

DRINKING GAMES



By Lissa Daniels & Renee Carter

It was three in the morning and they were drinking. Brian was hammered. In fact, Brian couldn't remember the last time he had ever been this drunk. Terry and Joel had come over around ten. That's when the drinking began. Steve (Brian's roommate) got home from work around eleven. That's when the SERIOUS drinking began. Four hours later, the four of them had hit a second wind. With the fear of soberness creeping in, the drinking games had started.

Brian couldn't remember who decided to play truth or dare. There was just one certain fact in his brain. He was winning. They had abandoned truths entirely, and were now trying to top each other dare for dare. And Brian was the champ. He made Steve eat something resembling a month old sandwich AND make a crank call to the Chancellor of his college. He made Terry eat a whole stick of butter AND shave his head. Joel had to take a sip out of every liquor in the house (including a bottle of rubbing alcohol) and then streak through the apartment complex naked.

Now it was Brian's turn.

The other three huddled together whispering. Brian knew it wasn't going to be pleasant. Revenge was sweet, and they ALL had reasons for revenge. All he had done so far was steal the laundry from the girls next door. He'd snuck down to the laundry room and swiped a whole load of their mostly dry garments. Watching them conspire together, he knew his next dare was going to be a lot worse than a panty raid. He also knew he would do it. Whatever it was. His competitive spirit flared into full force when he drank, and when he drank this much, it knew no bounds.

"All right," Terry said. They had reached a decision. Brian knew it was going to be bad. They were leering at him. They didn't think he'd do it. They were wrong.

"We dare ya," Terry continued, "to go put your Halloween costume on." He smiled as he finished speaking, sure that the three of them had won. That's what they thought.

"Can do," Brian said. He got up off the couch, fairly successfully considering how much the room was spinning. "I'll be right back."

Brian staggered into his room and shut the door. He stumbled over to his closet, swaying uneasily with the door as he looked for his costume.

The realization of what he was about to do sunk in.

Halloween had been three days ago. His girlfriend had convinced him to go as a French maid. He realized that he had been drunk when he had promised to do it for her too.

"I've gotta stop drinking," he thought.

He had not been drunk on Halloween night, but he should have been. It had been one of the most embarrassing evenings of his life. Karen had taken great pains to turn him into the stereotypical French maid, complete with the short black skirt and spiked heels. He was miserable. This was probably because he had been so damn convincing. Guys who didn't know him actually thought he was a girl in a French maid costume. Some guys who DID know him, might have thought that too.

The costume hung in the closet ominously, swaying back and forth in front of him. (Or maybe he was swaying back and forth.) Still his competitive spirit forced him onwards. Brian swallowed hard as he pulled the costume off the rack.

Twenty minutes later he found himself staring at a girl in the mirror. He hated to admit it, but he looked DAMN good. Too good. The dress was real short, showing the tops of his black stockings. If he bent over, the garter belt would show. His blonde wig was long and straight, falling down to the middle of his back. The dress itself, covered his top completely, but was tight and form-fitting around his fake D-cup breasts.

The girl posed in the mirror. For a minute, Brian forgot it was himself and began to get aroused as much as the horrible restraining gaff would allow. He had put on some make-up. Just a little lipstick and eye shadow. Karen had done it for him for Halloween, but he felt he did it adequately. The truth was though, that he didn't need makeup. He didn't have much facial hair to begin with. His lips were big and pouty. His features feminine. Karen had even slightly arched his eyebrows for the party. Even without the make-up, one would be hard pressed to mistake Brian for a guy in this outfit.



"Hurry up," one of the guys called from the living room, "Just like a woman."

"I'm COMING!!!" Brian yelled. He sat down and put on the insane shoes. The spikes were three inches long and it took him a couple of minutes to get the hang of walking in them again. He took a deep breath and looked at the stunning blonde in the mirror again. She winked at him and he realized he might be drunker than he thought.

Then he was walking into the living room. The guys whistled and howled at him. He strutted out like a runway model, doing a turn and then walking back to the spot on the floor where he had been sitting. He plopped down.

"Damn, Brian," Joel laughed, "You're hot!"

"Call him Marla," Steve chuckled, "Marla the maid."

"Call me whatever you want," Brian said, "Just pass the vodka." After a long swig he felt better. It almost made the room stop spinning a little.

"Hey, Marla," Joel said, "Don't hog it." Joel reached out for the vodka, but Brian was already taking another swig. When he finished, he noticed that Joel's hand had ended up on his leg. It was rubbing his thigh softly, just above his stockings on his exposed flesh. His skirt had ridden up so high when he had sat down, that it was barely hiding anything. He was glad the gaff he was wearing kept his privates tucked safely out of view.

"Here, take it," Brian said, practically tossing the bottle to Joel. His hand disappeared off Brian's leg in an attempt to catch it. Brian adjusted his skirt, pulling it down over his stockings as best he could. It was so short, it was a losing battle.

"I think Marla's ready for the second part of her dare," Terry said. An evil smile crept onto his face. Brian wasn't intimidated.

"Bring it on."

"All right," Terry said, "But remember this is your payback for making me shave my head."

"Do your worst," Brian said. He'd be damned if he let Terry win.

"You heard him guys," Terry said turning to Brian. "I dare ya' to unzip my pants..."

Brian laughed.

"Oh is that it?" he asked, "All right, you sicko, come over here."

"Wait," Terry said, "I didn't finish. I dare ya to unzip my pants without using your hands." Terry leered at him, knowing he had won.

"You're joking right?" Brian asked. Terry's grin didn't change. Neither did the giggles of the other two.

"Come on, Brian," Steve said beside him. "Don't let him win."

That's all it took.

"All right," he said trying to sound confident, "No problem!"

"Tie her arms," Terry said looking over at him. Joel removed his tie and Brian felt his arms being pulled behind him and fastened together. It occurred to him, as he was being hobbled, that Terry had referred to him as a she.

"God, he must be drunker than I am," he thought. Then an even bigger realization struck him. "Terry? If I can't use my hands...then I'd have to..."

"...use your teeth," Terry finished for him, "Unless you want to give up."

Brian clenched his jaw. He wasn't going to be the one to chicken out.

"Oh please..." Brian said. "What's the big deal?"

"Then go for it." Terry said. He spread his legs, exposing his zipper and leaned back to watch. It was, of course, no easy task.

Brian was on the opposite side of the room from Terry and had to move over to him. He realized as he started to move that Joel must have tied his hands to his legs, essentially hobbling him permanently in the kneeling position. Not only that, but he was tied REALLY well.

He crawled awkwardly across the room on his knees, barely keeping his balance. He suddenly remembered that he was dressed as a woman. A sexy woman in a short skirt that was riding up as he crawled. The thought occurred to him that he must make an incredibly sexy image. A beautiful blonde girl tied down and crawling across the floor.

The guys were laughing as he made his way across the floor toward Terry. That was just the first step though. The next problem was how to get low enough to reach Terry's zipper with his teeth. He tried leaning forward, but with his legs tied, lost his balance. He found

himself face down in Terry's crotch, listening to the guys laughing at him. His face burned with anger and embarrassment, but of course, no one could see it. What was worse was that he couldn't get back up. He wiggled like a fish out of water, trying to get back up to his knees. Finally, by pushing with his face against Terry's crotch, he struggled back into the kneeling position.

"How'd it go," Terry asked him, "Did ya like it down there?"

Brian growled at him.

Moving more carefully, he slowly bent down and tried to catch Terry's zipper with his teeth. It was folded down flat, so he had to use his tongue to lift it. When it was firmly

entrenched in his teeth, he started trying to pull it down. It was slow going, but perseverance paid off and he managed to get it about half way down. Then he realized he couldn't bend over and further without falling over. He knew it wasn't going to be enough to win the dare, so he took a deep breath, and plunged his face back down toward Terry's crotch taking the zipper with him. The zipper pulled all the way down.

The bad thing was, his face was back in Terry's crotch.



That's when he felt it. There was something bulging next to his cheek, under Terry's pants. Brian struggled to get away from it, but that resulted in him doing nothing more than wiggling his cheek against it. Without his arms or legs to help him up, he couldn't get away. To make matters worse, it felt like Terry had closed his legs slightly around his head. Brian felt a wave of repulsion run through him, as the monster under the fabric throbbed against his face. He thrashed about violently.

"The zipper's down," he cried, "Pick me up!"

He felt hands grab his arms and he was lifted back up to the kneeling position.

"I can't believe she did it," Joel said from behind him.

Brian noticed as he was being righted that Terry's crotch was covered in lipstick. His lipstick. A blush burned his cheeks.

"Look she's blushing," Terry said, "She must be proud."

"Very funny," Brian said, "I think I hurt my teeth."

"Here, this'll help," Steve said. The next thing Brian knew, something plastic was being crammed in his mouth. Before he knew what was going on, the little plastic circle had been inserted, covering his teeth and locking his mouth open. He couldn't figure out what it was. He hadn't gotten a good look, before it had been shoved in his mouth.

It was a circle. The top and bottom were grooved with walls going up around both sides of his teeth. The inside was smooth. He bit down, trying to get his teeth out of the grooves. It didn't work. He could barely force it down at all, and when he did, his teeth went with it. It was stuck in his mouth. At least until he could get his hands free to pull it out.

"Ah ith ii?" Brian tried to ask around the piece of plastic. He couldn't form any words. His mouth was locked to far open.

"It's an 'O' ring, Marla," Steve said, "Keeps your teeth out of the way."

Brian's eyes widened in horror. Why would they put an 'O' ring in his mouth, unless...

"Marla looks like the kind of girl who's used an 'O' ring before," Joel said, still standing behind him. He put his hand on Brian's neck, and began to slowly rub it. Sensually. His other hand ran down Brian's body, to his fake breasts and began rubbing them.

Brian began to squirm in panic. He would've fallen over, he was thrashing about so violently, if Joel wasn't holding (and feeling) him up. He began to yell, but only "vowels" came out of his locked open mouth.

Terry grabbed his face with one of his hands. Brian stopped screaming.

"Listen to me, bitch," Terry said to him, bringing his face down to Brian's level. "If you scream too loud, people are gonna come up here. Do you want them to see you like this?"

Brian shook his head, violently.

"Uh eh-ee, I ah..." he attempted. Before he could try to say more, Terry put his mouth on top of his. Brian was stunned, and swiveled his head trying to get away. But Terry pulled his head back and held it with his hand. His lips slowly met Brian's again. Terry was KISSING him!

He tried to shut his lips tight, but the 'O' Ring just barely let them touch at all. It was no barrier and he felt Terry's tongue touch them lightly. Then it was snaking past the 'O' ring, into his mouth. There was nothing Brian could do, except just kneel there. An open receptacle for Terry's tongue. Brian tried to keep his own tongue from touching the intruder. Tried to keep it out of the way. But there just wasn't enough room. Terry's tongue continued to cram it's way in. Brian closed his eyes in frustration, biting down as hard as he could on the 'O' ring. It did no good. Nothing could stop the slimy thing from invading his mouth.

Then it was gone.

"Look," Steve said, "She closed her eyes. She liked it."

Brian opened his eyes and realized the guys were all staring at him. No. Not at him. At HER! At the beautiful blonde French maid, with the short skirt, sexy stockings and heels, bound into a kneeling position before them. WITH HER MOUTH LOCKED OPEN!



"I'm going first," Terry said. Time began to run in slow motion for Marla. Her eyes widened as Terry reached into his unzipped pants. The pants that she herself had unzipped only moments before. Terry freed the monster living within. Marla stared at it cross eyed as it moved over only inches from her face. She turned her head, trying to get it as far away from her open mouth as possible, but Terry reached out with one hand and brought her chin back around.



"Is this your first blow job, Marla?" he asked, grabbing his dick with his other hand. "Don't worry, I'll go easy on ya."

A drop of pre-cum had formed on the tip, and Terry gently "applied" it to her lips, like a slimy lip-gloss. She tried to jerk away, but Terry held her chin firmly. When the cock pulled away, a long trail of semen followed it.

"Now those pouty lips of yours have a shine to em," Terry said. Marla struggled to no avail. She tried to scream, but Terry was already pushing himself into her mouth. The scream was forced to go around the obstruction and came out as a long, "OOOOOOOH!"

Marla was horrified. Her scream had sounded just like a moan. She tried to keep her lips from touching the creature, but with the "O" ring in her mouth, the best she could do was gently caress it.

The head of Terry's dick was sliding past the ring now, settling onto her tongue before moving further back. It hit Marla's gag reflex and for a moment she was afraid she was going to vomit. Then it was being pulled back across her tongue. Back and forth, until it finally made it's way back toward her throat. Only now, IT WAS LONGER!

Marla tried to push it out of her mouth with her tongue, but she couldn't push hard enough against the now wet and slippery thing raping her mouth. She tried to scream again, and again all that came out was a muffled sound, too much like a moan.

"You like that don't ya' slut?" Terry said, grabbing her head. He began moving her mouth back and forth, impaled on his cock. It was throbbing with pleasure in Marla's mouth, and Terry increased his speed, ramming himself in and out of her.

Then it exploded.

Marla, who was already fighting the gag reflex, swallowed instinctively. The slimy fluid slid down her throat.

And it was over.

Terry slowly removed his dick from Marla's mouth.

"Damn!" he said, "Best blow-job I've ever had!"

What little cum Marla hadn't swallowed now dripped out of her open mouth. It felt like she was drooling and without thinking, her tongue darted out to lick her lips.

"Look at that," Joel said, "The bitch liked it! Let me have her."

Marla's eyes flew open in panic. Joel was pulling his dick out now. It wasn't as long as Terry's, but much wider. She turned her head away, trying to refuse the long cock in front of her face. It didn't stop him. Joel ran his dick through her lips sideways. When Marla turned her head the other direction, he caught it and slowly pressed the head of his cock into her mouth. It slid past the ring onto her tongue.

She began to yell again, not caring if the screams sounded like moans. She screamed louder.

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOH!"

"God!" Steve said from the couch, "Listen to her! She loves it!"

"OOOOH OOH OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!" Marla tried again, with no success. Her "moans" only made Joel more excited and he started ramming himself into her throat. The gag reflex returned and she inadvertently sucked in to keep from gagging. Joel was thrilled. He began to fuck her face faster and deeper. Within minutes he too exploded in her mouth. She tried not to swallow it, but Joel had cum while plunged deep into her throat. She felt it rocket down inside of her like slimy, salty lava.

"Damn she's hot!" Joel said. His wet dick slowly oozed out of her mouth. "Try her Steve."

"In a second," Steve said getting off the couch. He walked over to Marla and leaned over so his face was even with hers.

"Brian," he whispered, "I have a proposition for you."

Brian was shocked to hear his name. They had been calling him "Marla" since this whole thing had started. It made him feel dirty to hear his real name. His real gender. Two guys had just cum in his mouth. Semen was dripping down his chin. He was dressed as a voluptuous woman and guys were sticking their cocks in his mouth. Revulsion ran through him.

"Look," Steve said, "I could stick my dick in your mouth right now, just like they did, and then I could let these guys take you again if they want..."

Brian's eyes drooped with misery.

"Or..." Steve continued, "I COULD untie your hands..."

Brian's eyes indicated that this was a better choice.

"Here's what I want then," Steve said smiling, "I'll untie your hands, but then I want you to come over there and give me MY blow job of your own free will."

Brian was horrified. He fought against the material tying his arms to his legs.

"Or I could take you right now," Steve said grabbing Brian's head with his hands.

Brian stopped struggling and shook his head no.

"So we have a deal?"

The pretty French maid hung her head in shame and acceptance.

"What did you say to her?" Terry asked. He and Joel hadn't heard a word Steve had just said.

"You'll see." Steve said, "Untie her hands..."

Then he whispered to Brian again. "And remember MARLA, you're going to leave that ring in your mouth and do what you promised to do. There's three of us and we could beat the living crap out of you. But then after we did that, we'd drive you down to the middle of the college and leave you there dressed like this."

Marla's eyes went wide with fright. She shook her head in fear.

"The frat boys would love a pretty little thing like you," Steve whispered, "Especially one who's tied up and ready for the taking..."

Terry finally got his arms untied and he and Joel stood back to see what she was going to do.

Ashamed, Marla crawled on her hands and knees over to the couch, in between Steve's legs. She looked at him, at her "roommate" and saw the cruel pleasure he was taking at her degradation. She saw her long, female fingers, with the nails still shaped from Halloween, unbutton his pants and slide the zipper down. She reached in, and slowly managed to wiggle his hard dick out. It was no easy task. The more she touched it the harder and more entangled it got. Finally, it emerged, already glistening with pre-cum.

Behind her the guys cheered.

"Yeah, Steve!" Terry yelled.

"You got her trained," Joel laughed.

Marla felt like crying. The cock throbbed in her hands. She looked at it uncertainly. She was supposed to put this thing in her mouth? It wasn't as long as Terry's, or as wide as Joel's, but it was Steve's cock. That made it worse. That and the fact that this time, she wasn't being physically forced. She had to do it herself.

Apparently, she had hesitated too long. Steve was looking down between his legs at her.

"Kiss it," he said.

Marla tried to purse her lips around the "O" ring in her mouth. The result was just a really pouty look. She pressed her pout against Steve's cock. When she pulled away, a long trail of semen followed her, still linking her lips to the cock with a long stream.

"Good girl," Steve said rubbing her head like a dog, "Kiss it again." Steve looked toward the other two. "Hey Joel...Go get the camcorder."

Marla jerked back horrified, but Steve had a hand around her neck, and pulled her face back down so that her lips were touching his dick. He whispered to her again.

"Listen to me, Marla. You're gonna suck my cock and shake that cute, little ass of yours for the camera, and you're gonna like it. Otherwise, I'll make sure everybody knows what you did tonight. And when they find out, they're gonna think that you chose to do it."

Marla quivered with fear. The monster against her lips grew even bigger as if her horror was feeding it..

"And further more, when I start to cum, I want you to pull my cock out of your mouth and let it shoot all over your face."

A tear dripped out of Marla's eye. She couldn't help it. She felt so helpless and alone. Her bottom lip went out in a pout. Unfortunately for her, the pout was sexy.

"God you're hot!" Steve said loud enough for the others to hear, "Now get up on the couch with me."

She crawled up on the couch beside him, her legs tucked underneath her as if she was trying to curl into a ball and die.

"And we're rolling," Joel said point the video camera at the couple on the couch.

"Go ahead, Marla," Steve prompted, leaning back.

Marla grimaced. She had no choice. She leaned over toward the dripping erection. Then she realized the problem. Steve had his legs on the floor, and she needed to get into a better position. Since the couch was so short, the only way she could sit on it and reach Steve's cock was to crawl over his leg.



Reluctantly, she leaned over, putting a hand in between his legs to support her weight. As her weight went forward she felt the dress slide up her thighs, revealing bare skin to the cool air. Her mouth was still inches from where Steve wanted her to put it, but Marla was petrified to go any further.

She felt a hand on the back of her head and the inches disappeared. Steve maneuvered her head down so her lips slowly slid down his shaft without it going into her mouth.

"Lick it," he whispered.

Marla's tongue snuck out past the "O" ring and ran up the meat pole. When she got to the top, she felt Steve push her head down, so that his dick slid slowly into her mouth. For the first time, she was actually aware of the TASTE of semen as it slowly oozed in anticipation.

"Moan," he whispered, squeezing her neck a little bit too hard.

Marla did.

"OOOOOOOH!"

Steve pulled her hair out of her face, so that the camera would get a good shot of his cock sliding in and out of her mouth.

"Use your hand too," Steve whispered.

Marla brought the hand not supporting her weight forward and wrapped it around his shaft. She began to move it in motion with her mouth. She TRIED to use her tongue this time, tried to suck and lick and taste. Anything just to make it END!

"OOOOhhhOHHHH!" Was her response to another hard squeeze at her neck.

She felt Steve's other hand, the one not holding her head down, slide down her back and lift up her skirt. Her bare ass was now visible. Marla was painfully aware of how exposed she was. Her legs were tucked underneath her, and she was bent forward so far that her exposed rear was stuck up in the air, wiggling up and down with her movements like a cat in heat. Thank God, her equipment was tucked in.

She was vaguely aware as she continued sucking and licking Steve's cock, that the camera was now panning up her stockings, across her bare thighs to her ass.

Steve's hand was grabbing and rubbing her smooth skin, pulling the thong gaff tighter into her crack.

Marla sucked harder. Steve had to be getting close by now and then it would be over. Her jaw ached from the exertion.

Then she realized that at some point another pair of hands had joined Steve's on her ass. Since Joel was taping, they must be Terry's.

Then she felt IT!

She tried to pull her mouth off of Steve. Tried to get off the couch. Tried to get away. But because of the awkward position she was in, she had no leverage against their weight. She couldn't get the dick out of her mouth. Steve was pushing her head down, keeping his cock firmly locked within the "O" ring. And Terry...

Terry had both hands on her exposed waist. He was holding her there, trapped with her ass up in the air, and his fresh, new hard-on pressing against her bare skin. Marla tried to cry out, but once again all that came out was a long, "OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!" around Steve's rod.

She felt Terry's beefy fingers slip under the thong back of the gaff and pull. Her equipment sired in pain as he pulled the thong out of her crack, to one side. He left the garment in place, but was maneuvering it just enough so that his dick could press into the folds of her ass. Marla squirmed wildly. It only made the two guys more excited. Her legs were pinned underneath her and the guys were holding her there. Helpless. She couldn't move! She couldn't get away!

"Look how much she want's it," Steve said laughing. "She's squirming! Fuck her Terry!"

Then the cock was sliding slowly into her ass. The head went in, causing her to scream another moan. The pain was unbearable. Then it was sliding in further. It felt greasy, but Marla knew with a dreadful insight that it was vaseline, not a condom. Then it was all the way in. She could feel Terry's warm body against the cool skin of her ass, the invading monster hot and throbbing inside of her..

She was being raped! From both ends!

It almost felt like the two cocks were ripping right through her, meeting each other in the middle of her body.

Saliva filled her mouth and she struggled to swallow. This, of course, stimulated Steve into grabbing her head and moving it up and down along his cock.

Then Terry was pulling out, only to slide it right back in. The pain was easing now and still she fought to get loose. She wiggled and squirmed, but there was no escape. If she moved away from the dick in her ass, Steve's cock went further down her throat. If she tried to pull her head up, she ended up with Terry's dick wedged all the way up her ass. There was NO WHERE TO GO!

Her ass muscles were beginning to un-tense a little and Terry began pumping into her faster and faster. A small part of Marla's brain registered that it actually was beginning to feel good. Really good. Steve hit her gag reflex and she struggled to get away. She screamed another moan again.

Then it happened.

Brian had an out of body experience.

He actually left his own body and went into the eyes of the camcorder viewing them. He saw Marla, the sexy, French maid going down on Steve, while being fucked by Terry. Although he KNEW she was actually trying to get the cock OUT of her mouth, that it was STEVE who kept pushing her head back down every time she tried to escape, he saw what it looked like. A beautiful woman trying with all her might to pleasure a man orally.

And she looked like she might actually be ENJOYING the anal sex. No. She WAS enjoying it. There could be no doubt. Her ass was slamming itself against Terry with a frenzy.

Her breasts bounced with exertion, not even hinting to the fact that they weren't real. The blush of exertion that painted her face caused it to light up like a lamp. Her legs were smooth and silky in the stockings. Her skin was creamy porcelain. Her hair, long and flowing. This was a woman built to fuck. And to be Fucked. She was just fulfilling her purpose.

Then Brian re-entered what used to be his body. Only now...it was occupied.

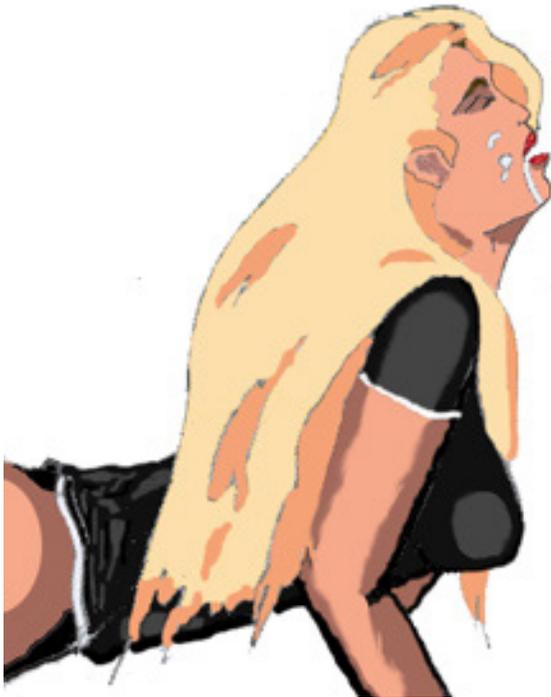
Marla was there.

And she was actually TRYING to please both men! Trying with all her might. Her tongue was doing olympic moves around Steve's dick. Her ass was moving back and forth onto Terry's dick. Terry wasn't even pumping into her anymore. It was all her.

Then the world exploded.

She was filled from both sides almost simultaneously. First she felt Terry fill the back half of her with a warm thrusting burst. Then Steve was twitching in her mouth. It surprised her and she pulled away. That's when it exploded onto her face. Just like Steve wanted. Over and over and over again. Semen dripped down her, like honey, and pooled on her chin where it dripped off lazily.

She barely noticed.



Explosion! She was still feeling the pleasure from behind. Terry was still cumming inside of her. She moaned again and another spurt of Steve's semen shot into her opened mouth and dripped slowly out of the corner of her lips.. This was an honest to God moan. Terry was still thrusting, cumming inside of her, when she realized she was cumming too. Her member, tucked so painfully tight, wasn't erect, but slimy goo was spurting out of it, through the gaff and down her legs.

Then they were gone. Both beasts that had been invading her body, were removed. It left a void. She felt empty. Empty and dirty and horribly ashamed, all at the same time.

She collapsed onto the sofa, covered in slimy off-white goo. Some of it was even her own. The two guys went to go clean up, she hardly noticed. Marla was spent. Mentally, physically, and emotionally. The part that was still Brian was horrified at what had just occurred. The part that was Marla wanted both cocks back inside her, filling her, needing her.

Both parts were exhausted.

She pulled the "O" ring out of her mouth. Her jaw hurt. Bad. She rubbed it with her hand.

She was getting up with the intention of sneaking into her bedroom and locking the door forever, when she saw it.

The guys were playing the tape.

There was no sign of Brian in it. No sign at all. Just Marla. She was gorgeous and one hundred percent feminine. Even in the beginning where there was definitely reluctance, she was still a SHE. She was also absolutely stunning. The sexiest woman, Brian had ever seen.

The guys were marveling over it.

"Well Marla," Terry said, "You sure are a fine piece of ass!"

"Yeah," Joel said, "Too bad you have to go away!"

"Who says?" Steve asked looking over at the girl on the sofa.

"Well it is Brian," Terry said.

"We OWN Brian now! We've got this tape...go get a camera, we'll take a few more security pictures and he'll do anything we want. We own him. Or rather...we own Marla!"

The guys laughed. Marla didn't notice. She had drifted off to sleep. Her nightmares had already started. Little did she know they would be worse when she woke up.