pair of jeans. Then she grabbed an over-sized white T-shirt which she sometimes used as sleepwear and stretched it over her massive rack. Taking a pair of scissors, she cut the bottom of the shirt away so that it showed off her tummy. She pulled a long blonde strand and sucked on it as she admired herself in the mirror once more, then grabbed her purse and a pair of heels and headed out to find some action.

As she neared the kitchen, she could hear Susan on the phone sounding tired, angry, and frustrated. Donna thought to herself that what Susan really needed was a good fuck, but she didn't think the woman would come with her. She'd probably try to stop her from showing off her knockers. She was such a prude. Donna decided to sneak past, shoes in hand. Then she was out the door, in her car, and on her way to party. She felt great!

Donna zipped through the streets of Boston feeling more alive than she ever had. She knew that none of the places that she usually shopped would have any of the things she knew she needed. They wouldn't even have anything that would fit her new body. But she knew where she could go. Out near the warehouse district near the harbor was a boutique where all the prostitutes and strippers shopped. Donna wanted to look as sexy as they did.

She was quite familiar with this area of town, since when her husband was mayor she had led a campaign to have the business licenses of all the strip clubs and smut shops there revoked. She couldn't for the life of her remember why. She realized now that she hadn't fucked nearly enough in her life time and this was probably the best part of town to catch up.

She squealed with delight when she got to 'Aphroditie's Nightie' and saw all the wonderful sexy clothes. The sales girls were really impressed with her new rack—why couldn't Susan take that attitude? They helped her new measurements and Donna giggled and jumped up and down when they told her she would wear an E cup.

She tried on a dozen of sexy outfits that really showed off her titties and decided to buy most of them. The hardest decision was what to wear tonight. But then she found a tiny dress that was perfect. It was sleeveless, stretchy, shiny, and purple with a big heart-shaped cut-out to show off her cleavage. It fit her like it had been painted on and the hem just brushed the top of her thighs, barely concealing her G-string-clad pussy. She added a matching pair of 5 inch heels and some big, dangly earrings. The sales girls told her that she in that outfit she could give a hard on to any man alive. Donna was delighted. That was exactly what she wanted.

And so, weighted down with all her new 'fuck me' clothes, she headed out into the streets of Boston, bound and determined to get herself thoroughly screwed. The combination of the many bags, the new center of balance caused by her huge tits, and the unaccustomed high heels made walking very complicated, taking all her concentration as she wiggled and jiggled. Thus, she almost lost her balance when someone behind her on the sidewalk spoke to her.

"Hello Mrs. Travers! Can I help you with those?"

She turned, wobbled, then was steadied by a large masculine hand on her shoulder. She smiled in recognition when she saw the bushy moustache.

"Hey, I know you! You're the one with the big cock...<giggle>...I mean microphone."

"Yes, but I don't think I've introduced myself," said the reporter, taking several bags from her. "I'm Tom—Tom Tragent."

"Well, pleased to meet you, Tom!" she said with a quick little curtsy that set her rack to jiggling again.

"I must say, Mrs. Travers, you have quite an impressive set of jugs," complimented Tom. "I'm glad to see you're showing them off more. That dress looks deliciously slutty on you."

The candidate tittered and beamed with pride.

"Oh please, Tom," she said "Call me Donna. Let's be friends."

"Why thank you, Donna," he replied, "You know, I've been following your career for a while now, and I have some ideas about how to help your campaign. There's a delightful little bar over there. Would you like to discuss it over drinks?"

He really liked her. She just knew it. And he must have a big hard cock just like his microphone. Donna didn't want another Dr. Wang fiasco, but she was sure that Tom would be more willing. Here was a man that would treat her like the slut that she was.

"Why Tom, that's so sweet of you!" exclaimed Donna. "But wouldn't you rather go some place a little more private where we could like, get to know each other, and, well, fuck?"

The reporter chuckled.

"My, my...A little anxious, aren't you Donna?" he observed. "But all right, we'll do it in reverse order. But afterwards I insist on buying you a drink. A gentleman should always be willing to get a lady drunk if he's going to plow her."

Donna giggled, giddy with the realization that she was finally going to get some action.

"But I'm not a lady," she declared. "I'm a slut!"

"Well then, my dear slut, let's get it on! My van is right over there."

They put her new clothing in the trunk of her car and headed over to the big black van with the satellite dish on top.

The back of the van was windowless and lit only by the dusky light coming from the front dozens of LEDs on the very complicated-looking electronic equipment that lined the sides. It was going to be a tight pinch—none of the acrobatics she had had this morning with Jeff—but at least she was going to get laid.

"So what's all this do?" she asked. She didn't rightly care, but she knew how men liked to show off their stuff. She figured she had better stroke his ego a bit—she didn't want another Dr. Wang fiasco.

"Oh, just some equipment that I built to maximize the power and efficiency of my EM transmissions," he said proudly. "I really am a genius, if I do say so myself! Uh...for a humble reporter, that is."

"Wow!" said Donna, trying to look impressed. "That's really impressive!"

"Well, I do aim to impress you, Donna," he said, dropping trou in one fluid motion.

"Oh WOW!" she exclaimed, this time genuinely impressed. The microphone to penis correlation had just been confirmed. Donna couldn't imagine a more beautiful sight.

She fell to her knees before the marvelous cock. It was half erect already and as she grasped it firmly it leapt in her hands. She stroked the warm, velvety shaft as she felt it get harder and watched it extend out to its full glory.

She licked her lips, opened wide, and engulfed it. It tasted marvelous and felt delightful in her mouth. She busily licked and slobbered all over it. She wanted it good and wet so that she could slide the monstrous thing into her tight pussy.

"My, my, but you are one cock-hungry slut, aren't you Donna?" observed Tom, stroking her head.

"MmHm!" affirmed Donna through cock-filled lips. Finally, a man who appreciated her for what she was!

She squeezed the base of the cock and decided it was firm enough for her. She took it out of her mouth and felt that it was well lubricated, dripping with drool.

"Lay down!" she demanded. Her need was urgent.

"So the lady likes it on top," chuckled the reporter, complying.

"Oh yes!" declared Donna, hiking up her dress and pulling down her panties, then advancing on the prone man. It took some awkward maneuvering, but at last Donna was in a position where she could impale herself on the massive member. She screamed in triumph as it entered her.

She rode him long and hard, using her pussy in ways she never knew she could. She would occasionally pull off him and run her clit up and down the underside of his shaft, using her labia to kiss it. Then she would pound down on him again as his powerful hips thrust the hot rod up into her again and she squeeze it with all her might.

She was on fire! Her ears were ringing! And ringing!

Damn, that was annoying.

"Your...your cell phone," said Tom between grunts and gasps.

"Oh fuck!" said Donna as her hips continued to gyrate. "It's probably Susan."

"Your campaign manager?" queried Tom as he squeezed her tits.

"Yeah, she's probably pissed because I bailed on her. But the damned prude doesn't want to let me screw anyone! She's just jealous 'cause she hasn't gotten laid since college. Mmm! That's nice right there."

"Well <grunt> why don't you let her know what you're doing?" suggested Tom.

"Oh god <gasp> she'd freak!"

"<GROAN>...Go on. It'll be funny!"

"O.K." she said with a giggle and a squeeze of her pussy.

She leaned back to grab her purse, Tom holding firmly to her waste to keep her from toppling, then rocked forward again, hitting her partner in the face with her large tits.

"Hello," she said into the phone, then giggled as Tom started licking her cleavage through the heart-shaped cutout in her dress.

"Donna! Where the hell are you?" Susan's voice demanded.

"Mmmmmm" said Donna in response to a deft thrust to her G-spot. "I'm a little busy right now, Susan. Can I call you back after I come?"

"Oh god!" exclaimed the frantic campaign manager. "What are you doing!"

Donna moaned as Tom grabbed her boobs and pushed her upright, squeezing her nipples.

"Oh yes!" she exclaimed, then "Sorry, Suzy-Q. I'm doing Tom, if you must know."

"Tom?" she demanded, "Who's Tom?"

"Oh, you know <moan> the reporter with the really <grunt> big <gasp> cock!"

"Shit!" exploded Susan "You're fucking a god-damned reporter? Are you crazy?"

"Mmmmm," said Donna. "Not crazy...Horny...Very, very horny."

"Look, Donna," pleaded her campaign manager, "This is very important. I need you to tell me where you are. I'll come get you. I've got your medicine."

"Don't want medicine," said Donna. "Wanna come!"

"Donna, please!"

"Gotta go, Susan. Gotta come. Oh god! Oh god! YES! YES! YES! Aieeeeeeeeeee!"

She collapsed on Tom and reveled in the feel of his hot jizm shooting up inside of her, then reached over to the squawking phone she'd dropped and turned it off. Night had fallen when they emerged from the van. A group of young men applauded them, having discerned Donna and Tom's activity from the movements of the vehicle and the noises they made. Donna smiled broadly at them and bowed theatrically. She was so happy that they knew she put out. She hoped that they would want to fuck her too. She started to approach them, but then Tom took her arm.

"Come now, Donna, I'm not through with you yet" he chided. "I still owe you that drink."

Donna didn't want a drink nearly as much as she wanted another good screw, but there was something compelling about Tom that made her want to do what he told her. She remembered her dream earlier where Tom was the director. She knew that she should follow his directions. She willingly accompanied him into a little bar called simply 'The Dive', although she crossed her fingers hoping that the boys would still be there once she came out.

All regret faded when she entered the bar. There were all kinds of men in there and they stared her up and down with hunger in their eyes. Donna giggled and blushed with renewed arousal. She loved being the center of attention. That must be why she'd gone into politics.

Tom ushered her over to a table near the wall. She found herself wondering what that big bushy moustache would feel like tickling her pussy, and made a mental note to find out.

A waitress came up to them and asked what they'd like.

"Do you like screwdrivers?" Tom asked.

"Oh God yes!" said Donna, her pussy clenching at the word 'screw'.

"Could we get a pitcher then?" he asked the waitress.

"Of screwdrivers?" asked the waitress.

"Yes, I think that will do nicely, at least for starters. And for myself, I'll have a Shiner Bock."

The waitress looked at Donna questioningly and the candidate smiled broadly and winked at her flirtatiously. The girl just shook her head and went to get their order and Donna watched her, noticing what a cute ass she had and wondering if there was anyway she could get a chance to bite it.

She brought their order, and Donna took a big gulp.

"Wow, this is good!" exclaimed Donna. "It's been a while, but I don't remember vodka tasting this yummy."

"Well, I've found that a persons tastes can change as they...develop." said Tom, sipping his beer, "And vodka is a fine thing for a slutty woman like yourself to develop a taste for."

"Really?" asked Donna, fascinated. Having fully embraced her sluthood, she wanted to learn everything about it. Donna Travers was a woman that excelled at everything she set out to do.

"Yes," affirmed Tom. "You see, Donna, you're a very beautiful woman, and most men are intimidated by someone as sexy as yourself."

Donna beamed with pride.

"Now you and I both know that you'd gladly do every man and woman in this bar," Tom continued. "But most of them don't have enough self-confidence to believe that you'd give them a chance. Even if you spell it out for them, some of them aren't going to believe you. But if you're good and sloshed, they'll think they're getting away with something and be more willing to try."

"I never would have thought of it that way," confessed Donna. That must have been what went wrong this morning at the doctor's office.

"Trust me, Donna, you get drunk enough and you'll have every guy in this bar hitting on you."

Donna drained her glass and slammed it down.

"Then pour me another one!" she cried.

He obliged, then continued explaining the way of the world to her.

"Now everyone knows that the same qualities that get you laid can get you elected. That is, if you can get someone to want to fuck you, they'll also want to vote for you. It's been proved in countless high school elections. And in all honesty, that's what got Jack Kennedy elected. Politicians are really just whores that don't put out after they've been paid."

"I guess that makes sense" said Donna between swallows.

"But you're not like that, are you Donna," said Tom. "You want to give the people what they want. You want to put out."

"MmHm!" Donna agreed, finishing her second screwdriver. Tom was so smart. Why hadn't Susan explained this to her.

"That's right, Donna!" exclaimed Tom, refilling her glass. "I knew that I was right about you—you want to be the people's slut! The sort of senator that will do absolutely anything to get her constituents off. The kind of senator that would make our founding fathers proud!"

Donna smiled broadly. She hadn't realized just how patriotic being a slut was!

"That's why I was so worried when I saw that you were trying to hide your new boobies from the world. After all, your hot, sexy body is your greatest political asset. And the people have a right to it. They need to see it and know that you will use every part of it in their service!"

"You're right!" she exclaimed enthusiastically. "I never should have hid my tit-ties! What was Susan thinking?"

"Well, she probably means well," confessed Tom "She's probably just afraid that all of the silly, frigid, prudish people might be jealous if they saw what a hot piece of ass you were. But really, if they don't want to fuck you, why would you want them to vote for you? Wouldn't you rather have supporters who love you for the slut that you are?"

"Really, Donna, why would you want to have the vote of the self-righteous citizens of this state—people that wouldn't fuck you even if you asked them to. Those sorts of people are already well represented by the today's politicians. But think of all the under represented people out there: the hookers, the strippers, the pornographers, and all the people that support and depend on those vital industries. Who speaks for them? You already have the support of the so-called upstanding citizens of the state, but what about the perverts? What about the scum? Aren't they just as an important part of our democracy?"

It all made so much sense! The confusion of yesterday and this morning was gone. She knew that without a doubt, her greatest goal in life was to be the best slut she could be and she wanted the people of Massachusetts and the whole world to know what a competent slut she was. The alcoholic buzz mixed the thrill of having found her true purpose in life and Donna felt better than she ever had. She drained her glass and slammed it down.

"You're right!" she exclaimed. "You're absolutely right! It's what the people want! They want a bimbo! They want a slut!"

"They want a senator that swallows!" said Tom, eliciting a giggle from Donna, who then raised her refilled glass in salute.

"And I'm just that kind of slut!" she proclaimed and poured the drink down her open throat.

"Soooo...." asked Donna hopefully. "Wanna go fuck me again?"

"I do, Donna, I do," Tom enthused. "And I will. But not just now. You see, you already have my vote. But there are so many potential voters right here in this bar. They may know from your dress that you're a slut, but they don't know that you want to be their slut. There's less than three weeks left to go until the election—you need to start getting the word out now! So here's what I'd do if I were you. Stand up on the bench and tell everyone who you are and that you're running for Senate. Then let them know that you're trading kisses for votes. Give them all a taste of what you're offering in exchange for your office. I guarantee, you can have the vote of every man in here."

"You're right!" said Donna, "You're absolutely right! I'll do it!"

"Great!" said Tom. "It's exactly the sort of boost your campaign needs. And just to show you that I'm not acting out of self interest, I'll go call the other reporters so that everyone can see that you're serious about being a slut!"

"Oh Tom, that's so sweet of you" said Donna.

Donna drained her fourth screwdriver in a quarter of an hour, then climbed up on her seat with Tom's help. He then left her to go retrieve her cell phone and wished her luck.

The sight of the blonde with the huge rack in the tight purple dress standing on the bench quickly gained the crowd's attention as she ran her hands up and down her body, swaying to the music on the juke box.

"Hi everybody!" she shouted out when she was confident that everyone was watching her. "I'm Donna—Donna Travers! And I'm running for the US Senate on the democratic ticket."

This elicited quite a stir among the bar patrons, including quite a few giggles and several arguments as to the actual identity of the slut on the table.

"I want to be your senator because your needs are important to me!" Donna continued. "And let me tell you, I'm the only one running who's slutty enough to give each and every one of you exactly what you need! If elected, I promise that I will spend night and day, working hard on my back, on my knees, or up against the wall to make sure that everyone of my constituents gets off."

Donna could see the crowd's interest grow. She was back to form. She would work this crowd like she'd done so many before, but this time it would be better. This time it would help get her laid.

"My opponent, the 'honorable' Mr. Wilson claims to represent all of you, and yet he only fucks the occasional campaign worker or intern. I ask you, what good does that do you? Does Wilson expect you to get off vicariously?"

"My fellow Bostonians, I am a new breed of politician. Yes, I like to fuck as much as Wilson—I'm a big old slut. But I'm the only candidate who cares about your orgasm. Hell, half the girls that Wilson fucks are from Washington, and of the local girls he has screwed, over 2/3rds of them didn't even get off! This is unacceptable! You deserve more! You deserve a senator that will suck you off! You deserve a senator that will screw your brains out, not screw you over!"

The crowd was frenzied, not knowing whether to cheer or laugh. All eyes were on Donna. She knew that they all wanted to fuck her. God she was horny.

"You there!" she said to a pimply faced kid that couldn't be her legally. "Step forward. What's your name?"

"Uh...Toby" he managed.

"Well, Toby, has Wilson ever done anything to get you off?"

The boy blushed furiously and shook his head no.

"And I don't think he could if he tried, could he?"

Toby nodded, then shook his head, then bit his lip in confusion.

"Well I bet I could," stated Donna, hopping down, tits bouncing joyfully.

She grabbed the boy and pressed herself against him, thrusting her tongue in his mouth as a hand snaked down to grab hold of his delightfully engorged cock. At first, Toby just stood there frozen like a deer in headlights, but soon his brain relinquished all control to his genitals and he melted into her. It wasn't long before she felt the young man's cock pulsing in her hand and a sticky moisture told her that Toby was someone who might turn in his ballot early.

"Now Toby" she said, looking straight into his dazed, embarrassed face, but loud enough for everyone to hear, "I want you to know that that was just a taste. As your senator, I'll keep your needs in mind. So, are you going to vote for me?"

Toby nodded furiously.

"Yes Ma'am!" he squeaked.

"And how about the rest of you?" asked Donna, turning back to the crowd as Toby scurried off to find a drier pair of pants. "I'm not going to ask you to vote for me without showing you just what you're getting. I'm trading kisses for votes to show you that the only special interests I'll cater to are the ones between your legs!"

After Toby, a group of friends dared each other to take Donna up on her offer and the candidate set out to earn their votes with more aplomb than a lap dancer trying to earn a tip. Soon after, everyone seemed to decide they wanted a piece of her and Donna was delighted by the way they fought for the chance to trade their votes for her sexual favors.

Tom had to struggle to get back to her. Once he was there, he handed her another drink. She had been so busy with the boys that she had forgotten that she was supposed to get smashed as well. Tom insisted that she take a drink between each potential voter and the world had a fuzzy glow to it by the time the first news crew arrived.

Soon it was a madhouse, with five camera crews and countless photographers flashing. Donna was delighted that the press was taking such an interest in her new campaign tactic, but they kept trying to interrupt and ask her questions. Couldn't they see she was working here?

The worst part was that they were scaring away potential voters who apparently didn't want to go on record as supporting her. She knew that they all loved her, but some were shy. It was a sad and sorry society that stigmatized someone for enjoying the attention of a sexy slut like herself. As senator, she would take steps to change that and she told the press as much.

One reporter kept getting in her face, even when she was in the middle of grinding her ass into some voter's groin. He was as pushy as Tom had been, although his microphone wasn't nearly as big. Enough was enough.

"Look, shweetie, d'you wanna waste time asking questions, or do you wanna fuck me?"

That shut him up. He stammered at a response as Donna grabbed his neck tie and licked him slowly from collar to eyebrow. Then she was on her knees and in a flash had the man's pants down and his cock in her mouth. The reporter looked around, terribly embarrassed, yet unable to bring himself to stop her. Soon he stopped caring about anything but the soft lips rapped around his shaft and the wet tongue caressing it. He dropped his mic, grabbed her head, and came down her throat. She swallowed enthusiastically.

Now the cost of a vote had gone up. Now everyone wanted a blowjob. Once the press had arrived, only the boldest and horniest of patrons had remained, although these had called friends that continued to arrive. They continued to demand more and more outrageous proof of her sincerity, but Donna was glad to give it to them. She was a slut of the people and for the people.

Thankfully, the press had quieted down and now just watched in shocked amazement as Donna kicked off what she intended to be the most sexually gratifying campaign in US history.

By midnight, most of the reporters had gone, having already done the 11 o'clock broadcast or rushing off to make the morning edition of the paper. Only the photographers from the trashier tabloids officially remained, although Donna was delighted to see that several of the crews that had left came back, one by one, hoping to get a piece of her for themselves. The drunken blonde was happy to oblige.

The news crew from the local FOX affiliate had been the last TV crew to leave, but suddenly they were back, following a short dark-haired woman with a look of insane rage on her face. Donna looked up from the voter's crotch that she was stroking and saw that the woman looked like a blurry version of Susan. Had her campaign manager decided to join the party?

"What the fuck are you doing!" screamed Susan as she pushed forward, the crowd of horny men melting before her fury.

"Hi Susan!" cried Donna with a big drunken smile. "How did you know I was here?"

"The whole fucking state knows you're here, you stupid slut! You're on every fucking channel!"

"Hey!" objected Donna "Jus 'cus I'm a slut doesn't mean I'm stupid!"

"Aaaaaaarrgh!" screamed Susan, grabbing her employer by the shoulders.

"Look" she spat, "I don't know what the fuck is wrong with you, but I don't care anymore! I'm through with you, got it! I quit! I don't ever want to see your stupid slut face again!"

Donna knew that Susan was angry with her, although she didn't know why. She had been a good friend for a long time and she didn't want her to leave her. Besides, she was really cute. Donna did the only thing she could think of to assuage her friend's anger. She took her in a fierce embrace and shoved her tongue in her mouth, pressing her body against the woman and letting her know with every part of herself how much she meant to her.

Susan froze. Then she started to respond. Then she froze again. Then she pushed away. She stared at Donna in confused horror.

"Don't be mad," said Donna. "If you stay, I'll lick your pussy."

Susan's jaw dropped, then she turned and ran, crying. Tom raised his beer in salute as she left.

Donna felt sad to see her friend go. Why couldn't she just accept her for the slut she was?

The crowd was milling about, not sure if the party was over. Donna didn't know what to do either. But then Tom brought her another drink and told her not to feel bad. He promised that tomorrow he'd introduce her to his friend DeeDee, whom he was sure would be glad to be her campaign manager. And there were still plenty of people here that wanted to fuck her. She should be happy.

Tom was right. He was so smart and so helpful. She felt so lucky that he had taken an interest in her career.

She continued to trade sexual favors for votes and was soon in high spirits again. At one point she had to go to the ladies room and hurl, she was so full of vodka and jizm, but she came back with renewed vigor. Most of the remaining 'voters' were too drunk to mind.

At last some one who was probably Tom, though she really wasn't sure, was leading her out into the street. His hand was on her ass. She liked that.

She staggered into the passenger's seat of some vehicle or other, slumped against the window, and enjoyed the vibrations and bumps as she was driven she knew not where.

The last thing she thought before she passed out was how strange it was that everyone didn't campaign like this.

The Candidate—Part 3 of 4

The morning of the final debate, Donna woke up with a hangover. It was something she was becoming accustomed to. Her new campaign manager, DeeDee, had very limited ideas about campaigning. Actually she had only one idea—drunken orgies in Donna's ritzy home, all comers welcome. So that's how she had spent the past three days and nights.

Not that she was complaining—she'd performed every sex act imaginable in that time, her favorites several times over. She was being the best slut she knew how to be and reveling in the fact.

She gazed down with bleary eyes at the buxom red-head that had passed out between her thighs last night and still lay there, nuzzling against her pussy. What DeeDee might lack in intelligence, she certainly made up for in style. She was still half-wearing the transparent gold dress from last night and her make-up was smeared all over Donna's nether regions.

It had been quite a week. One thing was sure—the Travers' campaign had never gotten this much publicity before. The images of her coming-out party at the bar had run on all the local stations that night and been on the front page of *The Globe* and *The Herald* the next day. By the next evening, she had become a national news story with reporters flocking to her from all over the country and even overseas.

It had been a relatively dull election year, with every national candidate coached, primed, and trained to shy away from anything that smelled even slightly of controversy. Thus when Donna's unique new campaigning style got their attention, the media descended like a plague of locusts.

Donna welcomed them with open arms. She'd always gotten a bit of a rush when the spotlight was on her, but now it felt much more intense—it made her giddy. Everyone wanted a piece of her. Some came anxious to receive her offer of sexual favors for registered voters; Others came for the free booze and the drugs that were arriving with more and more frequency; Still others just came to watch in fascinated titillation.

And then there were those that came to protest. People from dozens of different groups across the political spectrum lined up in front of her house on a regular basis. They brought signs and yelled out things about Donna. Some of it Donna didn't mind at all; She found that she enjoyed being called a slut-whore-bimbo-hussy-tart. After all, pleasing her pussy had become her primary purpose and she took pride in how well she was pulling it off.

But the protesters also said mean and hurtful things as well. How did they know who was going to hell, anyway? She wouldn't be surprised if God Himself wanted a piece of her. When she pointed out this possibility, the minister who led one group fell to his knees and started pleading with Heaven to strike her down. Donna wished the man would just let her blow him—he obviously needed it badly.

Donna really didn't understand why some people were so upset. Oh sure, she knew that what she was doing wasn't exactly in keeping with the societal norm for someone of her status, but it was so much fun and felt so damned good that anyone objecting to it struck her as funny. When feminist leaders accused her of letting herself be exploited or clergymen condemned her for deviance, Donna's inevitable response was an uncontrollable fit of the giggles followed by another crashing wave of arousal.

More incensed than the feminists or the moralists were the leaders of her party. The Democrats had sent a delegation to demand an explanation of her behavior and ask her to withdraw from the race in favor of another candidate. The delegation consisted of two congressmen who had been the first to encourage her to run for senate and the Massachusetts Secretary of State Connie Espinoza.

They had insisted on meeting privately in Donna's home office, away from the circus of press and perverts that most of Donna's home had become. Donna immediately saw that she could work this to her advantage. The candidate had become very adept in the past few days of recognizing potential targets for seduction. Connie might act uptight and irate, but Donna was aware of the looks she kept stealing of her body.

Donna had let the secretary of state work herself into such an indignant frenzy that she could hardly speak, then she pounced on her. The embarrassed woman made half-hearted protests but did nothing to stop the over-sexed blonde woman from kissing her, fondling her, and eventually stripping her of her pants and gleefully eating her out. By that time she was moaning and begging her to continue.

As predicted, the congressmen didn't object. Donna knew from the start that they hadn't joined the delegation out of any sense of moral outrage. They had just wanted an excuse to come see her. And if Donna had learned anything in the past few days, it was that boys like to watch. They were both rock hard and ready for her by the time she left Connie as a quivering mass of half naked flesh.

Donna stretched and smiled at the memory. This was so much fun! The hang-over was already passing, replaced as always with an intense feeling of wellbeing.

She saw that it was 1:30—five and a half hours until she debated Wilson. Better pick out a dress and see if she could get in a quicky or six before then.

She sat up and noticed how sticky was. Jism again? Well, here and there, but mostly it was lime jello. Donna giggled, remembering. The jacuzzi would never be the same again, but it was worth it.

She gave DeeDee's head a playful squeeze with her thighs and the red-head instinctively started lapping, eventually coming fully awake and smiling up at Donna with her big, vacant green eyes.

"Wash me?" asked the blonde after enjoying her new campaign manager's ministrations. DeeDee cheerfully agreed and they scampered gleefully to the shower, their naked breasts bouncing. Several of the partiers who were sprawled about Donna's home groaned at the girls giggling, not having recovered as well from the night's festivities. Thank God for DeeDee, thought Donna. She seemed to be the only one capable of keeping up with her. It was like the two were made to party.

Tom also seemed to easily recover from the nightly debauchery, although truth be told he was not interested in partying himself as much as he was in egging on Donna. Donna didn't need any encouragement to attempt satiating her lust with every available partner, but she wasn't quite so keen on participating in all the booze and drugs that now seemed to flow through her home on a nightly basis. It seemed, however, that Tom delighted in getting her completely smashed. And Donna just couldn't say no to him. Something about him was just so...compelling.

The reporter spent all of his time at Donna's house now, having claimed one of the guest rooms and a space in the garage for his van. He was in the kitchen reading the paper when the two giggling women flounced downstairs clad in nothing but big fluffy towels.

The headline of the globe read:
TRAVERS PLUMMETS IN POLLS

Candidate's Support Dissipates as Hedonism Escalates

"Oh poop!" Donna pouted. "Why is the press being so mean to me, Tom? I must have sucked off half a dozen reporters last night alone! And where are they taking these polls? Almost everyone I've fucked in the past week says they're going to vote for me. You'd think that was a representative sample!"

"Well, Donna," explained Tom, "the press has to have their own little bias. The like to maintain the status quo—it makes their job a lot easier. By embracing slut-hood, you're being a revolutionary, forcing a paradigm shift as it were. Some of the more conservative elements are bound to be resistant. But keep on doing what you're doing and I know you can win them over!"

Donna giggled. That made sense she supposed. And not all of the papers were being mean. The Weekly World News had done a separate feature on her boobies alone, although she didn't know where they got the idea that her breasts had started to grow after having sex with aliens. Of course, she had been stoned when she did the interview.

"So Tommy-tom-tom," said Donna, working a hand up his thigh, "Up for a little game of hide the sausage?"

Tom put down his paper and looked at her pointedly.

"Oh Donna, you can't have sex before your debate with Wilson. That would be entirely to distracting! No, I'm afraid I must insist that you keep your knees together until after the debate."

"But..." Donna objected, her heart racing in panic, "But that's not until tonight! I can't go that long without fucking! I just can't!"

"You can and you will," insisted Tom, "Come now, Donna, you're a grown woman with a distinguished public career. Surely you have enough self restraint to put off your own needs for a few hours. Now go up stairs and pick out a nice sexy dress for the cameras tonight."

He turned her towards the stairway by her bare shoulders and then swatted her ass to send her on her way. He sent DeeDee to help her.

"But just with close and make up," he enjoined, "Keep your mouth and fingers to yourself."

Donna trudged upstairs. She couldn't go that long. But disobeying Tom felt so wrong. Donna heard him chuckling as she went upstairs. He could be so mean some times. She didn't know why she was so devoted to him.

The two women decided that red was the color to go with. It looked good on television and it looked great on Donna. After several tries, they decided on a tiny, skin-tight lycra microdress. Donna was happy to see that her nipples were plainly visible through the tight fabric.

To the dress, they added thigh-high white stockings and little red pumps with five-inch heels. DeeDee blew and brushed her hair to a massive mane, meticulously overdid her make up to match her dress, and added some big red plastic hoops to her ears. The master work complete, Donna applauded DeeDee and she made mock curtsies and bows.

God the red-head looked cute. Just a quicky—Tom would never know.

But before Donna could even finish her proposition, there was a disapproving noise at the door and Tom was waving a finger in reprimand. Donna blushed, bit her lip, and looked down. Damn.

At Tom's insistence, Donna went down to the living room to practice her closing statement. Thus, she got a good view of her bodyguard methodically removing the party guests who hadn't made it out on their own yet. The company that had provided her with Jeff had proven insufficient for her current needs, what with the zoo that her home had become and the rabid protesters. Luckily, one of the local strip clubs had recently closed down and Donna was able to snatch up several of the unemployed bouncers.

They were big, burly men who, at Donna's request, dressed uniformly in tight black T-shirts, khakis, and boots. Watching them man-handle her over-staying guests out of her home was making her incredibly hot. She'd be crazy with lust by the debate. What was Tom thinking?

"Now don't be nervous, Donna" said Tom as they rode in a rented limo to the debate.

"I'm not nervous, silly," giggled the candidate, "I'm good at this! And Wilson's a big old wanker. I'm going to look so good on TV in this dress that everybody in the state is going to be coming in their pants!"

"I don't know, Donna. You look great, but you seem a bit nervous," Tom insisted.

Donna bit her lip. It felt bad to contradict Tom, but she knew she wasn't nervous.

"What I am," she said in a low voice, "Is randy. Do you think you or DeeDee could..."

The blonde woman pulled up the tight skirt of her tiny dress to reveal her swollen, neglected pussy. DeeDee perked up expectantly but Tom slapped the blonde woman's hand and pulled her skirt down perfunctorily.

"There's plenty of time for that after the debate," he chided.

"But it's been hours," Donna whined. "I'm so horny I could die!"

"You're just nervous," insisted Tom. "Here, take this."

He shook out a little pill from a container in his pocket and handed it to her. Donna stared at it.

"What is it?" she asked, hesitant. Tom had been giving her various little pills all weekend, most of which had knocked her for a loop.

"Just a little something to calm you down. Here, wash it down with this."

He poured her a glass of champagne. She sighed in resignation and took both.

The debate took place in the studios of WBUR, the local NPR station moderating, with news analyst Bruce Gellerman moderating. There was a small audience of about 200 people—the tickets had been distributed some weeks before, but had changed hands several times on the streets since then, the current scalper price being close to \$80. Donna looked out at the crowd, all of them so anxious to see her; All of them wanting to fuck her. God, she hoped this was over quick.

The first thing she did was lower the podium. She wanted to lean forward to the mike and make sure everyone got a good view of her marvelous cleavage. She wanted everyone ready by the time the debate was over. No foreplay tonight.

Wilson arrived. The pudgy, gray-haired, gray-faced man was as sweaty and repulsive as ever. Donna wanted to rip his close off and take him right their on the stage. He would to—she could see that he was already sporting a woody for her. But she knew that they would stop her before she could get any relief. And Tom had said she had to wait until the debate was over.

And then the spotlights of the studio started to sparkle and turn a rosy pink. The whole world seemed to be glowing pink. A wave of giddiness rushed through the candidate and then her head started to slowly float away from her shoulders, lolling from one side to another. Donna distantly realized that Tom's pill had taken effect. Well she certainly wasn't nervous now! She giggled softly to herself.

The format was typical—Gellerman would ask a series of questions and each candidate would have ninety seconds to address it. The news analyst took his seat. Mercy he was gorgeous.

"Hi cutie!" Donna addressed the moderator and licked her lips hungrily.

"Uh, Hi...." he said, blinking, swallowing and shifting in his seat. Oh yeah, he wanted her. Donna started to rub her crotch, her hand hidden behind the podium.

Gellerman introduced the two candidates. He described Donna's career as a lawyer, her accomplishments when her late husband was mayor, and her extensive public activism since, but he completely neglected her admittedly brief but absolutely spectacular career as slut and party queen. Mrs. Travers was upset. Surely he knew.

The radio man read the first question: "What role, if any, should the federal government play in public education?"

"The federal government needs to minimize its involvement in our children's schools," responded Senator Wilson. "Local school boards need to have autonomy. That way parents can have the most control over what their children are taught and the schools will reflect the values of the local community and not the whims of some federal official. I support legislation that would dissolve the office of the Secretary of Education and restore control to parents. I think the example of former Surgeon General Jocelyn Elders shows the danger of Washington bureaucrats being out of touch with American values. If Dr. Elders had her way, they'd be teaching masturbation in the schools right now. It shouldn't be the role of the federal government to teach our children about sex."

Donna snorted and giggled, knowing that Wilson could see her stroking herself. She responded.

"Well somebody's got to, 'cause if the kids today are like the kids I grew up with, they don't know fuck about fucking! <giggle> You should have seen my date for the junior prom—he didn't know what the fuck he was doing. He spent all that money on me and then completely botched it up once he got me in the back of the limo. I slept with him a dozen times during high school and never came even once! I had to sneak my mom's vibrator after every date! And Jimmy had the nerve to say it was my fault, since his old girlfriend always used to come. But I just know she was faking it. Hey Jimmy! How you like me now?"

Donna wiggled her breasts at the camera and made an exaggerated kiss at the camera, then giggled.

The moderator shifted in his seat. Oh yeah—he wanted her bad. They all did. So many gorgeous, fuckable people in the audience. How much longer did she have to wait?

Next question: How open should America's borders be and what immigration legislation would you support?

Travers: "We should never forget that we are a country of immigrants. Many of the things that make America great are the result of the unique qualities of our immigrants. What would we do without the French kiss or the French tickler? <giggle> And there is so much more in foreign countries that the U.S. can benefit from. After all, a White Anglo-Saxon Protestant could never have written the Kama Sutra. Hell, if it wasn't for immigration, we'd all be a bunch of Puritans and nobody would be getting laid! So I say, open the boarders! Let the world share in the bounty and the booty that America has to offer and let us in turn partake in all that our foreign friends want to share with us."

Oh yeah, she nailed that one. She turned to Wilson, stuck her tongue out, raised her skirt and wiggled her pussy at Wilson, concealed from all others by the podium. The man's eyes bugged out and he stammered something about protectionism.

Gellerman next asked: "Do you support the military action of the current administration and under what conditions would you support the president in declaring war?"

Wilson droned on, but Donna didn't pay attention. The drug in her system was overwhelming her. She giggled and started massaging one of her tits as she rubbed her crotch with the other. She was vaguely aware of the stir this was causing among the audience. The moderator had to call her name several times before she realize it was her turn to speak.

"I'm sorry, what were we talking about?"

"The military" said an exasperated Gellerman.

"Oooohh!" said Donna. "I like the military! A bunch of sailors came to my house on Tuesday. God they were hot! And they just kept coming! <giggle> Once I'm elected, I intend to make the moral of all the men and women in uniform one of my chief priorities!"

And so the debate continued. Donna's answer to everything was sexual. When asked about the same sex unions now being certified in Vermont, she went to great lengths to describe how much she enjoyed licking pussy, When asked about race relations, she talked about all the different ethnicities she'd screwed in the past week. As the drug continued to work through her system, however, she mostly tended to giggle, distracted by the shiny spot light which she kept staring into until colored spots filled her vision.

The debate over, Wilson fled the press. The man never gave press conferences. Donna, however, was glad to stay and talk. All those microphones—she had become very fond of microphones lately. She tried to answer the questions shouted out at her, but she kept being overcome with more fits of the giggles. Finally, Tom and DeeDee arrived to steer her toward the exit.

Donna floated toward the limo, stopping from time to time whenever they passed a particularly good-looking person to hit on. Tom insisted that they leave though. Big meany. She was so hot!

At the limo, Tom told her that he and DeeDee were going to take a cab and that the limo would take her home. She had hoped they both would do her in the car, but couldn't manage to even ask why. She just giggled and got in.

Far back in the limo, away from any cameras, was a fat man in a trench coat with a large hat and a scarf concealing his face. Donna was happy to see that she had a potential playmate. The door closed and locked, the limo started off, and the man removed his outer garments.

It was Senator Wilson. The pudgy man was smiling a smile that Donna knew well as his eyes licked her up and down, finally rooting themselves on her cleavage.

"Hello Mrs. Travers!" he said to her boobs.

"Senator Wilson!" giggled his opponent, "What are you doing here?"

The man swallowed hard.

"Well, ah, I was told that you might...need something...from me."

"You mean you wanna fuck?" asked Donna, her eyes widening.

The senator nodded vigorously. Donna jumped on him. She was soooo horny! The senator's pudgy hands were all over her. Between licks and giggles, Donna worked at getting the man's pants off. After quite a struggle, at last she had him stripped to the waste. Her face fell.

Oh well, she thought, any small port in a storm.

The next day, Donna was summoned to court. The Democratic party wanted to have her declared incompetent and replace her candidacy with another. It was too late to reprint the ballot, but Democratic lawyers argued that if she was committed, they could let it be known that a vote for Travers would count towards the election of Terrance Whitehead.

By the time she got to court, however, Donna was sober and had spent the night and morning satiating herself, so she was quite lucid, even eloquent. Her former law experience allowed her to deftly prove the unconstitutionality of their proposal and the judge ruled in her favor. As he explained, there is no law prohibiting sexual activity among consenting adults and Mrs. Travers was clearly in control of her faculties and not a danger to herself or others. Disappointed, the Democrats still officially withdrew all support of the Travers campaign and started a half-hearted write-in campaign, knowing full well that most voters were too lazy to vote for someone whose name they actually had to write.

It was two days after the debate and Donna, DeeDee and Tom were in Donna's living room watching CNN and doing tequila shots every time someone said 'family values'. The phone rang, as it was wont to do, although they seldom answered it and this was no exception. When the machine picked up, Donna recognized Susan's voice.

"Donna!" she said, not sounding at all angry, but quite frightened. "Donna, if you're there, please pick up. I think you're in danger."

This got the tipsy threesomes attention, though Tom indicated that they should just listen and the two ladies, of course, complied.

"Please call me as soon as you get this, Donna," Susan continued. "I'm sorry that I got so mad. It's not your fault but I think I know whose making you act like this. It's that reporter—the one from the internet site. I think he's doing something to you. Drugging you or something. It all started just after he showed up. And he was there at the bar. And I saw him with you on TV at the debate."

"You have to get away from him, Donna. Please. He's going to ruin you. I'm at my mother's house in Vermont. You remember. Come out here as soon as you can. No, wait. You probably shouldn't drive. Call me and I'll come get you. Please, Donna. It's important. I...I care about you very much. Call me."

Click.

Donna was confused. Why didn't Susan like Tom? He was so nice, so smart, so deliciously hung. But she had changed since she met him. She couldn't deny that. She liked the changes, but she had wondered about where they came from, at least when she was sober. Could Susan be right?

"Iss that right?" she asked the man with the bushy moustache. "Did you make me a big slut?"

For some reason, this question sent DeeDee into a fit of giggles so violent that she fell off the bed. The reporter scowled at her, then turned to Donna with a cat-like smile.

"Don't be silly, Donna." he said, "You've always been a slut. You just didn't realize it. You were like a little seed, just waiting for the sun to shine on you so that you could blossom into the bimbo that nature made you! How could I possibly have made you into something that you naturally are?"

"Why, for me to be able to create a device that could cause major remodeling of the cerebral cortex while simultaneously hyperstimulating the mamotrophic cells of the pituitary and precisely stimulate endocrinal activity to maximize the libido while inducing profound euphoria, I'd have to be some sort of god-damned genius."

Donna stared at him through a tequila haze. "Huh?"

"If I was that smart, why would I be working as a reporter and living out of my van? That's just crazy."

"Yeah, I guess thas kinda crazy," agreed Donna. "Poor Susan. Too many years without fucking. I guess it finally got to her. I wish that I could help her. She'd be so mush happier if she jus' got laid once in a while."

"Donna, you're right!" exclaimed Tom. "You're absolutely right! You're the genius here!"

"I am?" she asked with confused pride.

"Yes, you are! Susan needs to learn to be a slut just like you," he declared.

"But...but she doesn' wanna be a slut. She doesn' even want me t'be a slut," Donna objected.

"Oh, she's just a little confused about what she wants, Donna," explained the reporter. "She's a little bit crazy—you said so yourself. But I think I can explain things to her, if we can just get her to listen. Yes, that's exactly what we need to do. We'll get her here and I'll have a nice long talk with her."

"But we can't let her know I'm here just yet, can we Donna. She has an irrational fear of me. No, you need to have her come like she's going to take you to Vermont, then when she gets here, I'll explain things to her and I guarantee she'll be fucking anything that moves after that."

Donna listened on as Tom elaborated his plan. As he explained, she was wracked with conflicting thoughts and emotions, all of them muted by the alcohol in her system. On one hand, the idea of Susan being a slut made her incredibly horny and the idea of being with her again, both as friend and as lover, sent a warm flush through her.

But on the other hand, how could Tom just talking to Susan make her realize how wonderful it was to be slutty when Donna's own stellar example had just made her angry. Clearly Susan didn't want to be a slut. Could Tom make her one anyway? And if he could, was that right?

Questions of morality began to awaken in Donna's mind—questions she hadn't asked herself since that night in South Carver. Tom wanted her to lie to her friend. And he wanted her to do other things. Something powerful told her to trust the man, but she just wasn't sure anymore. Breaking social mores was one thing, but betraying a friend, even if it was for her own good... She felt the faint stirrings of guilt, an emotion she had thought she was rid of forever. She grabbed the bottle of tequila and did her best not to think about it.

Donna sat alone in the front of her home, the morning light streaming through her window. None of the reporters were there—they were used to no one in the house stirring before noon.

This was the first morning in days that Donna had seen the sunrise. Tom had called off the nightly party, much to everyone's chagrin, and had kept her somewhat sober while they prepared for Susan's visit.

Donna heard the car pull up. Susan. She must have left her mother's at four in the morning and driven like a bat out of hell to be here now. She really did care about Donna. Guilt made another assault on the candidate's euphoric fortress.

Susan knocked, and Donna made her way to the door. She had made an effort to dress more conservatively for Susan's sake. She wore a fuzzy pink lamb's wool sweater. It was tight with a plunging neckline, but it did cover her navel. Her black leather miniskirt extended a good four inches beneath her crotch and the heels on her pink pumps were a modest three inches.

She left the matching pink handbag on the coffee table.

She opened the door. Susan stood before her, the tiny brunette dressed in jeans and sweatshirt, her short dark hair disheveled. She looked haggard, as if her suffering had only increased since parting Donna's company.

The former campaign manager's face visibly relaxed when Donna opened the door, then resumed a look of furtive suspicion as she scanned the room beyond her blonde friend.

"Are you alone, Donna?" she asked.

"Yes," the politician lied, "Nobody here but me."

I can't do this, she thought.

"Oh God, Donna, I'm so glad you called me back!" exclaimed Susan. "I've been so worried about you."

"I've missed you to, Susan. I've missed you a lot," said Donna, giving her friend an awkward and tentative hug which was hesitantly returned.

"I...I packed a bag," said Donna. "Why don't you come in while I get it."

"Then you'll come with me?" exclaimed the small woman. "Oh Donna, I'm so glad!"

Donna sucked her lower lip, nodded, then retreated into her home, her friend following, closing the door behind her after a cautious look for watchers outside.

She left the duffel bag on the floor and went for the pink hand bag. Tom would be upset if she didn't do this. He was watching there in the coat closet. She didn't want to upset Tom. She had to do this, didn't she?

"Everything will be all right now, Donna," said Susan "I just know it. We'll hide out at my mom's and you'll get better. Whatever he's done to you will wear off. You'll be just fine."

Donna shook her head.

"Susan, I still don't understand why you think I'm sick. I feel great! Really, I think if you got to know Tom you'd like him. And you'd see that he's not doing anything bad to me. He's helped me understand things about myself. I don't know why, but I trust him."

Trust. Like Susan trusted Donna. The candidate shuddered.

"Donna," sighed Susan. "What's important now is that we're going to Vermont. We'll have a nice vacation and we can talk all about it."

The small woman stepped close and looked deep into her friend's blue eyes.

"You are coming with me, aren't you Donna? You seem hesitant."

The blonde woman shuddered, wracked with indecision, her hand in her purse, clutching.

"Do it, you stupid slut!" shouted Tom, throwing the closet door open.

Susan turned. Donna acted.

Susan stared, dumbstruck, at the syringe in her thigh. She looked at Donna with a cacophony of emotions in her eyes as she felt the potent drug rush through her system.

"Oh my God, Donna!" she cried in desperation. "What have you done?"

She tried to back away but stumbled forward when her leg did not respond, falling forward into Donna who automatically caught her and held her tight, helping her stand. Susan's head lolled against Donna's large breasts and she leaned heavily into her as all of her muscles surrendered to the drug. Donna stared at her friend in utter confusion and tears began to well up in her eyes at her friend's plight.

"Why, Donna...Why?" whispered Susan. "I love you..."

Then the former campaign manager's eyes rolled back into her head and she slowly slid down Donna's body to lie in an unconscious sprawl on the floor.

Donna stared down at the woman at her feet, not knowing what to do. Not knowing what to think. She had to do it, didn't she? It was for the best...wasn't it?

She looked to Tom for reassurance that she had done the right thing.

The tall man was grinning broadly, a predatory gleam in his eye.

"So much for the wonder-bitch" he chuckled, pushing Donna out of the way and bending over to roughly yank the syringe from Susan's thigh and unceremoniously heft the tiny woman over his shoulder.

"I...I had to do it, didn't I Tom?" Donna stammered. "It was the only way...wasn't it?"

"Of course you had to do it, you silly slut!" declared Tom without a hint of kindness. You have to do everything you're told like the good little whore that you are. And next time I tell you to do something, you do it immediately! The bitch could have gotten away!"

Tears flowed freely now. What was happening to her? Nothing made sense anymore. She felt deliriously happy while at the same time being awash with grief and guilt. She trusted Tom with all her heart, but he was so mean!

And Susan. Oh, Susan! Love?

Tom snorted. Then his face softened a little.

"Oh don't look so glum, my little trollop. Your would-be savior will be awake in a few hours and then I'll have a little talk with her and explain everything. She won't be mad at you once she understands things. Trust me—she'll thank you!"

Donna gave him a fragile smile of hope at the words of comfort, in response to which he cackled cruelly and gleefully shuttled his burden upstairs. Donna bit her lower lip and shuddered.

The Candidate-Part 4 of 4

Donna was fucking again and everything was all right.

Tom had insisted that she and DeeDee go shopping for the night's party. They had rounded up a cadre of five bodyguards and gone out to blow another few thousand dollars of campaign funds on liquor, munchies, and clothes. When they got back there was a note saying 'Do Not Disturb' on the guest room door. Tom and Susan were presumably within.

DeeDee suggested that they thoroughly thank their escort in the living room and Donna eagerly concurred. Now she had a strong young man between her thighs, his cock throbbing inside of her. Every nerve of her body was singing in ecstasy. Yes, no matter what else in life was doubtful or disturbing, Donna knew that her reason for being was to give and receive sexual pleasure.

The young man exploded inside of her and her orgasm engulfed his. She collapsed, reeling and panting. Bliss.

Again the image of Susan's slumped form came unbidden. Her comfort fled.

She rolled off of her spent stallion and crawled toward one of his comrades. Fuck. Don't think. Just Fuck.

And then the scream came. A series of screams, really. Susan was awake.

Donna shuddered. It would be so easy to just keep fucking. But she knew that she had to go to her friend. The boys didn't object—they all looked disturbed by what might be going on upstairs. Even DeeDee's ever-present smile looked somewhat forced.

Donna shakily made her way upstairs. She stood outside the guest room door and listened. Susan's cries had become muffled. Donna's heart was in her throat.

"No one's going to help you, bitch!" she heard Tom saying, his voice cold and cruel. "So stop screaming and just let it happen. In no time at all, you'll be a happy little bimbo just like your boss!"

This brought another muffled cry. Donna couldn't take it anymore. She opened the door.

There was Susan, spread-eagle on the bed she had slept in while Donna seduced Jeff a week earlier. Her arms and legs were tied to each post of the canopied bed with four of Donna's scarves. She was naked, her pale flesh shivering. Her face was streaked with tears and snot, dark circles under her eyes. A pale green mass of cloth which Donna guessed were her friend's panties were stuffed in her mouth.

"Oh my God, Tom!" exclaimed Donna, "What are you doing? You said you were just going to calm her down and talk to her!"

Tom looked up with utter contempt from where he sat fiddling with his microphone.

"I am talking to her, you silly little slut!" he declared with glee. "I'm giving her the interview of a lifetime! Tell me Susan, how do you feel about the prospect of becoming a fucktoy?"

"Mgeemgphf!" screamed the restrained woman as the reporter placed his big microphone on the pillow beside her head. She struggled against her bonds with renewed vigor. Then, as Donna watched, her friend's struggles came with less and less effort, her frantic cries replaced with confused, muffled moans.

"Tom...this...this isn't right," stammered Donna, finding it hard to criticize him. "I...I don't want..."

The man turned on her, his eyes predatory. He advanced on her, smiling wickedly.

"Let's not worry about what you don't want," he chided. "What's important is what you do want, isn't it my dear trollop."

At this, he gripped her crotch firmly under her short blue skirt and began to expertly knead her sex.

"And we all know what it is that you want, don't we now," he said with a low chuckle.

Donna moaned. God but his hands felt good. What had she been saying?

Susan lay on the bed, staring at her with glazed eyes. She wanted to say something to Susan, but all she could think about was Tom's hand and her pussy and every inch of her electrified skin. She melted into her friend's tormentor, all thought but one having fled.

"Take me Tom," she whispered. "Take me now. Please."

And he did. Right there in front of Susan. But just when Donna was about to come, he pulled out and Donna howled in frustration.

"No, I don't think you deserve to come just now," Tom taunted. "Think about that next time you feel like objecting to my methods."

He went over to the bed and shot his wad all over Susan, who now slept with a contented look on her face. Tom pulled the panties from her mouth and she sighed, smiled, and breathed Donna's name in the warmest, sweetest voice.

Something caught in the blonde woman's throat. The emotions that had sent her up the stairs were back, but in violent conflict with her urgent need to come. She knew if she started to masturbate, Tom would just stop her. He was so mean—why did she let him treat her like this?

"Sounds like your guests have arrived," Tom observed, pointing out the sounds of the nightly party beginning below. "You'd better go entertain them. Maybe you'll have better luck coming next time."

Donna glanced once more at her tiny, dark haired friend tied there on the bed, then fled the room for the party below. She got more people off and got off herself more times and with more exertion than she had any night that week. She swilled booze and popped pills until she could barely remember her own name. But it just wasn't like before.

Susan's image never left her mind.

The next morning, Donna rolled a barely conscious nineteen year-old kid off of her. He groaned, then curled up in fetal position on the floor. Donna didn't recognize him and she wondered how lucid either of them had been when they started something neither could finish. She looked around the living room where she had slept—trashed even worse than yesterday.

Susan.

The hangover quelled the euphoria enough for all the repressed emotions to charge to the forefront of her mind. She had to see her—see if she was all right.

Donna stumbled up the stairs to the room where her friend had been bound. Tom was nowhere to be seen, but Susan still lay there tied to the bed. Her once short dark brown hair now curled down to her shoulders. Her once tiny breasts now stood up like miniature mountains, their nipples hard in the morning air. She was awake and her face was a peculiar mix of frustration, bemusement, and resignation.

"Donna, you're a mess," she said, smiling warmly at her friend.

"Oh Susan!" she cried, and rushed to her friend. Donna embraced the diminutive brunette with arms and legs combined. Tied as she was, Susan could only nuzzle her face against Donna's blonde mane.

"I'm sorry, Susan" said Donna, looking into her big brown eyes.

"I'm O.K., Donna," consoled her friend. "Really, I feel great, except for just a couple of things."

She glanced pointedly at her tied wrists. Donna apologetically untied one scarf and the freed hand flew to its owner's snatch. Donna looked at her friend vigorously masturbating, her enlarged breasts bouncing, and she thought it was the most wonderful site she had ever seen. The other ties forgotten, Donna rushed to assist her friend in her clearly more urgent need. With Donna's mouth and hands busily worshiping her body, Susan began to reel with multiple orgasms that showed no sign of stopping. She called out Donna's name again and again.

As Donna made her way back up her satiated friend's body, there was a chuckle from the doorway. Tom had watched the whole thing. Donna was immediately afraid that her advisor-turned-dictator would be angry with her for untying her friend, but the maniacal reporter only pushed her off of the bed, heedless of where she landed, and took her place beside Susan.

"Well, I see you're well on your way to becoming a permanent part of my own private peep show," he observed. "Feeling a bit more compliant this morning?"

"Go to hell, you fucking prick!" Susan spat out, struggling to make her face portray nothing but vitriol despite the warm glow emanating from within her.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Tom in false dismay, "Such language from such a little lady! I'm beginning to think that you don't like me. Or did you mean it as a compliment? I would think you'd have developed quite a fondness for fucking pricks, haven't you?"

He grabbed her free hand and guided it to his crotch, but the little brunette just snorted and pulled her hand away, then stared pointedly at the ceiling.

"Well, the wonder-bitch has quite a formidable will, does she?" he observed , genuinely surprised. "Or is it something else? Hmmm. Could it be that our dear under-sexed Susan never found the right man because she was never looking?"

Susan continued to ignore him; only a slight blush confirmed his postulate.

"Well, no matter Suzi-dear!" he said, going to the dresser and retrieving his microphone. "I have a feeling that your sexual preferences are about to become a little broader. You see, my little device here hyperstimulates and over-develops the sexual centers of the brain. One of the delightful results of this process is that the subject becomes much less discriminating about who, where, how, and even what they will fuck."

"Yes," he said, grabbing hold of the bound woman's free hand and pointing his microphone at her face, "I believe that you may find this next treatment a bit disorienting, as it were."

Tom flipped the switch and Susan's futile struggle against his iron grip slacked off as her eyes went glassy.

"There now, Suzi," cooed Tom. "That's much better, isn't it? Nice and warm."

"Nice..." Susan sighed.

"Now my mean old prick doesn't seem quite so threatening, does it?" he asked, guiding her now unresisting hand back to his crotch. "I think you might even want to ride it when you wake up."

A look of utter confusion came across the former campaign manager's face and she shook her head in slow motion.

"Don't wanna fuck you," she mumbled. "Wanna fuck Donna!"

"Oh, you can fuck Donna too, my horny little play thing," Tom consoled. "You can fuck Donna over and over again. I think I'd like to watch that. In fact, I think everyone would like to watch that. So, if you're a good little slut and do what you're told, you can go to the party with Donna tonight and you can fuck each other's brains out in the living room. Won't that be nice?"

"Fuck...Donna," she breathed and smilingly sank back into the big, soft bed and let sleep consume her.

Donna sprawled on the floor where she had been discarded. She had watched and listened to everything and could no longer deny that Tom was responsible for the recent changes in her life. She also couldn't deny that he really wasn't a very nice person. Still, whenever she entertained thoughts that perhaps she should run away from him, she was overwhelmed by a dark feeling of worthlessness and a sudden lull in the euphoria that nearly sent her into a panic.

She rationalized that Tom really wasn't all that bad. After all, this had been the greatest, most exciting time in her life. If Tom was responsible for it, she should be grateful, shouldn't she? And Susan would be grateful too, very soon. She looked so great there on the bed. All this talk of fucking had made Donna horny. She resolved once again not to worry about Tom and to let her pussy be her guide.

She reached up and began to stroke Tom's member, which had grown rock hard as he had dosed her bound friend. He switched off the microphone and looked down at her.

"Oh, are you still here?" he grinned. "Was there something you wanted?"

Donna stared up at him with wide eyes and slowly licked her lips.

"Ok, slut," he said. "I'll let you blow me and if you do a good job, I'll fuck you doggie-style."

Donna smiled and started to undo his pants, when a beeping emanated from the cell-phone at his belt. Donna looked at him anxiously, afraid that he might deny her, but he waved her on distractedly and took the call as she took the red head of his penis in her mouth.

"Yes?" he asked, then took on an annoyed look. "You really shouldn't be calling me. I told you that before.....Don't be an idiot. It's entirely too risky. I regret having conceded to the stunt in the limo."

Tom looked down at Donna as her lips slipped back and forth along his rod, fingers gently rubbing his balls. He smiled at her. She gushed.

"Yes, she is quite a piece of ass, isn't she? She's sucking me off right now!" he bragged. "Double? Well...no. I'm afraid it's out of the question. We've already had one close call....No, I took care of it. The slut's campaign manager figured out that I was responsible for her new found love of fuck, but I've got her tied up over here and she's learning that there are better things to do with her mouth than make accusations.....You're kidding....You would spend 10K for one night with two women while risking your entire career? I'm beginning to understand how the federal budget got so ridiculously out of control....Yes, I know that the House is in charge of the budget, you idiot!"

"Look, the election is in 8 days. You just tend to your campaign, make sure that I get my funding at the first of the year, and I'll take both of them out to my lab in Tahiti. Once the money starts flowing, you can come out for 'congressional oversight' whenever you want."

Tom laughed heartily.

"DeeDee too? My God, man! Maybe you should seek help for your little problem. It can be an addiction, you know. I think I've proved that pretty definitively...Very well, I won't meddle in your personal life. Just make sure I get my money. And don't call me again until then."

He switched off and returned his attention to Donna, who blinked up at him. She was curious what he'd been talking about, but much more concerned about if her blow job was convincing.

With a cackle, he pushed her head back off his shaft, pulled her up to flop across Susan's sleeping form and slid himself deep inside her from behind. Donna was in heaven. She moaned and squealed as Tom fucked her hard. She dug her nails into her sleeping friend's body and bit her, but Susan just purred and continued slumber. At last he came, filling her with cum as she orgasmed again and again.

He pulled out of her and slapped her ass. Donna giggled and then began to stroke and kiss Susan, wishing she would wake up. She looked so pretty. Donna would swear her tits and hair were growing right before her eyes.

"Come now, my little cock-sucker." said Tom. "Your playmate will be up and horny in a few hours. Leave her be until then."

Donna conceded, as she always did with Tom, but that didn't seem like a bad thing at all at the moment. She got up and staggered out of the room, Tom's sperm running down her leg. She wanted to go find DeeDee. There were things she wanted to do with Susan when her friend woke up that she wanted to practice first. Susan would be a slut just like her. It was a happy thought. Nothing else seemed to matter.

Several hours later, Donna tip-toed back into the guest room with DeeDee in tow. She felt like she was a little girl sneaking out early on Christmas morning. And there on the bed was her present.

Susan's dark locks curled around her angelic face in a tangled mass, winding down over her shoulders and around her breasts. And what incredible breasts they were! They would have seemed largish on a swimsuit model, but on Susan's tiny body they looked almost cartoonish. The busty brunette still slept, moaning softly and calling out Donna's name or occasionally Hillary or Janet. The bound woman's free hand was deeply entrenched in her sopping pussy.

Donna quietly untied her friend's other hand while indicating that DeeDee should loosen her feet. The red head giggled and tried to undo the scarves, but the knots proved to be complicated for her and the task fell to Donna.

Susan's other hand proceeded to knead one of her enlarged breasts and she giggled in her sleep. Donna had never heard Susan giggle when she was sober and only rarely when she was drunk. She decided that she liked the sound of it.

The blonde woman took her sleeping friend's other breast in hand and, squeezing, kissed her long and full on the mouth. The brunette's eyes fluttered open. She looked about in confusion until her eyes found focus on Donna's face as she broke off the kiss. The small woman smiled brightly.

"Oh, Donna! I was just dreaming about you!" she exclaimed in a warm, wet voice.

The blonde grinned wickedly at her friend, who responded with a naughty giggle.

"Sweet Mother of God but I'm horny!" the former campaign manager declared.

"I was hoping you'd say that!" said Donna and she dove into Susan's snatch.

"I...I see...ummm...why you—oh!...didn't ressssssssss—eep!..resist it," Susan managed. "Feels reaeaea....really, really good!"

The small woman arched her back and shuddered.

"Oh God, Donna, don't stop! Never ever stop! Fuck me! Fuck me!" she cried.

Donna redoubled her efforts and Susan continued to reel in ecstasy. DeeDee bounded onto the bed and started to play with Susan's hard nipples. The red head smiled at the vaguely questioning Susan and then kissed her deeply. Susan reciprocated with gusto. Once DeeDee gave her back her tongue, she looked down at Donna and asked: "Whose your friend? Um!"

"That's DeeDee," said Donna, lifting her head and letting her fingers improvise a solo while she got a better view of her two gorgeous playmates.

"I'm a slut!" declared DeeDee cheerfully.

"Well," said Susan, "I guess that makes three of us!"

The three women giggled and then Susan flipped Donna on her back and went to work on her blonde friend saying "You're incredible for a rookie, darling, but let me show how a veteran does it!"

Donna had thought she had learned everything there was to know about lesbian sex in the past week. She had thought wrong. An hour later, thought really wasn't even an option.

"Well, I see you girls are enjoying yourselves!"

Susan jerked at the sound of Tom's voice, which caused Donna to squeak, being as the brunette's diminutive fist was deep inside the blonde's pussy. The red-maned head clamped between her thighs didn't skip a beat and continued to suck the creamy filling from her cupcake, so Susan had a hard time focusing on the man in the bedroom doorway.

"Go away, prick!" she managed. "Busy....Very busy..."

"Now, now, my little tart!" chided Tom "Still with that attitude! We must do something about that! Donna, DeeDee, stop this instant!"

DeeDee's head withdrew, though she continued liking Susan's juices off her own face and fingers. Donna looked apologetically at Susan as she released the woman's nipples and slid her hand out of her. Susan pouted.

"Come now, Suzi! You're a big girl! A very big girl now!" he said, tweaking a nipple on the brunette's swollen left breast. "You should know how to share—there's a dozen people downstairs that would just love to see the show you're putting on up here and more coming by the minute. We won't be able to pack them all in here—it would be a fire hazard! Don't be selfish—your audience awaits! Donna, fix your hair! We might still get camera men—it's been a slow news day."

Donna scampered to the bureau and started combing out her tangled mane.

"Why do you let him tell you what to do, Donna?" asked an exasperated Susan.

"I...I don't know. I just...I have to. He's really not so bad, Susan...really. It just feels so much better if you do what he says."

"He's a prick, Donna, and he must be making you feel like you have to obey him."

Donna looked down at the floor. Why couldn't life be simpler? She hated feeling conflicted. She had been feeling so great just a moment ago. She decided the easiest thing would be to convince Susan to do what Tom wanted. It wasn't what she wanted, but the idea of openly disagreeing with Tom was just too weighty a matter to even consider.

"Please, Susan," she pleaded, going to her friend and placing a hand on her shoulder. "Just...just go along with him. For me?"

Susan resigned herself to the inevitable, knowing that it was the only way in the near future that she and Donna and the hot red head could resume their play.

"He's still a prick, though!" she said defiantly.

"All right, then! Prick I may be, but I'm a thoughtful prick! I had a bit of shopping to do earlier and I took the liberty of buying my two favorite bimbo's outfits for the party tonight!"

From a paper sack Tom took two matching PVC play suits. He handed the hot pink one to Donna and the aquamarine one to Susan, both of whom accepted them with growing excitement at the idea of seeing the other wearing hers.

"I think they should fit, but if they don't I can tailor you later." Tom chuckled at his own joke.

The two women helped each other into the shiny plastic outfits and pulled on the matching boots. Tom oooed and awwed over them mockingly. DeeDee put on a somewhat similar black outfit which she already owned and joined in the flaunting, but Tom ignored her, to her obvious disappointment. The other two women did their best to praise her although they were clearly more captivated by each other.

"Well now," said Tom. "Almost ready to go show yourselves off and get thoroughly screwed. Just one more thing."

He held out his hands, the left to Donna with a little green pill, the right to Susan with two big blue ones. Donna took hers reluctantly.

"What are those?" asked Susan, anger rising in her voice at this further delay of her tryst with Donna.

"Party favors" smiled Tom. "They're to help you with that attitude problem until you've recovered enough for the final treatment."

"Fuck you!" spat Susan.

"Maybe later," replied Tom, "But if you don't take them, you won't be fucking anyone tonight. I can't have you sober enough to be telling any stories about me with any sort of coherence. So if you don't want to take your medicine, I'll just have to tie you up again and leave you here while Donna and DeeDee go to the orgy without you."

Susan shook with rage and frustration and Donna looked at her pleadingly. She looked back and her features softened, her shoulders slumping.

"Oh, fuck it!" she said, and took the proffered recreational pharmaceuticals.

"Very well then!" exclaimed Tom after checking that she had swallowed. "On to our happy little get together!"

The crowd of twenty some odd people were already in high spirits when the entourage arrived. The nightly party had taken on a life of it's own and really didn't require Donna at all, except of course as a source for the house and the alcohol. A handful of women had taken to imitating Donna behavior, if not her pace. The Herald had called them copy-cat nymphomaniacs in a full color spread. A couple of them had already arrived, one of them being Dr. Wang's nurse Jena, and they were getting the orgy off with a bang. Still, everyone looked and cheered when Donna and Susan entered the living room. Now the party could really begin.

"Hi everybody!" shouted Donna. "This is my absolute bestest friend Susan!"

Everyone greeted Susan, some of the drunker ones with excited howls. Donna's heart was racing and her eyes twitching. She was excited to be with Susan, but she had gained enough experience recently to identify her pill as amphetamine.

She looked to her friend and saw that Susan's pills definitely were not. Her head was wobbling around like a day-old helium balloon. She was grinning like an idiot and her eyes were unfocused.

"Hi everybozzy!" she exclaimed and gave an exaggerated wave to the crowd which unbalanced her and caused her to twirl and face-plant into Donna's cleavage. The crowd laughed good naturedly. Susan freed her face but continued to stare at the blonde's boobs.

"Pretty!" she declared and grabbed hold of them with both hands.

Donna giggled and kissed her friend long and hard. Susan melted into her. The crowd cheered. Tom guided the entangled pair over to the dining room and encouraged them up onto the large oak table. The two women weren't really paying attention to where they were or who was watching. The universe consisted of their two warm, soft, moist bodies.

Donna didn't know how long they spent in that timeless place, only that the crowd had multiplied exponentially but the speed was still coursing through her blood stream when at last she looked up. Tom was shaking her.

"Donna! Come to the kitchen a moment! I want to talk to you!"

Regretfully, Donna disengaged from her lover. Susan's head lolled over to look at her.

"Donna go bye-bye?" she asked in a pouty tone which was then engulfed by a fit of giggles.

"I'll come right back, Susan!" Donna promised. "Then we can fuck some more!"

"Suzi likes to fuck Donna!" proclaimed the stoned brunette.

"And Donna loves to fuck Suzi!" shouted back Donna as Tom led her away. Jena, always the exhibitionist, saw the free spot on the table and immediately replaced her. Donna smiled as the nurse slipped her bright orange dildo into Susan, knowing that her friend would not be lonely while she was gone.

In the relative calm of the kitchen, Tom explained his concern that Donna and Susan were spending too much time being exclusive and that they needed to be including their guests in the fun. He was especially anxious to see Susan start fucking men.

Donna shook her head violently, leaving her dizzy with stars shooting through her vision.

"Suzi doesn't like boys," she explained. "She told me."

"Suzi doesn't know what she likes anymore!" declared Tom. "Come on now, Donna! How can she be a proper slut if she rejects fifty percent of the population from the outset? Convince her to service a cock or two or else the two of you will be going to bed—separately—right now!"

Donna agreed as always and made her way back to where Jena was still playing with Susan. The nurse kissed Donna and allowed her to resume her station at the table, conceding to her as hostess and mentor. Susan sat up and stared at her a moment then yipped and embraced her.

"Donna! You came back!" she said, then giggled.

"Of course I came back, Susan!" said Donna, hugging her tightly.

"Now Susan," she said, taking her drug-addled head in her hands, "You want to be a slut, right?"

Susan smiled and nodded awkwardly with her clasped head.

"I wanna be Donna's slut!"

The blonde blushed and almost started doing her once again, but Tom's watching eyes stopped her.

"Yes, Susan, you're my slut! But you can't just be my slut—a real slut fucks lots of people!"

Susan crossed and uncrossed her eyes.

"But I <giggle> I did fuck lots of people! A girl jus' gave me this!" she declared, indicating the dildo that Jena had left inside her. "An I , uh, there was that one girl upstairs."

"Yes, Susan," said Donna, "You're a very good slut. But you can do better. See all the boys around here that want to fuck you?"

The brunette sputtered and laughed at the same time.

"Donna, Donna, Donna," she said, then looking around for prying ears, leaned conspiratorially close to her friend and whispered in a voice that could be heard in the next room, "I'm a lesthpiant!"

Donna could see this was going to be awkward. Better not to try and convince her verbally. She looked around the room for possible assistance and was relieved to see Milind and Larry.

Milind and Larry were film students at Boston University. They were regulars at Donna's parties. In one of her rare semi-sober moments, they had explained to her their plans to revolutionize the porn industry with film that were both written and directed professionally. Larry was a squat, chubby white boy who wanted to be Spike Lee. Milind was a second generation Indian-American who had shoulder length dark hair and an absolutely adorable cock that Donna had made use of a number of times. Donna called Milind over and predictably Larry followed with his digital vidcam.

"Milind, Larry, this is my friend Susan" Donna introduced.

"Hey there, sweetness," said Larry. "Man, you are foxy!"

Susan giggled. Milind, looking as refined at an orgy as he would at the opera, simply smiled and nodded greeting.

"Milind, I was hoping you could do me a favor," said Donna. "Could you take off your pants?"

The film student raised an eyebrow at the abruptness, but then calmly complied, saying that he was always honored to be of service to the hostess.

"Actually, this time it's for Susan, if she's willing," Donna explained. "You see, she hasn't actually done it with a guy in a long time."

"No fuckin' way!" said Larry. "She looks like a total slut!"

Milind gave his friend a withering look. Susan giggled.

"So anyway, Milind," Donna continued. "I wanted to teach Susan how to use a cock and I was hoping that we could use yours."

"It is yours to command, my lady," he declared. "Larry, you wanna film this?"

"Fuck yeah, man!" exclaimed his partner, camera already recording.

"Now Susan," explained Donna, pulling out Jena's dildo with a slurp, "A cock is basically just like a dildo, except that it's softer, warmer, and squirtier. Oh, and it's usually attached to a guy."

Susan looked on, bemused, as Donna's nimble fingers began to work the Milind's dark penis and it began to grow in her hands. When it reached it's full length, Susan giggled and clapped.

"Now just lay back, Milind, while I show Susan the ropes," Donna requested, and the film student lay back on the oak table.

"O.K., Susan, just crawl over here on top of Milind. That's right. Now just ease yourself down onto it. Perfect!"

Donna guided the purple head of the dark shaft into her friend's wet pussy. Susan made a noise of pleasant surprise and Milind grunted with satisfaction.

"That's right!" exclaimed Donna. "Now squeeze with your pussy while you rock forward and back...great Susan! You're doing great!"

Donna applauded her friend and gave her pointers as she road the young film student with more and more enthusiasm. The tiny brunette's boobs bounced with abandon until Milind grabbed hold and started to knead them expertly. The Indian watched with smiling wonder as the woman danced while impaled upon his shaft, but Susan's eyes lingered only on her blonde friend who continued to cheer her on. After about fifteen minutes, Milind rolled his eyes, arched his back, and gave a triumphant howl. Susan slowed and stopped, looking confusedly at the man between her thighs and then looking to Donna.

"Is it over already?" she asked.

"I think I held out pretty well, all things considered," objected Milind, seeking Donna's approval.

Larry laughed and continued filming.

"You were fine, sweetie," consoled Donna, stroking his shiny dark hair. "But Susan's a slut just like me, and she needs more than any one man can give her. Men are like potato chips—one just isn't enough! But you are definitely one of the best chips in the bag and if you're up for it in a little while, I'd like to nibble on you myself!"

Donna snaked her tongue into the young man's ear and succeeded in kissing his pride better. Then she turned to Susan and asked, "Wanna try Larry?"

"Oh fuck yes!" cried the cameraman. Susan giggled.

Donna and Susan proceeded through a tag team fuckfest then, doing their best to make sure that everyone of their guests had a good time at the party. Tom came to check up on them several times and praised them for their efforts to Donna's delight but Susan's annoyance. The reporter also routinely brought them more pills. He switched Donna to the blue ones that Susan was taking and soon both blonde and brunette were giggling so much that half the time they forgot to come.

In the wee hours of the morning when the crowd had thinned and the guests that were still conscious were unable to stand, Tom found the two women giggling on the floor and trying to coax a limp cock attached to a grinning, stoned biker into something usable.

"Well, Suzi, I see that you've truly broadened your horizons tonight," said Tom in a mocking tone.

Susan looked up blearily. "Yeahbut I sill like girls the besss an you're sill a fucking prick!" she declared.

Then extending her middle finger, Susan let her head slump into Donna's breasts. Donna giggled and then joined her friend in unconsciousness.

The two women woke before the biker who had served as their mattress. Susan blinked hard, shook her head, then found focus on Donna who was watching her anxiously. The diminutive woman smiled a 'good morning' which was immediately reciprocated.

"Hey there gorgeous!" said Susan, then looking around at the ruins of the orgy, she sighed, giggled, and proclaimed "I am such a slut!"

Donna hugged her friend and kissed her warmly.

"You're my favorite slut in the whole world!" she declared. "Wanna go take a shower?"

"Oh God yes!" answered Susan, then giggled, "I can't believe I'm horny again already!"

They raced upstairs and soaped each other up until the hot water ran out. Then they made their way to Donna's room. They kept her bedroom locked during the party, so they didn't have hungover guests to disturb. This was for the best, as they tended to make quite a bit of noise as they satiated each other's amplified needs.

Their lovemaking had reached a gentler phase and the two women lay stroking each other when Susan spoke in a hushed whisper.

"Donna, I don't know what this Tom guy did to us or why, and to tell you the truth, I don't care much right now. All I know for sure is that I love you, that I've loved you for years, and that I only want what's best for you. And whatever this guy has planned for you, it isn't good."

Donna sighed and looked down.

"I...well...He's not that bad, Susan. And, well, I just can't help doing what he wants. I..."

"I can see that, Donna," Susan interrupted. "That's why I think you have to get away from him. We both do. We'll just get in my car and go wherever you want or never stop at all—we could work as strippers and move from city to city! It'd be a great life, Donna. Please say you'll come with me."

Donna shuddered. There was the conflict again. She hated it! She wanted to do anything that would make Susan happy, but she knew that Tom would be angry if she left. He had told her repeatedly that she was not to leave the house without permission. Donna sighed and resolved herself to turn down Susan's offer.

She knew she had made the right choice when Tom walked in. She didn't want to think what might have happened had he caught her planning to leave him. She just hoped he hadn't heard Susan.

"So this is where my little trollops have gone to!" he declared cheerfully, clutching his microphone. "And Suzi the Slut is all cleaned up and ready for her final treatment!"

"You've already turned me into a bimbo," objected Susan. "What more do you want?"

"Well, now," chuckled the man with the microphone, "I wouldn't expect anyone without my genius to really understand it, but I am so enjoying the fact that you know what I'm doing to you, I'll try to explain. With the first two treatments, in addition to the changes in the rest of your body, I've conditioned your mind by heightening sexual arousal and the subsequent pleasure that comes from sexual activity. This is actually relatively simple for a person of my intellect. The chief function of the pleasure centers of the brain is to promote sexual activity and drive procreation. It really is the most important function of the brain from an evolutionary perspective. So to make sex a constant driving force with intense euphoric reward really only takes a bit of tweaking on my part. Once the subject indulges their increased libido, it starts a positive feedback loop of pleasure and lust!"

"The complicated part comes in inducing devotion to me, your humble benefactor. One would think this would come naturally, but somehow people tend to need a little push. It's a more difficult procedure, so I save it for the final treatment when the body's resistance to my device has been broken. It's quite complicated, but in effect I take advantage of the pack-forming instinct of the brain—a much less developed function than the sex-drive, but it suits my purpose."

"By being the source of stimuli to the subject during the third treatment, I establish myself as alpha-male to the effected mind as I restore the atrophied pack instinct. At the same time, I link this segment of the brain with the further amplified sex-and-pleasure centers, so that any action against me threatens the stimuli that the subjects brain has become so very fond of."

At this, Tom turned to Donna and smiled cruelly.

"Even now, when your slutty blonde friend realizes precisely what I've done to her, there's still not a thing she can do to resist me, is there Donna? Do that and the wonderful feelings might go away!"

Donna shuttered, knowing it was true, knowing that she was helpless. Knowing she could only watch as her dearest friend would soon also be enthralled by this clearly evil man.

Tom turned back to Susan.

"And soon, my pretty whore, you'll be just as driven to obey me. But that's not all! I let the blonde bimbo keep enough brains that she wouldn't be declared incompetent. But you, my dear, I am renovating in order to keep you from telling tales about me. So I think it will be best if we turn your already limited intellect into jello. In a few minutes, you'll be dumber than DeeDee!"

"Donna, please!" cried Susan. "We have to run! I won't leave without you, but we've got to go!"

"Donna," commanded Tom sternly, "Hold her down while I do her."

With a silent plea for forgiveness, Donna placed her hands on Susan's shoulders and the small woman stiffened, then sank back unresisting as her friend and lover pushed her down against the bed and held her there at her master's behest.

The reporter cackled and placed his microphone an inch in front of her nose so that her eyes crossed. He turned the device on with a click and her crossed-eyes went out of focus, a low warm sound coming from deep in her throat.

And then there was a loud pop.

Donna immediately looked to Tom, who was staring at his microphone in shock. Shock was over taken by barely controlled rage as he unscrewed the head and peered inside.

"Fuck!" he swore. "God damned fucking filament! That should have lasted another four hours at least!"

Susan giggled, and then spoke quite lucidly.

"Did Tommy break his toy?"

The enraged man ignored her, turned and roared, "DeeDEE!!!!"

The ditzy redhead scampered into the bedroom like a puppy. Her red mane curled down to her ankles.

"Yes Tom?" she asked enthusiastically.

"You goddamned stupid whore!" he shouted with vitriol, shaking the broken device at her. "You've been using it on yourself again, haven't you?"

DeeDee giggled nervously and blushed.

"I'm sorry Tommy," she said in a little-girl voice. "It just feels so yummy..."

The irate man struck the redhead hard with the back of his hand and sent her cowering into a corner, shaking.

"Do you have any concept of how expensive those things are to make?!?" he demanded. "That was my last fucking one!"

He advanced on the shaking, disturbed woman and began to kick her remorselessly, swearing incoherently, heedless of anything but his rage.

And seeing this hateful abuse of such a pathetic, harmless creature, something in Donna's addled mind snapped. Picking up a ceramic lamp from the bedside, she brought it down hard on the abusive man's head. Tom crumpled to the floor.

"Boys!" the liberated woman called to her bodyguard downstairs and in an instant the burly men were there. "Mr. Tragent is no longer welcome here. Throw him out. If he tries to come back, break his legs."

The bouncers grinned wolfishly. None of them cared for Tom with his smug, condescending attitude. Two of them roughly hauled the stunned man to his feet.

"But...but ..you can't!" Tom stammered, disbelieving, trying to clear his head.

"Like hell I can't!" said Donna and kicked him squarely in the nuts. "Fucking prick!"

Gasping for air, Tom was hoisted by his arms and legs and carried downstairs. One bodyguard held open the door and the two which held Tom flung him face-first onto the icy walkway. He lay there groaning as it began to rain. The door slammed and locked behind him.

Donna sighed after seeing that the trash had been properly disposed of. Her loyalty to Tom destroyed, the euphoria was not diminished but rather amplified now that it didn't have to struggle against the moral dilemmas that had plagued her. She felt good...really, really good.

She giggled, kissed each of her hunky bodyguards, and scampered up the stairs.

There in the guest room, DeeDee and Susan were both in the bed. Susan was kissing the redhead's injuries gently, the rest of her less gently. DeeDee's fingers were deeply entrenched in her wet snatch and if she was in pain, it certainly wasn't her primary concern at the moment.

When Donna returned, the two women looked up, Susan with love, DeeDee with something closer akin to awe.

"I love you, Susan!" Donna declared.

"Really?" asked Susan, looking small and fragile.

"Really," affirmed Donna, then joined the two women in her bed in a gentle *creciendo* of passion.

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"Can we keep her?" Susan asked Donna as the two friends looked lazily at the sleeping form of DeeDee curled up at their feet on the edge of the bed. The ditzy redhead had a contented expression that Donna had only seen on a well-fed golden retriever before.

"Of course we can," said Donna. "Where else would she go?"

They sighed and kissed.

"Susan....What happened?" asked the blonde woman.

"You kicked that bastard's ass, that's what!" declared Susan with fierce pride.

"But how? It's not like I reversed what he did to me. I'm as happy and horny as ever! I don't have any compulsion to do what Tom tells me, but I'm still a slut."

The brunette screwed her face up in thought, then smiled with comprehension.

"But now you're the alpha slut!" she declared.

"The alpha slut?"

"Yeah, it makes perfect sense! There are changes in leadership all the time in a pack or a herd. If that's the part of the brain he was using to control you, then of course you could break it! You defeated him and assumed the leadership role. It certainly explains DeeDee's reaction. She worships you now!"

"The alpha-slut" Donna giggled. "I think I like that!"

"Like I first told you back when your idiot husband was running for Mayor," said Susan, "You were born to lead. In any situation, you always end up pulling the strings. You know, I bet you could win that senate seat even now."

Donna looked at her friend with a growing grin.

"You know, I think I could too. Do you know where I'm polling at?"

"Nine percent, last time I checked."

"Well, we've got a whole seven days! I'm sure we can win! People like me!"

The two women giggled.

"Of course, Donna, you realize that it's that microphone that makes us feel so optimistic. Last month, I wasn't even happy with an eighteen point lead!"

"Yeah, but American's love an optimist!" declared Donna, "And they love sex and scandal and general naughtiness! I'm the perfect candidate!"

Donna shook the sleeping redhead at their feet awake.

"You'd vote for me, wouldn't you DeeDee?" asked the candidate.

"Yeah!" she declared with an excited grin.

"See," said Donna to Susan, "And the average voter really isn't much smarter than DeeDee!"

The three women giggled.

"You go girl!" said Susan.

Thus began the 'Send a Slut to Washington' campaign. Susan was reinstated as campaign manager while DeeDee was happy to be promoted to morale officer. Susan quickly pointed out that Donna's old campaign commercials were still running, at half a million dollars a day, putting forth an image that Donna really didn't want to project anymore. Susan called the TV and radio stations and had them pull the spots, promising new commercials by the next day.

Then the three liberated bimbos dressed up and headed to Boston University. Milind and Larry were delighted to be recruited.

The three women had tremendous fun making up add spots, but in the end none of them would pass FCC restrictions. Even the ones they kept their close on could never be shown on network TV or even basic cable. Then Donna had an idea. The resulting add went something like this.

Donna sat on a chair in a tight red dress, her legs crossed so that the short skirt rode up enough to show the tops of her stockings. She uncrossed and re-crossed her legs, just careful enough that the status of her underwear remained a mystery.

"Hi! My name is Donna Travers. No doubt you've heard a lot about me. People say I'm a slut, a bimbo, a nymphomaniac, a sex-crazed trollop."

Close up on Donna's face, her make-up perfect, her hair wild. She licks her lips suggestively.

"Well it's true. I'm a slut. I'm a bimbo. And I'm proud of it."

Back to first camera. Donna bends forward revealing a generous amount of cleavage, then stands up and walks over to a picture of the capitol building on an easel. Camera follows her ass.

"For years, American's have been sending tired old men to Washington. And what have they really accomplished? Not much. You know who really makes things happens? The bimbos!"

"For years, the bimbo has been a driving force behind American politics. The fate of this nation has been changed by such famous bimbos as Fanne Fox, Megan Marshak, Elizabeth Ray, Paula Parkinson, Donna Rice, and Monica Lewinski, not to mention the countless bimbos working behind the scenes to make our government what it is today! The time has come for the bimbos to step forward and run things out in the open!"

"My fellow citizens of Massachusetts , the 1998 congress spent the bulk of it's energy discussing the president's blow job. Don't you think it would be better for the State of Massachusetts if your representatives had been the ones blowing the president?"

Donna licks her lips.

"Send me to Washington D.C., and just watch how the feds fall all over themselves trying to make me happy. And nothing would make me happier than to see them working hard for the best interests of Massachusetts.

"So the choice is clear: If you want more of the same, send a tired old man back to do nothing."

Donna places her fists on her hips and thrusts her breasts out proudly.

"But if you want someone who will shake up Washington and get you what you want, send a slut!"

As soon as it was done, Susan took several copies and two of the bodyguards and rushed off to the TV stations, promising to meet them back at Donna's house. Donna and DeeDee had another mission. It seemed a pity to waste all the rejected adds just because they got a little naked. So Milind and Larry took them over to the computer science department. Everyone there was delighted to meet Donna and DeeDee and after some extensive flirting, they happily agreed to put their adds on the web. By the time the last one was on line, the first one was getting hits world wide.

When the party crowd arrived at Donna's place that night, they were at first chagrined to find their hostess sober with intentions of putting them to work. Once she explained that the liquor would still flow, however, most agreed to pitch in. Soon they were making signs, bumper stickers, and T-shirts with such slogans as 'Send A Slut To Washington: Vote Travers', 'Donna Travers: She Puts Out For You!', and 'All Politicians Screw Their Constituents—With Donna Travers, You'll Enjoy It!'.

The next day, Donna found where the tour bus had been abandoned. A couple of graffiti artists that were party regulars volunteered to repaint it for her. Soon the campaign took to the road again with a huge picture of Donna in a red bustier and stockings sprawled across the side with 'Send a Slut to Washington' arching over her.

They traveled across the state of Massachusetts, followed by groupies and the delighted press. Everywhere Donna went, she always had her two trusted advisors with her. At Susan's suggestion, Donna always wore red, while DeeDee and Susan were clad in white and blue respectively. Arrayed in their nations colors, they never failed to inspire a swell of patriotism, or at least a swell of something.

And the poll numbers actually started to climb. Not by much, but some people, at least were convinced. As one member of the public remarked on the eleven o'clock news, Wilson was just as much of a whore and not nearly as good looking or motivated. By election day, opinion polls still gave the incumbent Wilson the lion's share of the vote, 72%, the Democrat-supported write-in candidate Whitehead at 8% and Donna at 20%. At least if you only counted the ten percent of the population who said that they intended to vote in the election. But the transformed trio literally couldn't help but be optimistic.

During her whirlwind tour across the state, Donna had picked up so many followers that returning to her house wasn't feasible. Instead, Susan and DeeDee sucked off the entire management of a Boston convention center so that they could bring their raucous supporters there for an election-night orgy.

Donna had been so busy during that last week, between speeches, interviews, strip-teases, and orgies, that she really hadn't taken the time to relax except for a few minutes between orgasms. Now that the day was here, she slipped easily again into party mode—not getting as plastered as Tom had always encouraged her to be, but nicely toasted. Susan was there with her, looking lovely as ever, her love and friendship evident in everything she did. DeeDee was ever-present, always trying to be helpful and delighted at any sign of approval. Donna was surrounded by a throng of people who adored her and if time permitted, she was going to screw every single one of them. But no one could tell her where, how, or in which order.

Yes, she thought, win or lose, life was good.

EPILOGUE

Dr. Thomas L. Cosgrave, biophysicist and self-proclaimed smartest man on earth, hunched gleefully over the make-shift lab bench that he had constructed in the shower of a Super 8 motel near Logan airport. Nearly \$2000-worth of chemicals, purchased with the cash Wilson had paid to fuck his opponent, bubbled in a beaker on a hot plate. He had carefully controlled and varied the temperature for five days there in his impromptu lab and at last the solution had reached that magical moment when the organic component polymerized at the same instance that the metallic component crystallized.

Soon he would have another batch of filaments and he could then use his device to earn enough to tide him over until the senator could deliver. He was disappointed at the loss of his microphone, but the other components were common and no one without his genius would understand its mechanisms without the wondrous filament that he alone could produce.

He was in a fine mood, the best he'd been in since his discourteous dismissal by Donna Travers. It had been so delightful watching the tipsy trollop dancing half naked on television as the exit polls rolled in giving the race decidedly to Wilson. When he had turned off the idiot box at nine to concentrate on the final stages of his filament, the press had named the incumbent the winner and yet still the blonde bimbo frolicked about making a fool of herself. Tom couldn't wait until she finally realized that she had lost, the money ran out, her supporters abandoned her, and she had no choice but to sell herself cheap on the streets.

As he delicately teased the filament out of solution, using a thin glass rod as a focal point, Cosgrave envisioned his bright future. With his lab fully funded, he could once again do some serious research. There must be a way to induce absolute obedience using his technology and he would find it no matter how many test subjects he had to fry. Then, if Travers wasn't dead yet, he'd find her and make her his bitch with none of the induced pleasure.

And DeeDee. Tom grinned. First, he was going to find a way to reverse what he'd done to her. Then he was going to do it all over again. Much more slowly this time. He could make her suffering last a year before she went catatonic if he was careful.

He had let his mind wander as he slowly pulled the precious filament out of solution. Thus, when his phone rang, the disruption caused a minute jerk of his hand and the translucent thread slipped from the rod and sank back into the beaker.

"Fuck!" the scientist swore, then mixed the solution gently and raised the temperature ten degrees. It would be ready again in the morning. All through the salvage procedure, the phone continued to annoy him. At last, he swore again and answered it.

"You stupid goddamned fucker," said his cell phone.

"Wilson?" said Cosgrave, his poisonous reprimand cut off by one of greater vitriol. "Wilson, what's wrong?"

"The slut won, you bastard!" screamed the senator.

"What? No...No! That's impossible! Who the hell would vote for her? They said on the news that you won!"

Tom was shocked. How could this possibly have happened? He staggered to the television and turned it on. There was the blonde bimbo being bounced around topless on the shoulders of two burly men, no doubt posing a challenge to the poor slob who had to blur out the candidate's boobs in the broadcast. The news anchor was recounting how, in the lowest voter turn out in state history, Donna Travers had won the senate seat with 42% of the vote. Attempts by reporters to get a statement from the Honorable Topless Senator from Massachusetts yielded only hoots of triumph or giggles.

"Fuck," said Tom.

Apparently perverts do vote—and they also lie to pollsters.

He hung up on the unemployed man who was yelling threats he could never carry out and sank down onto the motel bed.

"Damn me for a fool!" Dr. Cosgrave muttered to himself. "I had to go and try this in a state that has consistently elected Kennedys for the past five decades."

Well, he'd have another filament in the morning. There were people out there who would pay for his services, distasteful though he found contracting out his genius like a common whore. All he wanted was for his research to be funded and not to have to answer to some lesser intellect. Was it truly so much to ask? There had to be a way to get the money he needed without having to be someone's employee. And he, Dr. Thomas L. Cosgrave would find it.

He was, after all, a genius.

END