

Marlene's Story - Part Four

by Kirk

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This is Part Four of "Marlene's Story." If you haven't read the first three parts yet, this installment probably won't make much sense to you. It doesn't stand alone on its own. "Marlene's Story" is located at <http://www1.asstr.org/~Kirk/Stories.htm>.

When suffering from a traumatic experience or trying to recover from a deep hurt, it is often said that time heals all wounds. However, in reality time simply passes and what you do during that time determines whether you will emerge whole again. Time would reveal whether Marlene survived both physically and mentally from the bizarre events of the previous night.

After her decadent night with Amos and his twin sister Olive, Marlene fell into a deep depression. She grew apathetic and lost her lust for life. She went through the motions and continued her daily regimen of expressing her breasts five times a day, but that was only out of necessity.

For the rest of the weekend she refused to eat and stayed in bed most of the time. She would not leave her room and refused all phone calls. In reality she had a difficult time coming to terms with the events of that fateful Friday night. At the root of her problem were the lascivious acts she had willingly committed especially her acts of bestiality.

"I had sex with dogs!" she thought disbelievingly. "How could I allow those beasts to defile me like that?"

She thought she would wake up and discover that it was all a dream, but Saturday morning found her suffering with a huge headache and feeling totally drained as she turned on the pump to express her milk. Her tits were bruised and covered with bite marks. Every bone in her body ached. Her inside organs hurt horrendously and she feared that there might be damage to her uterus or even worse her colon.

But there was far worse damage, damage to her psyche. Before Friday evening's debauchery she had an image of herself as a good person, but that image was destroyed when she willingly had sex with dogs and debased herself with total strangers. She tried to rationalize it away and blame it on her brother, but even though Gary did provide the opportunity for her by forcing her to go to Amos' place, the events that transpired were to a great extent out of his control.

She had no choice when it came to pleasing Amos and his sister, but, in the midst of her arousal, she committed vile acts that surprised all of them. There were choices to be made, and she made those choices which appeased the sinful side of her nature and fed the lust that was consuming her.

On Sunday she managed to take a shower and examine the damage to her body. It wasn't as bad as she thought. Many of the bruises and hickeys were already fading. Even the internal pain was beginning to ease up. Physically she would survive.

Her milk production was up. She was now producing 26 ounces per session. What were the implications of the increased milk production? She really didn't know or even care. All that she knew was that her breasts were larger than they had ever been in her life. She was happy before being a 34C, but Gary insisted on increasing her bust size to a 34DD. Her bras were now tight, but it was of little consequence to her. There were other pressing concerns that were dragging her down. She didn't know who she was.

Gary thought it best to leave her alone for a few days. He was smart enough to know that her state of mind was precarious at best. He gave her some space and made no demands of her.

Sunday was uneventful. Marlene could barely motivate herself to express her milk. She refused to leave her room and drank her milk after each session for nourishment. She couldn't get the small voice in her mind to shut up and leave her alone. It kept reminding her over and over again that she had sex with dogs, that she was a pervert, that she was a dirty slut, the scum of the earth, a low life. She broke down and cried. She was exhausted and cried herself to sleep.

She was supposed to put in a full week at work. The new school year was quickly approaching and there was a great deal to be done. Even her boss was back working full time, but she knew she couldn't make it through a day of work. The thought was

overwhelming to her so she called in sick. With each passing day she fell into more of a depression, and Gary knew that he had to do something about it. At this rate all his efforts would be wasted if his sister ended up in a padded cell.

He did some extensive research on the Internet and discovered that there were sexologists who were licensed to counsel individuals in sex related matters. Many had their PhD in Clinical Sexology.

It was at this point that the idea struck him. It was a brilliant idea if he could pull it off.

He checked the phone directory and made a list of all the psychologists specializing in sexology in the area. One in particular caught his attention. Her name was Dr. Arlene Kerrigan. She was a Board Certified Clinical Sexologist, a Marriage and Family Therapist with a PhD in Clinical Sexology. He made an appointment to see her on Thursday.

The receptionist ushered Gary into Dr. Kerrigan's office. She sat in her chair taking some notes when he entered. As soon as she saw him, she rose and walked around her desk to greet him.

She was not at all what Gary expected. Dr. Kerrigan was extremely good looking with red shoulder length hair. Her green eyes were penetrating. She was rather tall, maybe 5' 10", and smartly dressed in a two piece suit that was on the conservative side. Her knee length skirt showed off her long shapely legs.

"It's nice to meet you, Mr. Barnes," she said warmly.

"The pleasure is all mine," he replied. "Call me Gary."

"Please sit down, Gary," Dr. Kerrigan said, directing him to a sitting area in her office. "What can I do for you today?"

"I'm not here for myself. I'm here regarding my sister," he said.

"Oh! I don't understand, Mr. Barnes," she replied.

"Gary."

"I'm sorry, Gary."

"You see, my sister has fallen into a deep depression that has me concerned," he said.

"It's not uncommon. How old is your sister?"

"She's forty," Gary replied.

"Usually women who are going through menopause experience depression to one degree or another."

"My sister is not going through menopause, doctor. She's too young, but I know why she's depressed."

"Then why are you here, Mr. Barnes, eeh, Gary?" she asked.

"I assume anything I tell you is covered under patient-doctor confidentiality?" he asked.

"Why, of course. Any information you share with me is strictly between you and me. It's the law," she reassured him.

"Then let me give you some background information, and then you can decide whether you're able to help my sister or not," he said confidently. "You see, my sister and I have a rather unusual relationship. It's not your typical brother-sister relationship."

Gary went on to explain to Dr. Kerrigan the first time his sister came to his room and how he exposed himself to her. He watched the doctor carefully to see how she reacted. She took notes but didn't show any other emotion.

He continued with his story including everything that happened until he left home while Marlene was still a teenager. He then shared with her the counseling Marlene went through as an adult, and ended with how he returned five months ago and the events that led up to his complete domination of his sister. The last thing he shared was a graphic description of the events that took place last Friday night at Amos' place.

"So you can see why I'm concerned about her present state of mind. She's not much use to me in this condition," Gary said, finishing his lengthy explanation.

Dr. Kerrigan took notes throughout his explanation. When he was finished, she continued writing for several minutes before she looked up at him.

"Your concern isn't really about your sister's well being, is it?" she stated.

"No," he said.

"You want me to convince your sister that everything that is happening to her and everything that she is feeling is perfectly normal," she continued.

"That is correct. You see, Marlene has received counseling in the past. She feels that it has helped her over the years. You can take advantage of that," he added.

"You know that what you're asking me to do is highly unethical," she stated with a slight smile crossing her lips.

"Yes, but I'm willing to pay," Gary quickly added.

Gary had unwittingly selected the right person to further his cause, for Dr. Arlene Kerrigan had two weaknesses - the love of money and sex. His story intrigued her, and, if what he said was true, she might be able to turn things around to serve her own purposes. She wanted to meet Marlene, and especially to get a look at her massive tits. She was sure she could restore the woman's self-esteem.

Arlene's confidence was not unfounded. She was outstanding in her field, however, the woman had no conscience and that could bode ill for Marlene.

"It won't be cheap, Mr. Barnes. I would need a retainer of \$10,000, and, if I like what I see, I would expect some fringe benefits at a later date," she added with a smug look on her face.

"That's not a problem. I'll write you a check today. When would you be able to see Marlene?" he asked.

"I think the sooner the better," she replied. "Set up an appointment with my receptionist for tomorrow. If for some reason you can't keep the appointment, just call."

"Thank you, Dr. Kerrigan, for all your help," Gary said, getting up.

"You're quite welcome," she replied, shaking his hand. "I look forward to meeting your sister."

Gary walked to the door and suddenly turned.

"By the way, doctor, are you a confirmed lesbian or are you bisexual?" he asked smiling.

"I'm very open-minded, Mr. Barnes, and can fly either way," she replied with a smug look on her face.

Gary took a risk revealing so much to Dr. Kerrigan, but he was now sure that he did the right thing. Marlene needed help. Maybe not the help he was providing, but it would serve his purposes.

When he got home, he went up to Marlene's room and knocked on the door.

"It's me. Gary," he said.

"What do you want?" Marlene asked groggily.

"May I come in?" he asked.

"No, I just want to be left alone," she replied.

"Mo, I'm worried about you. Please open the door," he said.

Marlene reluctantly let her brother into the room. She was a mess. She wore a short bathrobe, but that was it. Her hair was unkempt, and she wore no make-up. She looked as if she had been sleeping again.

"I was resting," she said.

"Mo, you haven't been out of your room in days," he said.

"Don't worry, I've been milking my tits for you like a good cow," she retorted.

"That's not why I'm here. You need help," he said.

Marlene broke down and cried. Her brother was right. She needed to talk to someone. She kept everything bottled up inside, and she was ready to explode.

"I made an appointment for you," he said.

"No one can help me," she cried.

"That's not true. I've made you an appointment with Dr. Kerrigan. She's a Clinical Sexologist who I think can help you get through whatever is bothering you," Gary said.

"Is this another one of your tricks, Gary? Is this one of your friends posing as a doctor?" she asked suspiciously.

"No, Mo, you can check the doctor's credentials out for yourself. Here's her web address," he said handing her a slip of paper.

"This is on the up and up?" she asked.

"Mo, I'm worried about you. Of course, this is on the up and up. You have an appointment at 11:00 AM tomorrow morning. I'll take you myself," he said.

Marlene felt a sense of relief. She knew that she needed professional help. She just wasn't able to do anything to help herself. She didn't care until now. Maybe her brother wasn't all bad after all.

"Fine, I'll go," she said quietly.

Gary wanted to check her tits and see if they were any bigger after her Friday night session, but he thought better of it. Her mental state of mind was too delicate. He walked to the door and was about to leave when suddenly he turned.

"Mo?"

"Yes?"

"Nothing has changed," he said.

She stood there silently as he walked out. His comment had little if any effect. The thought never crossed her mind that her brother would release his hold on her. Her depression was caused by her lack of self-esteem not her current state of affairs. He knew this and wanted her to know that nothing would change. Everything would eventually go on as before.

Marlene quickly went to her computer and booted it up. This is the first time she showed interest in anything since last Friday. She typed in the doctor's web address and checked out Dr. Kerrigan's credentials.

"I'm a Board Certified Clinical Sexologist, a Marriage and Family Therapist with a PhD in Clinical Sexology..."

She was filled with a sense of relief. She would be able to talk to someone who could help her sort out her feelings, someone who was qualified and trained. A weight was lifted off her shoulders, and that night she slept peacefully for the first time in a long time.

Gary drove Marlene to Dr. Kerrigan's office the following morning. Already he could see a transformation in his sister from the night before. She was dressed smartly in a black skirt and white blouse. Her hair was styled and her make-up looked like it was done professionally. She wore six inch heels which showed off her shapely legs.

He dropped his sister off outside the doctor's office. If she thought for a moment that he had already talked to the doctor, then all his efforts would be in vain. She must never know if his plan was to succeed.

Marlene located Dr. Kerrigan's office on the third floor. She checked in with the receptionist and filled out some paperwork before she was called in to see the doctor.

"It's a pleasure to meet you. My name is Dr. Kerrigan," she said warmly taking Marlene's hand.

"I'm Marlene Catalano," she replied already taken in by the warmth and friendliness of the doctor.

"Please have a seat," she said, leading her over to the sitting area.

"Thank you, doctor," Marlene said, sitting down.

"I only talked to your friend Gary for a minute..."

"No, he's my brother," Marlene corrected.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Well, your brother said that you were feeling depressed," she said.

"That's putting it mildly," she replied.

"Why don't you tell me about it," Dr. Kerrigan said. "Understand that anything you share with me stays here in this office. It's strictly between you and me."

Marlene poured her heart out to the doctor explaining how she always had a very high sex drive. She shared with her details of the events that occurred over the past five months including the self-induced lactation. She left out no details although she didn't go into the extent of the control her brother had over her. She finally described the events that occurred last Friday night. It was difficult for her to share this with the doctor especially the part about the dogs, but she knew that she couldn't hold anything back if the doctor was going to help her.

Dr. Kerrigan listened attentively without interrupting Marlene as she told her story. She took notes and showed a genuine concern for this woman.

Marlene could sense that the doctor was truly concerned about her. What she didn't realize was that a check for \$10,000 was deposited in her account yesterday afternoon, a check written out by her brother.

"I feel like such a slut," Marlene said, finishing her story.

"It seems to me that there are several issues here that we need to deal with, Marlene. First of all, you referred to yourself as a slut."

"Yes," she whispered with her head down.

"How would you define the word slut?" she asked.

"Well, someone who's promiscuous, who would sleep with anyone," she replied.

"So when you call yourself a slut, you're saying it in a derogatory way?"

"Yes, of course," she said.

"I see it differently as many other people do today, Marlene," Dr. Kerrigan said.

"I don't understand," she said.

"Let me try to explain. Catherine Little, a well known psychiatrist says and I quote, 'A *slut* is a person who has taken control of their sexuality and has sex with whomever they choose.'"

"I've never heard it put quite like that," Marlene said.

"I imagine you haven't. She's simply saying that a slut is nothing more than someone who is exercising their right to control their sexuality."

"Do you feel that way personally?" Marlene asked.

"Absolutely!" the doctor answered smiling.

"I see what you're saying, but most of the time people use the word slut in a derogatory manner," Marlene said.

"Yes they do," the doctor agreed.

"That's when it hurts the most. That's when I question who I am," Marlene said quietly.

"Why would anyone call you a slut in the first place?" Dr. Kerrigan asked.

"Maybe because they see me doing something they consider immoral," Marlene replied.

"I don't think that's the case," the doctor said. "What's immoral to me may not be immoral to you and vice versa. It's all relative. I think it's something else. I think the individual who attacks you verbally in that manner is insecure. They see you in control of your sexuality, and they're not. This infuriates them and they retaliate by calling you a slut."

This put things in a whole new light for Marlene. It made sense.

"Now, will you be honest with me?"

"Of course, doctor," Marlene replied.

"How did it feel being fucked by a dog?"

"It... it... felt... different but good," she said hesitantly.

"If it was so good, why are you so upset and depressed?"

"Because it's wrong," she said.

"It's only wrong if you think it's wrong. You control your own sexuality. Only you can decide what's right or wrong for you," she said leaning over and taking Marlene's hands in hers.

"You make it sound so simple, I never thought of it that way," she said smiling.

"Then you need to start changing the way you think," she replied smiling. "You're a beautiful, sensual woman, and you have a great deal to offer. Don't limit yourself by the expectation that others put upon you."

"Thank you, Dr. Kerrigan," she replied. "You've given me a lot to think about."

A weight had been lifted off of Marlene's shoulders. The doctor put everything into perspective for her, and it made sense. Maybe she wasn't so horrible after all.

"Now, I want you to repeat after me. *A slut is a person who has the courage to go through life...*"

"A slut is a person who has the courage to go through life..." Marlene said.

"*Knowing that sex is fulfilling and pleasure is good.*"

"Knowing that sex is fulfilling and pleasure is good," she repeated.

"Say it again."

"A slut is a person who has the courage to go through life knowing that sex is fulfilling and pleasure is good."

"I want you to say that to yourself when you first open your eyes in the morning and as you close your eyes at night to go to sleep," Dr. Kerrigan said getting up and walking over to Marlene.

"You have no idea how much better I feel," Marlene said with a sense of relief.

"Marlene, you are a slut!" the doctor said, smiling.

"Thank you, doctor," she replied.

"Did you enjoy Amos' long tongue?" Dr. Kerrigan asked.

"Oh, yes," Marlene replied as the memory of his tongue invading her rectum flooded back to her.

"Did you enjoy deep-throating his huge black cock?" she asked.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she intoned, remembering how she took the whole thing.

"Celebrate those moments. They are dear and precious," she said leaning over and whispering in Marlene's ear.

"Yes! Yes! I will! They were wonderful moments," Marlene replied seeing Friday evening's events in a new light. She felt the wetness between her legs for the first time in days.

"Always revel in your choice to be a slut! Take pleasure in it! Celebrate all of your victories!"

"I feel like a burden has been lifted off of my shoulders. You've given me a great deal to consider. Thank you, Dr. Kerrigan," she said gratefully.

"I just want you to see your potential. Don't miss an opportunity to experience something new," she encouraged her.

There was a long moment of silence. Marlene looked much more relaxed as she sat in Dr. Kerrigan's office.

"Stand up, Marlene."

Marlene rose from the chair and stood before the woman who towered over her.

"You are feeling better about yourself, aren't you?" the doctor asked.

"Much better," she admitted.

"Then you understand the true meaning of the word slut?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Good," the doctor said as she ran her index finger up and down Marlene's exposed cleavage.

Marlene shivered from the touch of the woman's hand.

"How does that feel, Marlene?" she asked.

"It feels good," she admitted.

"Celebrate that good feeling. Embrace it," she whispered as she slowly unbuttoned Marlene's blouse. She removed the blouse and placed her hands on the sides of her patient's massive tits.

"Oooooooooohhhhhh!" Marlene moaned.

"Does it feel good?"

"Yes."

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No!"

Dr. Kerrigan leaned over and kissed the tops of the quivering woman's breasts. She squeezed the huge pliant jugs that were pouring out of the bra that confined them.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh!"

"Celebrate it!" the doctor whispered as she unclasped Marlene's bra setting her massive tits free.

The doctor stood back observing her patient.

"You're a beautiful woman," the doctor said.

"Thank you, doctor," she said meekly.

"Stand tall and proud. Push out your breasts. There are women who would give anything to have a body like yours," she said. "What are you feeling right now?"

"I'm so horny! My pussy is dripping wet!" she confessed.

"Are you ashamed of that?"

"No, I don't think so," she said.

"Of course, you're not. You're a slut. Celebrate the wetness between your legs. There are frigid bitches in this world that never get wet like that," she said.

Dr. Arlene Kerrigan was very persuasive. She took a woman who was in a deep depression a little over an hour ago and turned her totally around, convincing her that it was good to feel like a nasty slut.

"I think it might be good for you to get out in public and show off your sexuality to the world," Dr. Kerrigan suggested.

"I don't think that would be wise, doctor. I work in a private school and it would be frowned upon. I could lose my job," she replied.

"If you were to do it here, that most definitely would be a problem, and I certainly wouldn't want you to lose your job."

"No, I can't afford to lose my job, doctor. It's my only means of support."

"Next Saturday I'm flying down to New York City for the weekend. A friend of mine owns a strip club down there."

"A strip club?" Marlene asked, startled.

"Yes," she replied.

"I don't understand," Marlene replied.

"You could go with me. My friend's strip club is in Greenwich Village."

"You want me to go with you?" she asked, flattered that the doctor was taking such an interest in her.

"Yes, he would be delighted to have a guest dancer for the evening," she explained.

"You think I should dance in a strip club?" she asked.

"What better place to declare openly your sexuality without fear of your friends and loved ones finding out. It would be so liberating for you," Dr. Kerrigan said enthusiastically.

Oddly the idea did appeal to Marlene, and New York City was far enough away that no one she knew would ever find out.

"I don't know," she said hesitantly.

Marlene grew excited. She would be the center of attention and could just let go before a crowd of strangers. The idea really appealed to her, but what would Gary say? He controlled every facet of her life. He would never let her leave town for the weekend.

"What do you think, Marlene? Are you ready to take the next step?"

"My brother would never approve," she said quietly.

"I'm your doctor, and this is something that I consider very important if it's what you want. I'll talk to your brother," the doctor said confidently.

Marlene's heart raced at a frantic pace. She really wanted this. She wanted to just unload all of the feelings she had been suppressing for so long.

"Yes! Yes! I'll do it," she said excitedly.

Arlene stood behind Marlene and reached around and lightly placed her hands on the woman's tits.

"They're going to love you in New York, Marlene. Close your eyes," she whispered in her ear.

Marlene closed her eyes as the doctor captured her nipples between her thumb and forefinger and applied pressure.

"Oooooooooohhhhh!" Marlene groaned as her clit throbbed horribly.

"Do you like that, slut?" she whispered in her ear.

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed.

"Tell me what you want!" she whispered.

"Squeeze them harder!" she moaned.

The doctor smiled as she applied more pressure, thinking that this woman truly was a slut, and a very naive one at that.

"Harder!" she moaned.

"I think you like it rough, slut!"

"Yes!"

The doctor walked around in front of her.

"Put your hands behind your neck and stick out those big tits!"

"Oh yes, doctor!" Marlene moaned. She was truly now in slut mode.

The doctor reared back with an evil grin on her face and landed a vicious blow to her patient's right tit. It was followed by another to her left one.

SMACK! SMACK!

"How does that feel?" she asked.

"I don't know," Marlene moaned.

Dr. Kerrigan always resented the other girls in school who were so well endowed. Although she was a strikingly beautiful woman herself, her breasts were small. Here was an opportunity to take out her resentment on this big titted slut.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

"Is that good for you, Marlene?" she hissed.

"Yes! Oh God yes!" she moaned as her tits smacked into each other and were filled with pain.

"Celebrate it!" the doctor hissed as her hand reared back again.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

"Oh! Oh!" Marlene moaned as her milk bloated tits were filled with pain.

Dr. Kerrigan grabbed her tits and sucked her right nipple into her mouth. She sucked and chewed on it as her milk began to flow. She switched to the left nipple, sucking and biting hard.

"Oh! Oh!" Marlene groaned as the heat built between her legs.

"Get on your knees!" the doctor ordered.

"Yes, doctor," she groaned as she dropped to the floor.

The doctor raised her skirt revealing her naked cunt.

"What are you feeling right now, Marlene?" she asked as her cunt hovered close to the naive woman's mouth.

"I'm so hot and horny, and your wet pussy looks delicious," she moaned.

"Act on your feelings!" the doctor ordered.

"Oh God," Marlene moaned as she buried her face in the doctor's pussy.

"That's it, baby. They're going to love you in New York," she encouraged her as she rubbed her pussy all over her patient's face.

If Gary hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he wouldn't believe it. There was his sister on her knees eating out the doctor. Dr. Kerrigan was a miracle worker. It was good of her to let him watch the whole proceedings in an adjacent room through a one way mirror.

The doctor smiled at him as she held Marlene's head ready to climax and fill her mouth with her sweet nectar.

It was then that the idea struck him. Taking Marlene to Greenwich Village next weekend was a stroke of genius. It could end up solving a major problem for him.

It was just after 10:00 PM and Marlene was pumping her breasts for the final time that day. She was feeling much better about herself. She was ready to face the world. She was feeling optimistic and knew that there wasn't any obstacle she couldn't overcome. She could never persuade her brother to go away and leave her alone, but she now knew that she could cope with any demand that he might make of her. This new found knowledge filled her with an assurance that sustained her.

Marlene would face many trials and tribulations in the days to come. There would continue to be stressful moments in her life. The difference now was her attitude. Nothing that Gary could say or do to her would ever again drive her to the point where she felt total despair.

The prospects of going to New York City next weekend excited her. She was regaining some control over her life. It was her decision, and, when she told Gary about her upcoming weekend excursion, he didn't protest at all. Dr. Kerrigan had already discussed the matter with him. She was so relieved.

Marlene was on cloud nine. This was an opportunity that she couldn't pass up. She wanted to express her sexuality. She was tired of pretending she was someone that she wasn't just to please other people. She could let loose for once without the fear of being exposed.

Shortly after 10:00 PM there was a knock at her door.

"Are you awake?" Gary asked.

"Yes," Marlene answered.

"May I come in?"

"Yes," she replied as she removed the breastshields.

Marlene's milk production was still up. She was producing 25 ounces, per session, which was just short of a gallon of milk a day.

As Gary walked over to the bed, Marlene poured one of the containers of milk in a glass and began to drink it.

"May I have some?" Gary asked smiling.

Marlene handed him the glass, and he finished drinking the contents. Handing the glass back to her, she refilled it with the other container of milk.

"How are you feeling?" Gary asked as his bathrobe fell open.

"Much better after seeing Dr. Kerrigan today," she replied, unable to take her eyes off of his cock which lay limp between his legs.

"Do you see something you like?"

"Why do you play these games? You know I like cock!" she said resentfully.

"Then go for it!" he said.

Surprised, Marlene eased herself off of the bed and got down on her knees before her brother. She took his thick cock in her hands and watched fascinated as it came to life. It still amazed her the way a cock could be shrunken and soft one moment and within seconds grow long and hard. She felt the power she possessed over him as she closed her eyes and ran her wet lips all over the head of his throbbing cock. She loved the smooth velvety head and the feel of it against her lips. She would savor this moment and celebrate her sensuality just like the doctor ordered.

Precum coated her lips as she took the head of his cock in her mouth and sucked greedily on the spongy tip. There was nothing she liked better than a nice hard cock to suck on and take deep in her throat. She worked it to the back of her mouth, tracing every ridge and valley with her tongue as she took it deeper. It felt so right.

She wasn't going to allow herself to feel guilty that she was sucking on her brother's cock. It served no purpose. He would make her do it whether she wanted to or not, so she might as well enjoy it.

Gary's cock entered her throat, and she easily took it all. She then worked it in and out increasing her pace as she began to salivate and then foam around the ten inch cock that was defiling her.

"I'm such a slut, and I am in control of my sexuality," she thought as she felt her brother's cock swell in her throat.

Gary grabbed her by the hair while holding his cock in his other hand. He squeezed hard at the base of his cock, letting his sperm build up before he eased up on his grip. His spunk shot forward like a bullet and caught his sister in the left eye. The next shot plastered her nose. He aimed his cock lower and coated her tits in cum. He had been saving up this load all week for just this occasion. The slut deserved it, and he wasn't going to give her the satisfaction of taking it in her belly and savoring the taste, not tonight anyway.

"You can clean it now, slut," he ordered, and his sister did just that as her tongue licked the last remnants of cum off his shrinking shaft. She greedily sucked on his balls and licked his pubic hair, doing a thorough job.

Gary never met a better cock sucker than his sister. She far surpassed all others. Looking down at her panting with her huge tits moving seductively on her chest, he could have easily gotten it up again, but he didn't.

He closed his bathrobe and prepared to leave.

"That's it?" Marlene asked.

"Yes! What did you expect?"

"I have needs too," she said assertively.

"Yes, you do, and they will be met when I decide," he said walking towards the door. "Be sure to wear your nipple cylinders tonight."

Gary quietly closed the door leaving his sister kneeling on the floor with her pussy dripping its sweet nectar on the floor. He was still in control. She could celebrate her sexuality, but it would have to be on his terms until she could find a way to break his hold on her.

It was another sexually frustrating night of denial for Marlene. She hated her brother for doing this to her. She tossed and turned until the wee hours of the morning when she finally fell off to sleep.

The following morning she was exhausted from a lack of sleep, but she had a different outlook on life. She looked forward to the days ahead. She looked forward to returning to work on Monday. She looked forward to an evening alone with her boyfriend, Rich.

On Monday Marlene went to work ready to face the world. She was after all the administrative assistant to the principal at a very exclusive private school, and there was work to be done before the kids arrived in September.

Gary on the other hand needed to deal with a couple of issues that were impeding his plans for his sister. First of all there was the matter of Marlene's boyfriend who was nothing more than a nuisance as far as he was concerned. In order to move forward with his plans for his slutty sister, he had to remove this obstacle.

Unknowingly, Marlene had provided the solution to the problem herself. All Gary had to do was get Rich to go to New York next weekend and see his sister at the strip joint. He was sure that would be the end of their relationship.

First of all he needed to find out more about this guy. He didn't want to be messing around with a loose cannon. What was his background? What made him tick? He couldn't get this information himself so he hired a private investigator to gather some background information for him. It was only a matter of days before he had all the information he needed on Rich Edwards. He was then ready to make his move.

Rich had been a narcotics detective with the New York City Police Department for 20 years. There were several times during her career when he was investigated by internal affairs for using excessive force. There were also three occasions when he was accused of sexual harassment. Charges were brought against him, but in every case he was cleared of all charges and reinstated with full pay. He retired from the force a few years ago and moved to upstate New York.

"That's about it, Gary," the private investigator said. "I talked with a couple of guys who worked in his precinct. They said that he was a hothead and at times acted before thinking. He was a little overzealous but a good cop."

"That's interesting," Gary replied. "What about his personal life?"

"He was married once, which ended in divorce. There were a couple of instances of domestic violence where the police were called to the house. Not much else there. His ex filed for divorce which turned into a pretty ugly affair."

"How is that?" Gary asked.

"You know, the usual name calling and accusations," he said checking his notes. "Oh yes, he did violate a restraining order and roughed her up pretty bad."

"Anything come of that?"

"No, remember he was a cop. They tend to look after each other, if you know what I mean. Evidence mysteriously disappeared. Reports were not filed in this case."

"I see. You've been very helpful, Don. Your check is in the mail."

"Thanks, Gary. Sorry I couldn't be of more help," he said.

"I appreciate what you've done. Take care," he said, hanging up the phone.

Marlene had a long day of work, but it was very productive. More important was her new attitude towards life. She was very upbeat and felt good about herself and the work she was doing at the academy. The areas of her life she didn't have control over she wasn't going to worry about right now.

Rich called her at work. It had been over a week since they last saw each other.

"I miss you, Marlene. How about dinner Saturday night? I want to talk to you about something," he suggested.

"I'd love to but I've already made plans for Saturday night. What about Friday?" she answered.

"I'm out of town on Friday. I was really hoping to see you."

"Is there any night this week that you have open?" Marlene asked hopefully.

"No, I'm putting in long hours all week. I need to get this job completed. What about Sunday."

"That'll be great, baby," she said.

"Good! We can go to dinner and then catch an early movie," he suggested.

"I would love that. I miss you so much," she said.

"I miss you too, Marlene. That's what I want to talk to you about," he replied.

Marlene's heart raced. Was Rich going to propose to her?

Marlene was on cloud nine. She really needed to talk to Gary. She couldn't go on leading a double life. It wasn't fair to him or her.

That evening after dinner she approached her brother.

"Gary, I really need to talk to you."

"Not a problem, sis," he said smiling.

"Well, I have a date with Rich on Sunday. I can't go on like this. After meeting with Dr. Kerrigan, I realize I have to do things differently. I need to be honest with him and make a fresh start."

"I agree. You should be honest with Rich," Gary said.

"You do?" she asked surprised.

"Absolutely, you should come clean and tell him exactly what you've been up to," he added walking away.

"Wait, Gary. That's not what I meant. I meant our relationship needs to change," she said.

"Are you referring to our relationship?"

"Yes!"

"You can change our relationship any time you choose," he said. "Be sure to wear your nipple cylinders tonight."

Gary realized that he had to act fast before the situation got out of hand. He had to make sure that Rich made that trip to New York City on Saturday.

First thing in the morning Gary put a call in to Rich Edwards.

"Hi, Rich, this is Gary Barnes, Marlene's brother," he started out.

"Hey, Gary, how are you?"

"Just fine. I was wondering if we could get together."

"Not a problem. What's up?" he asked

"I have some concerns about Marlene that I'd like to share with you."

"Is something wrong?"

"It's not really something I want to discuss on the phone," he said.

"OK. When would you like to get together?" Rich asked.

"How about tomorrow?"

"I have an appointment in the morning, but I'm free in the afternoon."

"That works for me. How's 2:00 PM?"

"That's great. Where would you like to meet?" Rich asked.

"Well, my mom's here, and I'd like to talk to you in private. Could we meet at your place?" Gary asked.

"That's fine. I'm a little bit out of the way on the outskirts of the city. My address is 1703 Pinehurst Lane. There's a mail box at the bottom of the driveway, but it's about a quarter mile drive back to the house."

"Great. I should have no problem finding it. I'll use my GPS. See you at 2:00. Oh, and Rich, I'd appreciate it if you didn't mention this to Marlene."

"Ok," he replied, finding the request strange.

On Wednesday Gary arrived at Rich's place at the appointed time. It was not the easiest place in the world to find although the home was beautiful, located on a secluded road in the country.

"Gary, it's good to finally meet you. Come in," he said greeting him at the door.

"Thanks, Rich. I've heard some good things about you," he said.

"Can I get you something to drink," he asked leading him into the living room.

"Sounds good," he replied.

"How about a beer?"

"Great!"

Gary sat down, holding the manila envelope that he brought with him.

Shortly Rich returned with a couple of beers.

He handed him one and sat in a chair across from him.

"You sounded pretty mysterious on the phone. What's up? Is something wrong with Marlene?"

"I really don't know how to tell you this, Rich. I know you adore her and the two of you have been going out for quite awhile now," he started.

"Yeah, almost six months. Your sister is a very special person, Gary," Rich said. "What's bothering you?"

"There are things you don't know about Marlene?"

"What do you mean?"

"Marlene leads a double life. There's the respectable side of her that you know, but there's another side of her that you've never seen."

"I don't know what you're talking about, Gary. She's a wonderful, caring woman," he said getting defensive.

"Yes, she is, but unfortunately things aren't always as they appear."

"You're making no sense," Rich said.

"Maybe it was a mistake coming here," Gary said, getting up.

"No, wait. I don't mean to be rude, but you're acting mighty strange," he said. "Please sit down and finish."

"Alright, but this isn't easy. After all she is my sister, but I won't just stand by and watch her make a fool out of you."

Rich was speechless as he listened to Gary tell his tale.

After relating incident after incident of Marlene's bizarre sexual trysts, he finished.

"My sister has a sex drive that is insatiable. As a result she gets involved with some pretty shady characters in order to feed her sexual appetite. She's torn. I think she really cares for you, but she's driven by the urges within her. I'm just sorry that you're caught in the middle. I wanted you to know before you got too deeply involved."

"You're making some pretty serious accusations, Gary," Rich said defensively, pacing back and forth. "How do I know you're telling the truth?"

Gary opened the manila envelope and took out some pictures. He slowly laid them out on the coffee table one by one. Some of them were of Marlene at Amos' apartment the previous Friday with his cock buried down her throat. A couple of others were of her with the German shepherds. The pictures captured the lust written all over her face as the dogs fucked her brutally. Still another was of Marlene with her tongue buried in Olive's pussy. There were also several pictures of Marlene at Gary's reunion taken five months ago including several of her being double-teamed.

Gary left the pictures on the table long enough for Rich to get his fill before picking them up and quietly walking to the door. Pictures don't lie. They showed Marlene at her worst.

"If you want to see the real Marlene, go to Madame's Place in Greenwich Village this Saturday night," Gary said, turning. "Do you know where it is?"

"I'm from New York City, Gary, of course, I know where it is," he replied bitterly. "What on earth is she doing in the Village?"

"Find out for yourself. Just do me a favor. If you do go, don't mention that I tipped you off," he said, closing the door.

Rich was numb. The revelation that his girlfriend was in reality nothing more than a filthy slut made his blood run cold. His image of Marlene was shattered forever. He didn't know the woman in the pictures. She had duped him, and his shock soon turned into rage.

For the past six months he treated her like a lady. He purposely took things slow not wanting to offend her by moving too fast while all this time she was out getting fucked by all manner of man and beast. She was nothing more than a filthy slut. The graphic pictures of her with the dogs were almost too much for him to bear. He was so disgusted by the perverted act.

He started to dial her number intending to cancel their date on Sunday, but at the last minute he hung up. He had to see for himself. He would go to New York City this weekend. If she was really at this strip joint putting on a show, then he wanted to see for himself.

She was busy on Saturday and couldn't see him? Well, she was in for a surprise.

On Saturday Dr. Kerrigan picked up Marlene at her house at 8:00 AM for the flight to New York. It was a short flight, and soon they were in a taxi headed for Greenwich Village.

"I think this whole experience is going to be so good for you, Marlene," Dr. Kerrigan said as they neared their destination.

"I've never done anything like this before," Marlene replied, now having second thoughts.

"You'll be just fine. Let's grab a bite to eat before I take you to the club," she suggested.

They stopped at the Corner Bistro for burgers and fries. Marlene was caught up in just watching people. There were girls walking hand in hand down the street. Everyone seemed so open. It was a much more relaxed atmosphere than what she was used to.

They finally arrived at the club. It was a short walk from their hotel. Madame's Place was a dive with its red velvet furniture, dim lighting, and blood red walls. There were many

plush couches and pillows in the back section, and in the upstairs rooms. The lighting which bounced off the red walls was extremely dim and gave the place a surreal atmosphere.

Arlene introduced Marlene to John King, her friend who owned the place.

"It's very nice to meet you," John said giving Marlene a warm hug.

"It's nice to meet you, John," Marlene replied. She immediately felt at ease in his presence. He was so warm and friendly.

The three of them sat down at the bar. John gave the ladies a drink, and they talked for a while.

"Christie will show you where you can get changed," he said.

Marlene looked at Dr. Kerrigan with a look of panic on her face.

"Don't worry, dear, I brought an outfit for you to wear," she said laughing.

"Arlene tells me this is your first time doing anything like this," he said.

"Yes," Marlene said.

"Well, this is the place to do it. Actually you'll be dancing for a private party upstairs in one of our lounges. It won't be quite as intimidating as being down here," John said, giving her another drink.

"I appreciate that, John. I am still a little nervous about doing this," she said as the drink he gave her made her feel a little lightheaded.

"You'll be fine. They're all going to love you," Arlene added.

Christie, one of John's dancers, came over and took Marlene back to the dressing room. The dressing room was small and crowded with other dancers who were entering and exiting as they prepared for their shows.

"Just relax, honey, you'll be fine," Christie said warmly.

"I don't know, Christie. This isn't as easy as I thought it would be," Marlene said feeling queasy.

Christie reached in her purse and pulled out a bottle of pills.

"Here, take one of these. It'll settle you down," she said, handing her the pill and a glass of water.

"What is it?" Marlene asked.

"Just a mild sedative to relax you," she said.

Marlene took the pill not realizing that Christie had given her an aphrodisiac. The effect was almost immediate. It wasn't more than fifteen minutes before she felt slightly drunk. A warm feeling permeated her body as her nipples grew hard and her clit started to throb.

"God, Christie, what did you give me?" Marlene asked.

"Why, is something wrong?" Christie asked concerned.

"No, actually I feel so relaxed."

"Oh, good," Christie sighed with relief.

"I'm lactating and really need to pump my tits before I go on," Marlene said.

"Don't worry about that! We'll make it part of the show. The guests will love it!" Christie said.

Marlene didn't protest. She was too lightheaded to really be concerned about anything right now. It was as if a burden had been lifted off her shoulders. All her misgivings about performing in public disappeared. She was in a strange city, and no one knew her here. She could do exactly as the doctor ordered. She could be herself. She could celebrate her sexuality.

"We need to hurry up and get you dressed. You'll be going on in a little while," Christie said. "Get undressed, while I get your costume."

There really wasn't much to her costume. First of all Christie attached a pair of pasties to her tits. They were rather large and coned shaped in order to cover her huge nipples and all of her areoles. Hanging from the pasties were four inch tassels.

"Put these on sweetie," she said, handing Marlene a red garter belt and black stockings.

Marlene felt so nasty as she pulled the sheer stocking up her legs and attached them to the garter belt.

"You look so hot!" Christie exclaimed while giving Marlene a big hug.

"Thank you," she said as her head swooned.

She then handed Marlene a red bra and a skimpy red dress with a plunging neckline. There really wasn't much to the dress, but just enough to keep the important parts covered. Next she put on a pair of long black gloves.

"Put these shoes on, and you're set to go," Christie said, handing her a pair of 7 inch red sequined stiletto heels.

Marlene was use to six inch heels, but the additional one inch of height made quite a difference. She was practically standing on her tip toes and found it difficult to walk.

"It'll take me a while to get used to these," Marlene said as she walked around the small dressing room.

"Don't worry, you'll be fine. Just remember to dance to the music. Show off your assets and imagine how hot that will make the audience feel. All eyes will be on you. You'll be the center of attention. They'll all want you."

"Is that how you feel on stage, Christie?" Marlene asked.

"Oh yes, it just gets me so aroused, knowing all those guys and even some of the women out there are lusting over my body."

Marlene's pussy was oozing at the very thought of what she was about to do.

"Just remember to take it slow. This is a strip tease. Place a lot of emphasis on the tease part," Christie laughed. "Start with a glove and slowly but seductively push it down your arm. Throw it out to the audience, and by all means try to maintain eye contact with different members of the audience."

"You make it sound so easy," Marlene said.

"It is easy if you just be yourself. Then slowly remove your dress while you build up anticipation. Then the rest is pretty simple. You should really be into it by then. Next remove your stockings and garter belt, but be sure to put your shoes back on. That's the one thing you keep on throughout your performance."

"Thank you for being so helpful, Christie," Marlene said.

"It's not a problem. I remember my first time. Really play it up when you remove your bra. That's what the audience is waiting for. They want to see those tits. Won't they be surprised when you finally remove your bra and are wearing tassels?"

Both girls laughed.

"You can really have some fun with those. Just put your hands behind your neck and get your tits moving. Those tassels will be twirling faster than hell," Christie said.

Marlene was feeling very much at ease not only because of the aphrodisiac, but also because of the expert instruction she was receiving from Christie.

"It's time, Marlene. You're on in five minutes," Christie informed her.

They walked down the hall and headed up the stairs to a back entrance. Marlene took small steps in the seven inch stiletto heels. Her tits shook like jell-o confined in the tight bra. Her nipples were hard and aching as the pasties only added to her distress. She could feel the juices escaping from her labia as she climbed the stairs.

"Good luck, honey," Christie said as she led Marlene to the stage entrance. She was on fire as the music started. Moments later she was standing under the bright lights with a large crowd of men and women whistling and applauding as she danced to the beat of the music.

"Look at those fucking tits!" a patron yelled.

This excited Marlene even more as she moved seductively around the stage, driven by the music. Then she slowly removed one of her gloves and threw it out into the audience.

The crowd went wild as they encouraged her to take it all off. Playing to the crowd, she slowly removed her other glove while continuing to dance to the steady beat of the music. Her tits were in constant motion, and she felt so powerful, knowing that they all lusted over her.

Her dress was next to go. The crowd grew rowdier as more of her luscious body was exposed.

Marlene sweated profusely under the hot lights as she moved uninhibited on the stage. The aphrodisiac only acted as a catalyst as she grew more and more aroused. She was celebrating her sexuality just as the doctor ordered.

As she looked out at the crowd, she saw the lust burning in the hundreds of eyes riveted to her luscious body. They all wanted her, and this only excited her even more.

She took her time removing her g-string with her back to the audience. The crowd went wild when she turned around exposing her wet pussy. All that remained was her bra, garter belt, and stockings.

She licked her lips as she impulsively ran her index finger between her pussy lips, getting it all wet. Then she slowly moved the dripping wet finger to her lips and sucked off all of her juices.

"Yes! Yes!" screamed one of the patrons.

"She's hot!" yelled another.

"Show us your tits!" yelled out another.

They loved her, and Marlene thrived on the attention. She knew that she was in her element as she boldly walked across the stage. Her massive cleavage was on display for all to see. She leaned over and teased the patrons as her tits threatened to bust out of her bra.

At that moment a man walked up the stairs and stood quietly in the back of the room. He stood in the shadows and watched disdainfully as Marlene slowly slid one of her stockings down her leg. Her tits formed a deep valley as she leaned over. She shook them teasingly as the audience encouraged her.

She worked the crowd beautifully as she slowly removed her other stocking and then her garter belt. All that remained was her bra. She saved the best for last. Everyone in the room held their breath in anticipation, everyone except the lone figure standing in the shadows.

"Lose the bra! Lose the bra!" a chant suddenly went up from the crowd.

Marlene felt so alive. Dancing on this stage in a strange town was so liberating for her. There was no accountability. She could let down the facade of respectability and be herself.

He seethed as he watched his girlfriend move seductively on stage, grabbing her bra covered tits and enticing the audience with them. His blood boiled as the rage within him burned out of control. He wanted to drag her off of the stage and beat her to a pulp for acting like such a slut in public, but he forced himself to remain in the shadows and watch as she ripped his heart apart bit by bit.

He stared at his slut girlfriend as she turned her back to the audience and reached for the clasp on her bra. She turned facing them as she gyrated to the beat of the music, holding her bra over her massive tits.

"Lose the bra! Lose the bra!" the chant grew louder.

"Let's see those huge knockers!" a voice yelled out over the chanting of the crowd.

Marlene danced up close to the edge of the stage and slowly let her bra slip lower and lower. Several of the bolder members of the audience attempted to reach for her, but bodyguards were right there to remove them from the premises. She finally let her bra drop to the floor revealing the tassels that covered her nipples.

"Come on, give us a break!" someone yelled as the crowd voiced their disappointment.

Licking her lips, Marlene placed her hands behind her neck and set her tits in motion. The tassels spun like propellers as her tits traveled in circles setting them in motion.

The stranger in the shadows grew furious at this brazen display. He watched through tear-filled eyes as she grabbed the pasties and removed them totally exposing herself to this room full of strangers. She danced and gyrated around the stage wearing only her seven inch stiletto heels. She smiled at the audience as she licked her lips, and the man could see the lust burning in her eyes. She was enjoying her brazen display before this group of strangers.

He couldn't take any more as he quickly made his way down the stairs and out into the cool darkness of the night. His blood was boiling as he felt frustration like he had never felt before. His girlfriend was nothing more than a slut, and he had treated her like a queen. She would pay for doing this to him. Their relationship was over, but he wasn't through with her yet.

Marlene grabbed her nipples which were now oozing milk. She was well overdue, and, shaking her tits around the way she did, only made matters worse. The music quickly came to an end, and she stood there looking at the hungry eyes eating her up.

Suddenly a woman dressed in black and wearing a mask that covered the upper half of her face, walked onto the stage. She stood behind Marlene and reached around to squeeze her long hard nipples.

"Oooohhhh!" she exclaimed startled by the woman's touch.

"I'm just helping you take care of these milk-filled udders," she whispered as she buried her tongue in Marlene's ear and continued to squeeze and pull her nipples.

Marlene groaned overcome by the sexual tension that had been building in her all night. She couldn't think straight. She was on stage while a rowdy group of strangers watched her being mauled by some unknown female.

SNAP! SNAP!

The woman quickly grabbed Marlene's hands. They were now out of the way handcuffed behind her back.

"That's better now, isn't it?" the strange woman asked as she grabbed Marlene's nipples and pulled and tugged on them.

"Oh!" she moaned at the wonderful sensations overtaking her.

SMACK! SMACK!

The woman landed two vicious blows on the side of Marlene's tits, not only filling her bloated tits with pain but violently smashing them into each other.

"Oooooooooowwww!" she screamed, startled by the woman's sudden brutality.

"Does that hurt, baby? I'm sorry," she whispered as she grabbed Marlene's nipples and squeezed them viciously.

Milk spewed forth from the sensitive tips.

"She's got milk!" someone in the crowd yelled.

The room broke out in laughter at the joke made at her expense.

"Yes, baby's got milk," the woman in black cooed as she walked around in front of Marlene and took one of her nipples in her mouth and sucked. The warm milk flowed into the woman's mouth as she proceeded to drain the engorged tit of milk.

Marlene moaned at the wonderful sensations filling her as the stranger's tongue swirled around her nipple driving her absolutely insane with lust.

"Oh God, yes!" she moaned as she looked out at the crowd of strangers witnessing her being serviced by this sultry bitch. "Oooooooooowwwwwwwww!"

Marlene's head thrashed violently back and forth as her tit exploded in pain. The woman bit down on her nipple and was unrelenting as she pulled viciously on it with her teeth. She finally released the sensitive nerve, but not before causing Marlene a great deal of distress. The signals being sent to her body were mixed. She was again caught off guard as the intense pleasure she was feeling at one moment was turned into intense pain.

She tried walking off of the stage, but the woman quickly stopped her.

"I'm sorry, baby," the woman cooed mockingly as she kissed Marlene on the lips and then buried her tongue in her mouth.

Marlene kissed her back as the fire raged within her.

"What a fucking show!" one member of the audience exclaimed.

This was a special night at Madame's Place. A select audience was allowed in this upstairs room once a week for an incredible show. There was never interference from the cops on these nights. Payoffs to the right people made sure that anything that happened in that upstairs room was ignored by the law.

The masked woman continued to kiss Marlene passionately as her fingers found the handcuffed woman's neglected nipple. She squeezed it gently at first but continued to apply more pressure with every passing moment.

"Mmmmmm! Mmmmm! Mmmmmm!" Marlene mumbled with the masked woman's tongue still buried in her mouth as pain filled her extremely sensitive nipple.

"What's the matter, slut?" she asked breaking off the kiss and slapping Marlene across the face. "Something bothering you?"

Marlene continued to whimper afraid to say anything to the sadistic bitch that was tormenting her. She continued to slap her. First her left cheek and then her right as her head was whipped from side to side.

"Cat got your tongue?" the woman asked as she viciously twisted Marlene's nipples.

"Oooooooooowwwwww!" she screamed as her huge tits were filled with excruciating pain.

"It's all right," the masked woman said softly in soothing tones. "Everything is all right."

She kissed Marlene gently on the lips and worked her way down her neck and over the top of her massive left tit which was still engorged with milk.

"That's it, baby, relax," she cooed as she took Marlene's hard nipple into her mouth and started to gently suck on it.

A groan escaped Marlene's lips as the woman sucked her warm milk into her mouth and down her throat. The heat between her legs built to a fever pitch as the woman fed on her tit. Slowly she worked her hand down the big titted woman's abdomen while the crowd watched intently whispering among themselves.

"The slut looks like she's ready to explode," one of the women in the audience remarked.

"Don't worry! Christie won't let her do that," another added.

The masked woman was Christie, the one who had befriended Marlene and prepared her for tonight's show. She had led the lamb to the slaughter, and she was the one reaping the benefits at the moment. She especially liked to torment big titted bimbos like this one.

"You like that, baby?" she asked as Christie's finger grazed over her hard clit on its way to her sopping wet hole.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmm!" she moaned as she unconsciously spread her legs farther apart to grant the woman better access. She needed to accept what was happening to her. She needed to embrace it and celebrate the wonderful feelings that were overtaking her just as

the doctor instructed. It didn't matter that all these strangers were witnessing her brazen display.

Dr. Kerrigan watched from the back of the room as a second and then a third finger entered the slut's overheated cunt. Marlene was rotating her hips as her pussy leaked its juices all over Christie's hand.

Christie resumed sucking on Marlene's nipple as she worked a fourth finger into her cunt. She then started using her teeth as she teased the hard nipple that was still expressing warm milk into her mouth. She grated her teeth over the hard nub and bit down filling the distressed woman with pain.

"Oooooooooowwww!" Marlene wailed as Christie's teeth bit into her tender flesh.

She struggled to free herself from the source of her affliction, but this only added to her distress as Christie bit even harder. She thrashed her head back and forth and howled like a banshee as the pain grew more intense.

All this time Christie worked her fingers deeper and deeper into Marlene's sopping wet hole. The girl was struggling with two different sets of signals being sent to her brain. The intense pain from her tortured nipple was intense, but the exquisite pleasure emanating from her hot pussy was driving her mad. She didn't know what to feel as the masked woman pressed her thumb against her throbbing clit. It was like pressing the trigger on a gun as she exploded. The orgasm washed over her body as her legs began to shake out of control. A shiver ran up and down her spine as the woman continued the assault on her defenseless body.

Christie released the tortured nipple from between her teeth. A single drop of blood appeared on the battered nerve. She quickly withdrew her fingers from the slut's pussy.

"Did I give you permission to cum?" she asked with venom in her voice.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

"That's it! Give it to her!" yelled someone in the audience.

"Who told the slut to cum?" added another.

"Oooooooooowwww!" Marlene screamed as intense pain filled her tits that were now being battered unmercifully.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

"Answer me!" Christie hissed.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know," Marlene whimpered.

'You didn't know?" Christie asked cruelly as she forced her cum covered fingers into Marlene's mouth.

"Aaaaaaaaagggggggggg!" Marlene mumbled as four fingers stretched her mouth wide open.

"Clean them off!" she ordered as she shoved them deeper. "Clean your nasty juices off of my fingers."

At the same time she grabbed Marlene by the hair and forced her head back even further. Finally she withdrew her fingers from the woman's mouth.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Four more vicious slaps filled her tits with pain.

"Oooooooooowwwwww!" Marlene screamed as tears welled up in her eyes. What started out as an opportunity for her to express her sexuality was turning into a nightmare.

"I don't want to hear another word out of you!" Christie warned as she forced Marlene to her knees.

In just a short time the tables had turned on Marlene. She no longer felt in control as she was forced to her knees with her hands handcuffed behind her back. She felt so vulnerable as the audience grew rowdier and voiced their approval of what was happening to her.

Christie grabbed a belt that was lying on the floor and wrapped it around Marlene's neck. She threaded the end through the buckle and pulled it tight.

"Now it's my turn," she hissed, whispering in Marlene's ear.

After removing her thong, Christie turned around and pulled the belt between her legs, forcing Marlene's head forward, burying it in her ass.

"Get to work. I want to feel your tongue reaming out my asshole now!" she ordered as she walked around the stage forcing Marlene to scramble forward on her knees or be choked to death. "I don't feel it!"

Christie pulled viciously on the belt choking the life out of Marlene. The poor woman grew lightheaded as her air supply was cut off with her face buried in her tormentor's ass. Pulling back would only pull the belt even tighter around her neck.

"Stupid slut!" Christie exclaimed as she eased up just as Marlene was about to black out. "You are so fucking dumb. You can't even obey a simple order!"

The color started to return to Marlene's face as she fought to get air in her lungs. Her tits labored under the stress as they heaved up and down.

The audience that at one point was cheering Marlene on was now encouraging Christie to punish the slut even more.

"Choke the bitch!" screamed one onlooker.

"Yeah, give it to her good!" yelled another.

Christine removed the belt from around Marlene's neck. She leaned over and took her face in her hands.

"Are you feeling better, baby?" she asked with her voice dripping with sarcasm.

"Yes," Marlene gasped still fighting for air.

"Let me try to keep this simple for you, Ok?" she said.

"Ok," she replied intimidated.

"I know that stupid sluts like you can't help but get off whenever you get the urge. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Are you a stupid slut?"

"Yes."

"Tell everyone out there what you are!" she ordered.

"I'm a..."

"Look at them when you speak," Christie said grabbing her by the jaw and forcing her to look out at the group of strangers who were enjoying every minute of her humiliation.

"I'm a stupid slut," Marlene stammered meekly with tears welling up in her eyes.

"I don't think they heard you, baby. Say it again only nice and loud this time," she said, smacking Marlene's left tit.

"I'm a stupid slut!" She bellowed.

"That's better. Even stupid sluts are good for something. Do you think you can get me off?"

"Yes," she quickly replied.

"Good. Now lie down on the floor," Christie ordered as she pushed Marlene over on her back with her foot. "I want your tongue buried all the way up my ass. Do you think you can do that?"

"Yes," Marlene stammered, fearing what the woman might do to her if she answered otherwise.

"That's the only way I can get off so you better not disappoint me," Christie warned her as she lowered her ass over Marlene's face.

Darkness enveloped Marlene as Christie's rosebud moved closer and closer to her face. She was overcome by the woman's strong pungent odor as she tentatively pressed the tip of her tongue against the woman's rear passage. The bitter taste of her rectum assaulted her taste buds.

"You can do better than that!" Christie hissed as she grabbed Marlene's long hard nipples and pulled and twisted on them cruelly. At the same time, she bore down harder, smothering the poor woman.

Marlene frantically worked to satisfy her tormentor. She pressed her tongue against Christie's rosebud forcing it to enter the woman.

"That's much better," Christie moaned as she smacked Marlene's massive tits forcing them to collide with each successive blow.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Marlene grew lightheaded as she anxiously worked to please the woman who was causing her so much pain. Her face was being smothered by the masked woman, and she couldn't breathe.

Christie watched enthralled as Marlene's huge tits heaved up and down on her chest. At the same time the slut grew lightheaded as the darkness closed in upon her. Sensing that the woman was about to pass out, she lifted herself up off of Marlene's face, allowing her to take in much needed air.

Marlene now coughing and choking fought to get air in her lungs before she was once again plunged into darkness. Like a zombie she thrust her tongue into Christie's rear passage, reaming the woman out.

Christie continued to abuse the big titted slut as the fickle crowd cheered her on and encouraged her to inflict even more pain on the poor woman. The cycle continued for well over 20 minutes as she twisted and pinched Marlene's nipples unmercifully. Whenever she allowed her the privilege of a few precious breaths of air, she paid the price for that privilege as her tormentor leaned over and bit and chewed on her sensitive nipples.

In spite of the pain and humiliation that Marlene was suffering, the heat built between her legs as her clit throbbed and demanded attention. She wanted to hate this woman for hurting her and treating her so cruelly, but she didn't. She welcomed the abuse as the juices trickled from her wet pussy.

Marlene went wild as she buried her tongue deeper and deeper up the woman's asshole. The more Christie abused her, the more aggressively she attacked her tormentor. As her tits were being brutally slapped, her tongue passionately reamed out the woman's nether region.

Christie was on fire as she sat up and rode Marlene's face. She frantically rubbed her clit on the verge of a massive climax. She suddenly exploded and her pussy gushed forth its sweet nectar.

"Aaaaaaaagggggghhhhhh!" Christie screamed as she quickly turned around and lowered her gushing pussy onto Marlene's face. "Eat me, bitch!"

Marlene buried her tongue in her tormentor's sloppy hole. Her face was covered with Christie's juices as the woman rode out her climax.

Christie shuddered as Marlene's tongue caressed the inner walls of her pussy. Her cunt was in constant motion as she used the woman's nose to stimulate her sensitive clit.

"Oh yes! Now suck on my clit!" She ordered.

Marlene pleased the woman, eating her out until she was completely sated, while her own needs and desires were being ignored. She was frustrated and disappointed when the masked woman finally got up, leaving her lying on the stage with her face covered in cum and her hips involuntarily thrusting up seeking contact with anything that would put out the fire between her legs.

Marlene was confused and frustrated. She had no idea who the woman was or why she was subjected to this kind of humiliation in front of all these people. What started out as an opportunity for her to express her sexuality, turned into something much different.

A man walked on stage and helped Marlene to her feet. He removed the handcuffs as she stood there looking out at the leering crowd. The crowd went wild when they saw her juices dripping down her leg.

"Fuck the slut! Fuck the slut!" The audience chanted as he led Marlene off of the stage.

During those few short minutes, Christie quickly got rid of the costume that she was wearing and cleaned herself up, just in time to be waiting for Marlene as she was led over to her by the man.

"Are you alright?" Christie asked concerned.

"I think so," Marlene answered still lightheaded.

"I had no idea that was going to happen. I'm so sorry," Christie said apologetically.

"I thought I was here to do a striptease?" Marlene said.

"You were, but sometimes they add a little something extra at these private parties," Christie added as she led Marlene back to the dressing room.

Christie could see Marlene's arousal, secretly knowing that she was the one that caused it. She smiled to herself, knowing that the big titted bimbo would never know the truth.

"I'm so sorry you had to go through all of that," Christie said, feigning sincerity.

"It's not your fault, Christie," Marlene said.

"I know, but I feel responsible," she said as she hugged Marlene, making sure to press her leg against the slut's throbbing clit and pussy.

A shiver overtook Marlene as she felt the warmth of the woman.

"Dr. Kerrigan said that she would meet you back at the hotel," Christie said, backing off.

"Oh, all right. I thought she was going to wait for me," Marlene replied.

"She's saw that you were doing so well and decided she would head back to the hotel to get some rest," Christie added.

Marlene wanted to just get dressed and leave. She was exhausted and emotionally drained. All she wanted now was a cold shower where she could get herself off in private. To hell with Gary, he would never find out.

The street was dark and deserted as Marlene made her way back to the hotel. She was emotionally drained and had mixed feelings about the events that had transpired that evening. She loved dancing before the crowd of horny men. The feeling of power that she

felt from being the center of attention was intoxicating. She wasn't too sure about the cruel bitch that humiliated and abused her. Her pussy gushed as the masked woman inflicted horrendous pain upon her enormous...

As she was lost in thought, a strange figure suddenly appeared from nowhere and grabbed her from behind. She was caught off guard as her attempts to get free were useless.

"Mmmmmmmmmffffff," she mumbled as her assailant covered her mouth, stifling her screams for help.

At the same time a car pulled up to the curb, and she was quickly thrown into the back seat before it sped away into the night.

"Let me go!" she yelled as she kicked and screamed.

"Shut up!" the man hissed as he held a gun to her head.

Marlene was scared out of her mind. Her body went limp as she began to whimper.

"What do you want?" she stammered.

"Well, Ms. Catalano, it appears that you have been a very bad girl, and you have a debt to settle," he said.

"What are you talking about?" she cried.

"You'll soon find out, slut! Get undressed!" he ordered.

"Don't talk to me like that?" she stammered.

"Just do what you're told!" he threatened her as he pressed the barrel of the gun against her temple.

Marlene had never been so scared in her entire life. Why were they doing this to her? How did they know her name?

She quickly undressed.

"You can leave your stockings and shoes on," her assailant ordered.

"You've got big fucking tits, Ms. Catalano!" the driver said looking at her through the rear view mirror.

"Yeah, they are big!" his friend agreed as he pressed the barrel of his gun into her left tit.

Marlene trembled as she started to cry hysterically.

The car moved quickly through the city streets to an industrial area and finally came to a stop in front of an abandoned warehouse. Marlene was pushed out of the car and led into the warehouse by the two men.

"She's one hot piece of ass," the driver whispered.

"Yeah, she looks good now, but I'm not too sure what she'll look like after Rich is done with her."

"I wouldn't want to be in her shoes for all the money in the world."

Marlene heard them whispering and also heard Rich's name. Did they know Rich?

"Where are you taking me?" she stammered.

"Shut up and just keep walking," one of them said poking her in the back with his gun.

They led her to a room in the back of the warehouse. Once inside the room the driver opened the closet and moved a panel which revealed a hidden door. Behind the door was a stairway that went underground.

Marlene started to whimper again.

"Please let me go!" she stammered.

"Just shut up and keep moving," the driver said, pushing her forward down the stairs.

Marlene negotiated the stairs on wobbly legs as a feeling of foreboding overwhelmed her. She had a right to be scared. She should be very scared.

The stairs ended in a passageway that led to another door. The driver pushed her through the door and into a dimly lit room. There were several tables in the room and various pieces of equipment.

"There's someone who's dying to see you, Ms. Catalano, but first we need to prepare you," one of the men said. "By the way my name is Frank and this is Joe."

Marlene was terrified. She was unable to speak. She knew that for some reason she was in big trouble, but she didn't know why. Was this another of her brother Gary's stunts?

Frank retrieved a spreader bar from the table.

"Spread your legs wide, Ms. Catalano," he ordered as he placed the bar between her legs. At the end of the four foot bar were two cuffs. He placed one around her right ankle and secured it.

"That's not wide enough, Ms. Catalano. Spread your fucking legs wider," he ordered.

Joe stood behind her and kicked her left foot out.

"Ouch!" she screamed.

Frank attached the other cuff to her left ankle. She now stood unsteadily with Joe's help still wearing her six inch stiletto heels with her feet spread four feet apart exposing her already wet pussy.

"Hey, Joe, I think she likes this. Her fucking pussy is running like a faucet!" Frank exclaimed.

"Hey, from what the lieutenant told us I'm not surprised," Joe said reaching around to feel her tits.

"Don't touch me!" she cried.

"What's the matter, are you a virgin or something?" Joe said mocking her as he ran his hands all over her enormous tits.

"Hey, Joe, I wouldn't do that. The lieutenant will be really pissed."

Joe reluctantly backed off although he wanted a piece of this slut after what she did to his friend.

"Cuff her!" Frank said.

Joe pulled out a pair of handcuffs and secured her wrists. This was the second time tonight she found herself bound and helpless.

"Why are you doing this to me?" she cried.

"You'll find out soon enough," Frank replied smiling as he attached the handcuffs to an overhead chain. Once the cuffs were attached, Joe pulled on the chain which lifted her, forcing her arms to supported all of her weight as her feet left the floor.

"Ooooooowwww!" she wailed as she felt the strain on her arms.

"I think we're ready," Frank announced as both men left the room.

Marlene was in agony as she hung from the ceiling by her arms. Her legs were obscenely stretched four feet apart leaving her pussy open and vulnerable. Her tits once again were filling with milk as the force of gravity pulled them downward.

The two men returned with another man who was wearing a trench coat, dark glasses, and a fedora. He slowly walked over to Marlene with his hands in his pocket. He had all he could do to control himself. His years of training on the police force came in handy as he hid his true feelings. He looked her up and down and then slowly walked around her. He examined every inch of the luscious woman who obviously was in great distress both physically and emotionally.

He finally returned to stand in front of Marlene as he signaled to the other men. Frank and Joe joined him taking up positions on either side of her.

"What do you want from me?" she stammered as tears once more filled her eyes.

"I no longer want anything from you," the man replied with obvious contempt in his voice.

Marlene recognized that voice.

"Rich?" she asked almost pleadingly.

"Yes, it's me," he replied removing his hat and dark glasses.

"Rich, what's going on?" she broke down.

"You tell me!" he said with venom in his voice.

"Why are you doing this to me? I love you!"

Rich nodded to his men who took out taser guns and positioned them over her long, hard nipples.

"What are they doing?" she asked as she sensed that things were not going well.

"No more lies!" he said nodding again to his men.

They pressed the trigger on the guns and 50,000 volts of electricity surged through her massive tits. Her jaw went slack as her body convulsed out of control. Her tits danced on her chest as the electricity attacked every nerve in her body.

"Oooooooooooooooooowwwwwww!" she screamed.

"That's enough!" Rich ordered after a minute had passed.

"Oh, God, please don't do this to me. I don't know what I did to make you so mad at me," she moaned.

"You have no idea why I'm mad at you?" he asked incredulously.

"No, I haven't done anything wrong!" she cried.

"I told you no more lies!" he hissed, trying to control the rage that was consuming him. "Set the tasers to drive stun mode."

There's a fine line between love and hate, and Rich crossed that line when he watched the woman he loved displaying herself to a bunch of sleaze balls in a dive called Madame's Place. He wanted her large tits to receive most of the punishment. Setting the tasers to drive stun mode would cause more localized pain and less wide spread muscle contraction. He wanted revenge, but he didn't want to do any permanent damage.

"That's another lie," he said as he nodded to his men.

Frank and Joe again positioned the tasers over her large throbbing nipples. When they pressed the triggers, her tits immediately came to life as 50,000 volts of electricity again filled those giant jugs.

"Oooooooooooooooooowwwwwww!" she screamed as her eyes receded back into her head.

Marlene's teeth chattered as she hung by her arms. This second shock was much different than the first. The first shock encompassed every nerve in her body. This one was more localized as the pain centered in her enormous tits. They shook and shimmied in constant motion as the tasers arced and attacked her long nipples relentlessly.

"That's enough!" Rich said after a minute or so passed.

"Please no more! You're killing me," she moaned. "What do you want from me?"

"The truth!" Rich demanded.

"I've tried to be truthful with you..."

Rich nodded again to his men who took great pleasure in positioning the tasers on her extremely sensitive nipples.

"Oooooooooooooooooowwwwwww!" she wailed as she thrashed her head back and forth almost pulling her arms out of their sockets.

Marlene's tits were again on fire as 50,000 volts of electricity drove her absolutely insane with pain. She foamed at the mouth as her teeth clattered in her head. She never in her life imagined that pain could be so intense and devastating.

Richard watched as his former girlfriend suffered like she never suffered before. She would soon learn that you don't toy with Rich Edwards and get away with it.

"That's enough!" he said as he watched the distressed woman come close to passing out. That would not do. He still had a great deal planned for her before the evening was over.

"Oh! Oh!" Marlene moaned as the pain subsided, but she discovered that the extreme pain was doing something else to her. Her body was betraying her as she felt her clit getting hard and starting to throb.

"This can't be happening! What's the matter with me? Why is my clit throbbing so much?" she thought as she was overwhelmed with shame.

"Hey, lieutenant, there's white stuff oozing out of her nipples," Frank said as he ran his finger over the sensitive nub gathering up her milk.

"Maybe she's got an infection in her tits, and it's puss," Joe remarked, backing away from her.

"No, I don't think so. It doesn't look anything like puss," Frank replied.

"Well, Marlene?" Rich asked. "You tell us. What is it?"

"It's milk," Marlene mumbled.

"And I suppose that accounts for the increase in your breast size over the past couple of months?" Rich asked.

"Yes," she whispered, embarrassed to be confessing these things to her boyfriend.

"So you don't have a hormonal imbalance?"

"No," she whimpered.

"Another lie!" he hissed with venom in his voice.

"Frank! Joe! Avoid the nipples this time and give her fat tits a taste of the taser," Rich ordered.

Marlene broke down in tears. In the past Rich always treated her like a lady and showed her the utmost respect. Now he was treating her like a piece of shit. His comments and behavior were rude and demeaning.

Frank and Joe needed no further encouragement as their tasers went to work on her tits. The arc of the tasers traveled all over her massive tits as they responded to every jolt of electricity. Her muscles tensed and couldn't relax as the voltage assaulted her.

"Oooooooooooooowwwwwww!" Marlene wailed as her teeth chattered.

Her head exploded in pain as the shocks to her system continued. Milk drizzled from her nipples and traveled down her abdomen as her constricted muscles sent the wrong messages to her brain.

Rich stood by and watched with satisfaction as his former girlfriend suffered. He felt no pity for her at all. His heart was ripped out earlier that evening as he watched her disgusting display on stage.

"That's enough!" he ordered.

"Somebody help me," Marlene moaned now delirious. The shocks to her system were just too much for her to take, but at the same time she felt the wetness between her legs. What was wrong with her?

"Hey, lieutenant, is that really milk?" Frank asked as he watched it dribbling down her belly.

"You heard the lady. She said it was milk," Rich replied sarcastically.

"I wonder what it tastes like?" Frank asked, eyeing her monstrous tits that were still quivering on her chest.

"Taste it," Rich offered.

Frank took his index finger and caught several drops of milk from the swell of her left tit. He raised it cautiously and sniffed it. Then he tentatively stuck out his tongue and tasted it.

"It's sweet," he exclaimed. "This stuff isn't bad at all."

"Hey, if you like the taste, go for it! You can suck it from her tit like a baby," Rich offered.

Marlene was horror stricken. Was he serious? Had things progressed to the point where he no longer cared about her at all?

"Thanks, lieutenant, I don't mind if I do," Frank said, taking her long hard nipple in his mouth and sucking avariciously.

"Rich, please don't do this to me. I love you." Marlene pleaded.

"You love me? That's a joke!" he retorted. "Did you love me while you were performing onstage tonight?"

"Hey, lieutenant, what about me?" Joe asked.

"What about you?" Rich asked.

"Can I try some of her milk or do you want it?"

"She's all yours. Go for it. I wouldn't touch her with a ten foot pole," Rich said bitterly.

"Rich, please, don't throw everything we shared away," she begged.

"There's nothing to throw away, Marlene. Our relationship was a farce from the start. You made a mockery out of it with your lies and deceit. You build a relationship on trust, but you were never honest with me."

Tears welled up in Marlene's eyes as Joe suckled her right nipple. She was standing before her boyfriend being milked by these two strange men, and her body was betraying her. She panicked as she felt the wetness increasing between her legs. She could feel her sweet nectar dripping down her inner thigh as the two men not only expressed her milk but fanned the flames now beginning to roar out of control within her.

Rich hated her but at the same time realized that her body was magnificent. He never in his life saw tits that amazing. Lust ran through his blood as he eyed her up and down, and then he saw that her pussy was sopping wet. This infuriated him. It only confirmed all his suspicions about her. She was a lying slut. Even now while he confronted her with her lies and deceit, she was getting hot and horny. Did the woman have no shame?

Frank and Joe sucked greedily on her hard, sensitive nipples while they squeezed and kneaded her enormous tits. They couldn't get enough as the milk kept coming and coming.

Frank's cock was hard as he abandoned her nipple to kiss and suck on her meaty tit. Joe followed suit as every inch of her mammoth jugs were caressed by the strangers' lips giving her pleasure.

Her pussy was a sloppy mess as the men got her more and more aroused.

"Tell me about the dogs, Marlene," Rich demanded.

"What are you talking about? What dogs?" she moaned, lost in a sea of lust.

"There's no way he could possibly know about the dogs," she thought.

"That's a lie. Frank! Joe! You know what to do."

The men reluctantly abandoned her perfect tits and took out their tasers.

"Noooooooooooooooooooo!" Marlene screamed.

"I warned you. No more lies. You've already made a fool out of me with your lies. I treated you special. I put you on a pedestal. I planned on building a life with you before I found out the truth," he said.

"Just let me explain!" she pleaded.

"Do it!" he ordered.

There was nothing to explain. Pictures don't lie, and he saw enough to last him a lifetime.

The flesh that they kissed and caressed with their lips only moments ago was now being caressed by 50,000 volts of electricity. Her body went stiff as her tits danced wildly on her chest. She was unable to move or speak as they were unrelenting in following their friend's orders. Her mouth opened and she tried to scream, but no sound came out.

Marlene foamed at the mouth. There wasn't a rational thought in her head, but all sound became suddenly distant as her pussy became the center of her consciousness. She felt the heat. She felt the arousal. She felt her clit tingling and itching, and instinctively she knew that it wouldn't take much to send her off into a mind-blowing orgasm even though her tits were being sadistically tortured by two tasers.

"Enough!" Rich called out, and the men stopped.

Marlene's body went limp as her muscles relaxed. She was still frothing at the mouth, but it was her pussy that was the focus of everyone's attention.

"Look at that, lieutenant," Joe exclaimed, pointing at her cunt which was opening and closing on its own with her juices seeping out of it. "She likes it!"

"Yes, it appears that the slut can find sexual gratification in even the direst of circumstances," Rich hissed.

"Oooooooooohhhhhh!" Marlene moaned still delirious.

"Now, tell me about the dogs," Rich demanded.

He saw the pictures, but he wanted to hear it from her. He wanted her to confess.

"She brought in the dogs," Marlene slurred, trying to gather her thoughts.

"Who brought in the dogs?" Rich demanded.

"Olive."

"Who's Olive?"

"Amos's sister."

"Who's Amos?"

"Amos is Gary's friend. He took me to see him when he came back a couple of weeks ago," she stammered.

"Why did he take you there?"

"Amos designed nipple cylinders for me to wear."

"Why?"

"They would prevent my nipples from leaking milk when I was out in public."

"How are they attached?"

"With barbells."

"How are the barbells attached?"

"My nipples are pierced," she said, hanging her head in shame.

Rich was an experienced interrogator, and the questions were coming fast and furious. He gave her no time to think as he kept pressing her harder and harder.

"How old is Amos?"

"He's an old man. He's seventy-seven years old," Marlene mumbled.

"And his sister?"

"They're twins."

"I see. Are they Caucasian?"

"No, they're black."

"Were you intimate with them?"

"They're old!" she said evasively.

"I know they're old. That wasn't the question. Were you intimate with them?" he demanded.

This was hard for Marlene, having to admit to her boyfriend that she was fucked in every hole by two elderly black people. It was bad enough that he already knew, but he was making her confess to her nasty deeds. It was tearing her apart having to answer these questions.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Did you enjoy it?"

"No," she replied.

"That's a lie. The pictures tell a different story. I saw the pleasure written all over your face. You were being fucked by that old black bastard, and you enjoyed every minute of it," he said. "Apply the tasers!"

Frank and Joe knew better than defy Rich even though they knew that she couldn't take much more of this. She had been shocked more than any criminal they ever encountered in their eighteen years on the force. How much more could she take before irreparable damage was inflicted on her?

The men centered the tasers on her nipples as she looked down, watching the cruel weapons poised and ready to inflict more pain on her. She started hyperventilating.

"Are you sure, lieutenant?" Joe asked.

"Do it!" he ordered.

The men pressed the triggers. Marlene's body went stiff once again as 50,000 volts of electricity shot through her system. Her mouth flew wide open in a silent scream. Her eyes went wide as she looked at Rich, begging him for mercy, but there was no mercy to be found in this man. He wanted revenge and was determined to get it.

Fortunate for Marlene the amperage in the tasers was low so that no lasting damage was done to her body.

She imagined that she was screaming for mercy, but it was all in her mind. She felt extreme pain in her tits as the buzzing in her head became louder and louder. In the midst of all of this, there was another sensation that taking over her consciousness. Her clit itched horrible and she tried to move her arms to scratch that nagging itch that wouldn't go away. It grew more demanding and frustration set in as she realized that her legs were

shackled four feet apart. She had absolutely no access to the volcano that was bubbling and threatening to erupt between her legs.

"Enough!" Rich said.

"No! No! No!" Marlene silently screamed. She needed more. She was so close. She wanted Frank and Joe to shock the shit out of her. She wanted to cum!

Marlene felt dizzy as her heart raced at a frantic pace. She found it hard to breathe as she watched the two men, her tormentors and her lovers, wrap their lips around her nipples and begin to express more of her milk. This only added to the frustration she was already feeling for it fueled the fire burning out of control between her legs. Her cunt was now dripping like a faucet as she gazed at Rich with lust crazed eyes.

"Let me ask you one more time. Did you enjoy it when Amos fucked you?"

"Yes! Yes!" she screamed. "I loved it! His cock was so fucking big, and it was filling me like I never have been filled before."

Rich already knew this, but hearing her say it only infuriated him more. While he was courting her and imagining a lifetime together as man and wife, she was out fucking an old man. And to think that he was going to propose to her this weekend. What a fool he was.

"What about the dogs?" he asked bitterly.

"What about them?" she asked no longer caring what he thought. She knew that it was over so there was no use trying to save a relationship that wasn't salvageable.

"Did you like being fucked by dogs?"

"I loved being fucked by dogs!" she said defiantly.

"You're a filthy slut!" he hissed.

"I'm a slut, and I'm proud of it!" she defended herself.

"That's plain to see. You've had the shit shocked out of you, and you're getting off on it. Christ, you're ready to cum right now."

"So what of it!" she retorted. "Just let me go so that I can get on with my life."

"You think it's that simple?" he hissed.

"I'm sorry I hurt you, Rich. I didn't mean to. Ooohhhh!" she exclaimed as Frank bit down on her nipple. It hurt, but it was a good hurt as she tried to force her nipple further into his mouth.

"That's enough, fellas. She's having too much fun," Rich said.

The pain in her arms was tremendous. Rich knew he couldn't leave her trussed up like that much longer without doing serious damage.

"Frank, lower the chain so that she can stand. Joe, get rid of that spreader bar," Rich ordered.

In a few short minutes Marlene was standing on her own two feet. The pressure was taken off of her arms, but they were still cuffed and attached to the chain overhead. Her movement was still limited, but at least she experienced some relief now that the spreader bar was gone.

Even though she was in a precarious position, one that was fraught with danger, her overriding concern was the fire burning out of control between her legs. She was frustrated as she was denied an orgasm more than once this evening.

This was not the reactions of a normal woman, but Marlene was no normal woman. She was highly sensual, and Gary fed that sensuality. She was a sexual animal who was now out of control.

"Your pussy is dripping like a faucet," Rich said disgustedly.

"What did you expect? You have these two goons sucking on my tits, and you don't expect me to react to it!"

"It just seems to me that considering the predicament you're in that your mind would be elsewhere."

"Rich, I get aroused very easily. I can't help it if God made me that way. I lied to you. I'm guilty of that, but I was hoping I could break my brother's hold on me and build a future with you."

"What hold did he have over you?"

"He took advantage of me at a party with his friends and taped it. He threatened to send the tape to my employer, my mom, and you."

"Your brother was blackmailing you?"

"Yes, and then it got worse as he made more and more demands. I had to obey him. I couldn't allow that tape to get out, but he took more pictures and videos. He now has tons of evidence on videotape that he can use against me."

"Why didn't you come to me for help?"

"At the time I was too ashamed. I couldn't involve you."

"So you committed all the sick and disgusting acts that your brother demanded."

"Yes."

"And you liked it."

"I reluctantly did his bidding, but yes I did like it!"

"Well, at least now you're being honest, but that doesn't change anything. We're through. I just need to bring this whole sorted affair to some kind of closure."

"I understand that it's over. I don't blame you for feeling the way you do. I was wrong. I should have been honest with you, but I can't go back and change that now. Please just let me go, Rich. This is wrong," she whimpered.

"Is that the best that you can do? Is that all that you can say after duping me all these months?"

"I already said I'm sorry. What more do you want?" she wailed.

"What more do I want? I want revenge. I want you to hurt the way I'm hurting," he said, putting on a sterile disposable glove. "You're self-serving. For one minute during your orgies did you ever once think of me? Did you ever consider that one day I would find out?"

"I'm not going to argue with you, Rich. I can't change what happened although I wish I could," she said.

"Right!" he replied sarcastically.

Then she noticed that he was wearing surgical gloves.

"Why are you wearing gloves?" she asked as the itch in her cunt begged for attention.

"I want to touch you, Marlene. I want to do something I never thought of doing before because I had too much respect for you. That's not a problem now. I have absolutely no respect for you at all," he said standing in front of her and lightly running his finger over her hard, throbbing clit.

Marlene shuddered at his touch.

"Oooooooooooooohhhhhhh!" she moaned.

"You like that?"

"Oh yes!" she moaned.

"To answer your question, I don't want to contract any disease you might be carrying," he said as he continued to tease her clit. "Let's face it! You've fucked dogs, old black men, you've been gangbanged, and who knows what manner of crap you came in contact with in that dive you danced in tonight."

His remarks were cruel and hurtful, but the hurt she was feeling was overshadowed by her extreme arousal.

"Do you want me to continue?"

"Yes, Rich, this is what I've always wanted, you," she moaned.

Rich laughed a mocking laugh.

"I'll continue on one condition."

"What?" she asked, closing her eyes and concentrating on the finger that was teasing her clit.

"My friends get to suck your tits dry, and then they get to give you one final shot with the tasers."

"God, are you serious?" Marlene moaned.

"I'm dead serious," he said, removing his finger.

Marlene rotated her hips but there was nothing there. She was disappointed. She really didn't want the taser again, but she did want to cum. She had been denied too long. Then Marlene remembered Dr. Kerrigan's words. *'A slut is a person who has the courage to go through life knowing that sex is fulfilling and pleasure is good.'*

"Well?" he asked mockingly.

"Do whatever you want. I just want you, Rich," she moaned.

Rich laughed. Who did she think she was kidding? He played the fool for over six months. He wouldn't be sucked in again.

"You heard her boys," Rich said.

Frank and Joe each grabbed a tit and started to suck, bite and chew on them. She moaned when Frank bit down on her nipple.

"Do you like it rough, Marlene?" Rich asked as his finger teased her clit.

"Sometimes," she replied hesitantly.

Rich laughed again. She was still playing games.

"You heard her guys. Don't be afraid to get a little rough with her," Rich said.

Joe bit down hard on her other nipple.

"Oooooooooowwwwww!" she screamed.

The boys went crazy as they bit and chewed and smacked her large tits. Rich could see the fruits of their labor as her pussy starting dripping again. The pain was a real turn-on for her.

"All right, guys, I think she's ready for the tasers," Rich announced as he stepped back.

Marlene looked at him through glazed eyes. She licked her lips as she waited for the jolt that would paralyze every muscle in her body. She didn't wait long as Frank and Joe held their tasers close to her nipples.

She went stiff as her body was filled with electricity. Her tits danced on her chest as they received the full effect of the devices. Frank worked the undersides of her mammoth tits while Joe concentrated on the upper swell of her mountainous flesh.

Rich got tired of standing around watching his friends having all of the fun. He pulled out his taser and placed the prongs of the weapon on either side of her hard clit.

"Marlene, look at me!" he ordered.

Her head was exploding as her eyes rolled back in their sockets. She thought she heard a voice calling to her but it was very faint and distant.

"Marlene!" he yelled as he reared back and slapped her across her left cheek and then caught her right cheek on the back hand.

It was as if she was rudely awakened from a dream as her head was violently whipped to the right and then to the left. Through the blinding pain, she opened her eyes and barely made out the image of Rich standing in front of her.

"Marlene!"

There was the voice again calling to her.

"Yes," she managed to whimper, and then she saw the smile cross his lips as his hand moved towards her clit.

All hell broke loose as her clit exploded in pain. It was as if she was struck by lightning.

"Oooooooooooooooooowwwwww!" she screamed, shaking the rafters.

Rich held the taser steady as it continued to pump massive amounts of electricity directly into her clit. She shook from the chain like a rag doll as her titanic tits were dancing to the tune orchestrated by Frank and Joe.

In spite of all the pain emanating from all parts of her body, the heat in her loins continued to build at a fever pitch until she was ready to explode. Her legs shook uncontrollably. She was so close as Rich moved the taser lower and lower seeking out her wet hole.

"Oh God yes!" she wailed as her climax quickly approached.

"Stop!" Rich ordered.

Frank and Joe responded quickly as their tasers were removed.

"Noooooooooooooooo!" she groaned in despair as her muscles relaxed. She hovered at the apex ready to fall over to the other side. All she needed was a little push, and she would topple over into ecstatic bliss.

But it was not to be for Rich wanted her to suffer. He wanted to humiliate her more, if that was possible, before he finally walked away never to look back.

"Is something wrong?"

"Why did you stop?" she moaned in despair.

"You mean to tell me you like being tortured? You like pain?" he asked.

"I was so close," she mumbled.

"So close to what, Marlene?" he asked, playing dumb.

Marlene opened her vacuous eyes and stared at him. She was still involuntarily moving her hips as she was dazed by not only the tasers that assaulted her but the impending orgasm that she was denied.

"So close to cuming," she mumbled.

"In other words it all boils down to the fact that you want to cum?"

"Yes."

"It's all about you, isn't it?" he asked, loathing her sick perverted mind.

"I didn't say that."

"But it is, isn't it?"

Marlene remained quiet. She was exhausted, and even though the itch in her cunt was driving her crazy, she desperately wanted to sleep. She moved her feet in place feeling the pain that filled her legs from standing in the six inch stiletto heels for so long.

"Maybe I need to set aside our differences and see things from your perspective," Rich said.

"What do you mean?" she mumbled.

"Maybe you do deserve to cum," he said.

She straightened up immediately. She detected a change of heart on his part. Did this mean that maybe he was willing to forgive her.

"What are you saying?" she asked.

"All I'm saying is that it doesn't make much sense to be a slut if you can't cum," he said.

This made perfect sense to her. How could she celebrate her sexuality if she wasn't allowed to orgasm?

"Then you do understand?" she replied.

"Yes, I think I do, but let's make this interesting. You know that something like an orgasm is appreciated more if you have to work for it," he said.

"I still don't understand," Marlene said confused, still dazed from the vast amount of electricity that assaulted every nerve in her body.

"I'll try to explain what I have in mind. Do you know what America's favorite pastime is?" he asked.

"It's baseball," she replied gaining some of her composure back.

"Exactly, and baseball is very big in New York. We have two major league teams here in the city," he added.

"What does this have to do with anything?" she asked getting irritated.

"Well, I have a proposition for you. You can call it a parting gift," Rich said as he ran his gloved finger over her clit.

"Oooooooooohhhhhh!" Marlene moaned at his touch.

"You want to cum, and I want to play baseball so we'll combine the two," he offered.

Marlene was so confused. Her brain was fried. She had no idea what he was talking about.

"Here's the deal," he said picking up a Wilson regulation major league bat. "I'm going to give you the opportunity to cum by playing baseball. All you have to do is get this baseball bat up your cunt. If you succeed, you can ride it until you cum."

"You're crazy!" Marlene said incredulously. "You expect me to put that thing inside of me!"

"What difference does it make?" he said disdainfully.

"I won't do it. I won't allow you to humiliate me like that," she said.

"The choice is yours," he said as he ran his index finger between her pussy lips. "Frank can raise your arms until your toes are just touching the ground, and then you can hang here all night. Maybe I'll let you go in the morning or you might disappear."

"I hate you!"

"Good! You took my love and chewed it up and spit it out. You deserve the same."

"Don't say that, Rich! What we had was special."

"It sure was," he mocked her. "It was so special that you were screwing everything with two legs while we were dating. Excuse me, I forgot about the fucking dogs!"

"Just let me go. I want to leave," she sobbed.

"You're not getting off that easy. You made a fool out of me, and now you have to pay! Decide," he said as his finger continued to tease her labia.

The fire was building quickly. It never really went out. Her juices were flowing again. She was going mad. She had to cum!

"All right, you win. I'll do it," she said defeated.

"I thought you would see it my way," he laughed. "Let her down, Joe."

Joe went to the wall and lowered the chain while Frank removed the handcuffs. Marlene stood in the middle of the room and rubbed her wrists. Her arms were cramped and ached horribly, but at least she was no longer hanging by her arms.

"She's so fucking sexy, lieutenant," Frank whispered to Rich.

"Yeah, I know," he said disappointed. "Too sexy for her own good."

Frank brought over a chair and set it in the middle of the room.

"Sit down," Rich said coldly.

It was a relief for Marlene to actually be seated. Her legs were killing her. She just wanted to get out of those six inch heels.

"Spread you legs wide," he ordered.

Marlene obeyed him with a defiant look on her face. Joe handed her the Wilson bat.

"This will make it easier," Frank said, giving her a bottle of baby oil.

Marlene opened the baby oil and started to oil the handle of the bat.

"The other end, Marlene," Rich said coldly.

"What?" she exclaimed.

"You heard me," he said.

"It's too big!" she protested.

"From what I've seen, you've taken bigger," he said indignantly.

Resigned to her fate, she started to oil the other end of the bat. It was so big, but she desperately needed something in her pussy.

"That's a regulation size bat," Rich said. "That particular bat is made from Ash and is 2.75 inches in diameter."

As he spoke he went over to the table and retrieved his camcorder. He set it up on a tripod in front of Marlene and checked the viewfinder.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"What does it look like I'm doing?" he laughed.

"You can't videotape me?"

"Why not? You admitted yourself that your brother has hours and hours of you on tape," he said, hitting the record button.

"But..."

"This is my insurance policy just in case you get the idea to go to the police," he said.

There was no sense in arguing as Marlene eased the bat between her legs.

"Oooohhhhh!" she moaned as she tried to separate her pussy lips enough to get the wide end of the bat inserted.

"You probably should get yourself loosened up first," Rich suggested.

Marlene knew he was right as she set the bat down and played with her pussy. Frank and Joe stripped. They started to stroke their already hard cocks.

Marlene's eyes were glued to their large cocks. Her mouth started to water as she licked her lips. Rich was disgusted by her wanton display. She was enjoying herself too much.

"You boys might as well get in on the action. It looks like she's hungry for cock," Rich said disgustedly.

Frank and Joe needed little encouragement even if it was their friend's ex-girlfriend.

"Are you sure, lieutenant?" Frank asked.

They stood on either side of her, holding their cocks in front of her face.

"Is that what you want, Marlene?" he asked, giving her a chance to decline.

Marlene looked at Rich pleadingly, and then she licked her lips as her eyes gazed upon the two hard cocks only inches away from her face.

"She's all yours," he said disgustedly, turning away.

Marlene snaked her tongue out of her mouth catching a drop of precum oozing from Frank's long cock.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm!" she moaned as she wrapped her lips around the head of his cock. She loved to swirl her tongue around a smooth cock. She savored more precum as she sucked his cock deeper and deeper into her mouth.

"Wow! Can this woman suck cock!" Frank groaned as she took his full length deep into her throat.

Rich seethed as he watched his former girlfriend deep throating one of his best friends. He could have done anything he wanted to her tonight, but he resolved not to give her the satisfaction. She would walk away tonight sated, but he would not be on her long list of conquests.

"Hey, what about me?" Joe protested as he grabbed Marlene by the hair and jerked her head to the right. Frank's cock exited her mouth with a popping sound as he rammed his cock down her throat with one mighty thrust.

Joe used her mouth like a cunt as he increased his pace, ramming his cock all the way down her throat. She loved the feel of his cock as the walls of her throat clung to his thick shaft with every thrust.

The itch in her pussy became more insistent as she serviced the two men. Frank could only watch his buddy so long before he grabbed Marlene by the hair and sank his cock back down her throat. The slut didn't care as long as she had a cock in her mouth.

As she sucked avariciously on the two cocks, she reached for the baseball bat and pressed it against her needy hole. She was more than ready as she applied pressure and the end of the bat disappeared into her tunnel. Her labia were obscenely stretched as she rammed more and more of the wooden bat deeper into her cunt.

Rich was disgusted by the display that he was witnessing. How could he be such a poor judge of character? How did he allow himself to be duped for so long? He was a former cop and a good one at that. He should have seen through her earlier. He had Gary to thank for setting him straight.

Frank pounded his cock brutally down her throat. His balls swung back and forth, smacking her chin with a loud resounding sound. She was being face fucked like a common whore, and she loved it.

She drove the bat deeper and deeper into her smoldering hole, trying to put out the fire that was consuming her. The men took turns deep throating her as the cum started boiling in their balls, threatening to spew forth and fill her belly. This is what she wanted. This is

what she longed for. Nothing tasted better than a mouthful of cum. She was celebrating her sexuality. It felt so good, and there was nothing wrong with feeling good.

Rich could take just so much. He finally relented and started stroking his hard cock as he was mesmerized by Marlene's tits swaying seductively on her chest. Her nipples were so long and hard as he watched his buddies reach down to pull and tug on them.

The three worked like a well oiled machine as Marlene worked the large bat in and out of her gaping hole. She pounded the bat against her cervix and felt the pain which only encouraged her to withdraw it and pound it in once again. She got wetter and wetter as she increased the pace with which she brutally battered her own cervix.

She couldn't get enough cock as she moaned around the large pieces of meat that filled her mouth and throat. She thrust out her tits encouraging the men to be rougher with her. She wanted them to pinch and squeeze her nipples unmercifully. She mewled in approval whenever one of them got rough.

"Hell she really likes this stuff!" Joe said as he smacked her hard across her left nipple.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm!" she groaned as she sucked his cock even harder, taking it as deep into her throat as humanly possible.

Frank joined in and started abusing her right tit.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

The woman went wild as their abuse only served to fan the fires burning within her. The volcano was about to erupt as she felt the heat building to a fever pitch deep within her cunt.

Her tits were in the perfect position as they were forced together by her arms holding the bat that was cruelly violating her.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

She was a wild woman as their cruelty continued to excite her. She thrust the two enormous jugs out to better receive the vicious slaps from the two men. Milk started spurting from her nipples as they were stimulated in the harshest way possible.

Taking Frank's cock out of her mouth, she moaned, "I want the taser!"

"Hey, lieutenant, did you hear her?" Frank asked.

"Yeah, I heard her," he said getting up and walking closer to the bizarre scene being played out before his eyes.

"What a pathetic piece of shit!" Rich thought. *"If she wants it, then I'll give it to her!"*

Rich took his taser out of his pocket and turned off drive mode. This would provide the slut with more widespread muscle contractions rather than localized pain. She was in for the shock of her life and the only thing protecting her was the low amperage of the device.

The guys stopped smacking her tits when Rich was ready. He pointed the taser at her right tit. He was maybe two feet away from her. The nice thing about a taser was that you could shoot someone from twenty feet away unlike a stun gun which had to be used at close range. She watched him through glazed eyes as Frank buried his cock in her throat while at the same time she drove the bat deep into her cunt pounding her cervix.

Rich pressed the button, and Marlene was paralyzed as 50,000 volts of electricity coursed through her body only this time it was different. It traveled out from her right tit and attacked every nerve in her body. After ten seconds he released the trigger only long enough to take aim at her left tit.

"You want to be shocked, slut! I'll give you an experience you'll never forget!" he thought bitterly.

Rich kept zapping her with the taser in short bursts, attacking not only her tits but her pussy and thighs and everywhere in between. Marlene was like a rag doll as her body was contorted involuntarily by the short bursts of electricity that assaulted her. She felt the heat deep within her as she rammed the bat into her steaming hole one final time.

"Aaaaaaaagggggghhhhhhhh!" she screamed as she began to spasm out of control.

Every nerve in her body was alive and pulsating, but the signals were mixed as the taser continued to shock her with high voltage. As she rode out her first climax, Rich took aim at her clit and pressed the trigger.

"Aaaaaaaagggggghhhhhhhh!" she screamed again as she rose to a new high, Sheer paralysis mixed with burning lust drove her over the edge. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry. She let go of the bat which still remained buried in her pussy.

Lightheaded, she continued to greedily suck the cocks that were thrust down her throat. It was too much for Frank as he watched her body convulse and contort out of control His cock swelled before the first scalding burst of cum hit the back of her throat. She drank it voraciously, savoring the warm thick fluid that was her reward for a job well done, but she couldn't swallow fast enough to keep up with the torrent of spunk that backed up in her throat and choked her. She coughed and sputtered around the thick cock as cum backed up and ran out of her nose.

Frank pulled his cock out of her mouth before he choked her to death. While she fought to recover from the flood of spunk still drizzling out of her nose, a wad of cum hit her in

the left eye. He fisted his cock as more spunk shot out and coated her tits. Finally sated, he fell back exhausted.

Joe grabbed the dazed woman by the hair and rammed his cock down her throat. He pumped his cock in and out of her throat as his own climax quickly approached.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" she moaned around the cock savoring the taste of his meat as another climax ravaged her body.

Rich was unrelenting as the short bursts from his taser assaulted every part of her. He concentrated on her enormous tits that were now leaking milk continuously and her abused pussy that clung to the bat buried deeply within her. He showed her clit no mercy as he constantly returned to that oversensitive nerve and hit it with 50,000 volts of electricity.

Marlene orgasmed again as her face was being brutally fucked. Joe's balls smacked against her chin making obscene noises with every thrust. Suddenly he tensed and then all hell broke loose as his cum flooded her throat. She swallowed, filling her belly with his warm spunk. He knew this is what she wanted more than anything else. He met women like her before who liked nothing better than to drink cum. She was a cum slut, and he denied her as he pulled his cock out of her mouth and covered her face and tits with cum.

"That's it, baby, give me your cum!" she begged.

She acted like a wanton whore showing no shame or remorse at all as she was used by Rich's best friends. The fact that he was present orchestrating the proceedings seemed to matter little to her.

It was over, or was it. Marlene sat on the floor breathing heavily trying to catch her breath. She was a mess. The baseball bat lay obscenely between her legs still buried in her cunt. Her hair, face, and tits were covered in cum. She breathed heavily totally exhausted from the multiple orgasms she had experienced. Worst of all she was expressing milk again. Her schedule was totally out of whack as signals were sent to her brain to produce more milk.

Marlene looked up and saw Rich. Shame and humiliation washed over her like a tidal wave. She always put her best foot forward with him, hoping some day for a normal relationship. He cared about her, but she now realized that she was her own worst enemy. She not only deceived him, driving him away with her lies and deceit, but now preformed like a street whore as he stood by and watched.

"That was quite a performance," he said disdainfully.

"I'm glad you liked it," she retorted.

There was no sense in pretending any longer. She loved every minute of it, and she would no longer hide her true feelings by denying that she enjoyed what happened here tonight. Dr. Kerrigan helped her to realize that she could live a life without shame by simply embracing her true nature and coming to terms with her feelings.

Marlene slowly removed the bat from her pussy. It made an obscene popping noise as the end of the bat finally broke free, leaving behind a gaping hole. She rose and stood on wobbly legs. Despite all that she had been through that evening, she still looked sexy and alluring.

"May I use the bathroom?" she asked.

"Go ahead. It's through that door. There's a shower in there that you can use. You look like shit," he said, pointing to a door on the far side of the room.

Marlene relieved herself and decided that a shower was a good idea.

The cool water revitalized her as she soaped up her massive tits. Her nipples were still hard and leaking milk. She could tell that her tits were already engorged with milk. She needed to get back to her normal schedule or her daily production would increase. She didn't want this to happen. Her tits were already too large.

As she dried off and combed her hair, she thought of Rich. He was a bitter man, and she had only herself to blame for that. She was sure that Gary had something to do with this. Who else knew about her encounters with Amos and his sister? Who else knew that she had been fucked by dogs? Who else could provide pictures of her trysts?

She didn't blame him for hating her. She deserved it. She tried to put herself in his shoes and imagine what he was going through. She knew that the pain that he was feeling must be unbearable. What happened here tonight only made matters worse. After all she was servicing two of his friends willingly while fucking herself with a baseball bat.

Marlene put her six inch heels on and walked back into the room. Rich was waiting. It struck her as odd that he was still naked. Frank and Joe were gone.

She stood there naked. Her nipples were still oozing milk, but she didn't take the time to manually express her milk. She wasn't out of the woods yet. She still didn't know whether Rich was through with her yet.

"How was the shower?" he asked.

"It was fine. I feel much better," she said.

There was an awkward silence as neither of them spoke. Rich hated what she did to him, but his eyes were glued to her magnificent body. He was torn. They had no future

together, but he wanted her. His cock grew hard as he watched her massive tits rising and falling on her chest.

Marlene finally broke the silence.

"I know it was wrong of me to lie to you, but at the time I thought I was protecting you, protecting our relationship, but now I realize that I was wrong. I know that I hurt you deeply, and for that I'm sorry."

"Yes, you did hurt me," he said bitterly, still standing before her naked with a raging hard on.

"You hate me, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes, I hate you."

"But at the same time you want me."

"No, what makes you think that I want anything to do with you," he replied, turning away from her.

She walked up behind him.

"Your cock tells another tale," she whispered.

"Don't flatter yourself," he retorted.

"Then why are you hard?" she cooed.

Marlene was in slut mode, and the sight of his hard cock aroused her. Any cock would arouse her, but right now she wanted Rich's cock between her lips.

Rich felt her warm tits pressing against his back. This only made his cock harder as he fought an internal battle to maintain his resolve and be done with her. He accomplished what he set out to do. He exposed her cruel deceptive ways and humiliated her in the process. All he needed to do now was to walk away.

It was easier said than done as Marlene's lips caressed his neck and shoulders. He wanted to pull away, but found that he was unable to move. Her long hard nipples pressed into his back as her warm milk coated his skin. Her tongue danced across his skin, making his cock surge as her hands found his nipples and squeezed them delicately.

Rich was disgusted with himself. His mind told him one thing while his body told him another. This wasn't part of his plan. He couldn't give in to her, not after what she did to him. He idolized her while she made a mockery of their relationship by stooping so low as to fuck dogs. He couldn't get that picture out of his mind. The picture of her on her

hands and knees while the dog pounded his cock into her was branded in his memory forever.

Marlene's lips traveled all over his back as her massive tits continued to ooze milk. She knew she was acting like a slut, but after all she was a slut. She was only expressing her sexuality. She was only responding to the lust which was the driving force for everything she did. It lay latent for many years, but her brother forced his way back into her life and awakened everything vile within her. She figured she had nothing to lose, for she had already lost Rich. He very well could reject her now, but, on the other hand, she could have his cock before they parted, a small victory, but a victory nevertheless.

Marlene moved around in front of Rich. His cock was pulsating and precum was oozing from its tip. She squatted in front of him, exposing her pussy, which was once again sopping wet. She licked her lips as she gazed at his hard cock. Her mouth watered. Her need for cock was unabated.

"May I taste you?" she asked, looking up at him with pleading eyes.

He was like a stake driven into the ground. He couldn't move. He couldn't speak. He wanted to tell her that she would never have the privilege of being intimate with him, but at the same time he wanted her lips wrapped around his pulsating shaft. Why couldn't he be strong and follow through with his original plan?

Her tongue darted out of her mouth and caught the drop of precum that was just about to fall to the floor. Rich's cock throbbed with unwanted pleasure as her tongue grazed the tip of his cock.

"You're such a slut!" he hissed.

"Yes, I know," she replied, licking her lips and savoring the taste of his precum.
"Mmmmmmmmm! Tastes good!"

Marlene waited patiently, knowing that it was just a matter of time. She saw it in his eyes. He wanted her, and at this point even though their relationship was over, the thought of him submitting to her after all the lascivious acts that she committed while they were dating was so deliciously appealing.

The deep valley, created by her 34 D's, held his gaze as he was transfixed, unable to make a move. They shimmied on her chest bloated once again with milk. Pride kept him from acting upon his lustful feelings as he simply stood there getting more aroused with every passing moment by this vixen.

Marlene saw where he directed his gaze, knowing that he was enthralled by her luscious tits. She looked up at him licking her lips as she placed her small delicate hands under her huge tits and lifted them. She weighed them in her hands and then lifted her right tit

higher so that she could caress her nipple with her tongue while maintaining eye contact with him.

She then grasped her long hard nipples between her thumb and forefinger and began to squeeze and pull on them. She looked down at them, and then back up at Rich. Milk spurted from her engorged tits, startling him as it sprayed all over his cock.

"I'm so sorry," she said as she wrapped her small hand around his twitching cock. "I'll clean up my mess."

Marlene licked her milk off of his throbbing cock. She started at the base and ran her tongue slowly up to the head of his cock. She continued licking his cock like a lollipop, covering every square inch until it was clean. All this time she maintained eye contact with him.

Richard couldn't control these unwanted feelings as he broke out in a cold sweat. Her tongue caressing his cock was driving him slowly insane. He never felt anything like it before in his life.

"Is that better?" She asked, releasing him.

Richard was speechless as he silently pleaded with her not to stop. He was afraid to move. He was afraid he would break the spell. He wanted her, yet he didn't want her.

What better way to get herself aroused than to trail your tongue up and down a large pulsating cock? This is exactly what Marlene did as her sweet nectar dripped from between her pouting pussy lips. She looked down and saw the mess that she was making.

"Look what you've done to me, Rich," she said seductively as her fingers slowly traveled downward over her abdomen towards her dripping hole. She dipped her fingers in her steaming cunt and gathered up her sweet juices. With exaggerated gestures she raised her fingers to her mouth and sucked them clean while maintaining eye contact with him.

She knew what she must look like tasting her own juices, but she didn't care. Would he think less of her than he already did? She doubted that was possible. She was sure that her brother made sure he saw the nastiest and vilest pictures of her.

Marlene continued to dip her fingers in her overheated cavern as she groaned like an animal in heat. She watched his expression of awe as he stood there like a stake that had been driven into the ground. His cock twitched and appeared to grow larger.

"Poor thing," she said eyeing it.

She once again plunged her hand between her pouting pussy lips, covering her fingers in her warm juices. This time she smeared it all over Rich's cock.

"Oooooohhhhhh!" a groan escaped from his lips, startled by the warmth and wetness of her sweet nectar covering his rigid cock.

"I'm sorry. Look, I made another mess," she said with pouting lips. "I better clean it up."

She leaned forward grasping his throbbing member and slowly licked it clean.

He was going crazy as he watched her bathing his cock with her tongue. Her magnificent tits swayed on her chest, and his resolve to have nothing to do with the slut was slowly waning. A man could take just so much, and she was working him deliciously as her determination to have his cock buried in her cunt became an obsession.

Her juices covered his balls, and she took the opportunity to take those large sacks in her mouth and suck gently on them. Her tongue danced all over the surface of his cum filled sacs as she envisioned his cock pounding her throat and depositing his spunk in her belly.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm!" she moaned around the sac filling her mouth.

Rich grew weak in the knees as his legs began to shake. No woman had ever given his cock this much attention, and he discovered that he liked it. Who wouldn't? Fortunate for him Marlene was a cock lover and felt most comfortable when her mouth was full. She could live on a steady diet of cum if she was given the opportunity.

Noticing the effect she was having on him, she released his cock. Gazing up at him, she ran her tongue all over her moist lips.

She squatted in front of him for a reason, and it had served its purpose. She now stood trying to get the cramps out of her legs caused by being in that position for so long.

As she stretched, thrusting her luscious tits out in front of the former detective who vowed to have nothing to do with her, she noticed that his legs were still shaking out of control.

"What's the matter, baby?" she asked as she stood close to him. "Why are you shaking?"

Rich couldn't think straight. He had never in his life been this aroused. He was use to being in control of his emotions. All his years of training on the force hadn't prepared him for the sexual onslaught that was taking place now.

"I don't know," he stammered as he eyed her long, hard nipples that were oozing milk.

"I'm enjoying my time with you, Rich, but I really need to leave. My tits need milking thanks to all the nasty shocks they received tonight. I think your tasers screwed up my system. I'm producing way too much milk. All that voltage must have triggered the wrong neural responses," she said as she pulled on her nipples. "These babies are

engorged because of the excessive amount of milk I'm producing, and I really need to get back to the hotel to pump them."

"You can't leave yet," he blurted out.

"I don't want to leave you, Rich, even though you treated me like a piece of shit tonight," she said, pressing her body up to his. "It's just that I don't have too many options."

Marlene was enjoying the control she possessed over her former boyfriend. She wanted their last night together to be a memorable one. It's true, he did disrespect her by giving her to his friends, but getting him to fuck her would do wonders for her ego.

Marlene was a complicated woman and not easily understood. She danced at the strip club and reveled in the power she had over the audience who lusted over her. She was abused and humiliated by Christie in front of the same audience who then turned on her. Drained and exhausted, she was taken captive only to discover that it was her boyfriend who captured her. She was stripped, strung up, tortured, electrocuted, forced to deep throat two strangers, and ordered to shove a baseball bat up her cunt. She had to pay the price because her former boyfriend wanted revenge on her for her indiscretions.

Any normal person would have been long gone by now considering all that had transpired that night, but Marlene wasn't normal. She was special and unique. Unique in that from an early age she was forced to feed on her brother's cock night after night, year and year. She became addicted to cock, and although she made many attempts in her adult life to break that addiction, she met with little success. It was no wonder that her brother so easily gained control of her again after all of those years.

Marlene was a true hypersexual. Most women's sexual appetite would be sated by now, but not this slut. She was driven by her need for cock, and it was that need that spurred her on to tempt Rich with her luscious body.

And tempted he was as her warm tits pressed against his arm. His eyes were glued to her mammoth mammaries as milk continued to drip from her nipples.

"I really must leave," she insisted as she backed away from him.

"Wait! Don't leave," he said as sweat poured off his forehead. "Maybe I can help you."

"Would you do that for me, baby?" she asked, sauntering up to him and wrapping her arms around his neck.

"Why are you being so nice to me after everything I did to you tonight?" he asked, suddenly overwhelmed with guilt for treating her so cruelly.

"Because I understand. I can't imagine how you felt when you found out that I was cheating on you," she said kissing him on the lips.

"I didn't have all of the facts. I had no idea that your brother forced you to commit those acts," he replied remorsefully.

"Sit down in the chair," Marlene said. "My brother deals in half truths. He'll say whatever is necessary to get his way. He wanted you out of my life and he succeeded."

Rich did as he was instructed no longer in control. Marlene straddled his legs and put her arms around his neck. Her tits were practically in his face.

"I appreciate what you're doing for me," she said as her right nipple brushed against his lips.

Rich lost all control as he drew her stiff nipple into his mouth and sucked hard on it like a baby. The milk flowed freely now as the warm white fluid coated his tonsils. He couldn't get enough of her as he sucked in more and more of her tit meat and drank greedily.

Marlene cradled his head in her hands and encouraged him.

"Drink, baby, I have much more for you," she whispered as she moved her hips pressing against his hard cock.

He was avaricious as he filled his belly with her sweet milk.

"Bite my nipple, baby. I like to have them bitten," she whispered as she held his head.

"Mmmmmmmmm," he groaned as his teeth clamped down and chewed on her sensitive nerve.

"Yes! Yes! Harder, baby. Bite harder," she begged, and he did as his teeth dug deeper into the turgid stem. "Oh, fuck, yes!"

Marlene encouraged him to suck on her other tit which was still laden with milk. The release she felt as her milk was expressed caused her swollen pussy lips to flutter. The closeness of his hard cock was too much for her as she lifted herself up and guided his quivering shaft between her pouting lips and into her warm inviting pussy.

Rich went wild as he felt his cock being caressed by her warm cavern. The walls of her cunt contracted around his swollen cock as it plunged deeper and deeper. He was amazed that she was practically strangling his cock when a little over an hour ago a regulation size baseball bat was buried in her.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmm!" he groaned as his mouth devoured her tit, drawing her milk into his mouth and down his throat to fill his belly.

"Yes, baby, drink mama's milk!" she encouraged him as she rode his long, stiff cock. Her cuntal muscles squeezed and massaged his rigid shaft exquisitely as she rode him hard. His cock was pounding her cervix and the pain mixed with pleasure is what she thrived on. She cradled his head against her tit as she lifted herself off of his cock only to drop herself full force back down upon it.

Rich grabbed her tits and became more aggressive as his climax approached. He bit down hard on her nipple not because he was cruel but because he knew this is what she wanted.

"Yes! Yes! Harder, baby, bite me harder!" she screamed as she brutally impaled herself on his hard cock.

His teeth clamped down hard almost biting the tip of her nipple off.

"Oh fuck!" Marlene screamed as her pussy contracted around Rich's cock. She stiffened as she exploded. "Aaaaaaaaaaggggggghhhhhhh!"

She rode him harder and harder as she groaned like an animal. Waves of pleasure washed over her as her climaxed ripped through her body.

The walls of her cunt strangling his cock was too much for him to bear as his cock swelled within her and then spewed forth its sperm deep within her. They were like two animals as their bodies became a blur with the speed and rapidity of the fucking they were giving each other.

At long last finally sated, Marlene's head rested upon his shoulder as they both fought to regain their breath. Marlene felt not only content but a sense of victory. This is the man who would not touch her with a ten foot pole. This is the man who wore sterile disposable gloves to even touch her earlier that evening.

Rich was still panting out of breath when Marlene felt more composed. Her tits were drained and no longer bloated with milk. Although she was way off schedule she hoped to get back to her normal routine tomorrow, hoping and praying that her volume of milk wouldn't increase. Larger tits were not something she wanted.

As she rested with her tits pressed against Rich's chest, she felt a stirring in her loins. She rotated her hips but this only made it worse as her clit started to itch. The lustful feelings were returning, and it had barely been ten minutes since she climaxed so violently. Maybe it was the closeness of Rich's dormant cock that stirred these feelings within her.

"How are you feeling, baby?" she asked.

"It was wonderful, but I'm drained. I wish I was one of those guys who could get it up more than once, but unfortunately it's something I've never been able to do," he said regretfully.

"You felt so good. Don't worry about it, baby. You've given me something to remember for a long time," she said, burying her tongue in his mouth.

Marlene was one who liked a challenge. The fact that he could never achieve a second erection in the same night was motivation enough for her to use all of her womanly charms to make that happen.

She slid off of his lap and excused herself.

"I'll be right back, baby. I need to use the bathroom," she said to the exhausted man sitting in the chair still trying to catch his breath.

Marlene cleaned herself up and applied make-up before returning. Her pussy was tingling as she walked back over to Rich who was still sitting in the chair. She purposely stood close to him with her pussy only inches from his face. Her pouting labia were wet as the fire was burning deep within her loins. She looked down at his limp cock which showed absolutely no signs of life.

"Look at the mess I made," she said, eyeing his flaccid cock which was covered in a mixture of her juices and his cum.

She dropped to her knees before him and ran her fingers down his abdomen and through his pubic hair inching toward his limp cock. She lifted it and breathed on the short, heavy stalk which showed no signs of life. Her tongue swirled around the head of his cock, cleaning it off.

"Mmmmmmmmm!" he moaned, but his cock showed no signs of life.

Marlene started to lick the flaccid shaft and took his balls in her mouth and gently sucked on them while her tongue explored his hairy sacs. Her sucking grew more urgent as she took the head of his cock into her mouth and sucked on it avariciously. Her cheeks hollowed as she applied more pressure.

"Oooooohhhhhh!" he groaned in surprise.

She was sure that his cock had never received this kind of attention before.

"Is that better, baby?" she asked as she looked up at him with glassy eyes. At the same time she fisted his still flaccid cock and ran her thumb over his sensitive cock head.

"Oh, yes," he answered, breathing heavily.

"That's good, baby," she said, taking his cock back in her mouth and swirling her tongue all around his sensitive head. Her mouth created a vacuum as her cheeks hollowed. Her tongue was in constant motion as she milked his cock with her mouth. She reached down and cradled his balls in her hand.

"Oooooooooohhhhhhhhh!"

Rich was groaning constantly now as her mouth worked lasciviously on him. Memories of long ago flooded back to her as his cock began to swell in his mouth. In less than a minute he was rock hard as Marlene took him deep in her throat.

Marlene eased up as her mouth made an obscene popping noise as she released his cock. Her hand stroked him as she looked up at him licking her lips.

"Something popped up!" she said mischievously as Rich looked down with disbelieving eyes.

"Oh God!" he moaned.

"Maybe I should leave now," Marlene teased.

"No! You can't leave me like this!" he panicked.

"Come down here, and I'll see what I can do," she said in a sultry voice.

Rich rose from the chair and joined Marlene on the blanket.

"Lie back and relax, baby," she cooed.

Rich lay on his back as Marlene stroked his pulsating cock. She wanted the next load of cum in her belly. She maneuvered herself around so that she was straddling his head while she settled in to work on his rigid cock. Her pussy hovered above his face invitingly. She wouldn't force herself on him, but she was his for the taking.

She sucked on his cock as if it were a lollipop.

"Mmmmmmm! You taste so good!"

Her tongue caressed every inch of the velvety smooth head before she sucked his whole cock avariciously to the back of her throat. It tickled her tonsils as she held it firmly with her right hand preventing any more of it from entering her throat. Her cheeks contracted as she applied pressure to his shaft, and her tongue traced the outline of every vein that protruded from it.

This is when Marlene was at her finest, when her mouth was stuffed with cock. It would probably be safe to say that she sucked more cock in her lifetime than any other woman. Her hips rotated slightly as the tingling in her pussy grew more demanding. Her pouting pussy lips hovered above Rich's face enticingly, and as a drop of her sweet pussy juice dripped onto his face, his tongue darted out of his mouth to catch it. He found the taste

appealing as he ran his tongue all over her pulsating labia taking in her sweet essence. Then he boldly buried his tongue in her gaping hole.

"Oh God, yes!" she moaned.

Marlene grew more excited as Rich devoured her cunt. She pressed down on his face wanting more and more of his tongue buried in her snatch. Her hips were in constant motion as she used his face to abate the heat that was blossoming in her belly. At the same time she sucked avariciously on his cock taking it deeper and deeper down her throat. Her throat muscles contracted around his cock as it disappeared from view. All too soon her nose was buried in his pubic hair as her nostrils flared, now her only source of air. She shook her head back and forth as she groaned around his cock.

Their bodies were in constant motion as they devoured each other. Marlene repeatedly impaled her throat on his rigid staff while Rich fought to bury his tongue deeper and deeper into her gaping hole. His mouth was everywhere as he licked and sucked and chewed on her succulent pussy. As his passion built to a fever pitch he attacked her rosebud, trying to bury his tongue in her nether region. It resisted as it puckered under his attack, but he persevered and with the aid of his fingers buried the tip of his tongue up her rear passage.

"Oh fuck yes!" she wailed. "Eat out my ass!"

His hands pulled her pussy lips apart as they dug and clawed their way deeper and deeper. All of her lower region was aflame as he assaulted her in every way imaginable. It was when he pulled and twisted her clit while his tongue reamed her out that she exploded.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" she mumbled unable to express the depth of her orgasmic bliss with his cock buried in her throat. Her cries of passion resonated on his long shaft as she bucked out of control.

Overcome with passion Rich's cock swelled in her throat and rewarded her as it spewed forth its hot cum and deposited it in her belly. The flood gates were open as she was filled with cum. She was a mad woman as she swallowed as quickly as possible to keep from being drowned in a river of cum.

She pulled his cock out of her throat and relished the taste of his spunk filling her mouth. She let it drizzle down her chin and watched as it traveled down the deep valley between her massive jugs.

The caresses and undulations continued until the sea of lust within them subsided. They rested quietly next to each other as Rich played with her nipples. She lay back with her eyes closed savoring the orgasmic bliss that still lingered in her loins. As she reposed she contemplated the nagging itch that plagued her rosebud. She could visualize his tongue

buried up her ass giving her great pleasure, and the more she thought about it, the more the itch persisted.

Marlene's right hand drifted to her nether region. She pressed her index finger against her rosebud, trying to alleviate the persistent itch. The harder she tried to alleviate it, the greater it became. She even dipped her fingers into her hot hole and spread her pussy juice all over her ass hole, but this only made matters worse. Like scratching a mosquito bite, the itch became greater.

Her fingers absentmindedly wandered down to Rich's limp dick. She grasped it as her imagination went wild. She fantasized that his cock was now long and hard, and that he ordered her to get on her hands and knees before him. She willingly obeyed him as he slapped her ass with brutal force until her cheeks were red and on fire. He then separated her warm cheeks and positioned his hard shaft against her rear passage. Grabbing her by the hair and using it for leverage, he thrust all the way into her. With one mighty thrust his cock plundered her rectum and entered her colon.

She squeezed his cock hard at the very thought.

"What's the matter?" Rich asked.

"Nothing. I was just thinking," she replied.

"What were you thinking about?" he asked.

"I'm too embarrassed to tell you," she said quietly.

"You're embarrassed? I find that hard to believe," he said smiling affably.

"Well, you know how you kissed me back there?" she asked.

"Yes," he said tentatively.

"Well, I now have this itch that won't go away," she said.

"Where's the itch?" he asked playfully.

"Stop it! You know what I'm talking about!" she said hitting him in the arm.

"And how can you get rid of that itch?" he asked.

"Well, that's what I was thinking about," she replied.

"Tell me."

"I was really fantasizing that you ordered me to get on my hands and knees," she said running her fingers between her legs and feeling her wetness. "Then you started hitting my ass."

Marlene grabbed his cock and started stroking it with her hand that was now coated with a combination of her pussy juice and his cum.

"You have quite an imagination," Rich said.

"Yes, you can only imagine," she replied in a sultry voice. "Then you pulled my ass cheeks apart and lined up your hard cock with my asshole."

Marlene kept stroking his still limp cock as she related her tale. She was getting herself more aroused as she retold the very thoughts that fed her fantasy.

"Go on," he encouraged her.

Leaning in closer to him, propped up on one elbow she continued her tale while still stroking his cock.

"You then grabbed my hair and pulled my head back," she said in hushed tones.

"Yes..."

She rubbed his sensitive cock head as she continued her tale.

"Then using my hair as leverage, you plunged your cock all the way into my rectum and entered my colon. I never felt so full in all my life."

"That's quite a story," Rich said.

Marlene leaned over and kissed him gently on the lips. Her tits brushed against his chest as she leaned forward.

"It doesn't have to be just a story," she whispered in his ear as she stroked his cock harder and harder.

To Marlene's surprise his cock once again started to grow in her hands. She still marveled at the ability of a man's shaft to grow hard, and she was thrilled that she was making it happen.

"You do want to fuck me in the ass, don't you," she whispered as she plunged her tongue into his ear.

"What gave you that idea?" he laughed.

His cock was rock hard, and Marlene was now sure that her itch would be satisfied.

Rich pushed her away and rose to his feet.

"Get on your hands and knees, slut!" He ordered.

Marlene liked this game as she quickly obeyed. Her tits swayed to and fro as she wiggled her ass at him.

Rich retrieved the belt from his pants and doubled it over. He reared back and caught her left cheek with a resounding blow.

"Oooooooooowwwwwwwwwww!" She screamed, startled by the stinging blow that fell upon her.

He gave her no time to consider her situation as he again raised his arm and brought the belt down on her right cheek.

"Oooooooooowwwwwwwwwww!" She again screamed out in pain.

This is not at all what she expected. She was too exhausted and emotionally charged to put up with this kind of abuse. She started to get up when she felt his foot press into the middle of her back stopping her.

"You're not going anywhere, until your fantasy is fulfilled," he said raising the belt again, landing another stinging blow.

"Stop this, Rich. This wasn't part of my fantasy!" Marlene cried out.

"Yes it was," he said walking around in front of her. He grabbed her by the hair and forced her head back so that she was looking up at him. "You never said what you were hit with."

The belt came smashing down again on her reddening ass cheeks. Then still holding her by the hair he thrust his hard cock into her mouth and down her throat.

"Suck it, slut!" he ordered as he ground her face into his pubic hair. "Suck it!"

Marlene tried to obey as her mouth was stretched wide. Her face was crushed against his abdomen as he held her in a vice-like grip. She was losing the battle to get air into her lungs.

Still holding her by the hair, he swung the belt back with his other arm and landed another stinging blow to her naked ass. He repeated this time and time again as he forced her to keep his cock buried deep in her throat. He could feel her throat contracting around

his hard shaft as she tried to swallow, and he could also see that she was struggling to breathe.

In reality Marlene was losing the battle to fill her lungs with air. She grew lightheaded and was on the verge of passing out when Rich violently pulled on her hair and withdrew his cock from her mouth.

She gasped and coughed off copious amounts of phlegm as she struggled for air. Tears streamed from her eyes as the phlegm backed up through her nose. She was a mess as the pain in her chest grew more severe.

"Why are you doing this to me?" she asked incredulously.

"It was your fantasy," he said as he grabbed her hair once more and buried his cock down her throat. It started all over again as he forced her to swallow every last inch with her face pressed up against his pubic hair. He ground his hips in tight circles as he swung the belt over head and brought it down on her ass. He focused on the crack of her ass, trying to land his harsh blows directly between the twin orbs. Several times he hit his mark and landed his blow directly on her exposed rosebud.

Muffled screams only served to arouse him even more as they resonated around his rigid cock inciting him. It would have been merciful to let her black out, but he showed her no mercy as he yanked his cock from her throat before the darkness could envelope her.

Again massive amounts of phlegm gushed from her mouth and nose as she struggled for the precious life-giving air. Her tits heaved with every labored breath she took.

Marlene was delirious when Rich dropped the belt and walked behind her. He grabbed her by the hair once again and pulled her head back.

Oooooooooowwwww! You're hurting me!" she wailed, but he didn't heed her complaints.

"Time to fulfill your fantasy," he chided her as he buried his cock in her cunt. "But I'll be merciful. It would be a pity to ram my cock up your shitter dry. It would rip you to shreds!"

Pressing the head of his cock against her anal opening now coated with a combination of her pussy juice and his cum, he prepared to skewer her.

"You did say in one fell swoop, didn't you?" he hissed as he used her hair for leverage as he thrust forward with all his might and indeed did bury his cock up her shitter in one violent forward thrust.

"Oooooooooowwwwwww! Yourrrr killllliing meeeeeee!" she screamed as his cock filled her.

"This is what you wanted!" he said as he held her by the hair, allowing her to adjust to his massive cock. "Your wish is my command!"

Her rectal passage spasmed as it adjusted to the foreign invader that stretched it unmercifully. He rotated his hips reaming out her rear passage for the onslaught that would soon begin.

Marlene felt as if she had to defecate as she tried to adjust to his girth. The feeling of fullness was severe as all attempts to expel the intruder were fruitless.

"Time for the ride of your life!" he said as he slowly withdrew his cock until only his cock head remained captured by her anal sphincter.

"Don't do this, Rich!" she begged.

"This is what you wanted!" he said.

"But not like this!" she cried.

"In a perfect world, you can have it the way you want it. Unfortunately, we don't live in a perfect world," he said as he rammed his cock back up her ass.

"Oooooooooooooowwwwww! Damn you!" she cursed as she tried to break free from his grasp.

"Stay still!" he ordered as his free hand came down on her ass.

"I hate you!" she screamed.

"Tell it to someone who cares!" he retorted as he started thrusting his cock in and out of her rectum at maniacal speed.

"Oh! Oh!" she wailed as her massive tits collided on her chest causing her even more pain.

Rich reamed her asshole out for a good ten minutes. Sweat was pouring off of both of them in sheets as he battered her rear passage implacably. He was like a machine as he ripped into her violating her colon with every thrust. His endurance and stamina was amazing, and it would be quite some time before his rigid cock was placated after already cuming twice that evening.

Sodomy would take on a new meaning for Marlene when he found out what Rich had in store for the finale. It would be an experience that she would not soon forget.

He pulled back hard on her hair forcing her to rise off her knees into a sitting position on his lap. He still held her by the hair as he pulled back even harder forcing her to lie back against his chest with his cock still fully impaled in her rectum.

"I've done all the work so far. It's your turn. Get your ass moving!" he ordered.

"I can't, Rich. I'm exhausted. You've debased me enough. Just let me go," she pleaded.

"You'll leave after I fill your ass with my cum!" he hissed in her ear.

Marlene was so confused. The change in his demeanor was instantaneous with no provocation from her. What did she do to suddenly deserve his wrath? She thought things were going so well.

"It appears as if you need some motivation," he whispered in her ear.

Marlene was breathing heavily as her chest still hurt from the much needed air that she was denied earlier. She had no energy left. Any reserve she had was spent a long time ago.

Rich picked up his taser and with difficulty managed to change the setting with one hand. He wanted it set back to a more localized shock for what he had in mind. Marlene missed all this as she concentrated on the hard cock that was buried up her ass. She moved her hips in a small circular pattern, content to feel his cock stretch her rear passage.

But this wasn't good enough for Rich. He wanted her to impale herself on his cock with zest and zeal, and he had just the ticket to get her moving. Unknowing to her, he placed the taser close to her right nipple and pressed the button.

"Oooooooooowwww!" she wailed as excruciating pain filled her right tit. This got her attention as she sat bolt upright. She bucked up and down like a wild stallion as he filled her tit with short bursts of electricity sending 50,000 volts through her system each time he pressed and released the button. The quick shocks to her system caused her muscles to constrict and contract as she rose and fell on his hard cock.

"Have mercy on me!" she wailed as he gave her a 30 second reprieve before he started on her other enormous tit.

Her right nipple was red and swollen as milk started to leak from it. It was much too soon for this. Her system was totally out of sync.

Her ass lifted and fell on Rich's stiff cock as the first 50,000 volt charge assaulted her left tit.

"Oh please no more!" she moaned as her pain-filled tit danced on her chest. He kept it in constant motion with his short bursts of electricity to her system.

Marlene knew that this nightmare wouldn't end until Rich came up her ass. She rose and fell on his unyielding shaft as her ass was reamed out. He seemed to take delight in using his taser like a fine instrument to orchestrate new ways to torture her. He resorted to short bursts from his weapon intermittently to every portion of her quivering jugs. No part was spared as he elicited agonizing groans from deep within her.

She was no ordinary woman and unlike others she soon discovered that a warmth was building in her loins. Her screams of mercy turned into lustful groans as she impaled herself on his rigid pole willingly. She secretly craved the shocks from the taser as she thrust her tits forward giving him better access. She was willing to sacrifice her massive jugs for the pleasure that was emanating from her nether region.

She rose and fell on his cock savoring every violent thrust up into her rectal passage.

"Yes! Yes!" she moaned, impaling herself once again.

"Fucking slut!" he hissed as he saw the blissful look on her face as he applied the taser to her tortured tits.

Marlene was delirious with lust and beyond caring as she rode his cock hard, unaware that her wild, contorted actions could tear her rectal passage to shreds. Her tits were leaking like a faucet as they continued to receive short high voltage bursts of electricity. Rich was obsessed as he refused to spare any part of those titanic tits. They danced on her chest in constant motion being thrown to the left and right and smacking into each other without ceasing. No woman's tits had ever received the treatment that hers were receiving now.

Marlene saw stars when Rich finally tensed. His cock could bear no more. Her rectal passage was squeezing him exquisitely as his boiling sperm spewed forth and filled her. At the same time he lowered his taser and pressed it into her clit before pushing the button.

She almost dislocated her shoulder as she stiffened from the sudden shock to her system. White flashes of light appeared before her eyes.

"Oooooooooooooooooowwwwwww!" she screamed an ungodly scream.

Agonizing pain filled her belly as Rich's cock ravaged her now well lubed rear passage. With a gut wrenching scream her own orgasm exploded deep within her and blossomed as it mixed with the pain concentrated in her clit. Her head ached horribly but the warmth that pervading her nether region was exquisite.

It was all too much for Marlene. Pain mixed with pleasure. Crossed signals to her brain. She could no longer distinguish one from the other as she blacked out. She was dead

weight as she fell forward. Rich's cock was forced out of her battered rectum as it made an obscene pop.

Marlene's night came to an abrupt end.