

Marlene's Story - Part Two

by Kirk

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Email to "Kirk" mobiguard-asstr@yahoo.com

Website: <http://www1.asstr.org/~Kirk>

This is a continuation of "Marlene's Story." If you haven't read it already, this story 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>.

The school year was quickly coming to a close. Soon Marlene would be on summer vacation, and her workload would diminish considerably. Since there were no summer sessions, she only had to work three mornings a week. The rest of the summer was hers to do with as she pleased.

It had been almost three months since her brother Gary's visit. It took her all that time to adjust and come to terms with the events that transpired during his stay. She spent many sleepless nights tossing and turning, unable to derive any comfort from her many toys. Thank God that distance separated them. It was a long way from western New York to Dallas, Texas.

She knew that she had to get her life back on track. As luck would have it, she met a wonderful man through one of those dating services. Rich was 56 years old and a perfect gentleman. On their first date, all he wanted to do was talk and get to know her. He was like a breath of fresh air. He was really interested in her as a person.

She finally found a man who was on the same page as her. They both shared similar interests. He was a retired police officer, which was perfect for Marlene, since she always felt a need to be protected especially from her brother who liked to take advantage of her. He also lived close by. He was only a couple of miles away.

After two months of dating they kissed and held hands, but that was about it. He wanted to take it slow, and she admired him for feeling that way. It was a rare quality that most men today didn't possess. Whenever they kissed, she saw the bulge in his crotch. She was tempted to reach down and feel his hardness, but she resisted and held back. She didn't want anything to ruin what they shared. There was time enough for that. It was more important to get to know each other.

Things were starting to look up for Marlene. Everything was perfect. For the first time in a long while, she truly felt she could put her past behind her and move on with her life. She desperately wanted someone in her life, someone who loved her as a person. She now knew that she finally found that special someone, and she felt very fortunate.

It was a Wednesday morning. Marlene was sitting out at the pool when her cell phone rang. She picked it up and checked to see who the incoming call was from. Her heart raced at a frantic pace when she saw that it was her brother.

"Oh my God! What does he want?" she thought.

She couldn't answer the phone. She didn't want to talk to him. She wanted to forget about the events that transpired during his last visit. She still woke up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat. She was surrounded by cock and didn't know which one to suck first.

Why couldn't he just leave her alone? Her cell phone rang insistently but finally stopped. She hoped against hope that he would just leave her alone. But that was not to be as her phone rang again indicating that she had voicemail waiting.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she picked up the phone and dialed voicemail. Just when she thought her life was taking a turn for the better, this happened. Gary left her alone for over 35 years. Why did he now choose to come back into her life and ruin it? Didn't he know that she spent years in therapy just to come to terms with what he did to her as a teenager? She tried to forgive him. She tried to put all of that in the past, but now he was forcing his way back into her life.

The psychological damage he did to her was irreparable. After being used by her brother, she viewed men differently. She developed an addiction and a weakness for cock. She couldn't say no. If a man exposed himself, she would comply with any demand he made. That's why she liked Rich so much. He made no demands of her. He didn't have this desperate need to get in her pants. He liked her as a person.

She keyed in her password, and sure enough there was one message, and that message was from Gary. She listened intently as he spoke.

"Hey, sis, I'm sorry I missed you. I was just wondering how you were doing. I also have something for you that I'll be sending in the mail. You do have a DVD player, don't you? Give me a call when you get this."

Marlene broke down and cried. It wasn't over. She knew her brother. She heard the cloaked threat. He was taking a renewed interest in her, and that meant nothing but trouble for her. Why now? Why her? Why couldn't he find someone in Dallas to torment, and then she remembered. He just retired last year and had a lot of time on his hands. With his wife gone and the kids grown up, he needed something or someone to occupy his time. No woman would show any interest in him, and unfortunately she was his prime target!

She couldn't do this alone. She couldn't deal with her brother by herself. She wasn't strong enough. She needed someone to lean on, someone who could stand up to him. Did she dare involve Rich? Their relationship was so new. He didn't know her well enough. She was afraid it would ruin their relationship before they even had a chance to get started. She didn't want to scare him off. Oh my God, if he knew the things she had done, he would be gone in a minute. No, that would never do.

There was no sense in prolonging the agony. She knew she had to call Gary. She might as well get it out of the way now. She dialed his number and waited. He answered on the second ring.

"Hello," he said.

"Hi, Gary," she replied sullenly.

"Hey, Mo, how are you doing?"

"I'm fine, Gary."

"That's good to hear. You know, I really miss you."

"I don't miss you."

He laughed.

"Aaaahhhh, Mo, didn't we have a good time when I was up there?" He laughed.

"It's not funny, Gary. I don't want you to contact me anymore."

"I'm sorry you feel that way because I think we're going to be spending a great deal of time together."

"What are you talking about?"

"I sent you a package. Give me a call after you receive it, and we'll talk."

"Fine!"

"By the way did you remove the barbells from your nipples?"

"No," she replied.

"Good girl! When we get off the phone, take a picture of your tits with your cell phone and send it to me. I want to see what they look like."

"Gary, I don't think that's..."

"Just do it!" He said, and then he hung up.

Marlene hated her brother, and even more hated the things that he forced her to do. What choice did she have? If she didn't send him a picture, he would make her life miserable. Why did he send her a DVD?

Taking off her bikini top, she put her phone in camera mode and snapped a picture. She hated seeing pictures of herself. She was especially self-conscious where her breasts were concerned. They weren't as full as they use to be although they weren't that bad yet. She reluctantly sent the picture to her brother.

Her nipples were for the most part healed. It took several months for her to recover from the piercings, but she was learning to live with them. She wasn't quite sure why she didn't take the barbells out. Well, that's not totally true. She found that after the barbells had been in for a week, they actually felt good. Her nipples were now constantly hard and erect, and, if anything brushed against them, it would automatically trigger her sensitive clit. Her panties were wet most of the time because she was almost always in a constant state of arousal. Just sitting at her desk working on her computer caused her bra to brush against her nipples sending chills up and down her spine. It's just that when she was at all aroused her judgment was impaired. That wasn't at all in her best interest since she tended to show poor judgment anyway.

She was concerned how Rich might react to the barbells piercing her nipples? That's one reason why she wasn't pushing the sex thing with him, but she wasn't concerned enough to take them out. The bottom line was that she simply loved the arousal. It appealed to the slutty side of her personality.

Little did she know that nothing that her brother Gary did was left to chance. She didn't give him enough credit. He was far more calculating than she could ever imagine, and it could very well lead to her demise. For example, he knew exactly what he was doing when he pierced her nipples. He was well aware that those little barbells would drive her absolutely crazy and keep her constantly aroused. That's the way he wanted her. He also knew she was a sexual creature and wouldn't take them out.

A few months ago when Gary traveled up North to visit his mother and attend his class reunion, his intent was to stay for a few days and then to return to Dallas. He had serious reservations about making the trip in the first place, knowing how his sister felt about him. They had not communicated for many years, ever since she confronted him and read him that scathing letter. She for the most part blamed him for all her problems and said that because of him she had to

undergo years of counseling. This only infuriated him, but he never shared that with her. He simply said 'I'm sorry' when in fact he never felt any remorse.

As far as Gary was concerned, he did all of his sisters a favor. He taught them the facts of life at an early age and kept them out of trouble. He thought he was being a good brother when he introduced them to the finer points of pleasing a man. He saw nothing wrong with it.

Demented? Twisted? Yes, Gary's thinking was both demented and twisted. Why else would he sexual abuse all three of his sisters for so many years? When he left home to make his own way in the world, Marlene was a senior in high school. Throughout her junior and senior high school years, her brother was her life. She knew nothing else. He wouldn't allow it. Night after night she fed on his cock and catered to his whims while other kids were going to school dances and the movies. Then he just moved out and left. She felt abandoned. She didn't know what to do with herself. She had no social life. As a matter of fact she had no social skills. She didn't relate well to people. She had no friends. She ended up fucking every guy that she met. She had no idea what a normal relationship was like or even how to act around a guy. The only experience she had with the opposite sex was with Gary and his friend Matt.

During her senior year of high school Marlene ended up seducing one of her teachers. She got pregnant, and he married her. This marriage was destined to fail. It wasn't built on a solid foundation. After twenty-five years of turmoil and countless affairs, it ended in divorce. The only good that came out of that marriage were two beautiful children that were now grown up and on their own. Since that time she has been in and out of relationships looking for the right guy.

Three months ago on his first night back in the old house Gary was on his way back to his bedroom after brushing his teeth. He heard noises coming from Marlene's room. He listened at the door and heard her moan. He could also hear what sounded like a vibrator. He knocked on the door, and it suddenly became quiet.

At that moment Gary knew that his sister wasn't a changed woman. She was still the slut that he remembered from so many years ago. She wrote that letter simply to put him on a guilt trip. He recalled countless nights where she would lay between his legs and caress his cock with her eyes closed. She would rub his cock all over her lips as she whispered to it. It was at that point that he knew that after all these years he could regain control of his little sister.

Several days later a package arrived for Marlene.

"Marlene, UPS delivered this today. It's from your brother," her mother said, handing her the package.

"Thanks, mom," Marlene said, snatching it up and taking it upstairs with her.

"Aren't you going to open it?" she asked as Marlene walked up the stairs.

"Later, mom. Right now I'm exhausted and hot and need a shower."

She quickly made it to her room and locked the door. She ripped open the package and found the DVD. Thank God her mother didn't open it. She popped it into the DVD player and hit play on the remote.

The title screen came on in blazing red letters - "Mo Steps Out." It then cut to the strip tease she performed in front of Gary's friends. There was some creative editing that protected the identities of the men in attendance. Obviously she was the focal point of the video production, and it was quite evident that she was enjoying herself as she sucked and fucked her way for over three hours. This was no amateur production. It was done by a professional that knew his stuff. If this ever became public, Mo's reputation in the community would be ruined. Her career would most certainly be over.

Marlene slowly removed her clothes as her eyes were glued to the screen. Gary's friends were double teaming her now fucking her in the cunt and up the ass. She saw the lust burning in her eyes as the camera moved in for a close-up.

Marlene reached in the drawer and pulled out her favorite dildo. She pushed the button and it came to life as she rubbed it all over her tits, giving a lot of attention to her hard, throbbing nipples.

On screen she bucked like a banshee and thrashed about wildly as she was overcome by another climax. One of many caught on tape. She was on an orgasmic rollercoaster as the men used her for their own gratification

Mo buried the dildo in her hot hole and turned it on high. The video only became more bizarre as the events of that evening were replayed in living color. She came when Gary pierced her right nipple just like she came on tape. She watched herself orgasm as her orgasm played out in real life. She gazed at her glassy eyes and saw the lust that permeated her very being. The video at the very least was damning, and she knew that her brother held all the cards. There wasn't anything she wouldn't do to keep this DVD from going public.

As she hit the stop button, she lay back on her bed despondent. Why did she allow this to happen? What did Gary want from her?

Then she remembered what he told her on the phone and knew that she better call him. She couldn't afford to get him upset. She picked up her cell phone and dialed his number.

"Hello."

"It's me, Gary," she said flatly.

"Well, how's my favorite sister doing?" he chuckled.

"Do you have other copies of this DVD?" she asked.

He laughed.

"What do you think?" he said still chuckling.

"Please don't do this to me."

"It's too late. I have plans, and you're a big part of them. By the way, thanks for the picture."

"You're welcome."

"Your jewelry looks nice. How do they feel?"

"All right, I guess," she replied.

"Just all right?" he chuckled.

Tears welled up in Marlene's eyes. He knew her too well. He knew exactly what those damn barbells were doing to her.

"What do you want from me, Gary?"

"I just want to help you to discover your real calling in life, Mo," he said.

"I don't know what you mean," she replied.

"I'll explain everything to you later. Right now I'm concerned about you."

"What do you mean, concerned?" she asked.

"Well, I noticed that your tits are somewhat flat."

"Please don't be vulgar," she said stiffly.

"Look, at the rate you're going, they're going to be as flat as pancakes in a few years."

More tears flowed caused by his demeaning comments. Worst of all he was voicing her own worst fear. For some time she'd been concerned about the loss of fullness to her breasts. She was in her fifties and knew that she couldn't keep her youthful figure indefinitely, but aging was something she didn't cope with very well.

"Don't cry. I think I have a solution. I want you to check your e-mail. I've sent you an article and some instructions. I've also mailed you a package. You should receive it tomorrow afternoon. It shipped today FedEx next day air."

"What is it?"

"You'll find out soon enough. Just check your e-mail and then get back to me."

"Gary, I don't want any of this. I've met someone, and I have a chance to be happy. Please don't spoil it for me. Just leave me alone. I'm not asking for too much," she pleaded.

"It's too late, sis. Be sure to check your e-mail."

Click! Gary hung up.

"That bastard! I hate him so much!" she thought, feeling the frustration that was caused by the total lack of control that she had over her own life.

Marlene booted up her computer and signed on to AOL. She had to find out what this was all about. She opened her e-mail and sure enough there was a message from her brother.

Hi Mo,

If you're reading this than evidently we have already talked. I won't beat around the bush (although I do like to play with your bush lol). Seriously, you are an extremely beautiful and sensuous woman considering your age. I know of no other woman in their mid fifties who can compare with you. You're also the biggest slut I know. Take that as a compliment.

That being said, I think you know as well as I, that there is one part of your body that is deteriorating rapidly – your tits which incidentally use to be one of your best features. Alas, they are fading quickly.

There is a solution. It's called induced lactation which can give you back the large, full tits that you once had.

Read the attached article and then call me. I'll explain everything to you.

Me

The attached article was entitled "Induced Lactation." She read the first few paragraphs and discovered that lactation could be induced by mechanical manipulation.

"Is he insane? Does he really expect me to produce breast milk at my age?" she thought.

Marlene nursed two children. She was past that stage of her life although she loved every moment that she breast fed. If the truth be known, she actually found breastfeeding very arousing and nursed her children for as long as she possibly could.

She continued to read. The article was written by a well known physician, and he obviously knew what he was talking about. She learned that prolactin, the milk-making hormone, and oxytocin, the milk-releasing hormone, were produced in response to nipple stimulation. Even though she found all of this fascinating, there was no way she was going to allow her brother to manipulate her in this manner. After all she was forty years old. She needed to be strong and tell him in no uncertain terms that she would have no part of this.

After finishing the article she called her brother back.

"Gary, this is Marlene."

"Well, I see you're right on top of things," he replied.

"Don't get the wrong impression, Gary. It's not what you think. Are you proposing that I induce lactation at my age?" she asked.

"That's exactly what I want you to do, Mo," he replied.

"There's no way I'll do it," she said adamantly.

Marlene needed to make a firm stand and put an end to this insanity before it got out of hand. She would not cater to the demented desires of her brother. It needed to end right now.

"Mo, are you near your computer?"

"Yes."

"Open your browser and type in the following address – www.motheslut.com."

Marlene with a sense of foreboding did as her brother directed. She typed in the address and hit the enter key. Her jaw dropped open aghast at the page that loaded into her browser. The title in blazing red letters was the first thing that caught her eye – "Mo the Slut!" Under that was a picture of her practically naked in a sexy pose. There was also a link inviting the viewer to join the site. The rest of the page contained more pictures of her with links to brief teasers previewing the videos that viewers could have access to with a membership.

She called her brother back mad as hell.

"You son-of-a-bitch! What do you think you're doing?"

"I don't like your attitude, Mo, and I won't have you speaking to me like that."

"But you posted that damn site online!"

"Type in the address again," Gary said.

Marlene retyped the web address and a page came up that said "Unauthorized Access. This page is not available."

"Where did it go?"

"The website is password protected. Right now no one can access it but me. Whether that changes or not is entirely up to you."

"This is blackmail!"

"Call it whatever you like. The point is that you will do what I say or that Internet site will become public and copies of your DVD will be sent to your employer, mom, your friends... I think you get the idea."

There was a moment of silence.

"What do you want from me?" she whimpered.

"If you read the article than you know that many women have induced lactation with only mechanical stimulation."

"Yes," she replied cautiously.

"Well, dear sister, that's exactly what you're going to do in order to restore your tits to their former glory."

"Please, Gary, I'm too old. God, I'm in my mid fifties!"

"You're never too old to look your best. I don't like flat tits," he said. "I want your tits big and full. As a matter of fact I want them bigger than they were before."

"Gary..."

"I don't want to hear any more whining," he warned.

"Why me, Gary?"

"Well, Mo, the kids are all grown up and out on their own. My wife abandoned me. I'm now retired and have a lot of time on my hands. I'm bored and lonely. When I visited you a few months ago I realized what a cock-loving slut you still are," he replied.

"But I have a life of my own now!"

"You're mine, Mo. We're going to have a lot of good times together," he chuckled.

Marlene felt trapped. She tried to think of a way out of this, but there wasn't any. What about her relationship with Rich? She had such high hopes.

"Tomorrow you'll receive a hospital grade electric breast pump in the mail. Read the instructions carefully. You need to pump every four hours for fifteen minutes."

"That's impossible. I have a job!"

"Mo, you're on summer break. I know you only work a couple of mornings a week at school. The rest of the day is yours to do with as you please," he said.

"But what happens when I go back to work full-time in September?"

"We'll worry about that when the time comes. You should be producing milk in one to four weeks."

"I don't think this is going to work, Gary."

"Mo, it's been going on for centuries. In bible days it was called wet nursing. In third world countries women induced lactate to care for orphans. Here in the United States it's done for adopted children. Trust me, it'll work."

"I still have my doubts," she replied, formulating a plan in her head. Maybe there was a way out of this after all.

"Well, let's put it this way, Mo. I expect you to be lactating in three weeks. If you're not, then the website goes public and the DVD's will be mailed out."

"That's not fair. I have no control over whether this process will work or not."

"For your own good, you better hope it works," he said with finality. "I have to go. Call me tomorrow after you receive the package."

He hung up before she could reply.

Marlene buried her head in her pillow and began to sob. She was trapped. How far would he take this? Why even bother doing this to her when he lived so far away? She started pacing the room. She couldn't take it. She needed to get out of there. She went downstairs.

"Hello, dear," Marlene's mom said as she walked down the stairs.

"Hi, mom, I'm going for a ride. I'll be back in a little while," she said.

"Is something wrong?" she asked.

"No, everything is fine. I just need to get out of the house for a while," she said.

Marlene got in her red Volkswagen Beetle and just started to drive. She took to the country roads where she could open it up. That was the only thing that helped her to unwind and clear her head. She felt trapped and was suddenly flooded with memories from so long ago.

Marlene was under Gary's control for well over six years. He controlled her every waking hour, and she hated it and loved it at the same time. She acquired a love for her brother's cock and loved nothing better than swallowing his cum. She knew this was wrong and she felt guilty about it, but she couldn't help herself and always gave in to his demands and came back for more. The flesh always won the battle as she allowed herself to be used and degraded by her brother. He made her feel like such a slut, and after years of being under his control she had little if any self-respect.

After Gary left home it took years for her to come to terms with what he did to her. She eventually stopped blaming herself and realized that she was the victim not the temptress as he would have her believe. She saw how he manipulated and used her for his own sexual gratification and nothing else.

Now he was suddenly back in her life and trying to gain control again. This is not what she wanted. She wanted to live her own life. After a miserable marriage she finally met a man that she could be happy with, and Gary was going to ruin everything.

Marlene drove for well over an hour before returning home. There were no easy answers, and she saw no way out of her present predicament. She would have to go along with her brother for the time being.

"Dear, your brother called while you were out!" her mother exclaimed as soon as she walked into the house.

Marlene froze in her tracks. She never expected to hear from him so soon.

"What did he want?"

"Oh, I have wonderful news, dear!"

"Really?"

"Yes! Your brother is coming up to see me again in a few weeks. Isn't that wonderful?"

"Yes, that's just great," she said with no emotion whatsoever.

"You don't sound very excited. I thought you and Gary enjoyed each others company?"

"I'm just tired, mom. We did have a good time, and I'm so glad he's visiting again so soon," Marlene said, trying to lighten up and show some enthusiasm while she cringed inside with

horror unspeakable. A visit from Gary was just another opportunity for him to abuse her. Unfortunately it was Gary who had a good time at her expense.

On Saturday the package from her brother arrived. She opened it in her bedroom, knowing full well what it contained. Did she have the strength to resist him, or would she carry through with his diabolical scheme? Was she willing to suffer the consequences if she did try to resist him?

The Symphony Breast Pump was a hospital grade pump with all the bells and whistles including a car charger which added another level of mobility. Marlene looked through all the pieces of equipment before finally picking up the manual and lying back on her bed to read it. She couldn't help but feel somewhat excited at the prospect of what lay ahead although at the same time she dreaded the fact that her brother had this level of control over her.

After reading the manual she realized that breast pumps had progressed into the 21st century and were much more sophisticated then when she was nursing her babies. This particular pump had two program cards that were interchangeable and operated in two phases – stimulation phase and expression phase. There was also a vacuum regulator knob that allowed you to increase or decrease this setting.

Strangely enough she found herself wet by the time she finished reading the manual, and, although she didn't want to admit it to herself, she was anxious to begin using the pump. Her nipples were hard and aching. She knew it was time to call her brother and let him know that the package had arrived.

"Hello."

"Gary, this is Marlene."

"I take it you have received the package."

"Yes."

"Did you open it?"

"Yes."

"And?"

"I've assembled it and read the instruction manual," she replied.

"My, but you have been a busy little girl," he chuckled. "Did you sterilize the unit?"

"No, the Symphony sanitized version does not require washing before the first use," she replied.

"I can see that you're really getting into this, Mo. Tell me, are your nipples hard now?"

There was a moment of silence. She didn't really want her brother to know that the thought of using this device excited her, but she wasn't a very good liar and thought better of it.

"Yyyeeesss," she whispered.

"I thought so, you little slut. I take it your pussy is also wet?"

"Yyyeeessss," she admitted. She hated herself for reacting this way to such a bizarre proposition.

"Well, since you're so excited about getting started, there's probably no sense in waiting until tomorrow to begin. You may begin today."

"Gary, can't we just forget about this? It's not too late," Marlene pleaded.

"Not on your life. Do you think I'm going to let your tits turn into two flat pancakes?"

Marlene cringed at the thought.

"What if I don't go along with your plans?" she said, making one last feeble attempt to escape from his clutches.

"Mo, you know exactly what will happen if you don't obey me. I'm not going to explain it again. You already have the web address. Understand that I am not a compassionate man. I'm doing this purely for selfish reasons. Everything that I do to you is for my gratification and nothing else. Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

"Yes, I hear you," she replied obviously irritated by his response.

"Watch your tone of voice, little sister, I will not hesitate to chew you up and spit you out," he threatened her.

Gary really had no redeeming values. The fact that he was ruining his sister's life didn't faze him in the least. He was dangerous because he had no conscience otherwise he would not have used his sisters for his own sexual gratification the way he did. It was over for his two older sisters, but for Marlene it was just beginning.

"You can start pumping today. I've sent you an e-mail with your pumping schedule for the next few weeks, my little cow. Let's just hope that you start producing milk within that period of time, or else you'll be a very unhappy lady. I won't hesitate to send out those videotapes to all interested parties and launch your website," he warned.

"There's no need to threaten me, Gary. I said I would do it," she retorted.

"It's not just a matter of doing it, Mo. You need to produce," he warned.

"I understand, but what if..." she whimpered.

"Mo, there are no ifs. Just do what you're told and all will go well," he said, hanging up on her.

Tears welled up in her eyes not so much because she had to follow through with the breast pumping, but because of the way her brother was debasing her. He talked to her no different than he would talk to a common street whore.

After taking a long shower, Marlene checked her e-mail. There was a short note from Rich. He missed her and wanted to take her out to dinner this weekend. She didn't know what to do. She was so preoccupied with her present dilemma that she forgot about him momentarily.

She finally opened Gary's e-mail.

Hi Mo,

By now you have received the breast pump. This is the key to the new you, and I know you'll soon be amazed by the results.

Here is what I want you to do. For the next three weeks you are to pump your tits for fifteen minutes every four hours from 6:00 AM until 10:00 PM. Be sure to get your rest from 10:00 PM until 6:00 AM. No late nights. You probably should consider giving up dating all together.

You should see results by the end of the second week. If not, I would be concerned.

I'll be in touch.

*Your loving brother,
Gary*

Marlene shut down her computer. It was almost 2:00 PM. She could pump three times today and get a jump on her brother's schedule. She lay back on her bed and checked to make sure she assembled the unit correctly. It looked as if everything was ready to go. She picked up the first breastshield and positioned it over her right areole. At the same time she turned on the unit and the stimulation phase began. Her right tit was being suckled rapidly to stimulate the milk ejection reflex. She took the second breastshield and attached it to her left areole.

Since the unit was computer programmed, the stimulation phase continued for two minutes and then automatically switched over to the expression phase. She could adjust the vacuum manually at any time and found that she enjoyed a much higher vacuum level. Her nipples always responded better to rough treatment. She already programmed the unit to run for fifteen minutes. It would shut-off automatically.

The equipment was first rate and the most advanced system on the market today. Gary didn't spare any expense in order to insure the success of his little experiment.

As Marlene lay back, the breast pump did its work. Her arousal was great. Her clit was hard and throbbing, and her pussy was dripping wet. All too soon the fifteen minutes was up, and the unit automatically turned off. Her nipples were sensitive, and she was horny as hell. She would have to wait until 6:00 PM before pumping again.

Sick as it may seem, after the 6:00 PM pumping, Marlene was looking forward to the 10:00 PM ritual. The only concern she had was the damn barbells that seemed to get in the way. She would have to talk to Gary about that. She was already falling into a mode where she was totally dependent on her brother, and this didn't bode well for her. It was a trap that she fell into once before when she was very young, and it was happening again.

Marlene was an extremely sensual woman and hypersexual by nature because of what she was subjected to at such an early age. The constant stimulation that her nipples were receiving every four hours was already having an adverse effect on her. It might indeed end up stimulating her milk ducts which would result in lactation, but the immediate side effect was an unnatural arousal that kept her on the edge all the time.

At the 10:00 PM pumping she retrieved one of her large dildos to relieve the itch in her cunt that was driving her mad. During the stimulation phase she inserted the dildo in her wet sopping hole and watched as it slowly disappeared from view. It felt so good to have something filling her. She really needed a man. She had hoped things would progress a little bit faster with Rich. She thought it was a good idea to get to know each other better and take it slow, but at the same time she wondered about his cock. Was it long? Was it thick? Would it fill her? Was he man enough to satisfy her sexual cravings? These thoughts drew her closer and closer to her impending climax.

While lost in thought on the verge of an orgasm, her cell phone rang. She was distracted and picked up the phone in order to check the caller ID. It was her brother.

"Damn! What does he want at this hour?" she thought.

She reluctantly answered it as she worked the dildo deeper into her steaming tunnel.

"Hello."

"Hi, Mo, this is Gary. How is it going?" he asked.

"Everything is going fine," she replied.

"Did you use the breast pump today?"

"Yes, I'm using it right now for the third time today," she said as a moan escaped her lips.

"Are you doing anything else?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"You heard me. Are you simply using the breast pump or are you doing something else while you pump?" he asked obviously irritated.

"I don't think it's any of your business what I do in the privacy of my bedroom," she retorted.

"Everything you do is my business, you little slut, and I know right now you probably have one of your toys buried in your cunt. Am I right?"

"You don't have to be so crude, Gary!" she moaned.

"You are getting off, aren't you? Take the fucking dildo out of your cunt. You are not to cum!" he ordered.

"What!" she exclaimed.

"You heard me! Take it out!" he said more insistently.

Marlene reluctantly removed her favorite toy from her overheated pussy. She was so aroused. Her nipples were throbbing as the machine continued to work on them. She cried in frustration as she threw it on the floor.

"It's out! Are you happy?" she cried.

"You are not to orgasm unless you have my permission."

"Are you out of your mind?" she wailed.

"You can say whatever you like, but I'm very serious, Mo," he retorted.

"You can't control me like that!" she said, standing her ground. He was going too far now.

At that point the machine came to a halting stop. Her fifteen minutes were over as the breastshields fell off of her throbbing nipples.

"I can and I will. Don't think for one minute I won't know when you have disobeyed me. You are so transparent. Even your tone of voice gives you away when you're telling a lie."

Gary was right. She could never hide anything from him. Whenever she wasn't truthful it was evident in her whole demeanor. Not only her tone of voice but she always blushed and her eyes gave her away. She just couldn't be deceitful. It was against her very nature.

"You can't tell me when I can cum!" she cried.

"Yes I can, Mo, and, if you cum without my permission, that website will be online faster than you can blink your eyes."

Marlene felt so helpless. It was as if she had no control over any part of her life. Her brother was even invading the intimacy of her bedroom.

"If you're a good little slut, I'll let you cum when you first start to produce breast milk," he laughed. "Even one drop will earn you that right."

"But pumping my breasts gets me so horny. I can't take it. How do you expect me to pump every four hours and not get aroused?" she replied. Her voice was forlorn and filled with anguish.

"I'm sure you'll think of something. If you get real close, just double up a belt and smack your nasty cunt," he laughed. "I'll tell you what. I'll send you a belt that you can use."

"I hate you so much, you bastard. Some day you'll pay dearly for what you're doing to me," she whimpered.

"That may be true, but it won't happen in your lifetime," he chuckled. "Hey, Mo, I'm not all bad. I'll tell you what. You can remove the barbells in your nipples if you make sure to keep the piercings open. I have plans for them later on."

Marlene broke down and cried openly. She tried to please him, but he was taking it much too far. How did she ever allow herself to be trapped like this by him? She was use to cuming every night. How could she survive this abstinence being forced upon her?

It was another sleepless night for Marlene as she tried to put out the fire that was raging out of control between her legs. The only consolation was that she was able to remove the barbells. Her oversensitive nipples were a constant source of torment to her now. They only rekindled the fire burning between her legs.

The next morning as she was just about to get in her car, her cell phone rang. It was Gary.

"Did you cum last night?" he asked.

"No," she replied firmly.

There was a long, awkward moment of silence.

"OK. Have a good day," he said and hung up.

Gary was checking on her. He didn't trust her, but he knew her so well. Her tone of voice would tell him a tale if there was one to be told. Marlene knew exactly what he was doing. She had to

fight off any moments of weakness she might have.

Ten days passed, and Marlene was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Gary called her every morning and asked her the same question. True to his word, he did indeed send her a black leather strap to use on herself. Although she was offended that he would dare send her such an item, she ended up using it on herself numerous times to keep herself from orgasming. Each time it ended the same way with her frustration growing greater and greater, and the itch between her legs demanding to be satisfied.

She looked forward to the breast pump in spite of the unsatisfied lust that was growing more acute with each passing day. She wanted that first drop of milk to appear more than her brother if that was possible but for different reasons. For her it finally meant relief from the sexual tension that was building beyond a fever pitch within her. All she could think about was cock, and many times her imagination got the best of her as she conjured up all kinds of images. She was even distracted during the few mornings she needed to work during the summer.

Deep down inside she had her doubts. She knew of no one else who ever induced lactation through mechanical stimulation. This could all be a ruse perpetrated by her sick demented brother. She wouldn't put it past him to try something like this just to make her look like a fool, but why would he go through all that expense for a practical joke?

Marlene detested Gary now more than ever. He was so selfish and self-centered. It was all about him. She suffered while he sat back and orchestrated new ways to amuse himself at her expense. At least before he forced his way back into her life, she had her sexual urges under control. Now they were running rampant and affecting every area of her life. There was no way she could function at school in September under these conditions. Just thinking about it made her head spin.

She saw Rich only once in the next two weeks. He took her out to dinner, and she had a hard time maintaining her composure. It was so good to see him and spend time with him, but at the same time so hard. She tried to keep the conversation light, but she was preoccupied with everything that was going on in her life. Her world was being turned upside down, and she was helpless to do anything about it.

It was 10:00 PM on the eight day of pumping. Her nipples were so sensitive now that they were like triggers that sent shockwaves to her clit. During the stimulation phase she was ready to explode. Her pussy lips quivered and her clit throbbed as she felt the impending climax coming on. With tears in her eyes, she reluctantly took the black belt that Gary sent her and doubled it over.

"It's the only way," she told herself as she brought it down full force between her widespread legs, landing directly on her clit.

"Oooooooooowwww!" she wailed as the stinging pain warded off the impending orgasm. The pump continued to drone on as it automatically switched to the expression phase. During this phase the pump slowed down but the vacuum increased as her nipples were slowly drawn into the breastshield and then released.

As she wiped the tears from her eyes, she spotted several clear drops of liquid inside the right breastshield. She grew excited as she carefully examined them through the shield and realized that the drops came from her nipple.

She grew excited as she remembered what the article said about the onset of lactation. It followed a particular pattern which usually began with clear drops which in time became more opaque and whiter. The drops would build to milk spray and finally to a steady stream of breast milk.

Marlene's milk supply was beginning to come in. It really worked, and she grew more excited as she dialed Gary's number.

"Hello, Mo," Gary said.

He must have checked his caller ID before answering.

"Gary, it's begun!" she said excitedly.

"What's begun? What are you talking about?" he asked.

"What do you think?"

"You're producing milk?" he asked incredulously.

"Well, not exactly, but there were two clear drops that seeped from my right nipple, and now I can see that my left nipple is also leaking a clear fluid."

"That's good news. Your milk sacks will be lactating in no time," he chuckled.

"Don't be so crude!"

"Look, Mo, you're going to be my little cow so get use to the terminology," he said irritated.

"You promised me something..."

"I want proof. Send me a picture. Take it with the camera on your phone, and I'll call you back," he said hanging up.

Marlene put her phone in camera mode and aimed it at her right nipple. Several drops of liquid were clearly visible in the shield. She opened a new text message, attached the picture, and sent it to her brother.

The machine switched back to stimulation mode as the fifteen minutes quickly came to an end. Her nipples were gently squeezed as the program neared completion. The pump went silent. It was finished.

Marlene removed the breastshields and cleaned them while she waited for Gary to call back. Her clit tingled in anticipation.

Her phone rang, and she quickly picked it up.

"Hello," she said anxiously.

"Well, it looks as if we're getting results sooner than I anticipated, slut," he said.

"Gary, please don't call me that," she said.

"I'm just calling it the way I see it, Mo. Do you want to cum?" he asked.

"You know I do," she quickly replied.

"How bad do you want to cum?" he asked.

"Please don't play games with me, Gary. I'm climbing the walls for Christ's sake," she complained.

"It's just like I said. You're a nasty slut. I saw it in your eyes the first time you laid eyes at my cock so many years ago," he chuckled. "Lie down on the bed and get out your favorite toy."

"I can do this myself. I don't need your help!" she protested. "Please don't defile the sanctity of my bedroom."

"We do it my way or not at all," he answered.

"I hate you so much!" she hissed as she opened her bottom drawer and took out her favorite vibrator.

"And that's what makes it so good for me, little sister. You'll do everything I say no matter how much you detest it," he laughed. "Now lie back on your bed and spread your slutty legs wide open."

Marlene did as she was told. She no longer cared. She needed relief in the worst way. He already stripped her of her dignity. What difference did it make now?

"Are your legs spread wide?" he asked.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Are you using your vibrator?"

"Yes," she replied. He knew her too well.

He laughed.

"Lick it, and get it nice and wet," he ordered.

She obeyed as she ran her tongue up and down the length of the large vibrator that was shaped like a cock.

"Now take it in your mouth and suck on it. Close your eyes," he said softly.

Mo obeyed. She loved sex play over the phone, and Gary knew it.

"Take it deeper into your slutty mouth," he murmured. "Imagine that your lips are wrapped around my nice, juicy cock. Take my cock deep and run your tongue all over it."

She groaned as she pushed the dildo deeper into her mouth to the back of her throat. Her pussy was tingling, and she knew that her sweet nectar was dripping onto the sheets below her. She felt like such a slut as she slurped on the large vibrator entering her throat. She had a very vivid imagination and did fantasize that it was her brother's large cock that she was sucking on.

"That's it. Suck on it," he said.

Marlene was on fire and wanted in the worst way to touch herself, but Gary was calling the shots. She didn't want to do anything to upset him.

"Getting hot, sis? Is your pussy wet?" he chided her. "Take that nice wet vibrator and turn it on. Circle your areoles with it but don't touch your nipples."

"Oh Gary, please let me cum!" she begged.

"You will, whore."

His cruel words cut deeply into her like a knife, but she didn't care. Circling her nipples was driving her crazy. Her clit itched and she wanted to touch it in the worst way. Her eyes were still closed as she licked her lips and ran the pulsating vibrator all over her areoles, teasing herself.

"Are your nipples hard, Mo?" he whispered.

"Oh God, yes!" she moaned.

"Press the tip of the vibrator into your right nipple," he ordered.

She obeyed, triggering a cataclysmic reaction that traveled from her nipple to her throbbing clit.

"Oh fuck, yes!" she hissed.

"Now the other nipple, whore," he ordered.

She pressed the vibrator into her left nipple as her hips gyrated and lifted off of the bed.

"Are you a slut, Mo?" Gary asked.

"Oh, yes, I'm a slut. I'm anything you want me to be," she groaned.

"Does my slut want to cum?"

"Yes! Yes! I want to cum so badly," she begged.

"Move the vibrator down your belly and stop just above your big, slutty clit!" he whispered.

Mo worked the vibrator down slowly as her hips continued to move on their own. She couldn't remain still as the vibrator finally rested just above her clit.

"Oooooooooohhhhhhhhh!" she moaned as her hips bucked out of control.

"Tell me what you are!"

"I'm a slut!" she groaned.

"Whose slut?" he pressed her.

"Your slut," she moaned. She would say anything. She was so close. Her head felt like it was going to explode.

"Yes, you're my slut, Mo, and don't forget it. Soon you'll be my slut cow, and then we'll really have some fun," he whispered tauntingly.

"Oooohhhhhhhhh!" she groaned.

"Move the vibrator lower and press it into your clit," he whispered. "Imagine that it's my cock pressing into your clit, and when I do come back up there you'll have more cock than you can handle."

"Oh yes! I want cock!" she wailed as she shook out of control.

"Aaaaaaaaagggghhhhhh!" she wailed.

All the pent-up passion of the past couple of weeks came to a head as she exploded.

"Drive that fucking vibrator up your whore hole," Gary hissed.

Mo obeyed, driving it home in one swift push. It hummed and buzzed within her lifting her over the next peak as another climax racked her shuddering body.

"Aaaaaagggghhhhhh!" she screamed as her whole body spasmed.

She grabbed the end of the vibrator and worked it in and out of her overheated hole as another climax was unleashed within her. She thought she was going to lose her mind as her body bucked out of control.

"Aaaaaagggghhhhhh!"

There was a knock at the door.

"Are you all right, dear?" her mother asked.

Marlene froze. What was she doing up? Damn!

"Yes, mother. I'm fine," she answered as the unexpected intrusion brought her back to reality. She slowly and reluctantly removed the vibrator from her spasming pussy, knowing that it would probably be a while before it received that kind of attention again.

Gary chuckled, realizing that his mother caught Mo in the act.

"Did mom almost catch you? You should have invited her in so that she could see what a nasty little whore you are!" he chided her.

"Gary, why do you hate me so much?" she cried.

"I don't hate you, sis. If I did, I wouldn't be wasting my time on you," he said. "I want you to get a web cam. It was great hearing your slutty groaning, but next time I want to see you cum. I want to see the lust written all over your face."

"Is that really necessary?" she protested.

"Nothing is necessary, Mo. Does it bother you?"

"Yes," she replied.

Maybe he would relent and forget about it.

"Good! Be sure to pick one up tomorrow and have it ready to go. We'll use Windows Live Messenger."

"How far do you plan on taking this?" she asked resentfully. "I want my life back."

"Look, if you don't want to get the webcam, then don't. Just be forewarned that if there's no webcam then you don't cum."

Since her divorce from Joe, it was a nightly ritual for Marlene. She was no ordinary woman who could get by with sex once or twice a week. Marlene was different. She was an extremely sensual woman and needed to cum every night. It was part of her sickness. It was something that she couldn't help. She was hypersexual, a polite term for a nymphomaniac.

Gary was testing her way beyond her endurance. First he took away her lifeline by depriving her of an orgasm unless she performed to his expectations. Then he only allowed her to cum on rare occasions which, for a woman who was use to cuming every night, was maddening. Now he was making even more demands. Allow him to watch, or she would be denied completely.

Marlene was trapped, and she knew it. For the time being she had to do everything that her brother demanded. Hopefully she would find a way to break his strong hold on her. Tomorrow she would go out and buy a webcam. She had no choice. As it stood now he wasn't going to allow her another orgasm until the milk started to flow. She wasn't sure she could wait that long. She was already feeling the first signs of arousal, and it was less than an hour ago that she orgasmed three times in succession.

Four more days passed, and Mo was faithful to her daily ritual of pumping her breasts every four hours. Gary provided the perfect motivation to keep his sister faithful to her task. Her life depended on it. Plus the itch in her cunt demanded that she succeed. She must produce milk and soon. The drops continued and turned milky as the days progressed.

On the fifth day during her 10:00 PM pumping she noticed a coating of milk on her right breastshield. She grew excited at what this meant. Her breasts were producing more than simply drops. She increased the pressure by adjusting the vacuum regulator knob.

Marlene went back and reread the article on induced lactation. The first time she read the article she was wary. Now she read it with renewed enthusiasm. It made sense. She missed it the first time around. Through nipple stimulation prolactin is secreted. This prompts a signal to the brain from the breast to release oxytocin, which is the key to start the ejection of the milk.

She called Gary to tell him the good news. She was even more excited that she would be able to satisfy the fire burning in her loins once again.

"Hello," he answered.

"Gary, it's Marlene. There's milk in the breastshield," she said.

"Already?"

"Yes, it happened a few minutes ago."

"Open Messenger and start a video conference. I have to see this," he said.

Marlene moved to her computer and started the program. Her tits were still in the middle of the expression phase, but it was obvious that she had some secretion. Certainly nothing major, but it was a start.

Soon she saw her brother sitting at his computer with a smirk on his face. She imagined she was quite a sight sitting in front of him naked from the waist up with the twin pumps sucking away at her stiff nipples.

"Yes, it's quite obvious that this technique is indeed working, and you have responded in record time. I would imagine that it's only a matter of days before your milk begins to flow."

Marlene blushed for the first time. She felt so vulnerable. The breast pump continued to drone on as it did its work.

"I suppose you think you've earned an orgasm," Gary queried.

"Well, haven't I?" Marlene replied.

He waited a moment to consider.

"Yes, I guess you have," he said.

Marlene hated the control he had over her. He was dominating every facet of her life. How did it happen? When would it end?

"May I please have some privacy tonight?" she asked.

"Of course, not. If you want an orgasm that badly, you'll have to perform."

The pump stopped, and Marlene removed the breastshields.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked meekly.

"Let's do something different. Dance for me, and I'll think of something."

"Honestly, this is ridiculous!" she protested.

"Do it, or we'll call it a night. I don't have time to waste," he warned her now irritated.

Gary held all the cards. Either she played the game his way, or she didn't play at all. He put on some rock music with a steady beat, and Mo started dancing. She got into it and started moving her hips. She was sopping wet.

"Get rid of the g-string. I want you naked," he ordered.

Marlene stepped out of her g-string as she continued to dance. She was so hot and horny. Her clit tingled as she watched her brother staring at her.

Gary sat back in his chair and opened his bath robe, exposing his long hard cock. He started to stroke it as he watched his sister dance.

"The little slut is really getting into it," he thought.

"Let's spice it up a little, sis. Get your six inch red slut heels on," he said.

She quickly put on her heels and started to dance again. Her mouth started to water as she gazed at her brother, stroking his cock. She was unsteady on her feet as she licked her lips. She was overcome with lust. The sight of his cock was too much for her to bear.

"Oh God, I haven't had a cock in so long. How I would love to wrap my lips around his piece of meat," she thought.

Indeed, Marlene, being the sensual woman that she was, went without cock for far too long. After her brother left town, she focused on her relationship with Rich. He wanted to take it slow. She admired this quality in him. He was the first man in a long time who wanted to get to know her as a person rather than simply rip her clothes off.

She was having second thoughts though. Between depriving herself and the forced deprivation at the hands of her brother, she was now little more than a lust crazed slut. She was almost always horny and highly aroused. Her mind was a cesspool of erotic visions where she was the victim being used for others sexual gratification. In these visions she was surrounded by cock, and there were never enough to satisfy her. Every waking thought focused on sex.

"You have that look in your eyes, Mo. Do you like what you see? Do you wish that you could wrap your lips around my cock?" Gary said, tauntingly.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhh!" Marlene moaned as she grabbed her nipples and pulled on them. "Yes, dammit, I want your cock!"

"Yes, I imagine you do," he laughed as he continued to stroke it. "Pull harder slut! Pull your nipples until they hurt."

Marlene hated herself for feeling this way. Before his visit a few months ago she was making a new beginning. She met a wonderful man and planned on spending the rest of her life with him. Then he forced his way back into her life and took control. He was bringing out the worst in her, and there was nothing she could do about it. She wanted to be good, but she was too weak to fight off the lustful thoughts and feelings that were consuming her.

Marlene squeezed and tugged on her sensitive tips with cruel force. She liked it rough. There were times she dug her fingernails into her nipples until they bled. The rougher they were handled, the better she liked it.

Gary watched his sexy sister and realized how fortunate he was to have this kind of control over her once again. Even now he was gathering more evidence as he recorded his sister in this lascivious act.

"I'm so fucking hot!" She moaned as her right hand traveled down her abdomen toward her throbbing clit.

"Yes, you are, little sister, and in more ways than one. Your tits are beginning to fill out already, and this is only the beginning!"

"I bet you'd like to fuck me right now, Gary," she moaned. "I bet you'd like to stick your big dick in my hot little pussy."

"I bet you'd like to wrap your lips around my cock and take it deep into your throat," he retorted.

"Mmmmmmmmm! Yes, and taste your hot cum as you spew load after load down my throat," she groaned as two fingers burrowed into her hot hole.

"Whore! You're nothing but a nasty little whore!" He said as he stroked his cock faster and faster.

"Yeeeeesssss!" She groaned as another finger joined her first two, stretching her pussy even more. Her hips gyrated in small circles to the beat of the music as the impending climax quickly approached.

"Fuck yourself you nasty slut!"

Marlene added a fourth finger, and fucked her hot hole with a rapidity that was staggering. Her thumb pressed against her clit which triggered an explosion that consumed her.

"Aaaaaagggghhhhh!" She screamed as the climax roared through her body. Her nipples grew harder and tingled as her body shook out of control. She looked like such a slut with her eyes glazed over and drool escaping from the corners of her mouth.

While she was lost in another world overcome with lust, Gary's cock spurt forth a fountain of cum. She further incriminated herself with this new videotape that he most certainly would use against her. She condemned herself to a life of servitude.

The next morning after pumping, she checked her e-mail before leaving for school. There was the usual spam and an e-mail from Rich and one from Gary. She opened the e-mail from Rich first.

Hi Marlene,

I hope that we can get together soon. I know I've been busy, but I miss you. What about dinner tomorrow night.

*Love,
Rich*

She quickly replied, telling him how much she would love to go out to dinner but that she would have to be home by 9:30 to check on her mother. She didn't want to leave her alone too long. It was a lie, but he would believe her.

Then she opened the e-mail from her brother. All it said in the body of the e-mail was "Enjoy!" There was a wmv file attached. She double clicked on the attachment and Windows Media Player opened.

"Oh my God!" she exclaimed as she saw herself dancing naked. It was all there, the whole scenario from last night, and she looked like such a wanton slut in the video. Tears welled up in her eyes when she thought of the implications of this video. It was just more ammunition that her bastard brother would use against her. She was digging a deep deep hole that was getting harder and harder to climb out of.

The following evening she had dinner with Rich, and then they took in a movie. He wanted to see the new Star Trek movie.

"I've really enjoyed tonight," he said as he dropped her off at home.

"Oh, Rich, I had a wonderful time, and you were right. The movie was awesome," she said hugging him.

He gave her a peck on the cheek, smiled, and turned to leave. This was the boldest he had been since they started dating. Then he suddenly turned.

"I'll call you next week. I'll be out of town this week working on that job in Rochester," he said.

"OK. Please drive carefully and be safe. Call me. Thanks for the wonderful evening," she said, blowing him a kiss.

He was such a wonderful man and so considerate. She hoped their relationship could survive her ordeal with her brother Gary.

Three days later at her 6:00 PM pumping her nipples sprayed forth white liquid during the expression phase. It was toward the end of the cycle and there was only an ounce in each collection container, but this was significant. She was producing milk.

She called Gary. Her last climax was satisfying, but it only left her wanting more. Three days of deprivation were excruciatingly painful for her. The call went to voice mail which needless to say disappointed her. She left him a message giving him the good news. Right now she needed to fix dinner for her mom.

The evening crawled by slowly as she waited for a return call from Gary. Why didn't he call her? Why did he keep her waiting like this? She was unable to function or focus on the work that needed to be done. Even though she was at school only a couple of mornings a week, she was behind on her work. What would happen come September?

Marlene was preoccupied with the task forced upon her by her brother, the task of producing breast milk. It consumed her every waking hour from 6 AM in the morning until 10 PM at night. It became her only goal in life, and along with that was the constant arousal which left her frustrated.

Now that she was finally producing milk, he was ignoring her. She found it hard to believe he didn't receive her message by now. He was playing games with her. He was going to make her wait. He was going to make her suffer.

As Marlene lay in bed almost in a daze, the breast pump stopped bringing her abruptly back to reality. Her 10:00 PM session was over. She was in a semi-conscious dream-like state, where she imagined two muscular men were kneeling beside her, sucking on her tits. Alas, it was only the breast pump, which was her constant companion for the past few weeks.

She removed the breastshields and examined the collection containers. There was approximately 1 1/2 ounces of milk in each one. Already her milk production was increasing. She added this milk to the other and put it in the refrigerator. She would need it as proof when her brother finally decided to call.

As Marlene stood before the mirror, she noticed that her breasts were fuller. For years she worried as she saw them lose some of their fullness. It was an obsession with her. She had nightmares about those old women who walked around with breasts that were nothing more two flaps of skin with a nipple at the end. She didn't want to end up like them. That was her greatest fear. Maybe that's why she was so willing to go along with her brother rather than put up more of a fight. What good would it do anyway with the incriminating videos he possessed?

She felt the fullness of her breasts and marveled at how good they looked. She also saw her nipples growing hard and throbbing as she touched herself. She had to stop. She was getting herself all worked up. Her breasts were overly sensitive and set off a chain reaction that communicated with her already hard, throbbing clit.

That gem between her legs, her clit, was unusually large and more often than not stood out from its hood to arouse her. It was the main reason why she masturbated every night and sometimes twice a day. It demanded attention and would not rest.

It was past 11:00 PM, and Marlene grew weary. For whatever reason, Gary wasn't going to return her call. She lay back in bed; and, feeling the tingling sensation in her nipples, her mind started to drift to another place and time. She was in a meadow. The sun shone brightly as she rested on a blanket and began to drift off to sleep, but sleep evaded her as she felt something crawling under her blouse. It was as if something was caressing her breasts, and then she felt a strange sensation as her clit was being sucked into a vacuum. Groggily she ripped her blouse open. A creature with multiple tentacles was attaching itself to every part of her body. Two tentacles that looked like suction cups were just engulfing her long, hard nipples when her phone rang.

She sat bolt upright in bed. She was covered in a cold sweat as she realized that she had drifted off to sleep. The vision of the tentacled beast was still vivid in her mind as she picked up her phone.

"Hello," she said unsteadily.

"Hi, Mo. Sorry I didn't get back to you sooner. I was busy," Gary said.

"I was sleeping," she answered, trying to clear her head.

"That's too bad," he replied, not a trace of remorse in his voice. "How much breast milk did you produce?"

"Over five ounces."

"You're kidding. Where is it?"

"In the refrigerator."

"Turn on your computer, and then go get it. This I've got to see," he said.

Marlene got up on unsteady legs and booted up her computer. She slipped into her bathrobe and went to get the milk. When she returned, she opened Windows Live Messenger and started a video conference with her brother.

Gary was sitting at his computer when his smiling face suddenly appeared on Marlene's screen.

"Let's see what you have?"

Marlene held up the container of breast milk. He was obviously pleased. He never expected results this quickly. The large sum of money he paid for that breast pump was well worth it.

"I wanted you to see it before I threw it away," Marlene said.

"Throw it away?" he exclaimed.

"Why, yes. What else would I do with it," she said.

"You're not going to throw it away, Mo. We're going to recycle all your breast milk that isn't consumed by others," he said.

"I don't understand," she replied, puzzled.

"Are you totally clueless? Don't you have a brain in that head of yours? Recycle your milk. Drink it!"

"You want me to drink my breast milk?" she asked in disbelief.

"Absolutely!" he replied.

"But Gary..."

"There are no buts. We are not going to waste one ounce of your milk. You'll collect it in a container during the day, and then at night when we video conference, you'll drink your milk like a good little slut."

Tears welled up in her eyes. She never heard of anything so bizarre in all her life. What woman drank her breast milk?

"You can start now, Mo, but first get that bathrobe off. I want to see your tits."

Marlene slowly removed her bathrobe and stood before her brother naked. She knew that he was probably videotaping everything, but there was nothing she could do about it.

"Your tits look fuller," he commented. "Lift them for me."

Marlene placed her hands under her breasts and hefted them up. There was no doubt that they were the real thing. They bounced and jiggled in her hands.

"Yes, that's much better. The fullness is returning to your tits already. Squeeze your nipples for me," he ordered.

Marlene grabbed her nipples between her thumb and forefinger and squeezed them gently. Her knees went weak at the sensations coursing through her body by her mere touch. This didn't go unnoticed by Gary.

"Squeeze harder, slut. You know you like it."

She closed her eyes as she applied more pressure. Her clit came to life as it hardened. It started to itch as she stood on unsteady feet.

"What a fucking slut! Look at her. She loves every minute of it. She looks like she's ready to cum already. Wait until she sees what I have in store for her," he thought.

"That's enough, Mo. Get your milk," he said.

Marlene picked up the container and removed the top. She brought it to her lips and tentatively tasted it. It was sweet, but it seemed so strange drinking milk that came from her own body.

"Take a big gulp!" he ordered.

She tipped the glass and milk filled her mouth. She swallowed unable to do anything else. She was recycling her breast milk. This gave new meaning to the word. She never thought of herself as a recycling center.

"Remember, Mo, milk does a body good!" he chuckled.

She felt humiliated. Her brother was making a mockery of the whole process and purpose of breastfeeding.

Most of the milk was gone. Her lips were covered with it just like in the milk commercials.

She felt awkward standing there before her brother, naked and drinking her own breast milk.

Gary had an idea. He wanted to have some fun with his sister. He didn't want her success to go to her head.

"Mo, you still have some milk left. I want you to dip your finger in it and rub it all over your nipples."

"Why would I do that?" she asked indignantly.

"Because I told you to!" he retorted.

"God, this is so degrading. Why is he doing this to me? Didn't I do everything he told me to do? Why can't he be nice for a change?" she thought.

Reluctantly she wet her finger and smeared the milk all over her right nipple. The cold milk felt so good on her hot flesh. She retrieved more milk and coated her left nipple. Her nipples gleamed as they stood straight out from her chest.

"Now lick it off!" he ordered.

"Gary, please!" she begged.

"Do it!"

Tears welled up in her eyes as she lifted her right breast and lowered her head capturing her nipple in her mouth. She tasted her milk and licked her nipple clean. She did the same to her left breast as she lifted it and captured the nipple between her lips.

As difficult as it was for her to commit this deed, her pussy betrayed her as her sweet nectar gathered at her nether lips and began to drip down her leg.

"Oh my God! This can't be happening! What's the matter with me!" she wailed silently in her tortured mind.

"Again!"

Marlene looked at her brother with pleading eyes, but there was no mercy there. It was after midnight; and she was exhausted, but she obeyed her brother as she dipped her finger in the container and coated her nipples for the second time.

She lingered a little longer as she drew her right nipple into her mouth and sucked on it. She applied more pressure as she tried to squeeze her legs together seeking some form of relief.

Gary was amused as he watched his slut sister get herself more and more aroused. She couldn't help it. No matter how hard she tried to resist, the lust burning in her loins always won out.

"Again!" he ordered, and Marlene dipped her fingers in the container for the third time and coated her nipple and areole with the sweet milk. She quickly coated her left nipple with a generous amount making sure to cover her whole areole. Eagerly she took her right nipple between her lips without being told and sucked hard. She then bit down on her nipple sending her body into a spasm.

"Look at the fucking slut. She's going to get off by sucking on her own tits! Damn good thing I'm videotaping this one!" he thought.

Marlene bit down on her left nipple, but this was too much for her as it drove her over the top. She orgasmed as her brother looked on. Falling to the floor, she buried her right hand between her legs and frantically rubbed her engorged clit as the orgasm washed through her body. She shook out of control, moaning like a slut.

"Mo!" Gary said sharply.

Marlene looked up at him on the screen. His robe was open, and he was stroking his hard cock.

"Did I give you permission to cum?"

"No, but I assumed..."

"You are to assume nothing!" he screamed as he fisted his cock faster and faster. "You will be punished!"

"Punished? For what? We had an agreement!"

"Taking matters into your own hands was not part of the agreement. Get the belt I sent you!"

"Gary, please..."

"Get the damn belt now!"

Marlene staggered to her feet and retrieved the black two inch belt that she kept on the side of the bed.

"Sit in the chair and spread your legs wide!" he ordered.

Whimpering, she obeyed her brother.

"I hate you so much! Why couldn't you just leave me alone!" she screamed silently.

"Look at that slutty cunt. That, Mo, is the source of all your problems. That nasty cunt of yours always gets you into trouble. Punish it!"

Doubling over the belt, she raised it above her head, and with tear-filled eyes looked at her brother one last time. He was stoic, refusing to relent. Whimpering, she brought the belt down hard across her clit and pussy lips.

"Oooooooooowwww!" she screamed as her pussy was filled with excruciating pain.

Moments later there was an urgent knock at the door.

"Marlene, what's the matter? Are you all right?" her mother called from the other side of the door.

"I'm sorry, mom," she called, trying her hardest to keep the pain she felt out of her voice. "I had a bad dream. I'm all right. Go back to bed."

"Are you sure, dear?" she asked.

"Yes, mom, I'm sure," she replied, gritting her teeth.

Where was her mother when she needed her? It was when she was a child, innocent and vulnerable, that she needed to be protected. Where was she then?

Gary was mom's favorite. He could do no wrong. For so many years she was blind to the atrocious acts that he committed under her roof as she and her sisters were being sexual abused by him. Now, at forty years old her mother wanted to know if she was all right.

No, she wasn't all right. She was never all right. Even after Gary left, she suffered all her life from the sexual abuse he subjected her to. Now her mother's dear son was committing the same despicable acts again. She was reliving the nightmare only it wasn't a nightmare at all, it was a living hell.

"That was quite a show, sis. You can be quite entertaining. It's a good thing you don't have to work tomorrow, but you better get some rest anyway. You have duties to perform at 6:00 AM."

He smiled at her, mocking her as he stroked his cock one final time before spewing his cum all over the floor. Yes, Marlene hated his guts, but what a waste. Like a fine wine she would have savored the taste of his cum.

Then he was gone. The session ended. He had his fun for the evening. Marlene dragged herself to bed and fell into a restless sleep.

Morning came all too soon as the sound of the alarm woke Marlene from a disturbing sleep. It was 5:30 AM as she struggled to get out of bed. She didn't feel rested at all as she made her way to the bathroom and turned on the shower. The water beating down on her revived her somewhat. By the time she was done in the bathroom, it was time to use the breast pump. She could feel the heaviness in her chest.

She produced a total of four ounces of milk, and that remained fairly consistent throughout the day. By the time she finished her 6:00 PM, pumping, she had collected a total of 16 ounces of breast milk, which Gary would force her to recycle in the evening.

It became a nightly ritual over the course of the next week. Gary watched her consume her own milk. He found new ways of humiliating her from sipping her milk through a straw to licking it from a saucer.

With each passing day Marlene's milk production increased dramatically. By the end of the week she was producing 12 ounces of milk per session. That was a total of 60 ounces of milk per day, almost two quarts.

The side benefit of lactating was the increased size of Marlene's breasts. They filled out and could even be considered plump. They looked more like her breasts from twenty years ago. She measured a full 34C and had to go out and buy new bras. Her old ones were too small and offered her no support.

Gary was pleased with Marlene's progress, but he wanted more. He was going to continue pushing her to see just how far he could go.

At around 6:30 PM Marlene sent Gary an e-mail, proud that she was producing 60 ounces of breast milk a day. She was sure that he would want to know.

She then got ready for her date. Rich was back in town and was going to take her out to dinner. They talked for a long time that afternoon on the phone. He was a wonderful man. She only wished he was a little more aggressive. Maybe he liked her, but didn't find her physically attractive. He never tried to touch her. He made no advances whatsoever.

Before leaving she checked her e-mail. There was a message from Gary.

I have a few instructions for you for this evening. First of all let's talk about your attire. Tonight I would like you to wear your black thigh high stockings. You know how much I love them. I would also like you to wear your black six inch stiletto heels. If you have a sheer wrap, you may wear that, although you won't have it on for long.

Obviously, you can no longer continue drinking your daily supply of milk all at once. You are simply producing too much milk for that to continue. However, that doesn't excuse you from drinking all of your milk. You need to get a little creative. For example, use your breast milk on your cereal in the morning. Instead of cream, use breast milk in your coffee. Drink a glass of milk with every meal.

I have other topics that we'll discuss tonight. I simply don't have the time to go into them right now.

Enjoy your evening.

*Your favorite brother,
Gary.*

Marlene shut down her computer. Rich was waiting.

Dinner was wonderful. He took her to a nice Italian restaurant, and they dined by candlelight.

"Do you have to go out of town next week?" Marlene asked.

"No, that job is done, thank God," he replied smiling.

"I'm so glad you'll be in town. Maybe we can spend more time together," she said.

"I would love that. Let's hope this new project I'm working on isn't so time-consuming," he replied.

Time passed quickly. It was 9:30 PM, and she knew that she had to get home soon. She found it strange that he never mentioned how good she looked. Her breasts were so much fuller. They were hard to miss, yet he said nothing. You would think that a man who was a retired police officer would be a little more observant.

She was home by 10:00 PM. Rich walked her to the door. He put his arms around her and kissed her on the lips. This was the most initiative he had shown since they started dating. Impulsively Marlene pushed her tongue forward, pressing it against his lips, but he shied away.

"I should get going," he said sheepishly.

"Thank you for the wonderful evening, Rich," she said.

"It was my pleasure. I'll call you," he said, walking back to his car.

She waved to him from the porch, hoping she didn't scare him off with her aggressiveness.

She would be a few minutes late pumping, but it wasn't critical. She was relieved that she wouldn't have to consume almost two quarts of breast milk tonight. That's the most she'd produced thus far.

After finishing her session, she got ready for her video conference with her brother. She took a long shower and shaved her legs. She fixed her hair and, as she looked in the mirror, she marveled at the fullness and weight of her breasts.

She put on her thigh-high black stockings and her six-inch black stiletto heels. Her pussy was already moist as she admired herself in the mirror. When she walked back and forth, her breasts rose and fell seductively on her chest.

Her computer was already booted up, and Windows Live Messenger was running in the background. The tone sounded on her computer indicating that a video conference request was waiting for her response. She accepted the request. It was after 11:00.

"Nice tits, sis!" Gary said.

"Do you have to talk to me like that?" Marlene protested.

"Hey, don't complain. If it wasn't for me your tits wouldn't look half as good as they do today. Walk around a little bit. I want to see what you look like."

Marlene walked back and forth in front of the Webcam as her brother eyed her luscious body. Her tits looked amazing, but he had bigger and better things in store for her. The fun was just beginning.

"Take that robe off, so I can get a better look," he ordered as he opened his own bathrobe and started to stroke his cock.

Marlene removed her robe as her eyes focused on her brother's huge cock. Her mouth watered as she realized how long it had been since her lips were wrapped around a hard piece of meat. She felt guilty and almost regretted the thought when she remembered the wonderful time she had with Rich tonight. He was so thoughtful and caring. His kiss was so tender.

"Do you see something you like, sis?" He snickered. "Play with your nipples for me."

Almost as if in a trance, Marlene squeezed her nipples as her eyes remained fixed on her brother's cock. She felt the juices begin to flow as her clit throbbed, begging to be touched.

"By the way, when I told you that you could remove your barbells, I made a stipulation. Do you remember what I said?" He asked almost as if talking to a child.

"Yes," she said hesitantly.

"What was that stipulation, Mo?"

"You told me to be sure that I kept the holes open," she replied.

"Good girl, that is correct," he said condescendingly. "Did you keep them open?"

Marlene was so preoccupied the past few weeks that she never bothered to attend to that little matter.

"I forgot to keep those damn holes open. How could I be so stupid?"

"I meant to, Gary," she whispered.

"Are you trying to tell me that after I gave you permission to take those barbells out, you weren't grateful enough to follow through on a simple request?"

"I'm sorry?" she mumbled.

Gary loved it when his sister screwed up. The look on her face was priceless.

"You're sorry? That's not good enough! Did I tell you to stop squeezing your nipples?"

"No," she said meekly.

"Well?"

Marlene, fearing the wrath of her brother, grabbed her nipples and rolled them between her fingers. Conflicting signals were transmitted to her brain. On the one hand playing with her sensitive nipples was getting her more and more aroused, but at the same time she was filled with fear of what her brother might do to her for not obeying him.

"Are you wet?"

"I think so," she whispered, closing her eyes.

"You think so? You mean to tell me that you don't know if you're wet or not?"

"Yes, I'm wet," she stammered.

"Of course, you're wet. A slut like you is always wet," he retorted. "Show me?"

Marlene released her right nipple and brought her trembling hand down to her sopping wet hole. She parted her labia, coating her fingers with her sweet sex juices. Her fingers grazed her clit, sending shivers up and down her spine.

"You know, my nipples are sensitive, Gary. I can't help but get wet..."

"Don't make excuses! Sluts like you are always wet," he said emphatically. "Go get a needle. You better hope that those holes haven't closed up."

Marlene frantically searched for a needle. She was tired and the evening was not going as she expected. The only thing that she could find was a hat pin which was around three inches long.

"This is all I can find," she whimpered.

"It will have to do. Do you have any alcohol?" He asked.

"Yes, I think so," she replied.

"Well, don't stand there like a dumb bimbo. Go get it!"

Filled with trepidation, Marlene quickly went into the bathroom and located a bottle of rubbing alcohol. She also grabbed a small paper cup. She was smart enough to know that her brother wanted her to sterilize the needle.

"I think you know what you have to do. Let's just hope the holes are still open. Otherwise this could be a very painful night for you, Mo," she said.

Marlene poured some alcohol into the cup and sterilized the needle. Gary, fascinated, watched his sister as she attempted to locate the hole at the base of her right nipple with the needle.

"Is there anything she won't do? I got her to do some pretty kinky stuff when she was a kid, but I always thought it was because she was young and immature. Here she is forty years old, and she's obeying me without any reservations. I may have to rethink some of the plans that I have for her," Gary thought.

She knew where the hole should be as she probed her right nipple with the hat pin, but it was no use. The hole was closed. It simply wasn't there anymore. It had healed. She checked her left nipple, but that effort produced the same results. The hole was closed.

Tears welled up in her eyes, fearing what Gary might do to her.

"Is there a problem?" he asked.

"I... I... can't find... the holes," she stammered.

"You can't find the holes?"

"No," she replied softly.

"Mo, do you have any idea how mad I am right now. I cut you some slack and this is how you repay me?"

"I just forgot about it," she cried. "I was so wrapped up and involved in the breast pumping that I forgot about the piercings. I didn't mean to. I was just so worried about you releasing those videos that I focused all my time and attention on that."

Marlene stood before her computer trembling. She knew she screwed up big-time, and Gary was not one to forgive and forget.

"Well, slut, you need to be held accountable for your actions. It was your responsibility to see that those holes didn't close up, and you failed. You will be punished," he said emphatically.

"I'm so sorry, Gary. I've tried so hard to please you. It won't happen again," she whimpered.

"It better not happen again, and, hopefully, your punishment will be a reminder to you that it doesn't pay to mess with me. I'm not playing games with you, sis."

"What are you going to do to me?"

"I'm not going to do anything to you. You're going to do it to yourself!" He retorted. "Get your sewing kit out and sterilize two straight pins."

"Gary, don't hurt me!"

"Don't worry, Mo, I'm not going to hurt you. You're going to hurt yourself," he replied.

Marlene was beside herself as she searched through her closet and finally locating her sewing kit. She retrieved two straight pins from a pin cushion and hurried back to her computer desk. The pins were #14 pins, which were 7/8 of an inch long.

"Be sure to sterilize them, Mo. I'd hate to see you get an infection," he said.

Marlene dropped the pins into the paper cup and poured more alcohol into it.

"Good! Now take one of the pins and place it on the tip of your right nipple."

"You can't be serious!" She said incredulously.

"I'm dead serious! Do it now! I'm losing my patience!" He said harshly.

With shaking hands, Marlene picked up one of the pins and placed it on the tip of her right nipple. She whimpered quietly as she stared at her brother on her computer monitor. He enjoyed tormenting her and his pleasure was written all over his face. Her eyes were drawn lower to his hand which was stroking his cock.

Marlene felt her juices oozing down her leg and grew infuriated with herself for reacting in this manner.

"What's the matter with me? My bastard brother is forcing me to inflict pain on myself, and I'm getting off on it!" she screamed silently.

"Push!" he ordered.

Her lips quivered as she applied pressure to the end of the straight pin. Her flesh gave as her nipple was pushed into her resilient tit meat but with no place to go the tip of the pin finally disappeared into the end of her nipple.

Her legs shook out of control as searing pain filled her sensitive nub, but, to her dismay, she found it exciting. This scared the hell out of her. She couldn't control her feelings. Her mind told her that this was sick and demented, but her body responded differently. Her pussy was on fire and the pin piercing her nipple only served to fan the flame burning between her legs.

"Push, dammit!" he ordered.

Marlene's lips quivered as she reluctantly applied more pressure and watched as the pin slowly disappeared from view, buried in her nipple. The only thing stopping its forward progress was the wider end that pressed up against the end of her nipple.

Gary stroked his cock faster as he watched his sister drive the pin all the way into her hard right nipple. He never met anyone quite like her. She would do just about anything he said. He could

see that she was getting aroused by this whole ordeal. Her legs, encased in the thigh high black stockings that he found so alluring, were shaking out of control.

"Put your hands behind your neck and let me get a good look!" he ordered his sister.

She silently obeyed putting her full, voluptuous tits on display for her demented brother to gaze upon. Gary stroked himself harder and faster as he devoured the luscious mounds with his eyes. He focused on the right tit with the straight pin completely imbedded in his sister's nipple.

Marlene closed her eyes as the pain diminished. Her nipple ached but it was a good ache. Her mind was in such turmoil. This should have bothered her more but it didn't. She always liked rough play. You really couldn't squeeze her nipples too hard. The harder you squeezed the wetter she got, but she just drove a damn pin into her nipple and found it exciting.

"Now the other one," Gary ordered.

Marlene with glazed eyes retrieved the second straight pin from the alcohol. She knew it was useless to protest. Besides, in her demented, tortured mind she wanted to perform the sick deed again. She repeated the process as she pressed the sharp tip into the center of her left nipple. A groan escaped her lips as the pin punctured her nipple and slowly disappeared. She couldn't help herself as her hand sought out her quivering clit and pinched it.

"Aaaaaaaagggggghhhhh!" she screamed as her knees gave way. She tumbled to the floor as her orgasm consumed her, shaking and spasming like a fish out of water.

Gary watched his sister in awe as she shook uncontrollable on the floor, consumed in her own lust. He helped nurture and cultivate the demons within her that lay latent for so many years. He fed the twisted thoughts and desires that were slowly taking her over. He reveled in the power he possessed and wouldn't stop using and manipulating her. He wanted to feed her obsession. She was the perfect candidate. After all there were those who were addicted to drugs, alcohol, tobacco... why not sex. He wanted to turn her into more of a sex addict than she already was.

He should have punished her for cuming without permission, but he thought better of it. He refrained from cuming himself since the night was young, and there were still many items to attend to. Another reprimand was also in order. There was the matter of almost two quarts of breast milk that she failed to consume.

"Get up dammit!" he cursed. "What a slut you are, Mo. It's pretty sick when you get off driving pins into your own tits."

Marlene struggled to regain her composure.

"I'm so ashamed of myself. He's right. What normal person would orgasm while driving pins into their nipples?"

Tears flowed as she realized what a disgusting act she committed.

"Did you get my e-mail today?" Gary asked.

"Yes," she whimpered.

"Did I not make it clear that since your production was up that you needed to consume your milk during the day?" He asked.

"Yes, but I didn't know when you wanted me to start," she said in her defense.

"How much milk do you have right now?"

"Almost two quarts," she replied.

"Well, obviously you planned on drinking all of it tonight so get started," he said.

"I can't drink two quarts all at once!" she exclaimed with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Then you should have followed my directions rather than ignoring them," he retorted. "Start drinking!"

Marlene picked up the container and started drinking her breast milk. After drinking about a third of it, she stopped. She looked pleadingly at her brother and burped.

"Drink!"

She again started to drink but it was becoming more difficult. There simply was too much. Why didn't she start earlier today? How could she possibly have misunderstood what he meant?

Milk dribbled from the corners of her mouth as she tried to drink it all. It dribbled off her chin and onto her tits, coating them with milk.

Gary was amused as he stroked his cock

She finally put down the empty container. She was a mess with breast milk covering her large tits.

"Rub it in, pig!" he ordered.

Marlene rubbed the milk into her tits and jumped when her hand brushed against one of the pins embedded in her nipple. It felt so good as she squeezed and rubbed her bloated milk sacs.

"God she looks sexier than hell. Her tits look amazing on her small frame. I can just imagine how hot she'd look if her tits were even bigger," Gary thought.

Then he remembered the article on lactation. More suckling meant more milk. If he was to increase the amount of time she pumped her tits, she would produce more milk. Her milk sacs would have to increase in size in order to accommodate a greater amount of milk. After all, the containers had to be large enough to hold the milk.

He quickly looked up the article to make sure that his assumptions were correct. Lactation was a very delicate process, and he didn't want to do anything to disrupt the progress made thus far. Looking over the article quickly, he discovered that more than 30 minutes for each session could shut off the signal from the brain to produce more milk. He would be sure to take that into consideration when modifying her schedule.

It was getting late, and Marlene was weary, but, at the same time, rubbing her breasts reignited the fire burning in her loins. She stared at her brother's cock with hungry eyes as she fingered the pins that were penetrating her nipples.

"I think it's time to get rid of those pins. You may remove them," he said.

"Thank you, Gary," Marlene replied as she slowly pulled the straight pin out of her right nipple.

As the pin exited her nipple, a shiver ran up and down her spine. She repeated the process, removing the other straight pin from her left nipple. She would never admit it to anyone, but she found the whole experience very erotic and exciting. No matter how much she hated and detested her brother, she loved the bizarre deeds he forced her to commit.

"Go into the bathroom and get yourself cleaned up. Be sure to put some antiseptic on your nipples, so they don't infect. We need to protect our investment," he laughed.

Marlene washed her breasts off with a warm washcloth. She loved her breasts. She loved the fullness. She applied some triple antibiotic ointment to her nipples just to be on the safe side.

When she returned to her bedroom, she could see that Gary's cock was still hard. She yearned for cock. For a woman who loved cock so much, she wasn't getting very much of it lately.

"Beginning tomorrow morning you need to change your schedule," Gary said.

"Change?" Marlene asked.

"Yes, increase the amount of time your tits are suckled from 15 to 20 minutes per session," he said.

"Why?" She asked.

"Did you read the article on lactation?" He asked obviously irritated.

"Of course, I did," she replied.

"I thought you were a bright girl, Mo, after all you work in a school. Did you read the section on supply and demand?" He asked.

"I think so," she replied.

"Then you know, that if you increase the amount of time your nipples are suckled, you'll increase the amount of milk produced," he stated.

"Increase my milk supply! Why would you want to do that? I'm already producing 60 ounces of milk a day!"

"Yes, you are, dear sister, but that's only a pittance of what you're able to produce. By the time, everything is said and done, you'll be producing 20 ounces of milk per session. That's 100 ounces of breast milk per day, which is slightly over 3 quarts of milk."

Marlene was horrified as she listened to her brother's plan.

"He's crazy! I can't possibly produce that much breast milk. My breasts aren't large enough. What is he trying to do to me?" She thought.

"Gary, what you're proposing is impossible," she said.

"On the contrary, it's not only possible but will soon be a reality for you," he said.

"My breasts can't accommodate that much milk!" She exclaimed.

"No, right now, they can't, but they will grow to accommodate your milk supply. The human body is quite resilient," he chuckled. "Think of it this way. When you make a water balloon, what happens when you add more water?"

"The balloon expands," she answered.

"Precisely, and that's what your tits will do. They'll expand. Think of your tits as balloons."

Marlene loved her full luscious breasts. They were a 34C and looked even larger on her small frame. She couldn't imagine them any larger.

"I think they're fine just the way they are, Gary," she said. "I don't want larger breasts."

"First of all stop using the word breasts. You have tits. From now on, you are to call them tits. Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

"Yes," she replied meekly.

"Secondly, it doesn't really matter whether you want your tits larger or not. It's up to me to decide. If you have a problem with that just say so, and I can have your website online in a matter of minutes with a whole lot of new content thanks to our nightly video sessions."

Marlene felt trapped and helpless. There was no way out. There was no way to stop him from doing exactly what he wanted to do. She was at his mercy. God, what was he doing to her?

"No, don't do that, Gary, I'll do whatever you want."

"Good! Beginning tomorrow morning, I want you to increase your sessions from 15 to 20 minutes. We'll see how that goes and make adjustments accordingly. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she said, sniffing.

"Fine. Now tell me what you are to do beginning tomorrow, so that there are no misunderstandings."

"I am to pump my breasts..."

"Tits! You have tits! Say it!"

"Tits," she said quietly.

"Louder, dammit!"

"Tits!" She said louder.

"That's right, you have tits! Say it again!"

"I have tits!"

"Never use the word breasts again. That's reserved for ladies, and you are no lady! Fondle your tits while you say it!" he ordered.

Marlene lifted her tits in her hands, feeling their weight. She could feel her arousal already as her nipples tingled. His total lack of respect for her was an aphrodisiac that set her on fire.

"Tits! I have tits!" she said, as her juices started to flow.

"Yes, slut, you have tits that will soon be bigger. Do you want bigger tits?" he egged her on.

"Yes, I want big tits!" she moaned as she rolled her hard nipples between her thumb and forefinger.

"Big tits for a big slut!" He goaded her. "What's your title at school, slut?"

"I'm the administrative assistant to the principal," she moaned.

"You'll soon be the big titted Administrative Assistant to the principal. Say it!"

"I'll be the big titted administrative assistant to the principal," she groaned.

"Yes, and what will the other teachers think of their slutty big titted executive," he gloated.

"I don't know. Oh God, I'm such a slut!" She groaned as she watched her brother stroke his hard cock. "I want you to cum on my tits."

"Well, we both know that isn't possible, and even if I was there I wouldn't cum on your slutty tits. You don't deserve it! Your tits aren't big enough. Your tits need to be bigger if you want me to cum on them. Do you want bigger tits?" He continued to egg her on.

"Yes, I want bigger tits, so that you'll cum on them," she cried out glassy eyed. His cock held her attention as if she was in a hypnotic trance.

"Finger your slutty cunt and cum!" He commanded. "I want to see the administrative assistant to the principal cum!"

Eagerly Marlene buried her right hand in her sloppy cunt, first two and then three and finally four fingers. She tried to bury her whole hand in her cunt as the fingers of her left hand pulled and tugged and twisted her nipples. The whole time, her eyes were glued to her brother's cock, wishing that she could wrap her lips around it.

Pulling viciously on her left nipple while forcing her right hand up her cunt, she started to spasm as she was overcome by a massive orgasm. She squealed as the orgasm overtook her. All the frustration and hopelessness that she was experiencing was unleashed as her whole body was overcome with spasms. Her eyes rolled back in her head as she rode out the glorious feeling of euphoria. It was for these moments that she lived. These exquisite erotic moments made a mundane life worthwhile, and it seemed as if Gary was the only one who could provide them to her.

The night quickly came to an end as Gary's spunk shot out of his cock, wasted as it hit the floor. Marlene was his. The evidence he had against her was staggering. She would never be free.

The lazy days of summer were a time of rest and relaxation for many, but not for Marlene. She spent her days working part-time at school and caring for her mother while still maintaining a rigid schedule that required her to pump her breasts every four hours. This task became more time consuming since Gary increased the length of each session in hopes of increasing her

production of breast milk. His devious plan was purely selfish as he hoped the increased production of milk would also result in larger tits for his beloved sister.

You see Gary had a big tit fetish, the bigger the better. Marlene was always his favorite because her C cups were more than a handful. His wife of twenty-five years was only a B cup, and, when she filed for divorce, Gary had very few regrets. He was glad to see her go.

So Marlene's days were anything but relaxing, and at night, while others wound down from their day's activities, she was up late into the night catering to her brother's whims.

It was now the first week of August. Five weeks have passed since that fateful night when her brother decided to change her schedule. Since that time her schedule changed again so that now she was pumping her tits for 25 minutes per session.

Slowly over the five weeks changes took place. Most evident was the increase in milk production. The increases were small usually no more than an ounce or two a day, but over the course of five weeks milk production increased from 60 ounces to 100 ounces a day. This was a substantial increase. Marlene was producing over three quarts of milk a day.

The increased production created several other problems for the poor woman. First of all there was the matter of recycling. Gary insisted that she drink all of the milk that she produced. She drank six twelve ounce glasses of milk every day. She also put a generous amount of milk on her cereal each morning. She cherished her morning cup of coffee. Her breast milk replaced the cream that flavored it. Her breast milk was also substituted in any recipe that required milk. For a change of pace and some variety she made milk shakes from her breast milk - strawberry, vanilla, chocolate... Breast milk provided most of her nourishment.

Marlene's tits did indeed increase in size as Gary anticipated. At first it was barely noticeable, but by the end of the second week Marlene noticed that her new bras were getting tighter. By the end of the third week she couldn't get them on. The cups were too small. Along with the increase in size was an increase in sensitivity. Her nipples were explosive and any kind of contact set them off.

In early August when Marlene finally went to the store to purchase some new bras, there are no words to describe how she felt when the saleswoman measured her. She was an astounding 34 DD. She knew that her tits were larger. After all her C cups no longer fit, but she never suspected that she had grown to a DD. It was a hefty load that she was carrying, but she carried it well in spite of her age.

Leakage was a problem and pads didn't seem to do much good. It was an issue that needed to be dealt with before September when she returned to work full time. It was embarrassing to be walking down the street with a wet spot on your blouse.

The nightly video conferences continued with one exception. Gary sent Marlene a new high definition camera. His library of videos was growing by leaps and bounds, and they captured all the changes that occurred to her as they happened.

Marlene was now required to wear six inch heels at all times whether at work or at home. Any tops she wore had to reveal a good amount of cleavage. Skirts were always short and cut-off shorts were the only type allowed. Little by little Gary was taking control of every area of her life, and she was helpless to do anything about it.

Gary had no control over Marlene's relationship with Rich. He never asked her about him, and she never volunteered any information. They saw each other several nights a week although she had to be home by 10:00 PM to take care of business. He couldn't help but notice the changes in her, but she explained the increase in bust size to a hormonal imbalance. He seemed to accept this without questioning it.

Marlene cherished her time with Rich. Their relationship was the only constant in her life, the only normal thing. It was something she could hold on to. It gave her hope for a better tomorrow.

It was the first Monday in August. Marlene returned home from school at around 2:00 PM. It was a productive day for her. She was able to catch up on a great deal of work. Parent letters were already run off and ready to be sent out in the morning mail.

She walked into the kitchen and set down the portable pump. She was just putting the milk in the refrigerator when her mother walked in.

"Hello, dear, how was work today," she asked.

"Actually it was a good day, mom," she replied.

"I've had a good day, too, dear. You'll never guess who called me."

"Who?" she asked.

"Your brother!" she said.

"God, if she only knew. I spend every night with that bastard. What does he want?" she thought.

"Remember earlier this summer when I told you that Gary was coming up to see me?"

"Yes," Marlene said cautiously.

"Well," she said beaming from ear to ear. "He's coming this weekend!"

"Really?"

"Yes, isn't that wonderful news, dear? You two had such a good time together last time. It was so nice seeing you do things together."

"Yes, we did spend quite a bit of time together," Marlene replied.

"It's too bad I can't tell you what went on every night in my bedroom. It's too bad I can't tell you what happened on the night of his high school reunion. How he let his friends fuck me in every hole. Yeah, we had a great time together, mom!" she thought.

"I know you two had your differences growing up, but it makes me so happy seeing you get along now."

"I'm sure we'll spend a lot of time together. I can't wait to see Gary again," she lied. "I have some things I need to get done upstairs. Can I get you anything before I go?"

"No, I'm fine, dear. Run along I'm fine," she said.

Marlene quickly made her way to her room. She was late for her 2:00 PM pumping. When she got to her room, she took off her top and removed her bra. She stood before the mirror and looked at her voluptuous tits. She never imagined in a million years that she would have tits this large. She was only 5' 4" and had a small bone structure that made her tits appear humungous. Right now they were bloated with milk which forced her to stop daydreaming and get busy.

She set up the pump and turned on the unit. Then she attached the breastshields as the stimulation phase began. Her nipples didn't need much stimulation before they started expressing milk. The flow was heavy so she manually switched the pump to the expression phase as she watched the collection containers fill with milk that she would have to drink before the day was over.

Leaking was becoming more of a problem with each passing day. She was embarrassed several times in public when she looked down and saw wet spots on her top. She mentioned this to Gary on several occasions, and he said he would come up with a solution. Little did she know that his solutions were not always in her best interest.

Marlene spent the remainder of the afternoon preparing dinner for her mother. She drank a glass of milk mid-afternoon and had another glass at dinner. At 6:00 PM it was time to pump her tits again. She was now producing 20 oz. of milk per session. The ritual every four hours from 6:00 AM until 10:00 PM was becoming a way of life for her. Gary came back into her life, and she would never be the same.

After the 10:00 PM pumping, Marlene prepared for her nightly video conference with her brother. She took a shower and stopped once again to look at herself in the mirror. Her humungous tits were her most outstanding feature and a constant source of arousal for her. Even her nipples were larger with the constant pulling and tugging of the breast pump. She tried to keep her arms down at her sides but she couldn't, her tits were too big.

She put on a black lace bra that fastened in front and exposed a massive expanse of cleavage. A matching black g-string was the only other item of clothing she wore. Finally she slipped into her six inch black stiletto heels and admired herself in front of the mirror.

Gary promised that if she was good he would let her cum tonight. There was always a price to pay for the privilege, and she had no choice but to comply. On the average she was only allowed to cum once or twice a week. There was a method to his madness. He knew she was highly sexual and wanted to cum every night, but keeping her sexually frustrated allowed him to better control and manipulate her.

She waited at her computer like she did every night. Finally the video conference request appeared on her screen, and she accepted. Gary sat forward in his seat and admired his sister's colossal tits encased in the black bra. He teased himself as he allowed her to wear the bra for a few minutes. His eyes were glued to her massive cleavage which made his mouth water. The past few months had been fun, but now it was time for the real games to begin.

He was still amazed he was able to manipulate his sister so easily. Videotaping her at the high school reunion party was a stroke of genius on his part. Without it none of this would be taking place today. Since then he amassed hundreds of hours of video starring his sister, and more recently all of the tapes were in high definition.

Unknown to both his mother and Marlene, Gary liquidated all his assets in Dallas and prepared to move back to upstate New York. He planned on spending his remaining years up north controlling his sister just like he did when she was a teenager.

"Let's get rid of the bra," Gary suggested.

Marlene released the front clasp and the cups fell away exposing her luscious tits. They were truly a sight to behold.

"Lock your hands behind your neck so I can get a better look," he ordered.

"I wonder if she has any idea how sexy she is? Her tits are amazing, and I can't wait to get my hands on them," he thought.

"Shake those fat udders for me," he ordered.

Marlene winced at the insult he paid her, but obeyed him as she rotated her hips, setting her tits in motion. Her large boobs swung back and forth and smacked into each other. A few drops of milk leaked from her nipples.

"Do your nipples leak often?" He asked.

"Yes, I tried using pads, but they don't seem to work very well," she replied.

"I think I have a better solution. Do you have a measuring tape?" He asked.

"Yes, I think there is one in my sewing box," she replied.

"Get it," he ordered.

Marlene walked over to her closet and opened her sewing box. She quickly found her measuring tape and returned to her computer.

"I want you to measure the length of your nipples. You need to measure carefully and give me an exact measurement of each nipple," he said.

Marlene positioned the tape measure, at the base of her right nipple and took a careful measurement. She double checked just to make sure that it was correct. She then did the same to her left nipple. By the time she was done, her pussy was leaking.

"They're both exactly 1 inch long," she said.

Gary made some notes on his pad.

"Interesting," he commented. "I thought there would've been some variation. I'm surprised they're both exactly the same length."

"Do you want me to measure again?" She asked.

"No, it looked to me as if you were careful in your measurements. It just goes to show that a dumb slut like you can do something right. Right now I want you to measure the circumference of each nipple," he said.

"Why does he always have to demean me? When I do something right, why can't he be nice? I hate what he's doing to me. I want my life back. All the people I know stare at me like I'm some kind of freak. They're not buying my explanation that I'm suffering from a hormonal disorder. I wish he would just go away," she thought as she picked up the tape measure and started to measure the circumference of her right nipple.

"Why do you want these measurements?" She asked.

"Oh, they're just for a little project I'm working on. You'll find out soon enough," he replied. "Do you have that measurement yet?"

"Yes, I think I have it. I've checked three times, and I'm pretty sure this is correct. The circumference is 1 1/2 inches at the tip and slightly larger at the base. They measure 1 5/8 inches at the base," she said.

"Both nipples are the same size?" He asked.

"Yes," she replied.

Gary made some more notes on his pad. He used the 1 1/2 inch measurement since he wanted a snug fit at the base of her nipple anyway. Gary put down his pencil and smiled at his sister.

"I suppose you talked to mother today," he commented.

"Of course, I talk to her every day," Marlene replied.

"Then I'm sure, she told you I was planning a little visit," he said.

"Yes, and she was quite excited that you were coming up to see her."

"And how about you, Mo? Are you excited about my visit?" He asked.

"Should I be?" She asked.

"You still haven't learned your lesson, have you, Mo?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You love what I do to you. Tell me you don't like your big tits? Tell me you'd rather have your old tits back that were beginning to flatten out like pancakes."

"Gary, you blackmailed me. You forced me to do things against my will. You took control of every area of my life. Now you expect me to get excited that your visit?"

"Mo, no one knows better than me what you want and what you need. I know what a nasty slut you are. I know what dark dirty thoughts pollute your mind. I know what turns you on. I know you crave cock, any cock. Don't you think I see the lust in your eyes as you watch me masturbate? Go ahead and deny it! How many times in the past month have you said how much you want to take my cock deep in your throat?"

Marlene couldn't deny it. It was true. In the heat of passion she said it many times and at that moment in time meant it. He had the proof. The videotapes condemned her. She was often riddled with guilt and self recrimination by the desire that she felt for her own brother. She wanted it to end, but she was trapped. She was at his mercy. If he would only let her go, she could build a life with Rich and some sense of normalcy could return in her life.

That was not to be. She couldn't keep the truth from Rich forever. The unusual relationship she shared with her brother could not remain a secret or could it?

"There's something you should know, Mo?"

"What?" she asked with a feeling of foreboding.

"I'm not just coming up just for a visit," he said.

"I don't understand," she replied, hoping that her suspicions were unfounded.

"I've sold everything down here. I'm moving back," he said.

"What? You're moving back here?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, this long distance thing just isn't working," he smirked.

Marlene dropped to her knees in despair. This couldn't be happening. Tears welled up in her eyes and flowed down her cheeks. She felt the walls closing in on her, trapping her and suffocating her. He controlled her now, but at least for the most part her time was her own. She could come and go as she pleased. She only suffered his indignities at night. That would all change and not for the better.

"You don't seem very happy, Mo, but that's all right. You'll adjust."

"Why are you moving back here?"

"I'm moving back for you. I've neglected you for far too long. For all those years you tried to blame me for your problems. You cheated on your husband numerous times. The poor man had to suffer through affair after affair, and you blamed me. You purposely chose married men for your illicit affairs. After you were done with them, you chewed them up and spit them out. Their wives were left with the aftermath of your dirty work, and you blamed me. You masturbated night after night aided by your numerous sex toys, and you blamed me for your deviant sexual behavior. Now we both know that you're by nature a slut, a nymphomaniac who will do anything for your own sexual gratification. I plan to help bring out the worst that you have to offer. Be prepared!"

"Please don't!" she pleaded.

"I'll send you my flight information. Make sure you're punctual. I don't want to be kept waiting. I'll talk to mother. Maybe I can convince her to stay home. Then we can get reacquainted on the ride home from the airport," he said ignoring her pleas.

"I want my life back!" She screamed.

"Fucking whore! Grab your nipples and squeeze hard!" He ordered.

"Please, Gary," she begged as she grabbed her nipples and applied pressure.

"Squeeze them harder, tramp. Your nasty cunt is dripping like a faucet," he chided her.

Marlene was in another world as she was overcome by lust. Her brother was right. She used men for her own gratification, but she was trying to change. She was on the right road when he forced his way back into her life, and now all was lost. With him living here, all hope for her was gone. She groaned as she pushed these thoughts to the back of her mind and focused on the itch between her legs.

Gary watched his slutty sister as she abused her tits. He stroked his cock hopefully for the last time. Soon his meat would be buried in her throat. He had plans for her. Oh yes, he indeed had plans, and he would enjoy every minute of his sweet sister's demise as he led her further and further down the road of depravity.