

MEGA TITS 1

The further nightmare adventures of Dorothea in a world of fetish, BDSM, Bondage, Control and Torture.

How did it all begin? Where did it all go wrong?

How could this happen to the stunning Dorothea?

The full and shocking prequels Mammaries 1, 2 and 3 are here.

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PART ONE

A Second Chance - Part One

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Chapter One

Dorothea, or Jugsalina as she was now totally known was possessed. Not in the demonic sense, although that could be argued as being the case. Wendy wasn't inside her 'bodily' and yet at the same time she WAS inside her breasts. She WAS her breasts. It was like as though that little woman Wendy had BECOME the very fabric of those hooters. Had morphed into those enlarged, engorged tortured hooters and they WERE actually Wendy. But also not, at the same time. It had become increasingly difficult for Jugsalina to think logically – or to think at all about anything. But – trying to work out what part Wendy was playing was increasingly an impossible thing for her to do. Her life was being changed in more ways than one. Wendy had morphed into her mind – her mind wasn't what it once was. Her mind now consisted of memories that were greying out, and it consisted of Wendy. Wendy was in there. She was more than in there. There was a time, not that long ago that Dorothea's day consisted merely of thinking and working out how best to enhance and display her honkers for teasing purposes. That made her weep really – the thought that that was all she had to think about at one time. Simply get up in the morning, pamper herself – make herself desirable – make herself be someone that people, men and women, boys and girls, needed to look at once, then twice and then more and more. It wasn't even as though she didn't know what she did to people. It was like she had a second sight or something. She just had to catch someone looking at her in 'that' way and she just knew what was going through their minds. It was like she just had to see a guy looking at her, sizing her up and she knew that he would be just wanting to be buried, testicle deep in her creamy, slippery pussy whilst at the same time be hanging off her nipples by the lips and teeth. She didn't need some sleaze bag to come up behind her, smooth his hand over her ass and then whisper, in that hissing wet, obscene whisper what he wanted to do with her in exact terms – because she simply knew it. She knew it and it made her smile. But it had also made her wet between the legs. Those were the days. The days when she could get away with all of that, and more. The days when she could dress her honkers, enhance her delicious legs and then use them – use them basically for anything that she desired at any time what so ever. Those were the old days though. Those were in the days when she 'could' think and when she could do what she wanted, when she wanted and how she wanted.

“Please, please please Miss Hooter Tutor, please please I know – I just KNOW what an utter complete failure I was the last time round. I know that I failed my honkers – I know that I failed you and I know that I failed Wendy, and the twins badly – so very badly. But please, please please Miss Hooter Tutor, please, please let me enrol in your outstanding, revered establishment once again and prove to you, to my udders, and to my owners Wendy and the twins that I can be what I truly am, and always know I have been since a very early age. Please, please Miss Hooter Tutor – please, please give me that chance, to prove to all of you that I can be what I am supposed to be. Please. Please.”

There was no question about the fact that Jugsalina was 'begging'. There were simply way too many 'pleases' in there for them to amount to a simple request or a dignified request. A simple request would have been just that – a request. A one off question or request. This was a repeated, and repeated, and repeated and somewhat tedious dripping of words from between Jugsalina's full, glossed lips. And even then it wasn't just the repetition of the words but rather the tone – the begging, pleading, almost childlike quality of the tone of voice that she used. It was almost a whimpering and a wining that tended to grate of the nerves of anyone in the nearby vicinity. In itself the begging could have been labelled as bizarre, and more than slightly off-shoot given this was after all one grown woman, to another. But it wasn't just the begging, or the tone of voice used by an obviously mature and grown woman speaking to another. There were other things that would

make anyone from the normal world look twice and more. Jugsalina was still silktex enhanced, as she would be for the rest of her natural life. Whatever timespan her natural life had on it. But she 'looked' naked. The silktex corset thing around her middle had taken on a flesh like quality to it. Indeed one would not be able to tell what was the silktex and what was the flesh. Where the corset ended and her upper torso began, if was not clear to see. The only thing that would make people look, and then look again was the fact that Jugsalina didn't appear to have any genitalia. But that would be due to the fact that where there should have been her hairless smooth slit of a cunt, there wasn't – the organic life form that seemed to be the silktex had simply attached itself – morphed into itself and sealed it off. It was an almost impossible thing also to spot the things that were snaked up inside her. The things that had slithered out from the silktex and then right up inside her – making itself a part of her femininity – they couldn't be seen. The thing that was nudging and shrink wrapping her cervix – the stuff that had grown into and lined her womb and then the stuff that was inside her bowels, and bladder. None of that could be seen – except – just very occasionally, with the movements of her stiletto'd feet, there would be the faintest of unnatural bulges from her tummy – and then her lower tummy. The bulge, almost lifelike in itself was not big, or alarming in anyway – and it moved slowly, kind of travelled with her natural feminine movements. Subtle movements that would need to be spotted, and then tied in with the rest of what was happening for there to be anything amiss.

But those massive mammaries were not covered, or dressed in any way. They were naked – obscenely and disgustingly naked. And, although there was no visible 'seam' that would say that they had been artificially enhanced, or grown, they looked abnormal. They looked grotesquely like they had been 'produced' within some kind of mad scientists laboratory – which was closer to reality than one might assume. It wasn't just 'as though' Jugsalina's honkers had been enlarged but the outer flesh and supporting flesh had not been enlarged or stretched accordingly – it was that that was the very case. Breast flesh stretched so thin, so membrane like that it was all but translucent. It depended on which part of which movement that she was adopting or carrying out – or which way the light fell down across the enormous grotesque globes that would determine how much of the udder inners could be seen at any one time. The linings of milk ducts almost a sheer and pure white through the flesh – and then there were the veins, and the natural bumps and lumps. The main breast flesh all but see-through and then tipped off with volcanic like areola and rock hard, rubbery teats for nipples. The areola dark and with raised speckles that were more like raised lumps that added to their sensitivity. The nipple teats almost black, thick and long and with tips that simply looked too sensitive to be anything but painful. The tits, those tits hanging enormous and heavy – swinging like massive pendulous bags of fun. But not bags of fun for Jugsalina – anything but bags of fun.

It was a sight, a scene of utter and shocking contrasts. This was a woman who was in obvious and completely utter distress having her hooters enhanced and 'grown' in this way. There was no way that she would not be suffering. Just with the weight of each breast individually, much like the weight of a small or average child – with two of them, this weight doubled, or more. Then there was the swing – the pendulous, weight enhanced swing that seemed to occur with the slightest of movement. The downward weight, putting pressure behind those frighteningly huge nipple teats that looked like they were designed to feed adult versions of babies. And yet, the obvious – the oh so obvious distress, and pain somewhat masked by a wide and severe lipstick smile. One might be fooled for the shortest of time by that smile. But it wasn't just the smile – it was more than the smile. The smile gave that air of positivity – but then there was more – like a deeper and more profound positivity that came from within as opposed to from across those painted full lips.

“I'm not sure that you mean it Jugs. I don't know why – I just don't know what but I am not one hundred percent convinced that you are meaning what you say. I mean, lets be fair, you COULD just be saying all this – just so that your miserable life will be spared for just a bit longer.

Because I know that you know what the result of you failing your first stint at my 'special needs school' might mean. Let's just explore that for a minute. Let's just explore that option. You failing those disgusting udders of yours. Failing Wendy. Wendy and the twins then having their little family conference and deciding that there is no future for you with them – or with anyone. I mean what happens then hmm? What happens if you have come to the end of the road with them? What happens if they decide they have come to the end of the road with you. That you have ceased to be entertainment for them – that in fact you have not learnt the error of your ways – that you are in fact a hopeless case? What happens then, hmm? Do they simply reduce those fun bags of yours to their original teasing tormenting state, undo the work they have done on your mind and then simply let you go back into the outside world? Is that what they do, hmm? And to they just whistle, like they might do to a dog, whistle in a special way so that all of that silktex that has become such a big part of your life recently, just dissolves away, slides down out of you, releases the corset effect around your middle and then dissolve into nothing. Is that what you think might happen, hmmm?

Jugsalina's prose or positivity didn't slip. It might have even looked like the words, well-chosen words, deliberately chosen words had fallen on deaf ears. But they hadn't. What used to be Dorothea had heard every single word and she had computed every single word and what it meant. But she was on a mission. The silktex up inside her and around her squeezed her a little – like it was responding to its mention by Hooter Tutor. Jugsalina took a little gasp, and a sigh. Her booted, stiletto'd steps, although hobbled slightly by the size and the shape and the sheer pendulums of her udders, were measured and they were careful. It was as though she was parading back and for in front of Hooter Tutor – like she was 'presenting' her case. Like she was 'parading' her case to the principle of Hooter School. But that was the most bizarre sight and sound that could ever meet anyone. Certainly anyone from the outside world would gasp in shock and horror at what they were seeing – but even someone from 'this' world would do a double take, and then maybe a third one, just to make sure that they were in fact seeing what they were seeing. Dorothea's steps were long, stiletto enhanced strides that enforced a slut-strut – but with each step, as though she were 'marching' she would scoop a breast up – cupping one breast with both hands – the massive nipple down pointing in the cup. Once she had placed her hands, then hoisting the whole of the tit up and making like she was throwing all of that flesh over one shoulder – and doing just that. Throwing it over her shoulder – the momentum taking it over, and then another stride taking place as the tide came in as it were. Yet another stride in those tightly laced boots and the ride of hooter flesh reversing. The flesh pouring back over her shoulder and then back down. The momentum and sheer weight of the breast dictating the travel and the speed. The sight like something out of one of those bizarre Tim Burton films. The tit being thrown over her shoulder and then let to pour back down again and into the natural, or unnatural breast shape. Another stride or two then and Jugs scooping up the other breast and repeating the exercise. Scooping, lifting and then throwing it over one shoulder, kind of letting the tide come in and then letting it come out again all by itself. The smile staying on her face – that air of positivity coming from her even though each act of tossing her breasts in this way must have been have been leaving a terrible toll on her.

“N-no Miss Hooter Tutor Ma'am, no not at all Miss. This useless pair of udders on legs just wants to be taught by the very best Miss Hooter Tutor. And that is you Miss. You are the best teacher of creatures like me that exists Miss and if, 'if' you just grant me a second chance, a second term at Hooter School, I promise, I promise from the bottom of my heart that I will take in all that I am taught – and that not only will I pass my final exams this time round, but I will excel and be an example to others of my kind Miss.”

There was that voice again. Childlike, whining almost whimpering and yet sincere at the same time. Dorothea was indeed presenting herself – bringing attention to her udders. She had learnt – despite the self-deprecating humility she was showing here to Hooter Tutor, she had learnt,

she had learnt a lot. The problem was that she had failed her final exams. Not just failed them, but failed them so badly that even in her state, her mental and physical state, she could not work out just 'how' she had failed. She had put her all into her time at Hooter School the first time round – even though she was coming to terms with the shock that her body and mind was being subjected to on a daily basis since she had come under the control of Wendy and then Hooter Tutor – even then, she had been sure that she should have been able to pass the final exams at the School. By the time that those exams had been taken she was pretty much resigned to her fate and she pretty much knew the importance of passing those finals. She had had it spelt out to her more than once and in no uncertain terms what might, or could happen if she failed. So she should have been able to work it all out. Maybe a sign of her diminishing mental and bodily state – the wear and tear on her mind and body – the inability to think logically. If she had been able to think 'logically' or if she had been able to apply that logic, then maybe she would have come up with the answer herself. Maybe, just maybe she was never meant to pass those final exams. Maybe it had all been fixed so that she would fail them. In fairness, it was solely Hooter Tutor who uttered the words 'pass' or 'fail' and then recorded them as such. It wasn't as though Dorothea could then get her results examined by an independent person or board. Maybe, just maybe she was being led down this path deliberately – just as part of her journey. Maybe it was always going to be that she did two stunts at the fucking terrible Hooter School – and at the mercy of that fucking Hooter Tutor and her fucking Head Hooter Girl. But that scenario, that deliberately failed scenario would not have entered her mind, let alone tumbled around inside there. Rather she would have been on a single mission to pass those finals at all costs. It would have been part of the way she was being conditioned – that 'bond' would have already been formed. She would have 'wanted' to pass out the first time. She would have wanted to impress Wendy and the twins – not to mention Hooter Tutor and her task-tress Head Hooter Girl.

Hooter Tutor watched Jugsalina, almost like she was emotionless, but inwardly impressed as she watched those fabulous udders being tossed over Dorothea's own shoulders – the momentum taking them over – the hugeness of the massive teats smacking Dorothea's middle back and then the slow slide back of that tide of almost see through flesh until it flopped down in front of her. That udder then waving and jiggling and waving to its natural state as she took another one stride before scooping the other hooter and throwing that over her shoulder. It would be difficult to compare the sight of this presentation and this begging and pleading and yet outright positivity to anyone – simply because there was nothing to compare it to – but Hooter Tutor smiled inside – not outwardly, but inwardly she smiled. She liked the way this former tease, this former tormentor of men and women alike seemed to be used to her own hideous mammaries. It was as though Dorothea had been tossing those sacks of fun over her shoulders for years and years. Like she was comfortable with it. More to the point she was impressed, and thigh clenchingly pleased with the way Jugs used her mammaries as part of her pitch for a second term at Hooter School and a second attempt to pass her final exams there. She sat back on her chair watching as Dorothea slut-strutted first one way past her and then turning and passing her again. Time after time and not tiring – that positivity not slipping or sliding away. The effort and the exhaustion sometimes obvious and yet that air, that positive air around her maintaining itself at all costs. But not even Hooter Tutor could see right into her psyche. Oh she would know more or less at any time, as would Wendy, what the woman who used to tease and torment was going through – but they would not be able to see that little tiny spark, or hear that little tiny voice deep down in Dorothea's psyche that would be the voice, the tiny little bit of resolve that she had left. One day she would get out of this – all she would have to do was play along. Go along with it – just play along – keep that silktex stuff happy – let the goodness and the positivity flow out of every one of her pores – but then one day she would get away. They would never have her completely. She was learning alright – oh yes she was learning.

“I don't know Jugs – I just don't know if I can risk putting you through twice. If I do and you

fail – it looks bad on me. My failure rate is nil. YOU are my only failure to date. I'm just not that sure that you want it bad enough. Bad enough not to let me, your hooters, or Wendy and the twins down again.”

Some time later;

“I think, no – I KNOW that I was a tit-whore as early as when I was twelve. It was obviously something that was inside me – there was obviously the tit whore inside me – but as soon as my breasts... sorry my honkers, began to sprout, they just didn't stop. They just grew and grew and grew. Boys and men would just look at me – by the time I was eighteen I was getting all of the attention without even trying. Men and boys, even some girls and women just used to perve over me. I know it wasn't their fault – it was all my fault. I know that and I accept it. I'm accepting it because I want you to know Hooter Tutor Miss, that I accept full responsibility for where I find myself now – these circumstances. I don't hold any of the men or boys who have pawed and groped and generally got themselves off sexually over my hooters responsible. If these bags of fleshy fun did not exist then there would be nothing for them gain sexual gratification from. I know – I know and accept I was destined to be NOTHING other than a pair of jugs on legs and I am deeply ashamed of the way I have used my femininity in the past. I admit it, ok Miss Hooter Tutor, I admit that I may have been giving others sexual gratification but I was also gaining some of that for myself. It was like, as soon as I discovered this 'power' I had over others, that that fed my own sexuality. It was as though as soon as I discovered this my nipples simply became hard, like very very hard over night, and stayed that way. They became hard and extra sensitive and that in turn just fed my own sexuality. I know and accept Miss Hooter Tutor that I am no better than the men and boys who have perved over me in the past. In lots and lots of ways I am worse – much worse than them because I should have known better and I should have been the one in control. I should have been able to control myself but couldn't. It all just mushroomed – it all just took hold of me. Knowing that I had that power and at the same time getting so much pleasure from it myself. It was like knowing that my hooters had this sexual air about them was like a drug to me. I was weak. As soon as I found out about this power I succumbed to it. It became addictive to me. I was a tit-whore from the first time that my nipples became hard. From the first time those nipples rubbing on the inside of my bras made my sex wet and slippery I was addicted. I'm sorry I couldn't help it. But I know – I know that sounds like I am making excuses. Pathetic excuses. I sound like a man making pathetic excuses to his wife for his infidelity. I am not like those men – I am worse. I am, was, a woman and I should have known better. I didn't really understand what was happening with me – what was happening with my body.”

Jugs was sitting now with her mammoth mammaries rested between slightly parted thighs. There was so much flesh that she had also to cradle the tits as she sat and spoke. Her stilettos were parted on the floor, knees slightly spread and then there was all that flesh. All of that volume and weight though not in the slightest preventing her from rocking back and forth gently on the edge of the hard backed chair. She looked slightly mad and Hooter Tutor, sitting on an identical chair opposite her. There was no table – just chairs facing each other. Just enough space between them – it easy enough for Hooter Tutor to simply leaned forward, effortlessly, her own large breasts elegantly contained within a silk blouse, and stroke the obscene hooter flesh of Dorothea as she 'confessed'. This confession, an important part of her application for re-entry into Hooter School.

“And what was happening, with you and with your body hmmmmm honey. Tell me that if you can.”

Unusually soft in tone, emotionless and yet soft – the honey word like an express of liquid 'care' injected into Dorothea by the older woman and principle of Hooter School. It wasn't an

accidental injection of care. It was a tone of voice and a word deliberately used to coax more and more out of the pair of tits sitting on the chair.

“I-it was my hooters Miss – they were beginning the process of taking over my life. They were, in their own way letting me know that they were in charge. That they were my future. My honkers were beginning the process of taking over my life completely and utterly Miss. They were turning me into the tit-whore I would become. But I didn't understand that then. I didn't even look on what I was doing, how I was turning the 'honour' of being turned into a tit-whore into something sleazy and disgusting. I didn't know how I should embrace the 'honour' of being controlled by my jugs. But that sounds like another excuse – another pathetic excuse. But I know that it's not an excuse. There are no excuses for what I did back then – and what I did for years and years and years. Instead of embracing the honour of being the carrier of my hooters – I took what they were giving to me and I used them for my own end. My own pleasure. I used them for my own gain. Financially I used them for my own gain. I did that for many years. Simply attracted men and then bled them dry – mostly as they stared and masturbated over my hooters. I did it for the financial gain, yes I did, but mostly, mostly I did it for my own pleasure. It was like there was no time at which I could have realised what was happening inside my mind and body so that I could do something about it – reverse the badness - it was too late. It was like I was addicted and there was no going back from that. I have to confess Miss Hooter Tutor that I didn't even ever want to go back. I was just in a constant state of sexual pleasure. But it was a selfish sexual pleasure – one that did not at any time take into consideration the pleasure of others. Or that men got their rocks off, and spurted their seed over my mammaries, yes that meant that they got pleasure – but that was just coincidental – that was just a by-product of me getting my own addictive pleasure. That was just something that fed me even more pleasure. It was like their pleasure, their orgasm and the way it was conceived was a sexual joy all of its own for me.”

Dorothea paused, and rocked some more. It was like she was thinking deeply. There was a smile on her face, but it was truly like she was in the moment. It was like she was reliving how she had progressed through life. She rocked on the chair and her mammoth mammaries rippled and waved and threatened to spill over from her lap as she did that.

“So basically then Jugs, you are blaming your breasts – for this? For all this? You are blaming your honkers for what you were – or what you were becoming. In a way you are absolving yourself of the blame, or absolving yourself of any responsibility simply because you say, that you did not know or understand what was happening with your body and with your mind? Is that a correct assessment of what you are saying to me here Jugs?”

The soft injection of care had gone, to be replaced by something more stern, more demanding. It was like an electric shock being delivered into those very piles of udder flesh as Dorothea's eyes sprang and bulged open. Like a realisation had dawned that she was coming across all wrong and that she had made yet another monumental cock up. She slid a hand under the tide of hooter flesh and rubbed her tummy as she felt the accusatory tightening of the silktex inside her. It wasn't a sudden jab of pain, or a strangulation of her feminine insides – rather, just like a warning shot. A little more than a 'hug' of her cervix, and a gentle pressing out of her bladder and bowels – just letting her know – letting her know what she already knew, that she wasn't coming across at all like she meant to. She wanted to come across as humble, desperate and as though she was confessing.

“N-no.. no Miss Hooter Tutor no, no. This tit-whore, this creature knows, KNOWS that she is responsible for everything. I am not making excuses or trying to find a way out – not in any way – not in any way at all Miss. I just, I just wanted to try to find the right words so that you understood Miss.”

There was sufficient change in tone of Dorothea's voice to persuade the silktex to back off a

bit. Consequently so did the bulge in her eyes reduce some. Hooter Tutor simply waved the tit-whore's stuttering response away with one hand, indicating for her to carry on.

“It, i-it just got worse the bigger my hooters became. I was consistently and never-endingly stimulated via my teats. I should have been strong enough to fight it off – to pull myself together. But I couldn't. My tits were controlling me not the other way around. It was my hooters that persuaded me to get my legs, my ass and my lips in on the act. It was like there was a little voice in my head telling me 'the longest best legs – the best most smackable ass – the fullest most luscious cock sucking lips.’”

Hooter Tutor held up her hand again – for Dorothea to stop talking.

“You are doing it again – making excuses and not very good ones at that. What you are saying in fact is that you were led astray by your own breasts? Do you know how stupid and childlike that sounds? You expect me to believe that your own mammaries, those disgusting jugs of hooters that you haul around with you, led you astray and led you into a life of addictive sexual pleasure and the tormenting and the teasing of all those other people? Those poor people that you subjugated with your 'weapons' of sexual destruction? You expect me to even take that seriously?”

Hooter Tutor was speaking as though incredulous even though she was using a form of reverse psychology on Jugs. It was what the whole of the rest of Jugs' life would revolve around – her hooters and how they were not appendages of her, but rather she was an appendage of theirs. Simply their transport mechanism. It was what she was learning fast, but it was also what she had had a taster of earlier in her life – her tits ruling the roost. Her mammaries actually laying down the law. But in the here and now, Hooter Tutor was using that very 'outrageous' scenario against her – like it couldn't possibly be true – like there was nothing more ludicrous in the world. She was talking as though Dorothea herself should be sectioned, straightjacketed and thrown into a padded cell or something similar. She was talking as though that couldn't possibly be the case even though in fact it was true. Even, if the journey that took Dorothea to this point in time, at this very point, had had a helping hand – even though the journey hadn't been a natural one – or one that had steered its own course, or a course chosen by Dorothea. Even though it had been a journey interrupted by Wendy – one that needed to be hijacked, kind of. One that had to be taken in hand and then steered in the right direction. Hooter Tutor kind of sat upright on her chair, recrossed her elegant legs, the nylon swishing against nylon, the ultra feminine – it was like she was truly outraged at this turn of events. Not just outraged but incredulous that Dorothea, the big uddered creature should even be hunting, let alone out and out suggesting these things. Hooter Tutor came to the conclusion in her own mind that Jugs simply could not help herself – it was simply not in her makeup to accept the total blame, or responsibility herself. Even though deeper down in her psyche she knew that Dorothea was probably on, or approaching her last remnants of self-defence. Not quite having given up the ghost yet – and yet at the same time with a kind of deflated acceptance that shone through the dimming eyes.

“N-no, no please no, please no. That isn't what I am saying. That's not it at all. Please believe me Miss Hooter Tutor, please believe that this is not what I am saying. I am completely and utterly to blame and that is how I know now that I have to make amends. It is why and how I know that I really need to be taken right back into Hooter School and made to pass those final exams so that I can carry on the rest of my life paying for my wrong doing. Or to be even more blunt Miss, so that I can have my life, as I knew it taken away and so that my udders, and my Chest can live, the way they were always meant to live – the way that I have denied them a life before. My own life pushed and shoved to the background – my own attributes reserved solely for the service and the transportation of my glorious, spectacular and yet obscene udders – honkers, bangers, hooters. So that I can be taken beyond that of tit-whore and into another direction altogether. So that I can be taken to the lowest of the low whilst my hooters, my chest are elevated and modified to the extent

that I suffer even more. Please, please Miss Hooter Tutor – please please let me try again. Please let me try again. Please let me try and if I fail again then I know that I will be, or can be disposed of in whatever way that Wendy chooses. That if I fail again, I know that I have no place in this world any longer and I will deserve whatever fate is bestowed me.”

Dorothea was rocking continuously on the chair. Her stiletto boots planted firmly, and wide on the floor. She had to part them wide so that she could provide a wide enough lap to at least try to cradle the flesh of her horrid hooters. Truth be known, even though she was actually really and truly pleading from the heart, this stance, the one she adopted, sitting just about perched on the edge of the high backed hard chair and with her feet and knees apart and the hugeness of her udders just spread over her lap, and then rocking gently – back and forth and then every two or three rocks she would just lean sideways slightly, either one way or the other and then back again. That action alone meaning that her sensitive orgasm inducing nipple teats and her speckled raised areola were forced down between her thighs – sometimes colliding and rubbing with each other. The very rubbing and colliding and slipping being sent between her legs where the silktex was doing the very best job of suckling the raw exposed nerve endings where her clitoris used to exist. But even what Dorothea was saying was worrying – worrying on several levels. It was worrying because what she said and the way that she said it meant that she was understanding the options. Or the lack of them. There were only two options – pass or fail. But she was understanding, and voicing that she was understanding what might, or what probably would happen if she failed this time round – it would be the end of the road for her, possibly – or probably. She sat upright in the chair – this was an effort for her – more than an effort given the weight and volume of flesh and innards involved. Hooter Tutor laughed inwardly but she didn't let that show on her face. She smiled, bobbed her severely arched stiletto shoe from her crossed over foot and listened intently to Dorothea pleading her case. It was a fact that it looked as though Hooter Tutor was listening casually – intently but casually. But it was more than that – it was much much more than that. What Hooter Tutor was doing was listening and digesting every single word the slowly rocking creature sat in front of her was saying. She was listening to every single word dripping into her head and she was computing them. She was computing the words and she was dissecting the tone and the meaning of every single syllable of every single word. And she was letting all of that tumble round her head – but from the outside she looked serene and she looked almost effortless in her mere existence. She listened to Dorothea and she let her speak – let her plead and let her pitch her case. And when she stopped that begging and pleading there was some minutes of silence. There was no speaking. There were just the little gasps of pleasure as Dorothea, or Jugs rocked back and forth on the edge of the chair. Not long striding rocks, just short little ones. Ones that allowed the riding and the slipping of those nipples between her legs. Little rocking motions that allowed the flesh of the hooters to ride, and ripple and wave. Ones that allowed the nipples to just slip up against each other providing each other with intense bursts of pleasure. As she did that, little deeper, longer sigh bursts as the silktex suckled her modified clitoris. Hooter Tutor tilting her head slightly – first one way and then other – as though she were listening to the different facets of those sighs and what they meant. The meaning of each sigh. Hooter Tutor letting those sighs filter in, the same as the words had filtered in and then working out what they meant – like some kind of clever scholar – someone able to read other people with ease and with an effortless ease that might chill to the bones, anyone who came across such a person. In this situation, in these circumstances that was even more so the case. Hooter Tutor knew what Dorothea was feeling. She knew all about those slip sliding nipples – she probably knew more than Dorothea herself – about the semi-lactation providing the lubrication to allow those nipples to slip and slide – that same lubrication enhancing the sensations of pure pleasure that were being driven into the depths of her femininity.

“You really are the most obscene, disgusting, low life creature aren't you Jugs? I am not

entirely sure why you would think I would take you back into my prestigious establishment. You really are too much of a 'freak' to even really entertain. Do you think I don't know what you are feeling between your legs, and through your jugs? Do you really think you can sit there rocking, get yourself off, give yourself pleasure, trying to fool that silktex into siding with you in all of this – and I wouldn't know about it, hmmm? You really do truly have a lot to learn – a lot to learn.”

Hooter Tutor's words were designed to invoke fear into Jugs. Like she was invoking the feeling in her that she had used up her last chance – her very last chance. That she was knowing that right at that time she was feeling at her most desolate. But it was an amazing thing really, that even in that desolation there was no let-up in the rocking, or in the gasping sighs that were slipping from between her painted lips. The smile was there – but so as well was the desolation and the fear. Positivity wrapped in fear, like an enigma wrapped in a mystery. For the time being Hooter Tutor didn't say anything. She just watched – and inwardly she smiled. She did that a lot did Hooter Tutor, smile inwardly. Inside Dorothea's mind she was allowing thoughts to emerge – thoughts that she shouldn't have, but ones that as long as she retained that overall positive air she could get away with and wallow. Simply wallow.

'Just play along with it, go along with it – they can't keep you here forever. They can't break you completely, ever. Your time will come and you'll be able to get out of here.... just hang on in there.'

Chapter Two - Dreamland

The dreams always started the same. A bright shard of light shearing through a high set window and so bright that it showed up and highlighted the particles of dust and minuscule debris that seemed to be ever present in the dead still air. The location was irrelevant just like Dorothea's location in her new real world. Maybe, the thinnest thread of a connection to her real life. The two worlds emerging as it were, becoming one even. A hint that she would not be able to escape to these dreams forever more.

Dorothea was perched on the top of the highest, most pencil thin stilettos that it was possible to get her feet into. The court shoe's heels were so high that there was only just that bend back of the toes, to allow for balance and for walking. There were no platforms for the shoes and so the arches of the feet were at their most acute. But Dorothea was an expert on those heels – a consummate professional – and despite the size of her breasts she seemed well balanced – she seemed well coordinated. Given the fact that she towered, literally towered Amazonian like over the tiny, fragile form of Wendy – her feet were parted quite wide on the floor and slightly bent at her nylon sheathed knees. She was bent over Wendy almost stooping over her. But she was doing this threateningly. Dorothea looked angry. That is the well-defined structure and the high set cheekbones seemed posed in such a way that it conveyed, at the very least her annoyance at the pathetically tiny Wendy on the floor beneath her. Wendy was whimpering. She was whimpering and she was cowering on the floor. It was like she was sliding backwards on the floor, trying to slide away from Dorothea but it wasn't working. For every few feet she slid backwards, it was taking just a couple of those long stocking legged strides of Dorothea to catch up to her. And when she did catch up to her she was looming over her – slightly stooped – like she was proving a point – like she wanted the pathetic little bitch Wendy to 'feel' her anger. Wendy, in an almost childlike fashion would slide and then pull her bony knees up under her chin – just about falling short of the foetal position in that she remained upright. It was as Dorothea got closer and closer to her that her eyes opened wide and stark like she was frightened. Like she was utterly scared shitless about what the immediate future held for her in that location-less room with that sharp shard of light that seemed to dissect the atmosphere – much like one might be able to cut any thick atmosphere with a knife.

“N-noooo, n-noooo please Mistress Breasts Dorothea.... please please don't do this to me – please don't do it to me again, please don't – please, please I beg you Mistress Breasts Dorothea please don't do this to me again.”

When the begging and the pleading came, it did so seemingly in a never ending stream. It was like once the stuttered words started to pour out from Wendy's thin lipped mouth, there was no stopping them. They just came and came and came again. But somehow, one might feel sorry for Wendy – the cowering was extremely realistic and very unlike the confident Wendy of the real world. Yes, in the real world, inside Dorothea's hell that was the real world she was still tiny, still minute and minuscule in everything she did. But in that world, Wendy, or Miss Chest as she was known, was confident and she was in control. Seeing her in this dream, in this dream dissected by that shard of bright light that may, or may not have been the sunlight coming in from the outside, she was a petrified, frightened little thing. If it was possible for her to recede into herself any more then she had. This dream was taking place after that encounter – the encounter in the supermarket and then that had gone on back at Wendy's huge house where even more huge amounts of red wine had been consumed. And after those nerve shattering orgasms that Wendy had showed that she could create for Dorothea. It was true, those orgasms, one for each of her chubby, bloated nipples had blown her mind and she had immediately re-assessed Wendy. Not normally a 'woman' for want of a better word that she would befriend or count in her list of friends. But this was one that she

could keep as a pet. Easily she could keep her as a pet and just take her out when she wanted another of those orgasms – or even a whole string of them. That second orgasm had barely left her juddering body when she had made that decision – that decision to make Wendy, this little tiny, insignificant woman Wendy her pet. And this dream was a culmination of that master plan. This was how it was meant to be. It was how it was going to be. It was how she was going to liven up a life that had become a little mundane – a little boring.

“Oooooohhhh Mistress Breasts Dorothea oohhhhhh please noooooo please that hurtssssss please please Mistress Breasts Dorothea, pleeeeeaaaaaassssee uhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

The ludicrousness of the situation was there, painted along with the words that Wendy used. Mistress Breasts Dorothea. It was as though Dorothea's breasts had been singled out for being made a point of. It could have been that this tiny woman had labelled Dorothea in this way all by herself – as though she was some kind of nut case who was also breast obsessive. As if! Dorothea, even 'pre modifications' did have something approaching stupendous breasts. She was proud of them – more than proud of them. But looming, threateningly over the diminutive Wendy in this fashion the breasts, hanging free and swinging much like huge wrecking balls would swing before the controller chain had taken hold of them, were swinging perilously close to Wendy's head – and her face. Wendy would slide, stuttering and whimpering back and then Dorothea would, with her perfectly manicured fingers spread across both nylon sheathed knees, kind of stoop to follow – taking huge long steps to keep up with the scampering Wendy. The breasts of Dorothea huge, heavy, pendulous as they swung and swung ever closer.

“Come here this instance you little shit – you know I want to smother you with these things. It's only right, it's only fair that I do that to my pet – don't ya think Wendy?”

Dorothea sounded as manic as she looked. Her full lips a deep, deep blood red in colour and they had been outlined with an even deeper, almost black red – if there was such a thing. Her eyes were similarly heavily made up. Lashes thickly mascara'd and with long rich curls that she blinked from under. Even her blinking was a frightening feature that seemed to exist in these dreams. The way she spoke, the way she almost 'spat' at Wendy was at odds with itself really. There seemed to be no reason why this huge Amazon of a woman would or should treat this tiny, seemingly harmless, even retarded woman in this way – and yet she did. In this dream, this particular dream it was as though Dorothea was getting some kind of revenge for something that had not happened yet. Like as though she was getting some kind of revenge for a lot of things that were about to happen, or that would happen at various points in the future. When Wendy had backed up against the wall, actually in the corner, where two walls met at right angles, she could go back no further and the wrecking ball breasts that were Dorothea seemed to swamp her in a tidal wave of flesh that was impossible to escape from. Like a tsunami of flesh that was colliding with Wendy's head and facial features. The way that Dorothea moved, primarily on her long, strong stockinged legs, but also the way she shifted her hips – twisted them one way then the other, dictated how the hanging mounds of flesh collided and then swamped the tiny woman. Firstly the twin bazooka orbs collided with themselves, making each other ripple and dance. This was like a deliberate thing that Dorothea did – like a well-practiced deliberate thing that she did so that energy was built up, kind of stored in all of that tit flesh in readiness for when it hit its target. When it did hit the target, it did so without mercy. There was the spluttering and muffled squeal of Wendy somewhere under all of that flesh, but there was also the knocking of her little head against the wall as she failed to stop the onslaught of breast flesh from enveloping her head and face. It was like those first few contacts, those first few swings of the jugs were designed, like a shock tactic. The deliverance of them like a shock and awe tactic. Like weakening blows. Not simply physically weakening but also mentally. There would be no doubt, before that initial contact, before that initial cornering that this tiny woman was somehow and for some reason scared shitless of Dorothea, or at the very least of Dorothea's

pendulous tits. Then the stark staring of the eyes, almost out on their storks as the stooped Amazon came in for the kill. Long striding steps followed by the tiniest, almost imperceptible shimmy of the hips to send those jugs colliding with each other and then twisting this way, then that way so that the energy would build and build.

By the time those swinging udders were enveloping Wendy's tiny head and face the energy was at its most cataclysmic and the last thing one might see was the thick rimmed spectacles being knocked off her nose and then the blind panic and fear as her face was mashed and minced by the heavy tits. Dorothea would use that blow several times. She would wait for the energy to dissipate and dispel around Wendy's head and then she would step back and look at the result. There would be a slight rolling of the vacant eyes in their sockets and there would be that quivering of the lips. Dorothea would spend a few seconds, or minutes looking at that result – Wendy slumped in the corner – still cowering but now like a weakened cowering. She would take that in and then she would ready herself for a second, then a third, maybe even a fourth and fifth attack. Using the expertise of those killer blows to weaken Wendy – take any fight out of her. It would be true to say that the fight went out of her in increments – with each advancement of Dorothea and her swinging melons, the fight was taken out of her. Drowned in a sea of pure, succulent tit flesh. It would only be when Wendy was a complete and utter slump in the corner and when she was totally unable to help herself that Dorothea would consider that the groundwork for that particular day had been laid. Somehow, she loved taking it out of Wendy. She loved absolutely destroying the tiny, whimpering woman. She even loved how the whimpering became less and less each and every time her head and face became enveloped in all of that shifting, energy filled tit flesh. She loved that – loved taking it from her in the most cruel of ways imaginable.

“It's gonna be a long day today pet. A very long day and I just want you to know that you are going to be put through the mill. If I don't get complete gratification – hmmmmm well – maybe I will just let you think about that one.”

Dorothea stood arrogantly, one hand on a tightly skirted, jutting hip as she had looked down at the wrecked, tiny little form of Wendy. She was slumped in the corner, skinny arms limp and loose at her sides. Propped up against the corner of the two meeting walls and yet her head lolled forward. She was breathing heavily and she was also shaking, or quivering. It was like she was petrified scared, but it was also like she had no energy, or will to do anything about it. The close encounters with Dorothea's jugs had taken it out of her and she was just sat there – semi sitting, half lying, slumped.

“Y-yes Mistress Breasts Dorothea.”

The voice not even a whimper – more like a whispering hiss. Dorothea smiling that wide lipstick smile that she tended to do – and then her turning, for the first time to another corner of the room where this time the twins were sitting huddled, cuddling – but also smiling, leering. The twins even smaller than their big sister Wendy, if that were possible. But their demeanour was different to Wendy's. Wendy's was a definitive fear, fright and defeat and theirs wasn't like that. The twins were looking on with something like a sexual joy at the proceedings as they unfolded. They were huddled together still almost as though they were joined at the hips. Not quite siamese or co-joined twins but almost. And their movements, although identical, sort of opposite as well – like they were mirror imaging each other. But there were the bubbles of drool that seemed to be collecting at the corners of their mouth and then the unusually large, fleshy, almost black tongue that slithered out to collect that drool. They looked and pointed at their big sister Wendy, and they laughed and giggled at her apparent plight. Then they watched Dorothea, and there was no mocking when they watched her, or looked at her. Rather there was a look of utter lust at the hugeness of the breasts and the way all of that flesh moved and shifted. They stroked each other during the five times that Dorothea moved in for the kill, as it were. That was the most bizarre sight, these ageless twins, tiny, puny

even and yet at the same time moving with adult motions, stroking each other in a loving, almost sexual way. Dorothea shifting, knowing that they liked what they saw and feeding them because of it.

“You like this don't you, you naughty naughty girls. I'm gonna deal with you two a little bit later – but in the meantime I don't mind you watching your big sister get her just and proper treatment.”

It was only as Dorothea spoke directly to the twins that their facial expressions changed. Like it was not part of the plan that Dorothea was going to work on them at all this day. But she had just changed that and as a result their facial expressions had changed. Once again like the mirror image of each other there was a blankness that came down over their pale little faces, and then a shifting and a darting of the eyes as they looked at Dorothea's stupendous hanging, swinging jugs in a new light. They looked at the hooters and then at each other and then back again – real proper fear in their eyes and across their faces. Then they looked at Wendy, slumped and exhausted from the mauling and mashing that the jugs had just given her. That wasn't fair – Wendy was bigger than them and she could take more of that mashing than they would be able to. It just wasn't fair that they be subjected to the same treatment as Wendy – that just was not fair at all. Dorothea looked at them and licked her own lips. She had seen the change in their faces – she had seen the blankness comes down over their eyes and faces. She liked that. She liked it when she could simply change them in that way. She liked the control that she had over them and she liked the fear that they held for her. It was a nice blend – a nice blend of all of that "positivity" that she felt about herself and within herself. She didn't know where that positivity came from, not in the dreams – but it was always there. She couldn't know that it was another of the slightest slithers of a thread that linked the dream to her real life – her horror life as it was now. The positivity – that positive smile. But with this positivity, with this thing, almost like a thing approaching euphoria, there were no things up inside her, waiting to hurt her if it all slipped. There was none of that – not at first anyway. The dreams, these dreams were the only way that Dorothea could escape these days. But even the dreams were not a complete total escape. They were weird dreams – like dreams which had threads of her new reality in them. The more dreams she had, the closer to her reality they became. Just threads first of all – but the threads got thick and thicker and thicker. Like they became a bigger part of her dreams – like they were taking over her dreams. But at first these dreams were just that – dreams – an escape with just the tiniest threads of reality.

“That's a good girl Wendy. Good girl. You know how I like to feel those disgustingly thin lips around them, don't you, you little cunt, hmmm?”

Wendy was still cowered and slumped in the corner of the location-less room except that now the mighty Dorothea was right over her and she was in the shadow of those huge udder like jugs of tit flesh. Dorothea was holding Wendy's head still by the hair. She had wrapped the thin, greasy hair in her perfect finger and she had wound it around her fist so that she could get a nice tight grip and then she had yanked the tiny woman's head back – right back so that she was looking, eyes bulging stark and staring up at her tormentor. Dorothea was talking to Wendy and she was asking her questions but she wasn't really expecting an answer. Or she wasn't really expecting any kind of conversation with her. She might have, had the circumstances been different but as she spoke, or spat down at her, she was fucking the tiny, thin lipped mouth with her solid, rubbery like nipples. First one then the other. In this dream, her nipples were longer, thicker more obscene, almost more grotesque than they had become in real life. Like cocks at the tip of her huge udder. These nipples were the centre of her orgasmic experience. She had stepped out of her skirt so that she could spread her legs a little wider to allow for the dipping motions she gave as she fucked the tiny mouth with her nipples. She held the head dead still, dead hard and she simply dipped the nipple in and out in and out. It could be a hard, dripping cock fucking a hungry cunt – but it wasn't.

But similarly, the more she dipped the thick, teat like nipple into the dilating mouth of Wendy, the wetting the mouth and consequently the nipple became more cock like. It was a cause and effect situation. At first the dryness of the nipple contorting the thin lips a little, pushing them in and then pulling them out on the out stroke – but then slowly, ever so slowly the tiny mouth producing bubbles of saliva – the lips tightening and then the tongue coming in to play, wrapping around the shaft of the nipple. The strokes becoming slower so that the dip of the nipple into the increasingly wet and slippery mouth was longer. The full nipple being submerged in the mouth for longer. The apparent strength of Dorothea in her exaggerated stance over the tiny woman even more so as she exchanged one nipple for the other. Just slightly twisting at the hips, swinging her other massively heavy and voluminous tit over so that she could begin the dipping process. Dorothea herself, eyes slightly rolling in the sockets as she began to feel the pleasure that the lips and tongue was giving her stems. She liked this – she liked the way the little freak called Wendy knew how to pleasure her tits in this way. Even in that dream she remembered all about the orgasms that she had been given by Wendy. But this dream was the follow up to those orgasms. The plan that she had come up with to enslave and en-pet Wendy. In this dream it had been all too easy. In this dream Wendy had been exactly like she had always thought Wendy was – a pathetic wishy washy, puny tiny little woman who had been incredibly easy to take in hand and make that pet of. In that dream, Wendy was not the psychotic little, insidious vapid jealous bitch who would later gain total utter control of Dorothea. Oh no in this dream she was not that little woman at all. In this dream she was the ideal pet.

“Good, good girl Wendy. I do like a well behaved pet. I do like a well behaved bitch suckling my jugs' teats. And to think, your sisters there are so proud of their big sister, so proud.”

Dorothea was holding Wendy's head, by the hair with one hand and she was guiding the tit flesh with the other. Just tucking her hand and fingers under the breast mound, digging her finger tips and nails in there a little, then lifting and dipping the thick nipples into the mouth of Wendy. Wendy's mouth was so small, so diminutive and thin lipped that it looked like she was sucking a medium sized cock, such was the thickness and the length of the nipples. She would guide the nipple into the mouth and then dip her whole breast weight behind it so that it effectively gagged the small woman. Then she would release the hand that had guided the tit and she would use the wall for support as she rose and dipped, rose and dipped. Her long strong shapely legs spread, bend at the knees and her feet severely arched into the acute stiletto heels that she wore. Eventually the suckling wet sounds coming from the mouth became obscene. More than obscene. The amount of saliva produced more and more copious as the scene became one whereby there were thick ribbons of drool and saliva stretched from nipple tips to tongue and lips of Wendy. As the mouth fucking by thick, engorged nipple progressed, Wendy reacting hungrily to the offered tit meat. Her tongue swirling around the speckled, raised aureole and then wrapping like some kind of constrictor around the nipple stem. Wendy's tongue so long, thick and wet that she could constrict the nipple stem and then swipe the tip of the tongue across the nipple tip. It was yet another minute, tiny and almost imperceptible connection with her real world. Yes in this dream she was in control, she was topping Wendy, dominating her and keeping control of the twins who watched hungrily from the side-lines. But the pleasure that Wendy was able to provide to those dipping, fucking nipples was a sign of the control that she had in real life. Not even Dorothea would get the connection in those early dreams. But it was a connection that was there for sure. There were little grunts and groans of pleasure that dripped wetly from Dorothea's deep red lips as she stooped over Wendy and as she raised and lowered her nipples into the waiting, eager mouth. And that was just it – it was an eager waiting mouth that was ready to take the nipples. First one then the other.

“Mmmmmm good good girl... that's what mama likes.”

The sort of voice that was as obscene as it was husky and cigarette stained. The sort of voice

that told of Dorothea's descent into a deeper lust and a deeper perversion as the small woman pleased her nipples the way that she did. But that was the thing that separated the dream from the reality. In the reality, Wendy simply had to swipe the nipples once with her tongue and the orgasm would come on strong, more than strong immediately. There would be no warning of it coming, it would just simply come with that silky smooth swipe of that velvety tongue and the orgasm would be an immediate hit. An intense hit and an absolute hit of pure, undiluted pleasure. But in the dream that didn't happen. For some reason it didn't happen and yet at the same time, the constrictions and the swiping of that tongue tip did 'hint' or 'promise' things to come. Like they were being a tease – like the tongue, the lips and Wendy herself was drawing Dorothea into the world, back into the real world via that dream. It was the connection that Dorothea didn't get. As far as she was concerned this was her escape from that nightmare world, not another route into it. In her dreams she could escape the hell that had been heaped up on her. It was her chance to slip into an escape and enjoy the world as she preferred to see it. Not the world in which she was forced to smile – forced to be positive. But she couldn't even see that connection. She was positive – so positive in the dreams. But it was easy in the dreams because she was not being forced to endure those things, those silkex things deep inside her femininity. In these dreams she was positive because she could be. Not positive because she was being forced to be, or because she was enduring something she preferred not to be enduring. She was positive on her terms.

“Mmmmmm good girls, my girls. My good girls.”

Dorothea's voice became more and more drippingly obscene the further along this dream went. It wasn't just that it sounded obscene and frankly disgusting – it did that with interest – and along with the more and more exaggerated stance and movements, the sort that happened with increasing and increasing arousal – it was the way it poured out from between her full sensuous lips. Like the rest of her, her lips moved as though they were hungry – not just hungry but sexually hungry and so the more she fucked Wendy's mouth with her nipple teats, the more friction, wet slithering friction she gained and the more pleasure she gained. By this time though the twins had crawled between her spread legs and they were each suckling a labia. There would be no point pretending, even in a dream that was dissected by that shard of light that Dorothea didn't have large, well-used labial lips to her name – she did. It seemed that with all of her intimacies, she excelled in volume. Her cunt lips were no different and the tiny, tiny twins were under her with their neck craned up like they were the feeding young of a proud mum, and they were lapping their tongues over the slug like lips. Dorothea was dipping and pulling up, dipping and pulling up and the twins were following every tiny nuance of movement with their own tongue. Slipping out the tongues and licking the length of the labia lips. Sometimes the lapping tongues would barely touch the lips, just wisping across and over the flesh in order to make that same flesh twitch and buzz. And that was just it – that flesh did twitch and buzz and those little wispy movement and flashed across the tops of the labia did feed her need just that little bit more.

Other times then the licking was a more firm fluid movement using the bubbles of their own saliva then mixed in with her own juices that had begun to produce in copious amounts. Firm licking of the full length of the lips – the licking from both twins like mirror images, mirror lickings of the lips. First one way then the other and then back the other way again. The twins super competent in what they did and how they did it. The dream scene as surreal as anything anyone could conjure up in their imagination. Both girls making sure that they did their work on the prose Dorothea who was swimming in her own intense pleasure. But at the same time, enjoying what they were doing for their own ends. Suckling those labia lips and drinking the juices that were dripping off them. Spending a long time licking the lips, feeding Dorothea, feeding her need and then some more, licking and drinking – licking and drinking – and then working in unison although the perfect synchronisation being broken a bit as one twin licked to the bottom of Dorothea's slit and then other

licking up and towards her hooded clitoris. Not touching the clitoris but at the same time feeding into the mind of Dorothea that it was definitely on the cards that she was going to have her clitoris licked. This, another of the times when the dream world and the real world were almost colliding. If they weren't colliding then they were brushing up against each other and teasing each other. Dorothea in control and yet not in control. Dorothea dominating Wendy, totally dominating her, drowning her with her own jug flesh and yet at the same time not because Wendy was pleasuring her and she was picking and choosing when and how to pleasure her. It was like Dorothea was controlling the bigger picture – like she was the painter of the picture that was being produced and yet Wendy was the one who was taking care of all those little nuances – the tiny little things that would eventually come together and blend the two worlds together – make them one. From a poised, almost arrogantly stanced stoop over Wendy, it became more like a squat. The knees bending and opening a little more then a little more still. Her overall stance lower and more obscene as she bounced her sex into the tiny small faces of the twins – as though she were encouraging them, as though she were eager for them to lick the deeper confines of her cunt and as though she was increasingly desperate for them to hunt down her clitoris and swipe it with their eager, expert tongues.

Yes she was dominating the twins and she was dominating Wendy, but to see the dream from start to finish, the domination, the dominance was slipping. She was crudely posed and being licked and pleasured intimately like only this weird fucking family could do. Licking her and teasing her femininity – her alive and pulsating femininity. Licking it, constricting it, wetting it and slipping through it with tongues, and lips. The tongues down below just ploughing through the labia – doing a little dance with each other – both twins intertwining the ends of their tongues between the open, throbbing labial flesh, and then going on their own separate ways again as they each took turns to swipe around the base of the clitoris without disturbing the hood. Well, that wouldn't be strictly true – swiping around the base of the clitoris yes, but with just enough pressure applied so that the hood pulled against the clitoris flesh – so that the feeling of constriction and pulling at the clitoris was emphasised and enhanced. Such a feeling making her stoop lower and lower – more obscenely. Hips thrust back, the twins space beneath her thighs becoming less and less. And at the same time, her grip on Wendy's hair becoming tighter and tighter as she was forced down and down – the fucking motions of her fleshy voluminous breasts becoming more and more obscene and desperate. The noises as the nipples, first one then the other becoming more and more obscene and grotesque the hungrier she got.

“Mmmmm that’s my good girls... mmmmm yesssss good good girlsssss.”

It was a base growl that she was letting out. It was a growl that was disguised as hissed words and yet it was a growl none the less. What she was talking was sexually addled bullshit. Like the base of her hunger had been reached and was making her sink below gutter level in status. But it didn't matter because this was the dream – this was what it was all about. This was where she needed to be – not in that horrible world of horror and utter control and terror that she had become a part of in the real world. Here, in these dreams she could be who she wanted to be and in any way she wanted to be and there were no comebacks. Here she could intermingle all of those positive smiles and vibes with ones of pure unadulterated undiluted pleasure. Intense pleasure – mind blowing pleasure. Mind numbing pleasure. Mind melting pleasure. She groaned as she lowered herself a little more and as she lowered herself a little more so the rhythm was changed. So the dipping and rising of her hips over the mouths of the twins became more like a grinding down into their faces. At the same time as that there was more of a shoving of her thick teat like nipples into the eager mouth of Wendy. Just hovering the nipple teats above the mouth first waiting for the eager fleshy tongue to come out and meet and then a plopping down of the tit flesh – the nipple teat sinking into the warm wet confines of the mouth and then the rest of the heavy, pale tits flesh

sinking over her face, covering her nose and her mouth and her eyes. Blinding her and yet at the same time the mouth working and working on the flesh. Dorothea swivelling on her hips a bit – making the tidal wave of flesh shift, and ebb and flow over the upturned, tiny face of Wendy. Wendy making noises of sorts that were muffled out by the volume of flesh being applied. But those noises seeming to come from the back of her throat. All wet and bubbly. But the mouth working – suckling on the nipple – suckling the nipple deep into her mouth until the tip pressed against the back of her throat and then working it just there. Using that pressure to tease the ultra-sensitive nipple tip. Dorothea pressing down with her tits, as though the act of smothering this tiny insignificant woman was giving her an added thrill. As though she were getting added sexual joy from making this woman drown in her hooter flesh. Spreading her knees then, making it easier for the twins to apply upward pressure with their own mouth and tongue. Dorothea spreading and smearing her sex flesh all over their tiny faces and at the same time gaining some much needed friction with her femininity. But the twins calling the shots – with the downward pressure applied by Dorothea, they were adjusting their mouths and their tongues and simply fine tuning what they were doing. Dorothea convinced she was getting that extra little bit of something that she needed where in fact she wasn't. Her mind was melting – even though she was the one dominating and controlling the dream – the reality is that she wasn't. The tiny family, the sisters, the twins and Wendy were playing her they - were playing her with their mouths and they were doing it expertly and thoroughly.

Mmmmmmm good good girls. My good girls.”

The huskiness in itself sounded obscene and yet the words that Dorothea hissed and dribbled as she was being brought to the height of a super intense orgasm was even worse. Like a mama talking to her offspring in that deluded sexual manner. Like something out of a low life film – gutter level. As she approached orgasm, so she shoved more of her tit meat into the mouth of Wendy. First one tit and then the other and then back again. Dipping the tits in wetly and thoroughly until she felt that pressure to the nipple tip at the back of Wendy's throat – then the tits swapped over, exchanged and re-dipped. As she pushed the tit meat into the mouth so she lowered her hips and as she did that so the twins 'allowed' her orgasm to spill over. They took turns to swipe her clitoris tip with their tongues and as the orgasm reached its height Dorothea squirted – such was the intense pressure produced by the building up and the release of the orgasm, the squirt was jet like and into the eager upturned mouths of the twins. Their tongue extended up and hover, fluttering over the clitoris tip like humming birds but at the same time their mouths wide open and taking the ejaculated juices of Dorothea into their mouth. They seemed able with ease to be able to taste the juices and yet at the same time keep the fluttering of the tongue tips equal and over the clit tip driving Dorothea to the point of madness – but not quite. She like these dreams – in these dreams, in her mind she was in charge she was in control and she was getting all of the pleasure without any of the mind numbing horrors that she got in real life. She wished she could exist in these dreams all the time because she could live with that. The pleasure that she controlled. She held her breath and orgasmed – wave after wave of pure pleasure, intense pleasure and squirt after squirt of her juices into the mouths of the twins. The twins just taking it in turns to feed from her – their tongues fluttering almost too quickly, too fast that they were nothing but a blur and yet the constant swallowing of juices. The throats rolling with the swallow – the swallow seemingly never ending. Dorothea dipping her tits, and squatting. Dipping and squatting – and then the spasming as the orgasm reached its utter height – once it had reached its super intensity that spasming that absolute display of the fact that it wasn't Dorothea in control at all. This was simply a comfort zone that she was allowed to exist in, for the time being. She would be allowed these dreams – permitted to exist within them for the time being – just so that she could be taken further and further along in the process. Just so that she could be taken to where she needed to be. She squirmed and wept through the most intense part of her

orgasm. And then she woke up.

Chapter Three

It was Jugs' turn to smile inwardly. She was in. As far as she was concerned she had passed the biggest test yet – she had got passed that mental bitch Hooter Tutor. She had made her pitch and ok, it hadn't gone all smoothly, but she had got there in the end. It might have looked a bit suspicious had she got her pleading begging pitch dead right, word perfect, pitch and tone perfect from the start. She had to look desperate and to do that she had to make mistakes and she had. She had to stumble over her words and she had done that as well. It had gone up and it had gone down – she had thought she was in, and then that feeling had been snatched away from her – then she felt 'up' again – and then that was snatched away – just taken away from her. She was back in though – that was the main thing. She was in and relatively her sane mind was in one piece. Ok, ok, the sanity in her had been, was being, forced to the back – forced to take a back seat in her mind as it were, but it was there. When the time was right she could call on those 'sane' resources and make the break for it. That's what she would do – that was what made her smile inside – that thought, the one of escape and possible retribution for the animals that had done this to her, were doing this to her – that was what gave her the warm fuzzy feeling inside. The silktex – oh yes the silktex – Jugs had even got the fooling of that fucking alien stuff down to a T. How she saw it, and how it appeared to be was that as long as the silktex could sense that warm fuzzy feeling, it would be taken and treated as positivity and it would react in and around her as such. It would feel the warm fuzziness and even sense that inward smile of Dorothea's, but it would know the 'reason' for that feeling or that positivity. It was as though it took it for granted that she was being positive because of the predicament and the life she was now leading. In many ways Dorothea was fooling herself. She was fooling herself on several levels. The silktex was unpredictable – sometimes the warm fuzziness and the inward smiles were taken as she imagined it and they were being taken – but other times it was as though the silktex itself was being a bit suspicious, asking questions like as though it thought that it was all a bit too good to be true. In many ways it was like the silktex, like Dorothea, or Jugs was a work in progress. Like it was being perfected but wasn't quite there. And sometimes, just sometimes it was working as it should work – all the little bits and pieces falling and slithering into place and that false warm fuzziness was being treated as it should have been, with suspicion – tightening around her feminine insides, just constricting them a little. Dorothea couldn't see that – in a way she was just grateful that she had enough of her mind left – that little bit that she could call on when the time was right. Because it was that little bit that would see her right. It was that little bit that was left that would mean that when the time was right she could make her bid for freedom and just get the holy fuck out of this mad place. It meant that she could haul the hugeness of her udders over her shoulders and high tail it right out of that madhouse – get the fuck out of there. In the meantime though she had to play along. Poor Dorothea – she may have had that little piece of her mind left – she may have even been able to give out little signs of rebellion from time to time – but the fact that she may have been severely deluded could have been escaping her – escaping her completely. That she was 'happy' that she had been accepted back into Hooter School, in itself was a cause for concern. She maybe could not see that in order to make that escape bid, in order to even have the chance of that freedom that made her all warm and fuzzy inside meant that she was being taken deeper into the Hell that Wendy had introduced her to all that time ago. However long all that time ago was, because time seemed to not mean much anymore. It seemed that she might have been missing the bigger picture. She might have been missing the fact that in order to even get to the point where an escape bid was possible, a little bit more of that small piece of sanity that she had left was being eroded away. It was like she wasn't seeing that. She wasn't taking into consideration that the longer and further down this road, or the more of this journey that

she made, the resolve was being eroded more and more.

“Well, you've been taken back – but its back to basics for you. Actually, it's back to something below basics for you. Remember your first time at Hooter School? I told you, words to the effect that you were indeed the lowest of the low – the bottom of the food chain, as it were. That in the School, there was no-one below you. Everyone in the school was above you. That you would never gain any kind of seniority by rank because of the reasons and the circumstances of your being here in the first place. I don't need to go through all of that again – I am pretty sure that you know, and you accept the position that you are in. That hasn't changed. That hasn't changed one iota. Actually it has. It has changed. You are the ONLY failure that this establishment has ever produced. The school is not proud of that fact. 'I' am not proud of that fact. The change in you is via your status. The first time round you came in at the lowest level possible. But since your re-integration back into Hooter School we have created another level, just for you. That level is not really describable – it is below your former level. Below the gutters – way below them. Your fellow pupils, well they are not your fellow pupils at all because they, largely are decent and hardworking 'girls' who learn and accept what they are and how things are going to be for the rest of their lives. You, our only FAILURE, well in lots of ways you are bringing the School down and into disrepute and we cannot in any way shape or form deem that as acceptable. We cannot allow that situation to go without being dealt with and that is what we intend to do with you 'deal with it'. Deal with your FAILURE. Normally a school would accept a pupils failure as their own – but that is not the case here. This is YOUR failure not ours. It is your failure to amend – and you will make amends – you WILL make this school proud and absolve us of any failure.”

Dorothea was standing in front of a much, much younger girl. Assuming the school only took 'adult schoolgirls' due to the very ordeals and the very environment that they had to exist in, the girl she was standing in front of must have been on the borderline of being only just old enough to be there. It could have been that she 'looked' older than she was. It was a fact that because of her very young appearance that the humiliation, and the mental pain for Dorothea was greater than it would have been had it been an older girl or woman standing in front of her.

“It's back to basics for you Jugs – like I said – we have to start beyond, or below the basics. Greeting other people, other pupils, other adults, visitors, your betters – you do NOT offer your hand for shaking in greeting... what do you do Jugs?”

Hooter Tutor was supervising and she circled the two slowly. The only sound apart from her voice was the click click click of her metal tipped high heels on the floor.

“I thrust my hooters out Miss. Thrust them out and offer both for shaking. My wrists must be crossed behind my back, just above my tail bone, and my shoulders back. I am introduced and I thrust out my honkers in greeting, and after initial eye contact I must look down.”

Dorothea kept the wide lipstick smile across her mouth and as she spoke she also adopted the position that she was describing. She did it flawlessly, perfectly.

“Well done Jugs, well done. Now, Lucy I want to introduce you to Jugs. Jugs is Hooter Schools one and only failure. Say hello to Lucy Jugs.”

The younger schoolgirl looked younger as well because of the design and implementation of her uniform. It was designed to make her look young but at the same time it was designed to draw attention to her own attributes, not least a pair of breasts that promised at some point to erupt into the hugeness that they undoubtedly deserved to have. There was a smile across her face as well. Her own, red but almost orange lipstick more than a match for her red hair – almost a perfect match actually. She moved forward slightly, but her smile was more of sneer of derision and as she smile sneered, she also sucked her teeth.

“It's a pleasure, a true pleasure to meet you Miss Lucy.”

Dorothea put on her best, most proper tone of voice and as she did that she thrust the

disgusting hugeness of her udders towards the smaller, thinner, yet developing girl.

“Pleased to meet you..... CUNT.”

As she spoke Lucy raised just one hand and gripped one of the offered nipple teats, shaking, or moving it up and down like one would normally shake a hand, that very action causing the ripple effect. Her hands, especially her fingers seemed somehow tiny around the thickness of the blood engorged perma-hard nipple teat. As Lucy shook the nipple in mock greeting so Dorothea dropped her gaze to the floor.

“Tsk tsk tsk, Lucy, Lucy, Lucy – now you KNOW how much I hate and detest that word. The C word. But... well, under the circumstances, I guess the C word is a fitting word. Jugs here is indeed a CUNT. But we are going to deal with that in due course.”

The warm fuzzy feeling inside Dorothea disappeared as she felt her nipple wrapped in the skinny small fingers and then gripped and shaken. She pushed back her shoulders as though assisting in her own humiliating greeting. The girl, the young girl seemed to wallow in the humiliation of Dorothea and she seemed to keep her fingers wrapped around that nipple teat for a little longer than one would grip someone's hand in greeting. And she tended to dip under a little – like dip under Dorothea's downward gaze. She tightened her grip on the nipple and she dipped herself slightly so that she was looking into the eyes of this big uddered 'creature' that she was in practice at greeting with. She had heard about Dorothea, or Jugsalina even though she had herself arrived at Hooter School after Dorothea's departure the first time round. And here she was gripping the nipple, shaking and a little bit twisting, the legend that was Jugs. Her re-arrival at the School would ripple round the grapevine like a wildfire. There would be pupils, and teachers alike practically forming an orderly queue to get a piece of this. Those were the thoughts that went through Lucy's mind and here she was, first in the queue as it were. Had she not been simply passing the Head's room at that precise time, it would have been someone else. She let her eyes pierce those of Dorothea first – let them pierce deep and then she let her eyes roam over the legendary hooters – at the same time she kept her finger wrapped round the nipple knowing that the throb would be being fed deep into Dorothea. The throb from the slight constriction of the fingers, and more especially from the finger tips where they 'tap tap tapped' the very end of the nipple teat – the business end as it were.”

“Thank you Miss Hooter Tutor.”

Lucy thanked the Head for being allowed to use the C word in these most fitting of circumstances and then she loosened her fingers a little. Let them slide down the length of the nipples. That was just it they weren't like nipples at all. They were like anything but nipples. They were like rough, coarse sexual organs in their own right – which was just about right.

“Good that's enough Lucy you can go – thank you for your assistance.”

Hooter Tutor was dismissing the younger girl, knowing that news of Jugs arrival would be rippling round, almost immediately. She smiled – but again it was that inward smile.

A little later the same day;

“Oh my god – this is the most comfortable we have ever been and I am not joking. This is the most comfort that we, that is me and the other one over there have ever known. In fact we were just discussing the fact that neither of us knew that there was such a comfort as this – and at last – at long fucking last something is down to you, you fucking despicable bitch.”

The voice was human, but it was electronic at the same time – and it was cackling into both of the ears of Dorothea. It was Wendy's voice – except it wasn't Wendy any more, it was Chest. Chest was the persona of Jug's hooters. Chest was the personality – the controlling personality of the thing that used to be Dorothea. Chest was the all-seeing, all hearing 'thing' that tied the whole

package together. Chest WAS Jugs. Dorothea was no more. Dorothea was less than no more. Dorothea had become Jugsalina, and Dorothea's mind had been diminished, and recessed, and pushed back – way back – right into the background, and into the greyness. And then quite simply, Chest had 'moved in'. Chest had announced who she was what she was and what the future would be – and that was it. Except that wasn't it. Chest had upped the ante since Jugs' first failure at Hooter School. What Dorothea had suffered in that period between then, and this re-entry into the School is not a tea time read. It could even be another novel altogether – one for the very top shelf. Not for the faint of heart – or for the young. Maybe even under the counter – under lock and key never to see the light of day again. Chest had moved metaphorically speaking, into the enlarged and modified udders of the person they used to belong to, Dorothea. And more realistically she had moved into the mind of Jugs. That would be the only way to describe what had happened. She had first played with and then moved into the mind of her next door neighbour – and once there she had made herself at home. She had moved a few things round – shrunk and greyed out the mind of the old Dorothea and pushed it right back and then – then and only then, the real work had begun. It might have been a pertinent question to ask – if this Wendy had this kind of ability, this kind of control, this kind of knowledge, then how the fuck didn't she know about that little bit of Dorothea that was left – or more to the point, why didn't she know about that little bit of her next door neighbour that was left, the bit that was just waiting for the chance, and the day, even half a chance when she would get away and make the lot of them pay? Why didn't she know about that? But then – who would be to say that she didn't know? Who would be the one to say that? Maybe it was just an expectation too far, that Dorothea had this little bit left and no-one but herself knew about it. The longer one thought about that – the more one thought about that – the situation, the environment and what it had become – the more ludicrous it became, or the more ludicrous it sounded. Wendy, even without the twins had simply decimated Dorothea with her fingers and with her tongue swiping over her nipples. She had rocked her to the core and had not stopped there. It became less and less feasible that Dorothea was harbouring this little bit of herself without the knowledge of her captors – her tormenters, her 'owners'. There was little question that that little piece of Dorothea still existed and was still there because there was that inner resolve – that inner defiance that she would at some point break away from the hell and the torment and might even get some revenge. But on the other hand, it was more than plausible that the little bit of her that was left was left because it was being allowed to exist – she was allowed to retain that little bit of herself because maybe it served a purpose. Or many purposes. One of those purposes undoubtedly an old trick – not breaking the person altogether – always allowing a little bit to remain – so that the person, in this case Dorothea knew what was happening to her. Little did she know that it was that little bit of herself that was allowing her to suffer, as well as plan ahead. In the here and now though she was simply suffering. There was no other way to describe what was happening. There was that crackling electronic version of Wendy's voice in her ears, both ears, but as well there was the agony that she was in – and it was an agony.

“Mmmmmmm aaaaaaggghhhhhhh gggggghhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

One never, but never got used to those noises of distress. It was like a sound that had built up over time. Maybe like at first Jugs didn't know how to express the distress with a sound and she was just making any sound up – kind of making them up as she went along. But by this time, in the here and now it was like she had perfected the sound of distress. There was no more perfect sound of distress that could be made – and this sound was underlined. Kind of enhanced by the fact that there was that wide smile written right across her face. It was from that little piece of her that the distress and that sound was coming from – that little piece of herself that she thought she had all to herself, but didn't. She was on her knees at what looked to be the back of the headboard of a bed that was centrally placed in a round room. The fact that there were no corners meant that any points of focus

were out of focus as it were. The ceiling too, that was round and formed a dome so once again there were no corners, or edges, or points of focus. But those facts, this early on would have escaped Jugs. She was on her knees and her knees were spread wide. Bare knees, baring all of her weight on a hardwood, bare wood floor. That would have been painful enough. Uncomfortable enough. But her ankles and feet had been pulled right back up behind her thighs and secured there. Ankle straps used to secure ankles to upper thighs. Simple straps – nothing elaborate and yet at the same time exceptionally strong, and adequate for the job in hand. The straps pulled tight and secured off, buckled. The pain to the knees would have been immediate and it would have been intense. There would not have been a build-up of pain – just an immediate and terrible intense pain that simply began at the points of contact on the knees had with that hard unforgiving floor and then travelled up the thigh bones and spread across and around the pelvis and then up the core of the spine. That weight, that pain then further amplified with her arms being brought back behind her. Elbows cinched above the knees and then slowly brought in together until she let out one solitary scream. As she had done that, the smile had slipped and the silktex inside her had immediately sprung into life – and it was like it was all a coiled spring inside her which when the trigger was pulled simply unreeled and tortured her femininity. She was dealing with the terrible pain from her knees, thighs, pelvis and her spine and her elbows were being cinched and brought together with similar simple straps to her ankles and thighs. One buckle at a time until the elbows touched and the lower arms hung limp. A small bolt then fed through matching holes between her elbows so that the strap did not slip. Shoulder blades strained at themselves almost touching each other in her upper back.

“Mmmmmmm nnnnngngngngngngngng gggggghjhghhgghghghghhggh.”

It was the same sound – the same all round sound just with subtle little differences – little nuances that told of the intensifying of the pain and the agony that she must have been going through. Her fingers were tight and they were spreading and then coming together scissor like. And then they curled and uncurled – the knuckles white from the straining – her way of trying to absorb the agony. But her lower arms were left to dangle, loosely. It could have looked untidy even – even with the hook and pulley from above, just the smallish stainless steel hook fed into the eye in the top edge of the elbow strap and then slowly hoisted up. Just before the tightness was attained then – her knees secured with further straps, to the floor. Not that there would be any propensity or willingness on her part to move her knees. That would prove too painful. Even the thought of moving any part of her was proving painful. Like her thoughts were transferring into the actual movement and then those movements were sending the signals of pain to her brain. So the easiest way to avoid that was not to even think about moving. Just try to absorb what was happening. Try to get into that place that she sometimes got to so that she could get through all of this – whatever all of this was. But even that wasn't happening. She wasn't getting through it at all – she was being taken somewhere else that she hadn't been before. Her elbows were being hoisted up, her lower arms left to dangle. Her knees were strapped down to the floor, her ankles to her thighs. At the same time, the hoisting up was causing her to bend forward at the waist. Just the merest, slightest, tiniest move was making her make more of those wet dripping sounds. Her breasts felt like they weighed a ton as she was hauled up and forward – bend at the waist but all of that strain being fed through her knees and her spinal cord. It had been Hooter Tutor and Head Hooter Girl who had taken an udder each – they seemed to possess the knack of being able to handle that flesh, the mass and the volume and the weight of each honker, and then feed them through conveniently sized holes that were also conveniently at the right height. This was no accidental bondage. This was not something that was being tried out to see how it worked.

This was micro managed bondage – minute control that was finite in its structure and application. What was happening was that Jugs' honker, her hooters, her udders were being put to bed. What had been happening for the last hour was that Dorothea, aka Jugsalina was being shown

her new quarters – she was being shown around the place that she would call home for the next, however long it took her to pass her exams – she was being shown around and then she was having Chest put to bed. She was having her hooters made comfortable for the night. She whimpered as the flesh, the mass and the volume of her udders was slowly pushed and fed through to the other side of the head board – all of that flesh then spilling out the other side and then let to swell out on super soft silken sheets and pillows. The only part of her that seemed not to be hurting her. The super sensitivity of her jugs meaning that she could practically feel every strand of the finest silk that was welling up around her tortured tits – and she feel every feather that was cushioning her tits in their bed. She could feel it every bit of it. The immediate warmth, the immediate comfort and the soothing of her udders. It seemed inconceivable that her hooters could be being soothed and comforted and be so comfortable whilst the rest of her was screaming in an agony that she was having major problems coming to terms with. In point of fact she was not coming to terms with it – she was doing anything but coming to terms with it and that little bit of her mind, the one with the logic, the little bit that housed what was left of her was screaming at her. She wanted to be dead – right at that point she wanted to be dead – or anything but what she was being put through. She could feel Hooter Tutor and Head Hooter Girl the other side of the head board – they were fine tuning her breasts. Arranging them on the soft silken bed and make them more and more comfortable. Jugs was screaming, and gritting her teeth with the pain in one breath and then in the next breath she was cooing and cawing from the sheer comfort that her hooters were experiencing. It was as though on one side of that headboard was heaven – that was the side her hooters were on – getting used to the life they would lead from this point on – and then on the other side, where the jugs transport was, where Jugs was, where Dorothea was, was the place called hell. That first time the agony was almost too much to bare. It would have been too much to bare if she could have got out of it at all. Her tits thrust through those holes, thrust into their bed whilst the rest of her was in a form of agony that she could not describe if she were asked.

“Mmmmm gggghhhh gggghhhh mmmmmmm hhhhhhhhhh.”

Those deep sounds of distress again. But what the melted mind, nor that little bit of herself that was deep in the back of her mind hadn't worked out yet was that this was how she would be bedded and rested every single night she was remained at Hooter School. What she hadn't worked out yet was that the sooner she passed those final exams, the sooner she would be out of it. Or possibly another case of out of the frying pan and into the fire.

One might have been forgiven for thinking that some mercy might have been shown. Hooter Tutor knew it all – she knew what agonies and torments each and every girl went through in that place. She made it her business to know – and yet she had put extra special attention into Jugs' syllabus – more especially so for her second term at Hooter School. But there was no room for a thing called mercy in there anywhere. The whole night, ten hours of it in that god awful screaming hell of a position whilst her hooters and whilst Chest lapped up the luxury – and then, the horror and the hell only continuing the next day, every day.

“You didn't think it would be the same uniform as before now surely you didn't Jugs. I mean for gods sakes, you dropped out. You FAILED. The only failure this school has EVER had the misfortune to document. A big uddered whore coming to the school to learn about the error of her ways and then FAILING in that learning. You can't seriously think that your old uniform would be here and waiting for you now surely? It's a drop-out uniform for a drop-out.”

Head Hooter Girl talked to Jugs as though with an air of incredulity about her voice. Like she was guffawing even the notion that Jugs would slip right back into that old uniform. It made her smile, it made her snigger, it made her sneer even. Dorothea felt strangely comforted by being in HHG 's presence. If asked why or how she wouldn't be able to say. She simply felt a closeness to her – they had spent a lot of time together the first time round. Dorothea had been HHG's little

project – she had been her little 'pet' and she had in a strange way become close to her. There had been a closeness that was again hard to explain – or put one's finger on, but it was there. It had stayed with Jugs in her first time at the School and then after she left. Again not an easy thing to put one's finger on. HHG had been cruel in so many ways to Dorothea and yet, she felt something for her – like often a victim falls for their abuser – but it was more even than that. There was a similarity about the uniform – it was a uniform that was breast focussed. Not so much breast focussed as a uniform that allowed full and total access, whether it be visual access, or physical access of the hooters in all their glory. By in all their glory, it is meant that they were enhanced, enhanced and 'dressed' to the maximum – but now they were bigger, They were bigger and more voluminous than ever. The holes that they had to fit through were the same standard size and so getting all of that tit meat through there – getting it through there so that the re-enforced holes would grip and distort the udder bases was a harder and more painful thing. It was also a daily thing. A daily thing after the horror of how Jugs was forced to spend the night. And then in the morning, allowed a brief respite to shower, clean herself up and then be helped to redress, again her aid, her helper the Head Hooter Girl aka Cheryl. The pain, and discomfort even after the most comfortable and sublime night they had had, for the breasts, getting them to the point where the holes were gripped at the base was bad enough – but then there were the drawstrings. They looked just like ribbon enhanced drawstrings – how could they possibly cause those immense pieces of udder meat any pain or discomfort? The holes of the tunic were doing a good enough job of that. But somehow, in some way the drawstrings, or the ribbons as they were, were special. They had to be tied and tightened, and they were. But even the slightest tug of the two ends of one drawstring was enough to tighten and squeeze the base of the breast ten or twenty times more. The flesh indenting and at the same time feeding all of the pressure through the udder tissue and behind the areola and the teats. The effect instant. HHG seemingly enjoying and savouring the drawstring process – giving her little tugs, then one or two more and then tying them off. Making what could be a quick, but intense job, very slow and very intense instead. The jugs distorting, the nipple teats pinging and those ever there throbs intensifying and turning into spasms of pain.

“Soooooo pretty.”

Head Hooter Girl, much younger than Dorothea using a patronising, humiliating and degrading tone as she tied off the big fluffy bow. Fluffy and silky – pink silky bows that rested, one each on the top of each globe of humongous tit mound. The rest of the uniform doing the job of supporting the overhang of vein and milk duct riddled flesh. Dorothea's smile wide and formed of a perfectly made up red lipstick mouth. The drawstrings and ribbons doing a further supporting role – like as though all that was needed was the scaffolding – except that it wasn't needed. The hooters perfect. Perfectly supported – perfectly uplifted and perfectly spread and with perfect, symmetrical bows on top like they made up Christmas packages for some lucky, breast enthused guy, or woman. Like a package already to be opened up and 'enjoyed'. Like a package that was to be enjoyed but in ways that defied the constraints of the normal world. Those hooters, out and proud and after a good night's rest which is what they got, ready to take on the world. Chest whispering sweet nothings into a tortured Dorothea's ears on a constant basis – just reminding her of her place in the world from this time on. Reminding her that she was reduced, and then reduced just a little bit more – even lower than she was before. The silktex both inside her and outside playing its part. Inside, the organic life form that was the silktex expanding – hurting her, making her stance more upright. The pain so directed and so intense that she could do nothing but improve her deportment. Outside the silktex cinching the waist tighter, working with and against the silktex inside her. The corsetry expanding and elongating up the line of her spine enforcing the curve and emphasising and enhancing the thrust of her enormous hooters. That silktex creeping up, strengthening the spine, but not to make it more comfortable – rather forcing into the most unnatural arch – the deportment most

unnatural, most debilitating and at the same time most humiliating and degrading. The corsetry live, and creeping and seeming to 'know' where and how to rearrange Dorothea in order that she present the best, and most stupendous hooters that she could for all at Hooter School to see. Creeping up and yet invisible to the naked eye, between the shoulder blades, some kind of added pressure applied directly between the shoulder blades so that she was forced to thrust out even more. More creeping of that silktex, up the back of her neck and wrapping around just under her ears so that her neck, the turn of her head and the angle of her head was controlled. The pressure between her shoulder blades making her arms and hands hang limply at her sides – just slightly bent at the elbows and hanging – the hanging of the arms and the clenching and unclenching of her hands and fists making her appear subjugated – making her appear more than subjugated. Giving her an air of being ready for inspection. But not ready for simply a one off inspection but rather, constantly ready and deported for inspection – as though her appearance and how she came across when dressed, made up and ready for School was of the utmost importance. That it wasn't just her 'learning' whilst she was there – or her passing her final exams, but also – also the way she looked – the way she came across and the way she presented herself. The way she presented herself and looked was enforced – it was a training thing – one that would make her stand and present herself in a certain way. Those stupendous bangers out in front of her like huge tidal waves of flesh.

Those bangers being the very, absolute hyper centre of her attraction. Everything, every little piece of attention drawn to those massive, yet obscene udders. Terrible, terrible adapted and modified udders that had still even now, some growing to do. That stance, that deportment further enhance by the impossible high heels that she was laced into. Knee length boots, that might have been described as 'ballet boots' in the normal fetish world. But this wasn't the normal fetish world and these boots were beyond even ballet in style. In the normal fetish world, the feet so arched that the weight was forced onto the very tip toes. But these boots beyond that – forcing an overarch of the feet and the toes into a concave arch on themselves. The heels of these boots deliberately and cruelly pencil thin to make balance and maintaining balance a constant issue. The boots extending and enhancing the already long shapely legs and yet that enhancing not for vanity purpose – the purpose of the boots to create the biggest hell in an already tortured spine.

And yet stand back – just stand back and there was the Hooter Schoolgirl again, already to start a new term. All ready for inspection and all ready for her lessons to begin. This dressing up, this preparation a daily routine, a daily ritual. The lipstick smile there – yes that was there despite the despair and the agonies that must have been filling every single nerve ending that she possessed. And yet as well there was the conflict and the confusion. At night, her breasts would be molly coddled, bathed and bedded in the utmost of luxury – they would be given every single luxury whilst their transport system, i.e. Dorothea would simply suffer more and more – and then in the day time, during the day those breasts, those hooters, those jugs of feminine mammary flesh would be made to suffer as well. They would be made to suffer in ways that would tell Dorothea that it was all her own fault – she only had herself to blame. Her breasts were suffering because of the lifestyle that she used to lead – because of the teasing and the tormenting that she used to inflict on men and boys and girls and women. She was suffering because of the suffering that she had inflicted on others. She had begged and pleaded, and she had laid bare her soul to get back into Hooter School and now she had been accepted back in for another go at the finals exams that she had failed so miserably. The problem was that she had begged and pleaded and laid her soul bare based on her first stay at the school. Yes that had been bad – it had been worse than bad – but that way she knew what to expect – she was kind of prepared for it – what she would go through and what would be expected of her. She had forgotten the warning that Hooter Tutor had given her all that time ago – that it wouldn't be good if she failed her first final. That the second time round if there was one, would not be an easy thing for her to go through. Hooter Tutor hadn't made much of

it – it had been a passing comment – just a few seconds out of the hell that Dorothea was going through at the time. But she had forgotten it – it had gone out of her mind – it had gone out of her head. If she had remembered maybe she wouldn't have begged so sublimely – maybe just maybe she would not have begged at all. Maybe she would have just simply taken what was coming to her. Taken it gratefully and willingly. Maybe she would have taken the failure and then taken whatever fate was ready for her. But that was it, how it had happened, or how it had transpired. She had begged and pleaded, and she had put her soul on the line – and she had been accepted back into Hooter School. But the problem was that she was accepted in on a level that she had no idea existed. Jugs head was exploding – all of that pain, all of that enhanced stance pain, inside, outside, the humiliation the degradation was making her head wanting to explode. The humiliation never died away. One thought that it might – one might be only be able to take so much degradation and humiliation before it became ineffective – before it didn't work anymore. But that wasn't the case. She was feeling it like she had never felt it before.

“Let the lessons begin.”

Head Hooter Girl, smiled sweetly at Jugs.

Chapter Four - Dreamland

Jugsalina was on a huge leather seat that looked as though it had been specially adapted for her. Her hooters had been modified, and fine-tuned to quadruple M in size and they seemed to dwarf her otherwise Amazonian stature. She seemed to be surrounded and submerged in tit flesh. She was sitting, but her stupendous udders, which were impossible to hide, or disguise were just there – just there right on her lap. And with every single little movement that she made there was a ripple of flesh that seemed to emanate from where each breast was attached to the chest of Jugsalina, and then out over the huge, waving, rippling pool of flesh. Like mini tidal waves – or not so mini, of the soft succulent and yet almost translucent flesh toward the things that on the tip of each breast used to resemble nipples. But right at this particular time they did not look so much like nipples as hard and erect weapons of mass destruction – ready to launch from their fleshy, raised speckled areola and into the mind of some poor, poor unsuspecting man who had been worshipping those breasts, for years, from afar – and was now simply a 'capture' of the woman, or the thing that used to be Dorothea.

There it was – the shard of light again. Slightly different angle this time which lent to the theory that it was sunlight squeezed through a tiny gap in a window – or a wall, or something. It seemed to come from higher angle, shearing down and then that tiny shaft of light 'splashing' over the floor before fading out.

The fact was that, in this dream, Jugsalina's breasts had been enlarged and engorged to impossible, and probably life threatening proportions. She had been through the modification process and then way beyond that. It seemed that her old forty double D breasts were from another life, another world. Even in this dream she thought that perhaps she had dreamt those old days. The days when she was a different vibrant woman. Before the days when she had been plunged into despair by Wendy and the twins. It was funny really, weird even because in this dream, the one of her sitting in this specially adapted chair sitting in the 'pool' of her own rippling waving tit flesh – she had been through all of that horror. She had experienced it, and she must have experienced it pretty recently because it was still there all lucid and clear and with crystal clear clarity in her mind. But this was different – she wasn't in that world of despair, she was still in control, kind of. She was still queen of her own udders. And that was how she felt, sitting in that chair, her hooters just pooled and spread around her. She felt like a queen, or something. But that could have been due to the smile that had been painted on to her perfectly made up face. Carrying hooters like that can only have been a burden, and a lot of very hard and painful work. But the expression on Dorothea's face was one of contentment – like somewhere inside that mind of hers, she thought that all of the pain and discomfort was worth it and would be worth it forever and more. Her attractive face, perfectly made up. It would be difficult even for a makeup artist to pick any kind of fault with the makeup. The eye makeup perfectly applied, heavy yes, but perfect. The foundation pale but which served to accentuate the high cheek bones which had been brushed with blusher – and then the lips. The glorious lips, to which all of that positivity bowed and cowed. They were perfect too, mainly coloured with a base deep, deep blood red, but to make them appear even more fuller, had been outlined and pencilled with an even darker, almost black red – if that makes sense. Those lips were not just perfectly made up, but they were 'posed' to perfection as well. Spread into a wide, slightly curled up smile and then those lips, just parted a little – just peeled apart, gloss from gloss and held just like that with the tiniest peeks of bright white teeth inside the warm wet confined of her mouth. But then those tiniest peeks of bright white teeth couldn't be compared to the very slight, very occasional peeks of the tip of her thick, fleshy tongue. That was in there as well and sometimes just showed itself with the tip to the corner of her red mouth. Or a slash across the width of her bottom

lip. Or even, more rare again was when the tongue slid out, curled up and slipped across the semi-inside of her top lip. And always but always accompanied by that smile. It was weird again, funny even that although that smile, that wide lipstick smile barely changed or altered, when it was accompanied by that little show of wet shiny tongue – when it was accompanied by the rarest of sights of curled, slippery tongue against the top lip, it seemed to emanate more than that 'normality' of contentment. It seemed to drip a latent pure, undiluted sexuality which added an almost scary, threatening air to the tit swamped Dorothea.

“Ahhhhh my babies, my kittens.”

Jugsalina was all on her own – she was talking to herself. But that wasn't right at all. No she wasn't talking to herself at all – she was talking to, and with her breasts. And the same time that she was talking, in a tone that might have told anyone listening in, but not seeing, that she was talking to a small child or a couple of small children. Or indeed to a couple of kittens. But one look at the surreal scene would send anyone from the normal world's mind into some kind of whirl and meltdown. Her head was slightly nodded forward and she was using the full radius of both arms to stroke the huge tide of flesh that was her hooters. Using broad sweeping arcs she was stroking the tops of the breasts and as she did that she was making a strange 'cooing' noise from between her lips. It was like the smile stayed painted on, almost but not quite rigid. And from that smile came that sex drenched tone of voice – husky and dirty, almost cigarette stained but not quite. She was stroking the tops of her breasts and it was as though in doing that she was feeling the need through her nipples. It was as though each and every broad sweeping arc of a stroke over all that flesh fed the sensation right back up and through her areola and nipples. There was a point during that sweeping arc, first of one hand and fingers then the other, that the sensation reached the nipples because although the smile and that positivity stayed painted on – there was a subtle movement of the lips, almost a ripple and a quiver in themselves that told of the absolute pleasure she was giving herself. She was stroking her own breasts as though they were her pets – but also she was stroking them deliberately to gain that sexual throb that seemed to tug on the monstrous nipples that were a part of those jugs.

“Good kitten. My babies. My good babies.”

If one were not to be mistaken, one might think that Dorothea in that dream was talking to her tits in a way that told that she was afraid of losing them. That maybe, possibly she would have them taken off her. Or that someone would come along and take them from her at any time soon – if she did not talk to them, or treat them right. Like as though in some strange and twisted way that she was being held to ransom by her own tits. That her own hooters had this kind of strange, surreal hold over her and that would always be the case. Such a weird, weird, not-of-this-world sight. Dorothea had the most amazing legs that anyone could be blessed with and yet her legs could not be seen. Somehow they were tucked under her as she sat on this specially adapted chair – and there she was, a head and neck popping up from this sea of tit flesh. Wobbly, wavy rippling tit flesh. And that was just it – she was in a sea of it – in a sea of that stuff. It poured out of her chest into huge balloons that simple sagged down in front of her and there was so much flesh that it wallowed and spilled down under her arms. The result of that was that she could not hold her arms at her sides. Instead her arms, when they were still were simply held out and rested by the bulge of tit flesh that she had around her. One could say that Dorothea was naked – and she wasn't because at the same time she was 'dressed' in her own tits. There was so much flesh that she was covered. There was no view of her crotch area – or there was no danger of her dignity being diminished – at least not in that way. But then dignity was a huge factor in this dream. In this dream Dorothea, or Jugsalina simply wallowed in her own mammaries. Like as though she was treading water in a sea of succulent, pale breasts flesh. But she looked happy – and she looked content. Kind of.

It wasn't like she wasn't aware of the silktex around her lower abdomen – and up inside her.

In this dream, this fucking weird dream she had learned to live with it. She had learned to live with it in the real world as well. But she had no choice in the real world, she had to. She had had acceptance forced upon her in the real world. By Wendy, and the twins – and what they did to her. What they made her suffer and what they had made her endure. It was funny, though not in a ha-ha way that even in this dream she KNEW about all that she had been through. She knew and had vivid memories and recollections of the things she had been through as Wendy and the twins had taken over her life. That night, the orgasms, then the silktex being fitted and being applied and then extending up inside her body. Then the torture. The terrible torture. The enlargement of her boobs. The bondage. The gym in which the twins had their work out as her breasts grew and grew. Those kicks, those punches into her delicate and ever changing fun bags. The Hooter School and all of the trials and tribulations that that brought. There was often an involuntary shiver down the core of her spine whenever she thought about Hooter School. Some of the things she had to endure in there she would prefer to not think about – not remember or recount to anyone. But she would have to. One day, one night, a nightmare, or a dream would take her back there and she would have no choice then but to submit to those memories and recollections. Or she would be forced to remember, forced to recollect in some other hideous fashion. But then, if she were really forced to be honest with herself, and with others then Hooter School was not a time of complete never ending misery. There were 'good' times too. At least there were good times, as good as they got in what otherwise was a pit of despair. There was Head Hooter Girl Cheryl. Now there had been one bitch only one step below the awesome Hooter Tutor herself. But after that initial getting together there had been some not so bad times. Some closer times. At times it was as though Cheryl actually felt sorry for Dorothea. Oh, not felt sorry for her enough to facilitate her scape back into the normal real world. Oh no, not that. But in a way that saw them share some closer than close moments during her time there. And this was the thing about these dreams too – the strange thing was that she could have negative thoughts and she could have positive ones and it didn't matter. The silktex didn't hurt her, or it didn't remind her that she had to wipe all negativity from her mind. She could have both feelings and both emotions and she wasn't punished for either. But this is what the dreams did – what she didn't know that they did or were doing. Those dreams were twisting her and would twist her and then they would twist just a little bit more.

It was hard work but she had got to her feet. Somehow she had managed to unfold herself in that specially adapted seat and she had managed to get to her feet again. There they were, those spectacular legs and those severely arched feet again. Feet severely arched into stupid high heels and it was those heels that forced her body and mind to fight with each other. When she wore those heels it was like she was transported back to the old days when she could strut her stuff and do and hold all of the sexually addled poses that she could think of in order to gain men's and women's attention. It wasn't like that now though, not in the real world or in the dreams. This was another of the little connections from dream to the real world. The little connection that would get more and more clear and distinct with each passing dream that occurred. Even in the dream she could not do those arrogant, sexually dripping poses any more. Her jugs were too big, too cumbersome, too ginormous, too unwieldy, too heavy, too debilitating. Those jugs seemed like they were attached to her chest as an afterthought. Like she had been cloned and they had run out of the right sized breasts, and these 'things' were all they had left to put on her. And now that they were on her she just had to get on with it. Except along with all that 'getting on with it' came the disabilities that all of that entailed. She now had to use her legs in a way that she hadn't before. Before she could simply use her stunning, long, strong legs to create that slut-strut that men seemed to like and women seemed to loathe, or be jealous of in equal measure.

She could use her legs and the high heels as a sexual magnet to anyone who might be that way inclined. But she couldn't do that anymore. It was funny because even in this dream she was

aware of what she used to be able to do – even in the dream she would cast her mind back to those slut strutting days. Yes she missed those days – the looks of adoration – the looks of pure lust that came from men and women alike. Even the looks of disdain that came from both men and women – although not in equal amounts to those of adoration. Back in those days, the real world normal days – if that was the real normal world that is, she often chuckled about the effect she would have when she walked into a bar, a club, or any room. It was like the heads would all turn in perfect synchronisation, to her – and there she would be with that beaming lipsticked smile. Much like the one she had in the dream – much like the one she was forced to endure in her new real world. She thought about those days but thinking about them often forced that tear to squeeze out of the corner of her eyes and take the trail of mascara and foundation with it – so she didn't dwell on it – not even in the dream did she dwell on it. Struggling, letting out some sighs and gasps of consternation she managed it. And those legs, those long legs now had to act as a two pronged tripod as opposed to sexual magnets. It was like, in a strange way that she was being punished for what she once was. Even in that dream she remembered all that time ago when Wendy had threatened to amputate her arms and her legs – take them off her so that all she would have left were her stumps. In a way that would have been preferable. Now – now she simply had her legs, not to use as sexual magnets, or sexual instruments but rather she was forced into using them for simple everyday things. The fact that she was forced to use them for even the basic things in life was a torture in itself. A reminder what she was once capable of – but also a reminder, a permanent reminder of what she was no longer capable of. It was like the whole of her femininity was being twisted and twisted and then wrung and twisted some more as a punishment for how she used to live her life. It was like she was having it all turned against her – somehow, somewhere along the line she would loathe herself, all of herself for being what she once was – what she once loved being – until Wendy and the twins came along. Those fucking next door neighbours of hers. Those little people who had turned her life upside down. In fact they hadn't even done that. They hadn't even turned her life upside down – they had turned it inside out and then some.

But, it was ok, everything was alright because in these dreams, the dreams where she could be once again what she wanted to be and needed to be, to an extent, she kind of was able to get her own back. Like a limited kind of revenge. Not so much a revenge as a straightening out of the die. Yeah yeah she had all of that positivity painted onto her face – that smile and that inner joy that the silktex part of her recognised, but at the same time she had the control. It was a confusing and baffling kind of control because she was still debilitated and still cocooned within this world. Wendy's world, and the twin's world. Every so often, in these dreams she got a slither of anxiety racing through her, because she felt something. She didn't know what it was she felt – just something that didn't feel easy with her, or within her. What it was that she didn't know, or couldn't explain to herself was that it was all closing in around her, it was all coming in on top of her – the dreams would not always be what they were at this time – they would not always be what she would enjoy. The dreams were just simply another tool being used on a sub-level, to twist and maul Dorothea into the shape that Wendy, Miss Chest and the twins, nipple and nipple. The dreams would come closer and closer and then closer still to reality and then – then there would be no escape. There would be no dreams to escape into or to exist within because it would have all merged in with her new real life. Dreams and reality as one entity. But for now, for this time she could still enjoy – she could still immerse – she could simply wallow in it all. At least here and now in this dream she could still think of the negative things and in a way make allowances for them – make corrections for them without having those god awful things up inside her do unmentionable things to her and with her insides. At least here and now, at this moment in time she could immerse in those dreams without the dire consequences that she didn't yet know would be the case later on in the process.

“Hello my little pretties.”

That wide, wide lipstick smile, and that sex drenched voice belied the scene that could have been described as an organised carnage. The shard of light had shifted again – the angle had shifted and so had the colour. The colour shift had lent itself to the theory that the bright shard of light was coming from a sun that was working its way through the day. Slight alterations and shifts in colour depending on the time of day. And then the angle – instead of a forty five degree one which bounced the light right into the wooden floor – the angle had narrowed, and shot more across the room than in and down to the floor. But still the dust and the little bits of airborne debris could be seen and identified flying their own individual paths through the air. The twins were cruelly, and tightly hog-tied and positioned so that they could be breast fed on an extended basis. To clarify the two tiny, almost creature like women who were the twins, nipple and nipple were hog-tied. But they were hog-tied with interest. Both of their ankles had been bound, tightly. Thin leather straps around the ankles and then a form of elasticated rope brought between the ankles and tied off. This elasticated rope, or whatever the hell it was took the effort needed out of the equation. It could be applied quite subtly and then the natural elasticity did the rest. The fairly loose leather strap and then the heavy duty elastic rope in between. The same at their knees. Identical leather straps and then the elastic rope fed between the knees and applied. When tightened, the knees and the ankles becoming totally immobile. There was no visible explanation of how the twins were put into such a state of bondage, or how they got there. They just had, and they just were. Maybe, even quite possible, Wendy had taken her part and did for her sisters in this way. It would explain a lot. After all, Dorothea, or Jugsalina wouldn't be able to put in so much effort when it was so exhausting getting herself around as it was. Carrying all of that tit weight and all of that cumbersome flesh. Not able to use her legs for anything other than basic balance. No sexual athletics of the kind needed to completely and utterly immobilise the twins in the way they had been disabled. None of that at all. Simply too much effort would be needed. The twins, after their skinny, bony legs had been secured had been placed on their stomachs and their arms brought behind them. Although this was only a guess since in this dream they simply were the way they were with no explanation as to how they got there, or who put them there. One might guess that both twins might have screamed the place down as their arms were the next limbs to be worked on. It would be just a guess judging by the tear stains down both of their faces. But then those tear stains could be for another reason or torment since both twins were highly fit, and active and both into the martial arts – as that gym session had proved all that time ago. That gym session even existed in the dream, like part of the past. That creeping dream and reality check that was progressing all of the time. It was because she could remember it that she was leering at the twins in all of their discomfort – this was her time, like her revenge time and like something had clicked inside her mind, something like the penny had dropped and she was seeing it all now. These little freaks had done this to her but they were not going to have the last laugh – she would have the last laugh. They had taken her, modified her and fucked with her mind, or tried to – but at last in this dream she would have her own back.

The twins were whimpering – but in a way, judging by what had been done to them that was understandable. As fit as they each were, they were still tiny and still looked as fragile as anyone could look. Their arms had been brought up behind them and bound at the elbows. The same thin leather strappings and the elasticated rope between the elbows so that the hard work of the hard bind was taken care of. It was easy then to do the same to the wrists. It was like a major bondage job done in miniature – and the twins could only really be described as miniature. The knees then, bent right back and the legs doubled up – that very action in itself causing an agony in that the leg muscles simply expanded against the bend and against the bonds at their knees. The ankles which were already bound then attached to the wrists, which initially caused the two sets of limbs to pull painfully against each other. But this was relieved to some extent by the fact that the object of the

bondage of the twins was that it was to be tight and impossible to move, barely a muscle. The whimpering from the two was therefore heightened just before another bondage appliance was secured around the tiny waists of the two. A form of belt that attached around their middle tightly and securely and with little stainless steel rings on them so that the legs could be attached, and the wrists, as though flat to the body. This made any form of moving all but impossible, but more than that, it made the constant tugging of malformed, bonded limbs a painful and a nagging experience. There was no need to have the whimpering explained once this had been seen. Poor poor nipple – their eyes all wide and bulging, tear stained and more than a little swollen due to the exertions. And then there was the quivering of their little thin lips – one might have expected that as well. Those little miniature versions of Wendy's already small thin lipped mouth. Even the twins' quivering was identical, bless them. And bless the looming leering Dorothea. Next, they had been placed on stainless steel metal gurneys. Face down, and the gurneys adjusted at a suitable angle for breast feeding. Dorothea, especially in 'her' dream could not be seen to work too hard, or have to work too hard. It was her dream after all and it was her revenge. She couldn't be expected to lug and haul those extensive, expansive hooters of hers to such an extent that she was put into any form of discomfort. This was her dream and she was living the dream. She needed the twins at just the right height and just the right angle so that she could feed her thick, perma-throbbing nipples into their little mouths. Yes that was what she wanted and needed to do – simple have them, side by side, those little twins, side by side and with their mouth opening and closing, opening and closing as though they were little birds waiting to be fed by mama bird. In effect Jugsalina, or Dorothea as she was known in her own dream was mama bird – and the twins were her little babies just waiting to be fed. The trouble was that, they were placed right and they were angled right and all that Dorothea had to do was to walk straight right on up to them and slide one of those thick, rubbery nipples into each of their mouths so that they could instigate the milking process themselves. That was another thing about those dreams – everything was just perfect in those dreams. Huge hooters that actually produced food for some lucky so and so. But here and now in this dream there was something that was not quite right. The twins, nipple and nipple were packed up and bound like pieces of skinless fatless meat and then and then they were placed just right – but as Dorothea and her humongous breasts waddled up to them, she could not see their little mouths working – like opening and closing and opening and closing the way she really wanted to see them doing that. In the dream it was kind of like a motherly, or a maternity thing to do. She wanted to see that little action with those little mouths. She wanted to see them, before she slid the nipples into the warm, wet and small confines of those little mouths, she wanted to see them opening and closing like little birds. They did do that, but not before they each squealed and squealed until their little voices were hoarse.

“EEEEEEEEEGGGHGHGHGHGHGGHH.”

“AAAAAAHHHHGHGHGHGHGH.”

Probably the only time that the twins didn't do anything in perfect sync and in perfect harmony. Such perfect disharmony could only happen inside of one of those dreams because in the real world the twins were perfect and did everything perfectly, together. But once those angry, lethal looking crocodile clamps had bit into the soft pale flesh either side of the tiny nipples of the twins they let loose with that barrage of screams that would surely wake the dead. Dorothea stood back and watched. She watched the weighted chains hanging through convenient holes in the gurney, and then swinging back and forth. But she couldn't understand how the chains could be swinging like that of their own accord – and then the penny dropped. Those weighted chains were not swinging just simply of their own accord they were swinging with the momentum of the screaming. In actual fact, screaming may be the wrong word – more like the twins were 'squealing' – a much more appropriate word. Their little mouths and their little faces and their little heads

seemed to resonate with their squeals and those squeals then seemed to resonate through to the chains hanging from their nipples. Well, the alligator clips actually were not gripping the nipples themselves because if truth be known there were no nipples as such – more like buttons of flesh that might threaten to sprout into nipples at some point. But even that was wrong, because the twins were not young in a childlike way – they were just small, and skinny and generally over all tiny.

“Sssshhhh sssshhhh my babies.... just let all of that hurt go, just let it all go and then do that thing with your mouths that I like. You know the way I like it now don't you girls hmmm?”

Dorothea was using that fake motherly come sex dripping tone that she tended to use in the dreams. She could do that and the silktex things inside her would not even get suspicious. If she did that in the real world, her new real world, oh god would they think something was wrong and they would punish her for it. That tended to happen that did. The silktex was very clever at recognising actual non-compliance, or non-positivity and it would punish anything blatantly so. But if it came across anything that it didn't recognise then it simply treated it as non-positivity anyway and so the punishment would commence. But it didn't matter in the dream – where Dorothea's voice bordered on the manic – even a little angry in some places. She got away with that because it was her own dream. All her own and it couldn't touch her there. Yet. She stepped away from the twins and her eyes flicked from their little twisted faces tortured by agonies and to the chains that were swinging and swinging with their screams. But as the areolas of those little nipples became numb and swelled a little under the sharp teeth like grips of the clips, so the screams began to die down and so the chains began to slow their swinging side to side. Very slowly – very slowly. Dorothea's eyes back and forth to the eyes and to the swinging chains.

“good babies, good girls.. just like mama wants to see.”

That dripping sexually addled voice again then as the twins began to move in synchronisation again. Opening and closing, opening and closing opening and closing. There were some tear streaks down the cheeks of the tiny sisters, but Dorothea spotted them and shrugged them off. She hadn't forgotten what they had done to her in the real world. She hadn't forgotten any of that and what they were suffering now didn't even scratch any of the surface of what she had suffered at the hands of the little bitches and their big sister Wendy. This was her dream, and as she brought herself in front of the two prose, bonded sisters, she grappled with her own breast mass and heaved it all up onto the gurney trays in front of the twins. It was something of a relief to have the weight taken off those tits and off her spinal cord and she pushed her head back a bit and savoured that feeling as for the first time in what seemed an age, her tits felt weightless – but only weightless because they were placed on shaped, moulded trays – shaped and moulded in such a way that they could take those huge volumes of flesh. She laughed as she looked down at the twins – such was the positioning of them, and the tit trays, it looked something like the Hoover dam was about to burst and smother their little faces and their heads in a titty tide. It would be like one of those disaster movies only more so. And the strangest thing was that because of the smallness of the faces, and the features, the threat of that bursting dam of hooter flesh looked like a disaster on a monumental scale. But that worry didn't stop their little mouths opening and closing, opening and closing in readiness to take the huge nipple teats.

Dorothea waited and waited – she was in no rush in this dream to seek fulfilment. She had all the time in the world. She didn't really, and eventually she would wake up – or be woken up to continue the journey, if the journey is the right words to use, in the real world. She didn't want that – she didn't want that at all – but at the same time she did not feel like she would need to rush or get her long, thick nipples into those delicious mouths too soon. But that is what she did, once she had seen those chains slow. She shuffled her huge uddered self into the space that was made to measure and then she scooped her mammaries, one in each hand in order to offer them to the waiting little mouths of the twins. But it wasn't simple single scoops for her to get all of that flesh sitting right.

She had scoop, then 'chuck' the flesh up and into the trays, and the scoop again – kind of in a roll over motion, scooping then rolling, scooping then rolling, scooping then rolling. As she did that she could get closer and closer in and as she did that, the ginormity of her hooters right up in front and personal to the tiny twins became more and more obvious. This looked obscene enough, distasteful even but then there were the nipples that weren't really nipples at all, but like thick fat slugs that seemed to swell, expand and contract with their own air supply as they rested on the trays and as they found their own level into the groove and then over it in front of the twin's mouths. As the chains slowed and the mouths began working so too did their little tongues begin to slip and slide out from between those thin lips. Actually it provided an optical illusion in that the tongues didn't look so small and diminutive in relation to the mouths at all. Identical tongues like identical twins slip sliding out and with each excursion out the tips of the tongues were getting closer and closer to the nipple tips. The thick, engorged, long nipples seemed to have a life of their own in that the end seemed to curl and be stretching towards the tongues – like they wanted to feel those warm wet tongues and wanted to feel those thin lips sealing around their bases.

“Good babies, good girls. My good girls!”

And that was when Dorothea did her final scoop and shove. Timing it to perfection and then shoving forwards so that the nipples, in perfect unison slipped into the waiting mouths of the twins. So small were there mouths that they had to open, and then open wider – like they were performing fellatio on a pair of alien cocks. Except these cocks were the milk producers of those humongous udders that threatened to engulf them and drown them. The twins sucked casually at first, their eyes rolled up in their sockets watching Dorothea. Dorothea crooned and groaned as she felt their little mouths and then the suckling motions – and then she became aware of the milk ducts inside her breasts being stimulated and then opened. And of the travel of the milk up inside the plumbing. Plumbing that could be seen almost through the stretched, semi-transparent flesh of the mammaries – then that plumbing disappearing behind the blackness that was the nipple teats.. and then she became hyper aware of her nipple tips opening and the flow starting. Just trickles at first, and a very slow flow. But with each of the suckling actions of the twins that flow increasing and increasing and then became a steady stream into the eager mouths. The sexual thrill that she was receiving, being fed back to her clitoris. She could still do that in her dreams at this time – she could still feel and be pleased by her clitoris independent of the silktext things inside her and covering her lower abdomen. As the flow of milk grew and grew and as the twins fed from her, so she was brought to an orgasm. Just as she was about to orgasm – just as she was about to feel her clit erupt – she was woken up.

Chapter Five

It had all been too much for Jugs. The acceptance back into Hooter School should have been a thing of joy and pleasure. A chance for her to make amends. A chance for her to progress. It should have been a time, at least in her mind, that she should have been applauded and encouraged and nurtured so that she could learn and then pass her final exams this time round. She wanted to do it – oh god did she want to do it. She wanted to get out of that place. There it was again, that effect. Instead of screaming the place down – demanding to be let go – instead of that little bit of her left in the back of her mind saying 'right – this is enough, let me out of this hell now' – she didn't do that. It was part of her breaking down – part of wearing her down and putting her into the right mind space. It was the worrying part that 'largely' she was accepting what was happening to her and she was taking seriously the need to impress her keepers and owners instead of making that bid for freedom. Instead of fighting inside her mind for what she knew was right and moral, accepting what was happening to her. Playing the game – falling into line. Even the re-integration into Hooter School had not shaken her out of that basic mind-set – and that re-integration had been like a subsonic shock to her system.

“No... no... no fuck the lot of you perverted fucks. Let me go. Let me go now. I demand that I be let go NOW this instant. Fuck the lot of you. I want to go back to my old life and I want to go there NOW. I demand that you sick shits let me go this instant.”

An outburst that, with the current run of things was uncharacteristic. Yes she had wanted to progress, to make and pass her final exams this time round. She wanted to impress Hooter Tutor and Chest – she had felt deep inside that she 'needed' to be all that all these people wanted her to be. But sometimes – just sometimes it all becomes too much. Sometime, just sometimes that little bit that was left of her – the bit that was kept caged right at the back of her mind, the bit that kept her fully knowing and understanding what was happening to her – sometimes, just sometimes that little bit of herself tried to break loose, like the last stand and all that. Like a form of panic – the reality of the situation taking over – where the 'reality' tries to break through rather than let the nightmare dominate. That little bit of her, that tiny little bit that refuses to be broken – the little piece that actually is unbreakable. Or the bit that is not broken deliberately – you decide.

“Did you fucks hear me? Did you hear me I said let me and my breasts go NOW. Let me go THIS INSTANT. You fucks. Let me go. NOW NOW!”

In was classroom time and the class was in some kind of stunned silence. A small group of eight or so younger girls, or younger 'women' – all shrink wrapped in their Hooter Schoolgirl uniforms – all according to their own individual circumstances prepared and enhanced, but none more so than Dorothea. When she had first been introduced to the class she had been the 'freak' they had all heard about – she had been the freak they had all giggled about. And they could freely giggle at her because that was part of her daily life. Part of Dorothea's re-integration was that humiliation and that degradation. So the younger 'girls' were not punished for giggling and belittling the legend that was Jugsalina. It was something that was freely and actively encouraged. And in that particular class, they had all thought it was Christmas – or indeed thought that all of their Christmases had been rolled into one – the freak that was Jugs being brought into their class. Ha, that would be their claim to fame. Jugs had been introduced to each and every single one of the eight and the individuality of the girl had come through in the ways they had greeted the older, hugely mammariated woman. Some of them had leeringly taken and shaken the nipple teat, either one or the other. Some of them had elongated the process and enjoyed the feeling of a throbbing nipple organ wrapped in their finger. Others had squeezed, and pinched as they shook – like as though they had been trying to get a reaction, trying to further Dorothea's torment. Each and every shake of her

nipples slightly different to the one before or the one that would come next. It was like as though these girls had found some kind of courage. Before her arrival in the class Jugs had been just a legend – like one of those things you read about – but actually having her in the same class and then being able to openly make her suffer more and without any comeback was something approaching a huge thrill for these girls.

“Can any of you brainless bitches not hear me or something – get me the fuck out of this thing fucking now. I swear it, I swear it on my hooters lives here that when I get out of here I will beat each and every one of you to death with my tits.”

Jugsalina was hissing almost between gritted teeth. She was hissing to, and some drool was being catapulted from her pretty mouth. It could have been an obvious conclusion to come to – that she was hissing and gritting her teeth and catapulting drool because of the anger that had built up and built up and now was pouring out in the form of the outburst. But that wasn't the full story. All the 'girls' at Hooter School had their own specially developed and adapted desks at which they say for lessons. Each and every one of the girls was at the School for a different reason and so the adaptations were very one-off, very custom for that individual girl alone. Each and every one of them had been sent to the school under different circumstances and by different people all of whom had very different ideas and input into how the girl in question was treated and brought through Hooter School – the whole school, the whole input system was a mishmash of customisation. For Jugs, like the rest of them really, in some way or other, it was her breasts that took the brunt of what was happening. It was her breasts that were the focus.

“Shut up you bitch.. shut the fuck up... owwwwww they'll hurt ME even more if you don't shut up. Shut the fuck up you cunt of a bitch.”

That was Chest talking to Dorothea through the deeply embedded ear pieces. Well, 'talking' to her maybe something of an inappropriate description. She was shrieking at her. Dorothea's head was filled with Wendy's electronic, slightly 'white noised' voice. Dorothea's arms had been brought up onto the arms of the chair she was sitting on. Her arms laid on top of the flat wood arm and then slid back. The chair arms had been modified, elongated, as though they had been slid further back. This was so that her arms could be placed on top of the flat surface and then pulled back beyond their natural positioning. This pull back of the arms also ensuring that the shoulders were pulled back and this all in turn ensuring that the hooters, all of that volume and mass of udder flesh was pushed forward unhindered. The arms secured via fixed restraining straps. It took three of the other girls to help secure Dorothea the way she was expected to be secured every day in class. One each to haul her tits through the clamp surface. The upper 'jaw' of the vice like clamp right up high out of the way so that they could work. Both girl's puffing and panting and seemingly dwarfed by the hugeness of the tits that they were manhandling. A bizarre, bizarre scene. These 'girls' not in themselves diminutive with regard to their own breast size. Each girl having more than their fair share of breasts since that was one of the reasons that they were where they were. But in comparison with the 'animal' that was Dorothea, seated and secured like a beached whale with all of that breast and udder flesh out in front of her and overflowing the flat surfaced clamp bed. The third girl fine tuning. Smoothing out the almost transparent flesh of each tit. As though she were dressing a window in a shop. Making sure that each tit was laid out nicely on the large flat platform. That same third girl also making adjustments to the clamp device. The top, presently raised section of the clamp would form the desk surface – the surface on which Dorothea would have to do her work – with her udders pressed and compressed under it. A whole lot of 'industrial activity' going on around the seated Dorothea. Her chair, set on a short length of rail – so that she could be pulled out from her desk arrangement. In the first instance so that she could be secured into the chair. Seated nicely. The seat slightly lower – kind of a deliberate lower seat so that the high heeled boots she wore forced her knees up high. This was as much for aesthetic as anything. Her legs enhanced with the

rest of her femininity. The silktex adapting, changing, allowing her to sit and yet at the same time gripping her insides, pressing and compressing around her cervix and at the same time, pressing out from inside her womb, and her bowels and bladder – that state of discomfort a permanent one. Her very private holes, stretched and chewing as though with a mind of their own, the silktex intrusions inside her femininity. That chewing and 'sucking' possibly would give the impression of a hunger never sated. The chair moved back on that rail so that the work could be done. Arms placed on the flat surfaces and then pulled back and fixed like that. Ankles also, just pulled back under her thighs in location and then fixed. Such was the depth of Dorothea's suffering and journey, that the simple bondage applied barely went noticed by her at all. Her simply falling into place. The chair then pushed forward on the oiled, lubricated rail, very slowly so each of the udder girls could haul up and position the tit meat of the lower platform of the vice. Some time spent getting it right. Hooter Tutor only coming in to the class room once part of the preparation work had been done but then watching carefully as her girls worked.

“That right my girls – make sure that our guest here is nice and uhmmmmm 'comfortable'. And all the rest of you, take time out to look – take time out to look at this sorry specimen of a female here – just take a few moments to look and thank your lucky stars that it's not you in this position. This creature, Jugs, may well be a legend amongst you here at Hooter School – but just take the time to think or ask the question, why is she the legend that she is. The reasons that she is here under these circumstances are far less savoury and glamorous than the legend that she had become. Just bare that in mind. I don't want to, nor do I need to go into the pretty disturbing details of why she is here – it would take up too much valuable time. Although I must say that at some point, this creature's journey may well be documented via various media and be available in the library for all of you to see and study. Indeed this creature may well be the subject of your study, and other girl's study, in years to come. But well that is food for thought for you all. Having said that – we don't do FAILURES here at Hooter School – and despite legendary status, this creature, this tit-whore here has FAILED. I don't intend that she fail again. Failure a second time will result – well we don't need to go there right now. But also, also it is very important that we reverse this failure so that we can SHOW that we deal with failures and act on them. It is very important that we are open and transparent with past and future pupils and owners that if on the very rare occasion that failures happen, then they are dealt with. And we need to be able to show how we deal with that failure. So my girls, you are all part of history here. You are all, part of how history will wind its way through this School.”

It was turning into a sermon but Hooter Tutor had every single girl's attention. A number of the girls turned and looked at Dorothea with some sympathy. It was easy to tell the ones who had the sympathy because they simply turned to look, and the colour would slowly drain out of their faces as they tilted their heads just a little to one side – one would be able to see, or sense the thoughts going through those girl's minds 'there but for the grace of god go I'. No other girl's at Hooter School knew of the reasons why Jugs was there. In the bigger scheme of things, in the reality of it, she hadn't actually DONE anything, apart from take advantage of her assets as she had matured and grown up. Oh and of course, she had smothered her elderly husband to death so that she could claim the inheritance. Yes ok when one looked on it like that, it was bad. But the 'legend' had been blown up way beyond the size of the sum of her parts. It was like it had been deliberately blown up and with an air of mystery surrounding it. Dorothea it seemed was being made an example of. Kind of like a displayed lesson of how it could be for any of the girls at Hooter School should they step out of line. It didn't stop the main population wondering, just wondering and asking what this woman had done that was so bad. And so the legend, and the mystery simply grew and grew. There were also the girls that looked at Dorothea with absolutely no sympathy at all – just with derision and contempt. These girls were even easier to spot. Their faces were

expressionless and their eyes cold. One might be able to sense their minds working as well. Looking at Dorothea and not even sneering and what she had been made into. Just looking and wondering, asking themselves the question as to how they could make Jug's journey even worse. They were the ones that were working out in their minds that Dorothea was after all here for a second chance. Despite what she was suffering she was being given a second chance. It was in their eyes, the question, why should she be given a second chance? Also the statement, well she's being given a second chance but that doesn't mean it's going to be easy for her. In fact it's going to be anything but easy. If half of the class was sympathetic, and half of the ones that were left were non-plussed about the creature Jugs and her journey – then that left two 'girls' hell bent on making Dorothea's life misery. Total misery. But that accounted for only the girls in that group or class. Then there would be the rest of the school population to think about. Another ten groups of eight – if the laws of averages were to be believed then that could be another two girls out of each group of eight, times ten, coming to twenty girl, plus the two from Dorothea's current group all hell bent on making her life slightly more than misery. Taken into account with the fact that there was no way out for Dorothea – then her immediate future was at best uncertain – but most certainly her immediate future was like a place beyond Hell.

On top of that she had to ensure that she passed her finals this time round or her longer term future was like one of those black holes in space. No-one could see what was inside or beyond. Jug's outburst did not help. In fact, she had not helped herself at all. The girls had spent a lot of time prepping udder flesh so that the upper jaws of the desk vice could be brought down on top of them. They had almost fawned over the hooters – even Chest had been impressed and had cooed and cawed into Dorothea's ears. The only thing was that, that little piece of Dorothea that was left was the wise bit. That bit knew that with all that gentle prepping and hauling and then stroking of that flesh, there had to be some pain and some discomfort to follow. That little bit of her mind just knew it. The anticipation did very little to help the process other than to make it worse. But it knew. It knew and it kind of sent that message through the neurals of Dorothea in various ways. Those ways, or the workings of those ways don't matter. Other than when at long last after all that prepping and stroking and tittifying the clamps were brought down – even before the tightening and compressing process was started, there was this vision that relayed to Dorothea and any of the girls who were watching that something incredibly painful was about to happen – and something approaching the devil himself was about to be let loose on Jugs every nerve ending. The upper vice jaws, in effect, the desk top was brought down and across the globes of flabby, supported udder flesh. Just laid there at first and not tightened. With the desk top in place, there were further checks. A quick look around the room would be able to identify the sadistic girls – the ones with the widest grins on their faces as they realised the pain and distress that was just waiting patiently to be applied. Those were the faces that would cause the biggest chills to coarse up and down the spines. But then the sympathetic ones had become even more sympathetic and the non-plussed ones had become even more so. It was like everything in the classroom had become emphasised and enhanced as the immediate torment for Dorothea had become apparent. Above all though was the horror that what was happening was all somehow 'normal'. And was somehow just accepted. Was just the way it was – there was no relation, or no connection to the outside civilised world. This was a world that was existing on a different level, or in another plane somehow. Dorothea's eyes widened as realisation dawned on her and then as the tightening process began she did plead.

“P-please please don't hurt me too much, please?”

It wasn't really a very convincing pleading – not one that she would believe herself if the roles were reversed. It was more like a fact that she was thinking out aloud. Like she had watched the desk top vice being brought down, and that it was coming across the tops of her udders, and that slowly she was realising that she was about to experience extreme pain. And now she was simply

thinking out loud in the form of that begging and pleading. The three girls just looked at each other and laughed as they carried on working. Dorothea's eyes darting about, trying to take it all in and her concern for her udders growing as the threaded bars and then the wing bolts being applied that fixed the desk top vice in position and then slowly screwed down. The bolts being tightened via opposites. Six bolts in all. Two each on the out sides of the breasts – that is one each towards the tips of the breasts, or the further most flesh outward – then two more in towards the chest. Then the final two in the centre – like between the breasts. The threaded bolts being carefully slotted through holes and again down through the lower vice surface. The bolts applied and then each screwed down – taking up the slack as it were. Dorothea's lips, all red and glossy quivering as the clamps were slowly brought down. The tightening mechanism then making sure the lower and upper surfaces brought up equally. The tit flesh so soft and spongy and 'giving' that quite a lot of tightening and compressing was required before the pain and the hurt set in. Dorothea would sit and simply nibble at her lipstick with her teeth as the tightening process went on and on and then slowly but very surely the expression on her face becoming more and more troubled, and pain filled. The compression flattening out the flesh. The desktop and the lower vice platforms just wide enough to contain all of the 'meat' of the tits and yet not quite wide enough to contain the nipple teats. Those perma hard nipple teats forced to pop out from the edges of the flat jaws. Those teat like nipples actually the only increasingly obvious sign that pressures was being applied. The rest of the tit meat although obviously being compressed, hidden by the board like qualities of the vice jaws – making any onlooker fill in the gaps as to what he, or she could not see giving rise to the theory that sometimes, the implied was far worse than the actual. The implication of those popped out, angry looking, almost black nipples was that the flesh between the jaws was being flattened and tortured cruelly. Dorothea whimpering as her hooters were pressed and compressed continually. From expressions of concern and consternations to the slow and tortured expression of utter pain as the clamping progressed.

By the time the compression was at its maximum Dorothea was squirting tears from both eyes. There was most definitely some projectile quality to the tears that she was squirting. It was comical, but only in the thought that it could have been the very pressure, the very compression of the udders between those two large flat surfaces that was pressurising the tears out from between squeezed tearful eyes. One might look and wonder where all of that flesh had gone. How could this woman now look the way that she looked. There was just so much flesh, so much blubber involved with those udders that as she was seated, clamped and then finished off, as it were, that was the question that came to mind – where did all that flesh go? Where could it have gone? And the alarming, disturbing sight of those thick, long bullet like nipples, protruding like missiles from between the vice like sandwich. The angry look of the nipples an added knowledge of what the rest of the tits must have been going through. And then the final tightening of the screws – the maximum torque applied and then that outpouring – the one from that little piece of the mind that she still had left and the one that even when it was in its full flow she knew, she knew that she was going to suffer for. Probably even beyond what that logical piece of her sanity that she had left, could even know.

“Jugs, you have really blown it this time. Really blown it. How very dare you demand to be let go. Who the fuck do you think you are, huh – who do you think you are?”

It sounded as though Chest was speaking through gritted teeth. Probably an impossibility. Or the most bizarre thing that one could imagine. She was talking like she could feel the pressure of the desk vice. She was talking like it was actually her suffering that terrible pain and discomfort. Her voice was quivering much like Dorothea's lips quivered, these days almost on a constant basis. And it didn't stop at that quivering – it didn't stop at that. There was a proper, almost pitiful emotion in there as well. There can be no doubt that Chest, or Wendy was 'feeling' what Jugs's hooters were

going through. There just was no doubt that she was feeling it. There was no logical reason why she was feeling that. She just was. It was where the real world was morphing in with this fantasy world. Where it greyed out and became the nightmare that Dorothea was now a part of. Chest was sobbing as well. She was really, really sobbing. In between scolding Jugs she was sobbing. Maybe not sobbing but weeping. Definitely weeping. Dorothea's face was like a tight mask of pain. Her eyes were narrowed down into slits and she was blubbering. There was no point at which she got used to the vice like clamps pressing down on her honkers. It didn't work like that. The pressure simply built and built and built until it felt like the hooter meat would explode, expunging their insides all over the classroom. But it didn't work like that. Her honkers had been pressed and flattened out between the two flat surfaces and that had hurt – WAS hurting bad enough. But then a huge amount of that pressure had been transferred to the area behind each of her nipples. And the usual and familiar throb was still there but it seemed to have been amplified and enhanced. And it seemed that amplification and enhancement had been injected with some real, sharp, intense and acute pain. It felt as though her nipples were burning up ready to be launched off their areola pads. She would have been grateful if that had happened. It seemed that that was what was needed in order to ease or stop that pain. But that didn't happen. It seemed like there was a huge conspiracy against her – which indeed there was – it was her life now, this huge conspiracy against her.

“Uhhhhhh god god god no no no no noooooooooooooooooo pleaseeeeeeeeeee noooooooooo.”

There were decipherable words there but they kind of 'dribbled' out of her mouth wetly. Sort of spilt over her bottom lip and dripped down over her chest bone, and then down through the distorted valley between her bangers. One of the nastier girls in the class had enjoyed Dorothea's plight a little too much. It had been written all over her face. There was something else there as well though – there was something else maybe behind the eyes that told of an inner 'joy' that she was getting, or experiencing as Jugs suffered and then suffered some more. She even changed her seat to be nearer to Jugs and her 'desk'. She had moved to the desk directly in front of Dorothea – the back of her chair was just a very short distance away from those distended and pressurised nipples and very little effort was needed for her to simply drape and arm over the back of her chair, and then 'flick' either one nipple or the other. And she did that. She didn't do it deviously, or didn't do it trying to hide that fact that she was piling the distress onto Dorothea even more. She was quite open, quite blasé about the fact that she was doing it. Selina was not short of big hooters herself and for whatever reason, her uniform blouse was made from the finest and purest silk – white silk that was probably a size or two too small for her. But this resulted in her breast mounds, treble E's at the more modest end of the guessing spectrum, being nicely contained within that silk. And with every movement that she made the silken mounds shifted and moved freely. Selina kind of revelled in that freedom that her own tits had whilst at the same time revelled in the compressed, tortured 'things' that Dorothea was being forced to endure. Selina was a bitch of the first order. Probably what was coming out of Selina in the here and now in the form of that out and out bitchiness was one of the reasons, or one of the contributing factors to why she was at Hooter School. She was a young 'girl' barely out of her teens and yet very mature physically for her age. It wouldn't be beyond the pale to think that she had been confident about her sexuality from an early age – even more so, it wouldn't be beyond the pale to assume that she was at Hooter School for much the same reasons that Dorothea was. Except possibly in reverse. Dorothea's teasing and tormenting hadn't been from a sadistic angle – she had simply done what she had done for many many years and collectively it had all caught up with her in the form of Wendy and the twins. Selina in seems had been a little more cruel – it was easy to imagine her subjecting lesser girls, younger girls to her form of sadism. She had the thin lips that could with ease be associated with a sadistic women and she had the facial expressions that told of a practiced sadism. But it also seemed that because of her age, not even out of her teens, that she had been stopped in her tracks, so to speak.

“Mmmmmmmmm nnnnnnnnnhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

“See its all your fault it’s all your fault that this is happening. Just you wait. Just you wait.”

Selina had draped her arm over the back of her chair and her tits were moving like large puppies in a silk sack. Her own nipples were prominent through the silk and she was proud of that fact. It was easy to see that she was proud because of the way she forced back her shoulder and thrust out her banger mounds. Dorothea was 'forced' into displaying and showing off her tits – but her situation was different – she was forced to do something because of the flaunting she had done over the years. Selina was proud of her hooters and that could be seen. It was as though she was showing Dorothea the freedom that she didn't have. It was like Selina's breasts and that stunning white silk were all in cahoots. Selina had casually, almost effortlessly 'flicked' one of Dorothea's think, engorged and hyper sensitive nipple teats. She had flicked the black rubbery nipple and it had gone into an immediate multiple 'quiver'. The sharp, and the acute pain had been instant and it had been almost paralysing. That smile, the one across Dorothea's face had been instantly wiped off and in its place a startling, stunning expression of pure unadulterated horror as her nerve ending struggled to cope with that hit of pain. It was a pain that she had never experienced before – a pain that she could never not even in her worst nightmare, imagine existed. Dorothea's own gritted teeth just about managed to let the noise that she made out. It was a wet dripping noise of despair. But as she struggled to cope with that pain she pulled on the clamps holding her udders in place and that caused her more agony. Selina simply smiled and hovered her perfectly manicured finger – the one she had just 'flicked' the nipple with, very near to the same nipple – like an unspoken threat that she was about to do it again. Dorothea's lips quivered as she wetly gritted her teeth. As she did that, Dorothea had Chest, speaking in her ear piece, scolding her telling her how much it was all her own fault. The moment that Dorothea's smile had been wiped off her face due to that intense pain, the silktex up inside her started its work. In a way it was like Dorothea had to prioritise which torment and which torture she had to deal with first and which to leave. It wasn't like she didn't feel the tightening up inside her because she did. But she was used to that feeling – she was used to her cervix and womb, and her bowels and bladder getting being punished for letting her positivity slip. But this was more than that – that simple flick of the long finger nail belonging to Selina had sent an intense pain through her that she had to cope with that first. It wasn't like her vision was hindered in any way. At times her vision was switched to the tit valley camera – the one that meant she was looking down the valley of her own hooters, like a constant reminder that she was seeing what Chest was seeing. But her vision was easily switched back to her eyes and she was seeing Selina's pure undiluted joy from close quarters. She had to absorb that pain and then tense with the anticipation that the sadistic teenager would do it again. But she didn't. Selina didn't flick again – rather she reached over the back of her chair a little more and she stroked the top of the engorged quivering nipple almost tenderly. It caused a havoc of confusing sensations within the nipple. Selina leaned forward, still stroking the nipple tenderly. And that was just it – she was doing it tenderly. She leaned forward a little more and she whispered.

“I'm gonna have some fun with you, tit-whore.”

She stroked the nipple as she whispered to Dorothea but then as she came to the end of the sentence, right at that precise time she 'flicked' the nipple again and Dorothea screamed out loud. The first flick seemed to have hurt like she had never experienced hurt before. But the second flicks seemed much worse. It was worse, because Selina had adjusted her 'flick' slightly, imperceptibly. She had altered the angle that the tip of her nail came in, just a little and she had increased the velocity. To the naked eye the changes would have been impossible to see or detect but it was becoming clear that Selina had 'specialities' within her sadistic makeup. It seemed that she was able to inflict intense and tortuous pain with an expertise and an ease that belied her almost tender years. It was clear, or becoming acutely clear that she was a specialist in the micro torture that involved

very little of her effort. Dorothea shuddered bodily as much as she could shudder when fixed in that chair and secured further by the flattened compressed mounds of her tits. The smile on her face had started to come back after that first hit of pain – but with the second 'flick' of the long slender finger and the deadly accurate nail that smile had gone and there was the pain inside her again. She could feel the silktex moving and expanding in her – then she felt what was like an electric bolt travelling through her cervix. The same electric bolt changing direction and finding her womb, and then her bowels and her bladder. For what must have just been a split second, but what 'seemed' a lot longer, her inside femininity was filled and suffering with the most intense, shuddering pain and discomfort. She had never experienced the silktex electric shocks before and it seemed that there was evolution happening inside her – another level of control and torture over her that she could do nothing about. Her eyes bulged open wide as the shock bit, and then bulged a little more as the stuff, the thing up inside her expanded causing another kind of agony. The smile came back but it seemed like that it was torture itself for her to smile. The most bizarre and cruel thing for her to have to smile to ease the torture inside her, and yet that movement, of her facial muscles making the hurt worse. Her udders in terrible agonies and Selina, arm draped over the back of her own chair her thin lips stretched into a smile. It was a genuine smile but not a kind one. It was a smile that would tell anyone that somehow, just somehow this girl knew what Dorothea was suffering. She just knew what and how much Jugsalina was suffering – not just that, but also that she was enjoying that suffering. A quite disturbing thing – for Dorothea to see – such a young girl and yet so advanced in the enjoyment she got from someone else's suffering. She flicked the same nipple again and there it was that instant pain. Smile gone – silktex working inside her. As she flicked the nipple teat, she reached for the other nipple. She didn't flick that one, she simply stroked it invoking pleasure pulses through the agonies of the breast it was attached to. It might have been thought that Selina would switch from nipple to nipple – pain and pleasure, pleasure and pain. But no, it was an advanced and conscious decision and action that saw her pain the same nipple time after time. Just pain it, then stroke it – then pain it then stroke it. Time after time. The rest of the girls in the class turning to watch. Some smiling – others not.

“Now now girls, settle down. It's lesson time. And there is one 'pupil' for want of a better description, here who needs to concentrate to the fullest possible in order that she passes her final exams this time round. As we all know, Hooter School does not take failure too kindly. We do not take failure at all and this 'pupil' Jugsalina is at the last-chance-saloon as it were. Now we all know that we are nothing if not fair here at Hooter School – but well, as fairness goes, it is subjective. We should all be giving Jugs here every chance, every little bit of help so that she passes her final exams this time round. But as anyone who is familiar with the way things work here – fairness, well, it's just a word – its true what they say, you have to be cruel to be kind. And this very analogy applies to Jugs – without being too precise about what I am saying, we don't want to make it easy for Jugs – indeed we want to go out of our way to make it very very hard for her here. We need to ensure that her second stint at Hooter School is one that she will never ever forget.”

Hooter Tutor spoke to the quiet room. Selina looked back over her shoulder again and smiled. If there was anyone who could make Dorothea's life misery, it was Selina and she was being given express permission to do just that.

PART TWO

A Second Chance – Part One

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Chapter One - Dreamland

That shard of light – it would make anyone blink it was so bright – almost blinding. Almost as blinding as Dorothea had been teasing throughout her life. It couldn't be any more true to say that Dorothea had 'teased' her way through life. It was how she got on – how she made her way in life. From the very earliest recollection of her schoolgirl teases. It wasn't just that she teased in those days – she did it in the most deliberate and conspiratorial fashions. Smoking behind the bike sheds, or in the lower, basement corridors of the school, was high on the list of the all-girls school 'offences' which was being punishable by exclusion from the school. And yet, the way Dorothea carried out her teasing sessions in that dim and distant past was under the disguise of 'smoking behind the bike sheds'. It was as though, smoking behind the bike sheds was the lesser offence than taking your hooters out and shoving them in some younger boys, or girls face. To be fair – it was a lesser offence and in most cases, being caught smoking behind the bike sheds was treated with a warning, two warnings or even three. But back then smoking was cool amongst adults. Being caught flaunting one's tits behind the bike sheds though – well now that would take on a whole new air – a whole new viewpoint would be taken if a girl was caught doing that. Just taking them out, giving them a bit of a fling and a swing in front of a younger boy pupil would be bad enough. But if that said boy was then pinned against a wall and then smothered in all of that teenage breast flesh until he was a blubbering wreck – well that would take on a whole new stance – and a whole new look would have to be taken to it. It would come under the mantel of lewd behaviour for a start and quite unacceptable in the overall scheme of the school. There would also be the fact that it would be looked on as bullying – pinning a fellow pupil against a wall, or on the stinking floor of the school changing rooms or toilets could not be looked on as anything other than bullying. Especially if the said pupil had ended up flustered and in streams and streams of tears begging to be left alone as a hard nipple was dipped in and out of his, or her quivering mouth. So it was better, if any questions were asked, that it was disguised as 'smoking behind the bike sheds'. It was how Dorothea got through her school life – she teased her way through it – like she got her grounding in it through school – kind of perfected her art and prepared her for later life – when she was out in the big wide world.

Those were the days – schooldays. Everything was so black and white and with no complicated greys in between. It had all been so simple for Dorothea – so simple to explain to herself, and to others. If she used her tits against another boy, younger, older, even older men, then it was a sexual thing. But it wasn't a sexual thing because SHE got any particular sexual pleasure from it. It was sexual because she knew that that's what the opposite sex looked on her as. That was what she did to the opposite sex – she turned them on. So the whole flaunting, flashing, teasing, bullying thing with the male of the species was a sexual thing. But, on the other hand, when she used her breasts and any part of her emerging femininity against another girl, or another woman, then she was using her hooters, her jugs, her bazookas as 'weapons'. She was using her femininity as a weapon. Somehow and for some reason, some inexplicable reason it ceased to be sexual – it ceased to be categorised like that and she was simply using her 'weapons' against her same sex peers. That thought sort of made her laugh. Her tits were weapons – more superior weapons than almost any other girl at school had. She had weapons of mass destruction and she wasn't afraid to use them. Even some of the female teachers, and helpers and other staff looked on Dorothea with some envy – jealousy, bitchiness. Unfortunately for Dorothea that was a pattern that would follow her into later life.

“Ahhhhhhh pleeeeeease Dorothea that hurtssssss please stop.”

Dorothea had stepped out of the shadows in that lower corridor and Tommy had practically

wet himself on the spot. He wasn't experienced with the opposite sex – not to any stretch of the imagination. Indeed his only experience was limited to the visions that filled his mind during his lonely days, and when he went to bed at night, during the times when he could play with himself, and ejaculate the contents of his testicles into a tissue. That had been it with him – he had discovered by complete accident the orgasmic process when he had reached, then jumped up to climb the slightly angled steel pole of a set of child swings in the park. He had wrapped his legs around the pole and then proceeded to use his leg muscles, arms muscles, all muscles to pull and slide himself up the pole. It was then that he got 'that' sensation down there. At first it had made him whimper, but it had been such an intense feeling of pleasure that he had pulled himself up more and more – and eventually, as he neared the top cross bar of the swing frame he had felt the warm wet stuff fill his tight pants – and he had felt the throb and throb of his hard cock. It had been during the few seconds of that first orgasm that his mind had been filled with images of Dorothea – like hundreds and hundreds of images of her on a continuous loop – images like ones he saw every day, of her in uniform, of her almost spilling out of her uniform, but then also ones that he made up in his own mind. More lewd ones – ones where she didn't 'almost' spill out of her uniform, she actually did – and those were the images that he could revel in – the ones that fed the crush he had on this girl.

Dorothea had practically ambushed little Tommy Boyle in the lower corridor of the school – twisting her fist into his hair. And he had a lot of hair. A thick curly mop of ginger hair which she just had to reach out and grab. She had targeted Tommy because she had 'caught' him looking at her in a 'funny' way. Not once, but many times. She had just happened to look across and there he was, just looking at her all doe eyes and in her mind 'weirdly'. In her mind it didn't even dawn on her that he had some sort of schoolboy crush on her. Who wouldn't – the girl they were all talking about. The one with the big tits and the luscious lips. But Dorothea had always been a product of her own upbringing. Maybe something hidden in her upbringing somewhere – something that she didn't talk about or relate to anyone. Something dark even. Very rarely would she see the good in anyone – it was always the worse she saw. Consequently if someone looked at her for longer and more lingeringly in her mind than would be considered normal, then their motives must be weird. In the case of Tommy, he simply MUST have been a little pervert and one who would have to pay the price.

He had practically wet himself when Dorothea had cornered him in the lower corridor of the school. There was nothing down there but changing rooms and toilets, and a less traffic filled route to any other part of the school. But once she had spotted him staring at her, and had made that mental note – she had made it her business to watch and note his movements. He always used the bottom corridor. She was convinced that he did that so that he could undertake his weird, perverse hobbies. She had reasoned that he probably even had some spy holes and little hideaways that he used so that he could spy into the female changing room. Once again it didn't even occur to her that he used the corridor because overall he preferred his own company and that route was indeed the less populated one and the fastest one to his next lessons – or to the next extended session in the school library. On this day, he didn't get to the library. Probably it would be safe to say that Tommy would never be the same again after his close encounter with Dorothea – the sixth form sex on legs that most of the school population had expressed a desire to splash around inside of for an hour or so. Dorothea had stepped out of the shadows quite casually as Tommy had made his way quite unawares through the dimly lit corridor. That had been one of his 'visions' – her stepping out and slowly unbuttoning her school blouse until the overspill and the bulge of her tits spilled out. To his mind, it was pointless her wearing the bras that she wore. They kept nothing hidden and if truth be known, those bras just made Dorothea all the more fuckable. But that was just the visions and the thoughts that filled his mind. Those visions and thoughts were secret for fucks sake. As she had

stepped out in front of him in that corridor, it wasn't a vision, or a fantasy, it was real life and he had practically wet himself on the spot. She was unbuttoning her blouse and her tits were rippling and spilling out. But as much as he wanted to feed the need in him and keep his eyes fixed on those bags of fun his eyes kept darting up to her eyes. Her face. She was not smiling all seductively, and pouting her full red lips like she did in his fantasies. Instead her eyes were wide, and her otherwise full sensuous lips were stretched into something that at the very least resembled annoyance and at the other end of the spectrum, anger. At first, in that instance that she stepped out, she simply stood with her long legs splayed against the tightness of her school skirt – that had been until she had popped the third and fourth button down so that the shirt was open and loose almost down to the waistband of the skirt. But then, kind of like all of a sudden she had changed that pose, perfect stance into a march towards him. Her heeled shoes making definite, sharp clicks on the floor. His heart missed several beats and he seemed rooted to the spot. That had been the point at which he had nearly wet himself. He couldn't look at her face then – instead as she marched, and strode towards him with those purposeful strides, his eyes had at last been fixed on her partly exposed breasts. The length of her strides, and the speed dictating the bounce, the ripple and the jiggle of that tit flesh. Poor Tommy had never experienced such conflicting emotions. He knew that he should turn and run but couldn't. He felt compelled to stay and watch the tits as they did their thing on the march towards him. It was like he didn't, or couldn't think of the consequences of not turning and running in the opposite direction. It was like, in his own deeper mind that those fantasies had spilled into his real life – that they were no longer confined to his secret inner mind – and because of this he needed to lap it all up. He needed to see and experience those marching, bouncing, swaying, jiggling tits. The power of femininity at work.

“I've got a bone to pick with you you little cunt.”

Mesmerised by those jugs of flesh he was barely aware of Dorothea reaching him and then twisting his hair in her fist. It was the yank of his head sideways that brought him back to reality. Dorothea towering in front of him, her breasts, her jugs, her hooters so close to him. And he could smell her. Perfume, that heady, sweet flowery smell. He didn't get any of that in his visions or his fantasies. The smell of her though, so close so real bringing another dimension.

“Ahhhhhhh pleeeeeease Dorothea that hurtssssss please stop.”

By the time he had managed to get that stuttering pleading out he was pressed up against the wall and Dorothea, the woman of his dreams and fantasies was pressed right up to him, even closer. Her weight was on him – and the combination of his fear, her weight, and the crush of her breasts almost enveloping his throat, was enough to render him helpless.

“Little perverts like you need to be taught a lesson – a valuable lesson in life and that's just what I'm going to do. No library for you today, pervert.”

Dorothea pressed into Tommy her weight holding him up, preventing his knees from buckling entirely. As she was hissing into his ear, he would have preferred not to have felt his cock twitching to life in his tight trousers because in his mind that would prove Dorothea's pervert theory. But he couldn't help it. Being this close to this glorious girl and feeling the crush of those breasts right under his nose simply caused, as far as he was concerned, all of his blood to rush to that thing between his legs and make it hard. As she hissed the words into his ear she yanked his head by the hair again and with her free hand she was untucking her shirt and popping the rest of the buttons. It was a magnificent display of how from an early age, females were able to multi-task. Reaching under the shirt, sliding her fingers up her back and unclasping her bra and then sliding the same fingers between her and the terrified but erect Tommy so that she could discard her bra, leaving the full glory of those hooters so close, and actually touching Tommy. Then, in a display that was unnerving, scary even in that it hinted at what Dorothea would do later in life to her elderly husband, she proceeded to maul and molest and woman-handle Tommy into such a position that she

could smother him with her breasts. And that was what she did – she forced him down a little but at the same time allowed the wall to keep him up. She worked her own weight and breast volume in such a position that she could smother his face, blinding him, and suffocating him. The scariest thing about this was that she did not do what she did randomly. She wasn't simply acting on some kind of weird impulse. What she was doing was deliberate. What she was doing to Tommy was deliberately smothering him, deliberately weakening him – taking any of the fight out of him – taking any last remnants of will out of him – weakening him, scaring him, frightening him so that she could continue her assault in the very seldom used toilet block in that lower corridor. Once she had got him into position against the wall, at exactly the right height, completely ignoring his whimpering and pleading she lifted both of her voluminous breasts from the sides, just by her under arm and lifted and then squeezed them together. When she did that she leaned forward and put more of her feminine weight on him – at the same time and pressed those breasts into his face. His eyes the last to be covered by the tide of tit flesh that was enveloping him. Then she held herself there. She smothered him, covered his face, completely and utterly and she stayed there. Shoving herself in tighter every time Tommy seemed to move or every time he seemed to twitch. Eventually the movements and the twitches diminishing as he grew weaker and weaker from the smothering. It was only very slowly and very gradually that she released the breasts flesh pressure from the face, the mouth, the nose of Tommy. Just like she was testing that he was sufficiently weakened. Just a little at a time. Like it was something that she did before. It was as though this well-developed schoolgirl was an expert in incapacitating others with her breasts. And that is what she did. Slowly, very slowly she got off him. He was breathing, he wasn't dead! But his eyes were rolling in their sockets. His mind would have been melting and as Dorothea dropped a hand, to feel his crotch, she got right back off him.

“I thought so you little pervert. Rock hard.”

One hand on his crotch, one hand twisted in his hair, and with her udders totally exposed, waving and bouncing and rippling, she dragged him into the female toilets, slamming the door shut behind them both. By the time she was dipping her nipples into his mouth, Tommy was naked. He was on his back on what seemed to be a piss stained floor and she was over him. She was sitting astride of him and was waving her tits over his face. She was using the hang and the weight of her tits to slap his head and his face – and he was whimpering. He hadn't recovered from the smothering – there was no intention of Dorothea's part to allow him to recover. Quite to the contrary, once in the seclusion of that lower corridor toilet, there was a relentless assault by Dorothea on Tommy's senses. Stripping him, assaulting him and then sitting astride of him as she fed her own large, erect nipples one and a time into his mouth. His mouth was opening and closing as he breathed – and he whimpered wetly as he felt the coarseness of the nipples dip in then out – and then the other being put in. As she did that, Dorothea reached back and was masturbating Tommy's cock. Like as though the final utter humiliation was that she was going to make him cum. And she did that. She did it with ease. Simply rubbing him – using his foreskin for friction and masturbating him. Using her thumb to slide and slip the pre-cum around his sensitive glans and then using an unnatural expertise then to simply build the orgasm, let it build and then let it ebb away and then build again – and then... and then allowing release. The sperm shooting high before splashing back down across his naked torso. Dorothea lifting herself up and forward enough to allow herself to miss that splash.

“You're gonna be a good boy from now on, isn't that right Tommy boy? If I say 'shit' you will jump on my shovel, right, boy.”

Dorothea spoke slowly and simply as she re-dressed – Tommy in utter shock lying, nodding vacantly on the floor of the toilet block. Dorothea smiling, almost 'sweetly' as she left him there. Mission accomplished.

It could be that Dorothea had eventually got her comeuppance with Wendy, and the twins. She had had it all her own way for so long. Not just had it all her own way, but had her 'evil' way for so long. Look at what she did to and with poor Tommy. He was never the same after that encounter in the lower corridor – or the toilet block after the smothering. That was a particular dream that Dorothea was fond of sinking back into. The start of the dream signalled by the appearance of that shard of light and then the comforting, vivid images of the smothering of Tommy. She liked that – and she retained a hold over him. It was a simple fact that she made him her pet, much like the way she would envisage and plan to make Wendy her pet many years later. But we all know where that little plan got her. Probably it would be true to say that the Tommy incident had been the driving force behind her later exploits. He wasn't by any means the first unfortunate victim she had picked on and subjugated – but she had progressed with him much faster with him than anyone before him or immediately after him. He had given her a hunger. He had been the driving force behind her active attempts at ensnaring and victimising victims to extreme levels. She had had her first taste of that as a schoolgirl and it would shape the rest of her life. In school she had liked to sexually humiliate the boys because it was fun and she enjoyed milking them of their semen. Even as early as that she enjoyed that milking. The fact was that, also even as early as that she was attracted strangely to the same sex. She liked initially, using her own well advanced and developed bazookas as weapons against other girls. It made them feel uncomfortable around her – the way she flaunted herself almost like a fully developed adult would. How she was so confident with her breasts, indeed with her whole femininity around girls her own age, older or indeed younger. How she even had some of the female teacher literally quaking in their stilettos.

There had been one teacher in particular. A tiny woman, very petite, but also very pretty and with a slim figure – although a figure which didn't harbour much in the way of breasts. I suppose one might have called them 'average', although Dorothea would have definitely labelled the breasts of this science teacher below average. On one day, in which Dorothea had been having a particularly restless day and on which she had decided in the morning that on that day she was going to learn nothing in the way of school work, she had followed Miss Warrington into the store cupboard on the pretence that she was going to help her with a load of Bunsen burners that they had intended to use for various experiments during a double lesson of general science on that day. Dorothea had tipped the wink to one of the other girls – tipped the wink to the extent that a severe beating would ensue should she not do as was expected of her. As it went, it was a pretty simple thing that was expected. The girl would follow Dorothea and Miss Warrington down a stairway leading the store rooms and she would simply lock them in once they were both inside. Nothing else was expected, nothing else was needed. She simply had to push the door closed and turn the key in the lock and then just walk away and back to the classroom, slipping in without even being noticed that she had gone. On top of that, all she had to do was make sure that she kept her mouth closed – that she said nothing to anyone and acted as innocent as the day she was born.

Dorothea, in her waking state, could never recount, or remember what had happened in school with Miss Warrington. It was just like this weird little feeling that she got that 'something' had gone on but not the details. It only ever happened once and despite Miss Warrington remaining at the school for a further two years after that incident, it was never spoken about – never recounted or addressed in any way. In fact, Miss Warrington had transferred to another year group at the school and the two, apart from passing each other in the corridors from time to time, never had anything else to do with each other. As part of Dorothea's natural way she was cocky and arrogant in front of the teacher, partly because she had that feeling that something had happened, but apart from that it was her natural way. Miss Warrington, despite being relatively young was eventually pensioned off due to high levels of stress. So... it was a good thing, that once fate finally caught up with Dorothea, that she finally was able to fill in the gaps of what went on in that storeroom that

day. She loved sinking into that particular dream – she loved it when the shard of light finally faded, and burnt out and there she was in that storeroom. And there was the shaking trembling Miss Warrington.

“Oh dear – it looks like we are in here, all alone for the foreseeable future. Or at the very least until someone finds us. That could be hours and hours. What are we going to do for hours and hours MISS Warrington, hm?”

Dorothea deliberately emphasised the MISS as though – well as though she didn't respect it at all. But in fairness to the teacher, she wasn't trembling right away. She had thought, quite naturally that the door had slammed shut and they had been locked in there quite by accident. It didn't even enter her pretty little head that it had been a planned incident, at all. It was only a slow dawning realisation that crept up over her as Dorothea had spoken – and as she had stepped over and into Miss Warrington's personal space that a slight change in facial colour had crossed the teacher's complexion.

“I'm s-sure if we b-both shout, and scream loud enough, someone will hear us and come and let us out of here Dorothea. I mean we don't have to wait until we are found – maybe we can instigate being found all by ourselves.”

Miss Warrington had stuttered, but she had got it clear in her mind what she wanted to say and the way she wanted to say it. The problem was that, because she stuttered, her snobbish, stuck-up-herself tone was emphasised and that came across with very little effort to Dorothea. The big titted schoolgirl did have the immediate mind to slap the older, smaller woman very hard around the head and face, but.... but something inside her stopped her from doing that. Instead she smiled and she smiled wide and seemingly sincerely. Instead, instead she simply sauntered into Miss Warrington's personal space, right inside her space and lifted her chin so that her eyes came up to meet hers and with her huge,, shirted breasts pushed into the teacher she sealed a full mouth kiss on her. Not simply a peck of a kiss, or a passing kiss – or one where the lips brushed together in passing. But rather she held her chin lightly – she didn't need to hold it very rigidly since the teacher by this point was already trembling and quivering where she stood. It was like she aimed her own mouth, aimed her own full deep glossed lips at the older teacher and then sealed hers with hers. All the time her eyes did not leave Miss Warrington's. She melded lips and then she pushed into the kiss. This was not a schoolgirl kiss – this was a full blown, very obscene kiss. It did not start out as obscene. It was almost sensuous – like lovers would exchange. But it did not carry on that way. The kiss, driven by Dorothea pressed into an open mouthed affair and at first the girl did not invade that of the teacher's with her tongue. Instead she just threatened to do that whilst at the same time as mashing lips and making both sets of lips slippery with saliva. Dorothea kissed the teacher to the point where the older woman's legs felt weak and rubbery and where she was sure that they would collapse under her. They didn't though. With the aid of Dorothea's weight pressed into her, and then one knee pressed into the groin of the teacher she was held. The kiss progressed and then progressed some more. Dorothea didn't need to press in too much she just had to manipulate Miss Warrington's lips with her own and then, just begin to flick at the lips, especially the inside edge of the lips with the tip of her tongue. All the time Dorothea's eyes not leaving those of the woman. The teacher's own eyes opening wider and wider until one was sure they might pop. Little noises from the back of the teacher's throat hinted that there might have been something she wanted to say. But from the scene that was unfolding, that it was impossible for her to say anything at all. Lips sealed and Dorothea's tongue flicking at the mouth of the older woman. Flicking at it but those flicks slowly and surely turning into licks. Full licks of the lips and then the tongue pushing past the lips and into the mouth of the teacher proper. Initially there had been some resistance to the tongue. The teacher had tried to shut her mouth – had tried a little limply to push the big jugged girl away but she had proved too strong and Miss Warrington was having to fight for her breath through flared

nostrils. As she fought for breath in that way, so Dorothea used her free hand to just reach down and 'scritch' the skirted thigh of the woman. This girl, this schoolgirl Dorothea was way too advanced to do what she was doing. She knew about the little nuances of the leg stroke – the inner thigh stroke – the little moves to take the majority of the focus away from the tongue that was sliding into her mouth. And that is what the tongue was doing, it was sliding into her mouth. Miss Warrington was tasting this young girl by gently suckling her tongue. She didn't mean to suckle the tongue – at least that was what she was telling herself. But Dorothea even all the way back then knew all of the little nuances. She could feel the little sucking motions on her tongue as it explored the mouth of the teacher and she could feel those little sighs of despair from Miss Warrington, through her flared nostrils as it seemed that her body was in the process of betraying her. But the kiss was relentless. It was simply relentless. And it didn't seem to end, or let off on the pressure. Once Dorothea had got her tongue firmly established in the mouth of the petite teacher, she began rubbing her knee a little harder into the groin. That was the thing about over the knee socks – they did that. They offered and forced a little more friction into the most sensitive areas and right through the thinness of the panties Miss Warrington could feel the assault by the socked knee on her sexuality.

That assault was as relentless as the tongue in her mouth and the lips on her lips. Dorothea kept the kiss going, but she was smiling as well and as she scritch'd the skirted thigh of the teacher so she stroked down her other side with her free hand, the hand that had been holding the chin gently. As she did that, she could feel the pressure of her own breasts forcing themselves into the teacher and she was sure that Miss Warrington would be able to feel the bullet like stubs of her nipples poking through the transparent bra she was wearing as well as through the pure white blouse she wore. She kissed the teacher until she could feel the older woman was breathless and then she let off a little. Kept the lips sliding together but just released the pressure a bit. It would have been about this point that the teacher would have broken free, maybe slapped the girl's face and asked what the fuck she thought she was doing. But she didn't. Dorothea necked her, smiling. She could feel Miss Warrington quivering and she pressed in to resume the kiss – this time the teacher responded and pressed back. Not hard, not hungrily because she was probably in the process of having her mind blown away right at that time. That, and the shame that more or less coursed through her like some rancid disease or other. Then she was kissing her hard again, sliding her tongue right inside the quivering mouth of the older woman. This time the tongue exploring deeper and deeper and inviting the older woman to suckle and then suckle some more. Dorothea's thumb coming up, finding the silk blouse of her general science teacher and the less than average mounds of breasts held within it. Using her thumbs one to each mound and sliding over the nipple as she kissed and ate deeply into the older woman's mouth. Stroking the thumbs first one way then the other – and then the other. Kissing but smiling lewdly as she felt those little button nipples hardening under the silk and under the pads of her thumbs. Stroking those hardening nipples and then pressing the pads of her thumbs in, kind of dressing the nipples and keeping them depressed as she eventually broke away from the kiss. It wasn't a sudden pull away, but a slow pull away, saliva stretched between the two sets of lips like some kind of bizarre, erotic high wire act in the process of starting. Dorothea then swiping her tongue out, and then across first the upper lip of the teacher and then the lower lip – and in the process of that, breaking the saliva strings and scooping them up – mixed saliva strings that she took back into her own mouth, and her eyes not leaving Miss Warrington rather holding them, making sure that the older woman could see that this younger girl, this young girl, her pupil was tasting her, and enjoying her. Consuming her – and enjoying consuming her.

“Now Lucy Warrington I don't want to hear any more nonsense about screaming out to anyone at any time, do I make myself clear, hmm?”

Dorothea spoke from very close to the teacher's face and her hot breath washed over her. She

spoke softly and she kissed her on the end of her cute, upturned nose as though to emphasise her point. She wasn't nasty though, or threatening. She was unthreatening in a threatening kind of way – if there was such a thing. It wasn't so much what Dorothea said that seemed to shake the teacher to the core – it was more the point that she knew and used her Christian name. No pupil had ever addressed her by her Christian name. And here she was locked in a store cupboard with one of the more scarier pupils in Dorothea. And she had just been kissed into submission. She didn't answer straight away – not because she couldn't – her lips were free, they just quivered, but because she could feel the thumbs pressing and then stroking her nipples again and she had become more than a little knowing of the warm wet moisture that was collecting between her legs. The thing was that, Dorothea's knee was there also, so she knew about the wetness to. As she pressed and then began to stroke and distort the hard little nipples of the teacher again she smiled a little and let the teacher see her smile. As she smiled she shifted her knee in the slippery mess that was collecting and she pressed that knee a little more. Her over the knee sock getting soaked and then her thigh flesh. She worked the knee hard so that the sock came down over the knee and then she could feel better what she was doing with her knee. One hand coming down, finger finding the tiny gusset of the panties the teacher was wearing and slipping that to one side. Pressing the knee up again and then feeling for the groove of the older woman's sex. A little smile from Dorothea as Lucy Warrington winced. The wince due to a number of factors – the pressure of the knee up into her very sensitive feminine flesh, and the shame of the pleasure that she was feeling. She reasoned with herself that this pleasure was being forced upon her, and that she didn't want it – she couldn't want it and that it was wrong to want it, or enjoy it the way she seemed to be doing so on an increasing basis. Dorothea seemed to read her mind. She took one hand away from one silk sheathed nipple and pressed it to the quivering lips of her teacher.

“Sshhhhh our secret, just our little secret.”

Then she was kissing the woman again, deeply and forcibly. Dorothea was kissing down into the woman and she was licking the roof of her mouth with her hungry tongue. The little wet groans coming from the back of Lucy Warrington's throat seemed to be getting more and more desperate. Dorothea kissed and she kissed and then she pressed the knee up until she felt the wet lips of her teacher's sex part – then she was grinding the knee into the inside of Miss Warrington's sex meat. Kissing her and grinding her knee in and with her fingers she was thumbing the silk covered nipples. Using the micro fibres of the silk to tease the nipples into a slow steady throb. Kissing her, grinding her and thumbing those nipples. She was working the older woman like she was an older woman herself. She should not be so experienced at what she did and the way that she did it, but she was. She loved this particular recurring dream did Dorothea. It let her slide back to when she was at her best. When she had control and when she could do whatever she wanted whenever she wanted however she wanted. She loved the way she worked Miss Warrington – slowly overpowering her – getting into her mind as well as into her body. Working her knee until most of the pressure was over that little bit of hooded flesh, the clitoris and then pressing and sliding just that little bit more. Kissing but listening at the same time – listening to the quickening of the breath and then the bubbling, crooning moan from the back of her throat – the one that tickled the kiss and the one that signified the onslaught of an intense, intense orgasm. And when that orgasm slid through Miss Warrington, it did so in waves. Wave after wave of intense pleasure. Her eyes wide, lips swollen, quivering. Then her slowly sliding down the wall, half sobbing, half coming down from the orgasm as Dorothea stepped back. She looked at her watch casually, as though calculating how long it would be before the locked door would be found and until they heard that key turning to open the door. As she did that she began unbuttoning her blouse to reveal her own mammoth breasts to the teacher she had just forced herself upon.

“I want to teach you breast worship Lucy. That is, your worship of My breasts.”

Dorothea's smile was wide – and even she would admit that her own breathing was slightly laboured – excited as she stepped towards the collapsed, limp, sobbing teacher.

Chapter Two

“You really are a total and complete disappointment to me Jugs. You know I just don't get you, I really do not get you at all. I have gone out of my way to help you – help you realise yourself. Help you realise what you are – help you understand that it isn't you that is important but 'me'. And how do you repay me? How do you repay me? I'll tell you how you repay me – you constantly make things hard for yourself with your whining whinging and even worse than that, you make it hard for 'me'. Every time you fall out of line you fall out of line – every time you fall foul of the rules, every time you even let the 'wrong' thoughts filter into that tiny little brain of yours, its 'me' who suffers. It's me who suffers because I am attached to you. And you seem to think that its ok for 'me' to suffer for YOUR inadequacies. You seem to think that all of this is might fine. I just don't get you. The point of all of this is that so you can make that important change in your life. So that you can change and make 'me' the most important thing ever in your life – forever. You are supposed to be learning that the way you used to live and carry on your life was all wrong – the way you used to tease and torment helpless and pathetic men and boys. The way you used to make other women as jealous as hell over your udders. You were meant to be starting to understand that they way of life was all wrong and at the very least misguided. You were meant to be starting to learn the error of your ways. But instead, you seem to be hell bent on making it hard for 'me'. This is just not fair. It's not fair at all and I am not going to take it for much longer. You had really better start to take in what you are being taught – and you better start displaying proper and total respect for 'me'. I am your life now and you have simply been totally misguided and totally deluded with your life so far. I really do hope that you are listening to me Jugs – I really do hope you are taking in what I am telling you. I am trying to help you make a transition here and what do I get? What do I get? Nothing – that's what I get, nothing. It really is not good enough. It just is not good enough. I'm telling you once and for all Jugs that you have better not fuck this opportunity up for 'me'. This is not something that will be offered to you again. A chance like 'this' comes along once and once only – and here you are getting a second chance. Most sub-human creatures like you would give their life just for one chance – but you are having TWO, you are having TWO. You better start to pull yourself together Jugs you better start... and I mean really start.”

Chest's nagging voice was like a constant drone filling Jugsalina's head. Her head was being filled with the very whining whinging that she was being accused of carrying out on a constant basis. But Dorothea was in one of those positions again – one of those positions where she was having to prioritise what was happening to her. Yes she was hearing that voice, that constant fucking voice, and she was understanding every single word of it. She didn't agree with every single word of it. Indeed she didn't agree with any of it at all. For the life of her she could not understand how she was even still standing. The milking pack had been fitted to her for three days and her udders were in an agony that cannot be guessed, or imagined. It was just another reminder, another way that she was having her new way of life enforced on her. And the way it was happening was also a play on her psychologically – making her feel guilty about the fact that her udders were in so much pain and discomfort. Dorothea was desperately trying to contend with that as well as what was physically happening to her.. The pack on her back was heavy. It was heavy because it was the container that held the milk that was being sucked out of each of her breasts. She had been milked constantly for the three day period so that pack was heavy. At the beginning it had been just like a small back-back, but as the milking had proceeded so the pack had expended and then expanded more and more. Dorothea hadn't been able, or even allowed to try, to sit down, or gain any comfort. She had been forced to wear the milking pack constantly day and night – and so sleep had been denied as well. In addition she was not excused her daily lessons and as such, she was escorted to each and

every lesson by Head Hooter Girl Cheryl. She had been forced to endure the horrific humiliation and degradation of being visibly and openly milked in front of the school population, and all that went with that. The suction cups that were attached to her nipple teats were 'industrial' to say the least. Huge re-enforced cups that sucked the thick engorged, sensitive teats right up into the cup and into the heavy, industrial tubing. The tubing snaking our from the massive hooters and then fed into the back-back. The machinery, also part of the backpack, having just one setting. That setting was high and ensured that each of her honkers were suckled, and jiggled and manipulated in order to empty every single milk duct. The machinery was weirdly quiet and belied the agony that it caused Dorothea. As the milking proceeded over the hours and the days, so the process became even more painful. It became more than simply the machinery mauling and manipulating her udders and teats. There was that, oh yes there was that but there was also the fact that as the flow of milk got less and less towards the end of the time, so the insides of her tits seemed to be on fire as the suction tried to express milk that wasn't in fact there any more. She was forced to stand in class since the milking rig was such designed and implemented and fitted that she could not be put into her desk. So she didn't suffer one kind of hell, but she did another one instead. Very much a case of out of the frying pan and into the fire. By the end of the milking period, three and a half days – the constant, constant drone of Chest's voice was still there – but the priority for Dorothea to deal with was the intense and awful pain that her hooters were in. That, and the guilt.

She hadn't meant to say it – she just hadn't meant to let it slip out of her mouth. But she did. If she had been asked what was she thinking she wouldn't have been able to say. The words had simply slipped out of her lips because it was what she was feeling. Maybe it was just one of those times that things had completely come on top of her. Maybe it was just one of those times when it had all crept up on her and it had all become too much.

“T-this is just stupid.... my breasts are too big and they are too heavy. I cannot bare this anymore.”

It wasn't even as though she was talking to anyone in particular – it was like she was talking to herself. Kind of like she was just thinking aloud. Except she somehow turned that 'thinking' into actually speaking those thoughts. The reality was that in her predicament she could 'think' what she liked within reason. But this was one of those oddities that didn't allow the silktext to sense the non-positivity – maybe a flaw in its design and makeup. But in any case, it didn't matter. Jugs had uttered those words in the very presence of Hooter Tutor and there had been nothing but a stunned silence that followed. Three crimes committed in the uttering of that one small sentence. Complaining that her hooters were too big and too heavy was just an unspeakable act of treason as far as Hooter Tutor was concerned and to her 'that' was stupid since there was no such thing as too big or too heavy. There was that and then there was the announcement that the whole thing, this whole thing, the setup, the way of life, the predicament, this path that she had been set upon was 'stupid'. There was simply that stunned silence – as though Dorothea had just denounced the life of Jesus Christ himself. But it was funny, though not in a ha ha kind of way that no sooner had those words slipped from her lips, she knew that she had made a terrible mistake and the only sound that eventually broke that deadlock silence was the whimpering of realisation pouring from between her pretty red lips. It was as though she had been tricked into making the fatal mistake. It was as though she had been the victim of a huge conspiracy – that normally she wouldn't have dared even think those words, let alone actually speak them. But then on top of that she had used the word 'breasts' and she KNEW that she was absolutely forbidden to refer to her hooters, honkers, udders as breasts. Breasts were for decent, normal female human beings. Dorothea, or Jugsalina was anything but decent and pleasant.

“Mmmmm nnnnnngggg mmmmmmmmmgggggg.”

They were quite simple sounds of distress really – ones that kind of filled the chamber and even crept up the aluminium walls of the Hooter School outbuilding. The udder cages were just that – cages. And they had been fed over and onto her tits. Or rather, the mass and volume of her udders had been poured into the cages after which had been a long process of securing and fixing them into place. The way they fixed around the base of her breasts meant that the meat was squeezed and forced into the deliberately small cages. The bars of the cages criss crossed so that the soft subtle meat of the honkers was forced to squeeze and 'pop' out from between each space. Like shrink wrapped meat that was further packed with strings forcing the meat to bulge. The cages then open ended, but only just big enough for the nipple teats and areolas to squeeze out into the open. These cages fitted and then secured over a period of time. That time seemed to be long and tedious as the necessary adjustments were made and then finally like some kind of switch being flicked and the whole lot, in a snap instant, tightening and simply squeezing the breast mounds. The whole thing, despite being metal bar and leather construction seemingly a skin tight fitting – and yet making the total weight of each honker in excess of three times its normal excessive weight. Indeed the very object of this punishment bra being to punish the wearer. This particular punishment bra designed and built for especially for Dorothea. Designed and built for Jugsalina and for a specific time when her udders would be at a very specific size – and yet with the full knowledge that those udders were due to get even bigger over the course of the next few weeks or so. The punishment bra due to be fitted and retained for a period of one month. The torture would get only worse, and then some more.

“Mmmmmmm uuuhhhhhhhh nnnngggggggg.”

Once again, not really words that were spoken – simply sounds of distress. Dorothea would with the best of intentions start on her feet with the punishment bra fitted and adjusted, but the weight, and the mass simply too much for her to bear and eventually, very eventually being forced to her knees. The only way of her getting around with any effect then, on her knees, crawling. Crawling quite pitifully and quite pathetically, dragging those caged udders of hers.

“Ha, ha look at the tit-whore, crawling like she should ALWAYS crawl.”

The cruel Selina standing over Jugs in the very corridor that all that time ago she was forced to clean and scrub the floor with her hooters whilst being overseen by Head Hooter Girl. It was funny that – being in that exact same corridor, and again on her hands and knees and again with Head Hooter Girl over her, supervising her journey from one lesson to another. Dorothea was in pain and severe humiliation but she got a chill down her spine then – just at that moment. That moment that she recognised the corridor – remembered that tortuous time for her breasts, which in comparison to what she was going through now can only have been likened to a walk in the park. But that chill down the spine – and then a flashback of a dream, or was it a dream. But that flashback being broken in an instant by the voice of Selina up above – The metallic sound of the cages being dragged on the floor having a weird and quite chilling echoing effect on the bare painted walls of the corridor. And then the sounds of distress that Dorothea seemed to constantly make as her nipples teats were bent and distorted on the floor with the slow and cumbersome crawl that was inevitable.

“Now Selina – leave the poor creature alone, can't you see she's suffering enough? And, besides, you should be careful, you can never tell when fortunes may change – and too think it could be you – it could be you the one with grotesquely enlarged udders which are then further tormented and tortured. You can just never tell what is around the corner – or what life holds in store for us.”

Head Hooter Girl Cheryl looked directly at Selina and smiled – it was her own brand of wide lipsticked smile – and she looked the sadistic younger girl directly in the eyes, and held that gaze as Selina's laugh faded into a slight smile and then that slight smile fading completely as the

words that HHG used sank in to have the desired effect. Cheryl nudged Dorothea's fleshy, upturned ass with a stiletto'd foot, urging her on.

Hooter School Open Day

That punishment bra – oh dear that punishment bra. The fact was that it had an immediate and detrimental effect – the weight of those cages, of those shrink wrapped bags of flesh all tightly barred up and heavy – dragging those tits down, and down. Under normal circumstances those hooters, those modified bags of fleshy fun had more than begun to defy gravity and were constantly wanting and needing to head towards the ground. It was as though they were doing that because they were 'seeking' some kind of comfort, some kind of release from the permanent agony that they were in and experiencing. It was kind of like a second nature for them to try that, try to get down so that some of their weight could be taken up by the floor. That would be it – it would be a relief for those humongous hooters to rest on the floor. Yes they would be heavy on the floor, terribly so – and Jugs would have to stoop a little, just maybe more than a little so that she could plant some of that flesh on the floor – but at least she would get some relief that way – at least some of the weight would be taken from them and be bared by the floor. But then – that would be ok, just about, whilst Dorothea was standing still – yes she might just be able to cope with that 'stoop' for a little while whilst she was standing still. Even despite the murderously atrocious high heels that she was made to wear – that stoop might be just about manageable for short periods. But then – that would give rise to all sorts of other doubts creeping into her head. If on the general off chance her breasts were unbound and free – yes she could get that minimal relief. But there was not very often in the day that she was standing still long enough to adopt that position. There was the getting round. She had to get around the School and she had to transport her honkers in the best and most effective way. By the most effective it is generally meant the most painful and humiliating way for her. 'Best' translating into something that she has to suffer on a constant basis.

Then of course, there was now – and for the past three weeks she was having her udders punished for muttering, daring to mutter, daring to utter those words – the ones she said, the whinging whining words that her breasts were too heavy and about how stupid it all was. Daring to say the breasts word was bad enough, but when a tit transport system, ie Dorothea dared to give an opinion – dared to complain, dared to even think about the breast word let alone say it – well it had been all a little much, at least at first for Hooter Tutor to take in. She had thought she had seen it all and done it all. She had thought she had come across every mode of behaviour of the sort exhibited by creatures like Jugs. But even she had been a little more than dumfounded as she heard those words slip wetly from between the lips of the big hootered whore. There had been only one course of action that had been available, at that time, and that was appropriate for purpose – and that had been the punishment bra. Actually 'bra' was a kind of inappropriate thing to call the things that Jugs's hooters had been captured and caged in. What the whole contraption actually was was a form of torture. A torture device – an intricately designed and executed torture device that when fitted and adjusted could only result in one thing – and that was the dire and absolute form of hell that she had yet to be shown, or brought to. Oh – since her being controlled by Wendy and the twins, and since her first stint at Hooter School, she had thought that she been to that place called hell. She thought that she had been there. But nothing could have prepared her for what these fucking cruel and despicable things would do to her. With them all fitted, tightened and strapped down – the flesh bulging out from between cross crossed bars and the nipple teats, like un-launched yet primed missiles forced out of the end of the cages painfully and vulnerably only the beginning of the story of torture really.

“Mmmmmmmooooooooooooo aaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

It could have been sheer coincidence that the sounds she had ended up making were not the sounds of distress that she had made at the beginning of the process. The fact that she sounded more akin to a wounded cow was something approaching ironic. The wounded cow with the huge udders that were trapped in cages that she could not shake off, or relieve at all. The wounded cow that had done very well for the first maybe day or so of the punishment cycle. She had managed to stay on her feet. Well, more or less. There had been stumbles that saw the caged flesh bounce and wave and wiggle painfully. But the truth being told was that as the hours and the days went on – so the stoop, enforced by the weight of the breasts and the cages combined was just too much for her spine to bare and so she began to droop. The fact that there was no added support for the udders, very purposely so, meant that the natural gravity was forcing them to pull and drag down. Inside there as well would have been the psychological need for her to rest the hooters on the floor so that at least some of that weight was taken up. But given the design of the cages and the shape that the hooters were squeezed into – that relief might not have been given in the same way that it might if the breasts were free to simply flop on the floor and spread around in a flesh like pool. But that was what the desperation of her situation was forcing on Dorothea. Looking for, hoping for, searching for relief where there was none – or where there would be no hope of any.

The hours must have felt more like days to Dorothea as she was forced to haul those caged udders around with her. Part of what was left of her, determined and desperate to retain the dignity that she once had and yet that little piece of dignity that she might have had, and one says might have had because, even up to this point in the journey most of that dignity, that tall and proud dignity that she had had had been take away from her, stripped away together with her freedom. But, that little bit of her, the little bit of her that was left still trying to call at least some of the shots. That little piece of her trying to convince her that she did have some dignity left. Even in those final hours of those first days of the tit caging, she was still trying, but trying to walk tall and proud and with an air of dignity that had long since left her. But Hooter Tutor had watched that – she had watched that with a form of excitement. No-one at the school, or at least no-one except the chosen ones would have recognised that look as she watched Dorothea be dragged more and more floor ward in those final hours. It was the look of sexual excitement. Hooter Tutor was getting some kind of sexual kick out of watching a woman without dignity trying desperately to act and carry herself as though she did have some. That sight, the sight of Jugs being dragged to the floor by her own caged mammaries was a sexual thrill for her. It said a lot about the sadist trapped inside the school ma'am exterior. All prim and proper and giving out the message that she was here to help the girls at her School. That she was there for their own good. Maybe, just maybe the outer wall beginning to crumble as to what it was all about after all. The sexual overtones – the sexual gratification of a perverse human being. The sign of the ability of how some human beings could be beyond cruel to other less fortunate than themselves. And, far from simply plucking selected women and girls out of society because of the wrongs that they had done – rather, searched carefully and selected suitable 'specimens' for their own perverted needs and lusts. Hooter Tutor had watched Dorothea being dragged down and down by her own caged tits and had squeezed her thighs to get a little shot of pleasure. The desperation in the younger woman's eyes to find and retain that dignity so apparent and yet at the same time so obviously not there was a source of sexual pleasure. That sight of Dorothea with every passing minute and then with every passing step, knees bending more and more - the stoop becoming more acute, her getting lower and lower until eventually she could not stay on her severely arched feet any longer. Until she was forced to her hands and knees. And that point, at that precise point that her knees gave ways and she went down first onto her knees, the caged tits still bouncing across her thighs, and then forward so that she was on her all fours – at that precise point there was an escape of air, like one of relief – like an escape of air that was one of relief and acceptance. If ever asked, Hooter Tutor would have told how honoured she was to have

been present and witness to that final gasp of air escaping Dorothea's lips. That final escape of air told of that final seeping of the last, the very last remnants of dignity – and then the form of Dorothea, or Jugsalina as she was now known. To be present at the ultimate deconstruction of another woman was a thing to behold. Hooter Tutor squeezed her thighs, the way she did it, like discreetly so no one around her knew what she was doing – she squeezed and then released, squeezed and then released so that she built the orgasm up behind the eight thousand nerve endings that made up her own clitoris. She squeezed, released, squeezed released as she watched Dorothea sink to the floor, and then the weight of those cages pressing her nipple teats into the floor, hurting them more, opening up the nerve ending and turning those always there throbs into spasms of deep pain. Hooter Tutor watched that falling apart, that deconstruction as she watched she squeezed and squeezed her thighs. Then, just at the moment when Dorothea must have been at her very lowest ebb – just when she was at her most broken on the floor, on her hands and knees and with her caged tits under her like freaks of nature imprisoned for the own good, that was when Hooter Tutor did her final squeeze. And as she did her final squeeze so she orgasmed intensely into her underwear. It was not a noisy, breathy orgasm – no-one would know she was wallowing in the deepest darkest recesses of the most intense sexual pleasure. But she was, and the orgasm was intense, it was as intense as it could be and she was enjoying it when faced with Dorothea at her lowest. A sadist getting her ultimate thrill, her ultimate orgasm.

“Moooooooooahhhhhhhhhhhh oooooooooaaaaaaahhhhhh.”

There it was again – that wounded cow sound. Jugsalina crawling, very slowly, very intensely laboured up towards the main show ground. Hooter School had open days occasionally. I guess 'open days' might not be the appropriate term. Open days suggested that the School opened its gates to the public and all and sundry could simply waltz in and take in the delicious sights it had to offer. Of course, nothing could be further from the truth of that. Hooter School open day meant that, indeed the gates were opened but only for the very select few. There would not be hundreds and hundreds of people milling around and helping themselves to fancy cakes and finger buffets. Rather there would be more like tens of people – maybe thirty or forty people, specially selected. There might be a mixture of people who had the underground connections necessary to get into such an event. These people could be a mixture of those who, for whatever reason simply fund such a clandestine operation. That could be for reasons of varying types. Sympathetic to the cause maybe. Possibly they will have contributed, in the form of a female human being, to the programme at some time or other. They could be individuals who get their kicks out of such a set up. Or, at the other end of the spectrum they could be prospective parents, guardians, husbands of future 'pupils' at the school. The fact was that, in today's society, the supply of fresh 'stock' or a fresh intake of pupils was not that easy to come by. Society and governments had changed and whilst not wholly impossible, it had become very difficult to operate such an organisation, or such a closely guarded secret as Hooter School. So, attracting fresh blood as it were was not an easy thing to procure. Checks had to be made – vetting at the highest level had to take place. But this was what happened with a slickness and an ease that might chill any 'normal' person. Mature, adult human beings playing with the lives of girls and older women as though they were 'nothing'. But the sexuality coming to the fore and offering some kind of explanation – as to how and why it had to remain such a secret and clandestine organisation. Another chill this time down the very core of the spine that such a place could even exist at all. But it did. So did Jugsalina.

“Mooooooooooooaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhh oooooooooaaaaaaahhhhhh.”

That noise again. It was almost a pitiful sound. A cow sound yes, but most definitely a wounded cow sound. That conclusion would be drawn by anyone who heard that sound. They

down the path and into the garden proper. The chest cages dragging, the nipple teats distorting in the stones and being grazed and lacerated by those same stones as she crawled bit by bit. One might have suggested, or thought at least that it would be impossible for her to lift her udders off the ground and to somehow carry them with her. It seemed to be the logical conclusion that she was on her hands and knees crawling the way she was crawling, in that laboured pained way because her caged tits were too heavy. The whole bulk of them was simply too heavy for her to lift and then carry in the 'normal' way. It seemed to all who were now watching, eyes fixed on her that the absolute only way she could get around with those udders was to crawl and grovel in the stones. But that only became apparent after some time studying the form that was crawling into the garden the way Dorothea was crawling. It wasn't a sight one normally saw, or one that one normally expected to see. Granted the people at this little get together would have been deemed perverted at best. But it seemed that even they could not have been expecting such sights of outright brutality and cruelty to be displayed before them. It was no accident that Jugs was brought into the garden like this. It would have been so easy for Hooter Tutor to have arranged a proper and spectacular 'display' of some sort whereby Jugs could be already in the garden, maybe fixed to some kind of plinth or other, with all of her wares on display for the guests at the open day to see. But that would have been much, much too vulgar. Besides, why would anyone want to deny the spectacle of 'the entrance' being made. And that was just it, it was an entrance. More than an entrance. But not one that was all lights, and fireworks. It was a spectacular entrance of a pathetic female human being who had been reduced and deconstructed. One at the very lowest of the low of her existence. The closer she crawled the closer people looked. At first they couldn't work out what it was they were seeing. Yes a person crawling. But what were those metallic sounds. And those things under her. At first they could not even associate those things with Dorothea's breasts, or what used to be her breasts. But then as she got closer and closer and then closer, there were intakes of breaths from the various members of the crowds. Other people made no sounds – they simply watched open mouthed. Others had been watching with the same open mouths but then those mouths, male and female simply stretching into appreciative, and perverse smiles as the crawling vision of Jugs, the closer it got began to make sense. They all knew that this establishment specialised in 'breasts' and now they were getting a full on display of what was capable with that speciality. More than a few of the eyes, male and female poured over the leading and walking form of Head Hooter Girl – that was understandable – Cheryl, a top heavy girl with extraordinary long, and in this case nylon sheathed legs walked and held herself tall and proud like and Head Girl should. But in the main the eyes were always drawn back to the unfortunate creature that was barely able to make progress in the only way that she could make progress. Dorothea was dragging herself and the bulk of her mammaries, caged, distorted, up the path. As she got closer, as a little bit more was revealed when she got closer and closer then the sighs and the gasps became more acute, more loud. At first it was just the malformed bulk under her that she was dragging, as far as they could see – but when it became obvious that those udders, those stupendous, massive, fleshy mammaries were shrink wrapped in steel cages, and it was the dragging of the steel cages that they could hear and now see – that woman, exclaimed again.

“Oh My Fucking God – how much more delicious does this day get.”

Her voice was mature, slightly husky and high educated. The fuck word seemed to slip out of her mouth and over her lips with an ease that was erotic. She was a thick, heavy set woman who looked as though she had had more than her fair share of being tormented by big titted bimbos. She looked like she had spent a lot of her life fending off such bitches. Like maybe as though they for some reason or other made a b-line for her husband or something. But there was no husband present. She was alone and had mingled before the main event had begun. She had probably drunk one or two glasses too many of the expensive, chilled white wine that had been served by Hooter

Chapter Three

Hooter School Open Day .. continued;

Later that day, the sun was setting – it was always a spectacular sunset from that garden. That was why the garden had been built and set there. It didn't face south, or east as seemed to be the trend with people who were property hunting. It faced west – it faced the setting of the sun. And, there were never two sunsets the same – never two days exactly the same. It depended on the weather, the air quality, pollution from the city about twenty miles away. It depended on cloud cover – the type of cloud. On very rare occasions there was no sunset at all. But it was very rare that the cloud cover was so thick that there was no sunset to see. Even less occasionally the rain obliterated the landscape and the skyscape and there was nothing to see. Nothing to see at all. On occasions like this one had to guess where the sun was in the sky – and that was quite easy to achieve because as the sun faded towards the horizon, it just seemed to get darker and darker – then as though all of a sudden, ping – the lights went out. The most spectacular sunsets occurred when there was thin, broken cloud cover – then the disc of the setting sun was broken up into irregular segments and sections. Thin broken cloud and varying density pollution made for also hypnotic sunsets – and this was the kind of sunset that was happening on this night. People milling around – still drinking sparkling, or still wine from expensive crystal flutes. There were little huddles of people involved in deep hushed conversations – the content of which could only be guessed at. One might mill round too, just idly make ones way from group to group to see if there were any interesting tit-bits to pick up – pun intended. The path, 'that' path had taken on something of a strange and 'glowing' air with the setting sun. Everything else seemed to be being thrown into lengthening shadows but the white stones of the path, they seemed to be a brighter white and at the same time they seemed glow a dim orange with the setting sun. In fact the whole effect had a weird, surreal Wizard of Oz feel to it. In that tale the path was the yellow brick road. This path though was not so twisty, or winding – and it was white and at the same time glowing orange. It had the kind of orange hue, as though there were some kind of aura surrounding it, or covering it in some way. And yet, a closer look at that path and the bright whiteness gave way to the millions of shadows that the sharp stones created. And then there was something else as well. There were the plough lines – the plough lines that had occurred as Jugs had crawled painfully slowly up that path and into the garden. Those were the plough lines, or the tram lines caused by her caged, squeezed, tortured tits. At first they were just plough lines – and for anyone in that get together they were easy to work out. But a closer look, where the caged udders had ploughed the stones up, sweeping them into a long pile either side of the plough lines – deep inside the furrow, there were other lines – sharper lines of stones that had been ploughed on a secondary basis. Those narrower, sharper plough lines were where Dorothea's nipple teats had dug down into the stones, into the first plough furrow created by the caged super mounds. Where they had penetrated the stones deeper and were ploughing deeper – making their own lines. If one were to look at that path, and those lines, and the deeper lines, one would be able to see that Dorothea had been led up the centre of that path expertly and perfectly – the lines barely going off kilter. The only imperfection, if it could be called an imperfection was where her knees had dragged behind her. Those knee marks kind of spoilt the symmetry. But at the same time they didn't spoil that symmetry. Where the knees had dragged and broken up the perfect lines of the plough, they kind of added an imperfect perfection. Certainly that evening as the sun set, that path was telling a story. Telling a story of a tortuous journey made by an unfortunate human being. An unfortunate female human being. There could be more to be gleamed from that path – a closer look maybe would reveal the droplets of blood, mixed in with the dusty whiteness of the

sharp stones. Those droplets and trails of blood coming from the nipples mostly. But also from the breast flesh, where it bulged and squeezed through the square, criss crossed bars of the cages they were shrink wrapped in. That closer inspection would indeed reveal that that journey, that slow cumbersome, almost barbaric journey was more painful, more tortuous than it looked at first glance and when it was actually happening.

“Ohhhhh I just MUST have another go at this – this is just TOO much fun.”

It was that woman again – the one who had been shocked almost speechless when Dorothea had made her entrance. Or rather when Jugsalina had been taken into the garden on her entrance. Jugs wasn't crawling around anymore with her tits dragging on the ground. One might suspect that she was doing just that because when she had been brought up the path and then into the garden proper, Head Hooter Girl had left the path and taken Jugs onto the softness of the slightly mildewy grass. That had been like a huge comfort to her. Indeed her sounds of distress, at least for a little while, in contrast with the ones as she had been taken up the path, were ones of, if not pleasure, then some relief. Though one might suspect quite rightly that the grass, or her being led onto it was not designed for her comfort in any way shape or form. But Dorothea was not on the path, nor the grass any more. She wasn't even on her hands and knees. That very fact, given the condition and status of her hooters might have been cause for concern in the first instance. She was on a plinth – what looked to be a round column of intricately designed cement. The top of the plinth set at a height that when kneeling on it, Dorothea's hooters were placed at a height and position convenient. Convenient for what one might ask.

“Just one more go, please just one more go and then someone else can have a turn.”

The woman's posh voice was loud and pierced the evening air, kind of spoiling the serenity. The voice was annoying for more than one reason. Yes it spoilt that calm serenity that otherwise existed but it was also that it took on an air of petulance. This was a grown mature woman who was acting and coming across like a spoilt brat. Indeed the vision of the woman would not fit in with the voice on this occasion. Dorothea was on her knees on the hard, flat top of the plinth with her knees placed wide apart. Indeed, all of her weight was on those knees since those were her only point of contact with anything solid. That is, anything that would be supporting her weight. The worry, or disturbing thing about it was that she appeared simply to be 'balancing' solely on her knees and not only that, but that constant need to balance was taking its toll on her. Her arms had been brought up behind her in the reverse prayer position. Brought behind her to her back, bent at the elbows and then hands secured back to back so that her long slender fingers pointed directly up the centre of her spine. Those finger tips actually coming to rest, almost, but not quite, at the base of her neck. Her wrists, and arms secured to her torso, as though she were being flat packed. But the result of this was that her arms were of no use to her balancing at all. Indeed some concerted and tortuous effort had to be put in by her – and this was showing on her face. Her face was a mask of pain. Once one got used to the sight of that positive smile painted on, it was easy to see past that to the pain. It was there – on the face as well as the smile – and mostly it was behind the eyes – coming through from the eyes. It could be seen. But also what could be seen were the little ribbons of drool – bubbly drool that seemed to collect at the corners of her smiling mouth and then just collect there before spilling down the sides of her chin. There was a noise coming from her. Not quite the moaning sounds that she had been making on the tortuous journey up the path – but, they were noises that threatened to get more loud, more acute the longer she was forced to adopt this position.

The plinth, and Jugs kneeling on it, supporting her was something of an optical illusion. Oh, the weight, the weight of herself on the plinth on her knees was real – that could not be the subject of an illusion at all. But her balance – well her balance was being 'aided'. One has to say it was being aided because that was the truth. But also the truth was the fact that she was not being aided out of concern for her – or out of the fact that she was in dire need of help. Possibly the tiniest of

concessions had been made – Dorothea's udders had been taken out of the cages. Well, it would be more accurate to say that those tortuous shrunken squeezed cages had been taken off her mammaries. That could have been a blessing in disguise, or an unholy torture in another guise. Without knowing exactly what the poor woman was feeling, or experiencing, well it was difficult to judge what was what. There will have been the release of all of that pressure. Like releasing the pressure for a crush victim. That spurt and flow of blood would have been like sending a red hot knife through sensitive vulnerable flesh. And it was that because it was during the release of the two cages that Dorothea let out her loudest, most cow like moo sounds. The wounded animal was indeed a wounded animal. In a strange way that she had become used to the constriction of the cages and the way they supported and caged her hooters in their own way. The release was a torture all of its own. But then so was the placing of those udders in the huge glass case. At least it looked like a huge glass case. In effect she was being made a display of. Her honkers fed into the glass display case and then rested on the glass floor of the case. This glass case was suspended, by almost invisible wires – it was these wires, or the lack of sight of these wires, and the apparent floating glass case, and then the hugely mammaried woman kneeling on the points of her knees that added to the illusion that she was unaided. In point of fact the glass case was helping her to remain upright. There would be no way that Jugs would be able to kneel upright with her hands and arms back in reverse prayer, and support herself on that plinth. She would inevitably topple over with her severely top heavy status. Her udders were 'splodged' out in the display case and they seemed to fill this case. Indeed it would be difficult to believe that this case had been designed and made for anything but Dorothea's grotesquely enlarged hooters. The crystal clear glass provided a super enhanced view of those hooters. Super enhanced and some. They were marked and dented from the cages. The square grooves caused by the tightness of the cage bars to the breasts were prominent and made the flesh meat look like it had been shrink wrapped, and then unwrapped. But there was also the transparency of the flesh – except even more so. And the rock hardness of the nipple teats. Dorothea was on 'display' for all to see. Except she wasn't just there to see. She was there to touch and to feel as well. There were circular hand holes cut in the front glass. On a stand, just to the side of the 'display' was a sign – very neatly printed in a scroll type font

“PLEASE FEEL FREE TO HELP YOURSELF – LITERALLY”.

The sign inviting curious hands to enter and explore the flesh that was those hooters. The breast flesh just lying there in that case, the flesh of the two honkers mingling and merging and because of that, it being difficult to tell where one breast ended and the other began. The woman being the first to slide her hand in. Kind of softly, just smoothing her palms over the tops of the piles of flesh. Smoothing one way and then the other. Then stroking the nipple teats – over the tip of them, and then using her finger tips to push and prod the very tips, the most sensitive parts of the nipples. Right in. Just poking a little and kind of giggling when the flesh seemed to come alive and twitch. Her biggest giggle and the cause of her biggest gleeful shouts came when seemingly out of nowhere in the case, two metallic hands lowered from the top edge of the inside of the case. They hadn't been there before. It had just been a glass case – a display case. But this was another sign of the weirdness and the surreality of the world that Dorothea had been brought into and was now part of. The metallic hands seeming to come down and mirror the movements of the woman's hands. Claw like fingers – five fingers to each hand and yet as human in form that these robotic hands were – no two fingers the same. Each finger having its own 'trick' to divulge. The woman pointed her right index finger – just simply flicked it out and straight and there was like a mini lightning storm in that case. The lightening though only having one target, that being the very tips of the nipples. Both nipples almost lighting up with that one flick of the finger. The lightening emerging from that one mirrored robotic finger. The flesh of the hooters coming to life with the continuous feed of electricity. One would be sure, that if the hooters could have screamed out then they would have.

The woman flicked her other index finger and both robotic hands moved down as though to stroke the breast flash but inside whipped across them leaving angry red lines. The tit flesh twitched again and Dorothea's eyes sprang open as the pain messages got through to her mind – and to the little part of her that was left. She smiled that lipstick smile but she was being wrecked on an increasing basis. The pain of that position she was in and what her hooters were enduring in that display case can only be guessed at. It was only after a little short while of the woman having her fun that Dorothea let out another of those extended, pitiful mooring sounds. The crowd was growing – or should that be the queue was growing around the woman. Those mammaries were in a glass, magic box of tricks and there were plenty but plenty of willing perverts ready to take up the opportunity of working on the legend and having some fun with that legend.

Next Day;

There was no 'class time' the next day. That could have been a good thing in that at least Jugs's hooters would not have to be pressed and squeezed into that desk vice thing that was a normal part of her 're-schooling'. Indeed, no class time would be a welcome respite from the monotonous, continuous and relentless abuse that Dorothea's hooters were being put through at that place. Except that if there was no class that day then something had to take its place. Usually a no class day meant that there would be an 'activity day' instead. That didn't give the impression that there would be any kind of let up of focus on those impressively grotesque hooters of Jugs.

“This is all your fault. All your fault – making Me, Chest suffer like this. I will make sure you rue the day we met. I've done nothing but try to help you and this is what I get in response – more grief. Oh fuck you are going to be so, so sorry. I am going to make sure, when you come home to Me and the twins that you suffer to the end of your natural days – and beyond. If you think you'll be allowed to just slip away then you are sadly mistaken. Slip away won't even come into it for you. God I am going to make you suffer. I could end it for you any time I wanted – and can do that any time I want. But that just is not going to happen. You just wait cunt you just wait... oh goddddd this is all yourrrrrrr fault you freak of a bitch.”

It was a little ironic that a voice, an electrified voice that belonged to Wendy, who in turn had taken on the persona of a thing called Chest – that was in fact, at least in her own mind, now the sole operator and controller of Dorothea's massive hooters – that she in fact WAS the persona of those hooters and was feeding her voice into tiny little speakers in Dorothea's ears – well it was a little ironic that this woman was the one labelling Dorothea a freak. Surely that should have been the other way around? The voice simply droned on and on inside Dorothea's head. She heard it – she heard it all but she was in too much distress to do anything about. In too much distress and pain even to think about it. Chest's voice filling her mind, filling her head had just become like a part of her life. It wasn't as though Chest herself could further any torture – the torture by Chest was that voice. Constantly blaming Jugs – constantly pointing the figurative finger at her. Piling on the guilt, piling on the blame. It had come to the point where yes, Dorothea did blame herself. She did know it was all her fault. She did know that she had no-one else to blame. But what she couldn't quite work out was what was all her fault? What was she all to blame for? What didn't she have anyone else to blame for? Those were the things that she couldn't quite work out. She knew that she was responsible – for all of it. But not what all of it was? Maybe a sign that that little bit of herself that was left inside her melted mind was being eroded away.

She had to maintain her step on the treadmill. She could not deviate her steps at all – not in speed, or in knee height – or in rhythm. If she deviated in any way shape or form then the whole of her globes of modified mammary flesh would be filled with a pain that she could not bear, or that she could not understand. At the start of this session it had been the worse – when she had been

simply finding her rhythm and her speed. That had been the worse – because there was no training period, or practice period in which for her to perfect the technique of walking on the spot on that ever revolving platform. She had been led onto it – secured by chains and straps and then it had been started. Once the treadmill was up to speed, that was it. She had to lift her knees to the required height and she had to maintain speed so that the chains, which came in from various angles, for various reasons, did not tighten, or pull against themselves at all. If they did that, it meant that she was deviating from the speed and so, her whore-tits were filled with an agony that made her wish that she was dead. What she could not work out, no matter how much she tried, was how that pain was being applied. It wasn't a pain that she had felt before. It wasn't a whipping, or a burning, or an electricity that was being fed into her. It wasn't even an ice coldness that was being applied. It was simply an unidentified agony that started in the core of her mammarys and then spread out. What was clear was that with every deviation, the bursts of pain got steadily longer and longer and then longer again. The treadmill and the torture that it produced was unforgiving to the extreme. There was no recovery period allowed – that is, a period where the pain was inflicted, and an allowance for Dorothea to pull herself together. She was expected to suffer the pain, and the horror and at the same time then, pick up and maintain the speed and rhythm of the walking on the treadmill as though nothing was happening to her body. What was expected was an impossible task. One might even come to the conclusion that it was supposed to be impossible – like as though it wasn't designed or implemented in a way that Dorothea could succeed at all, at least not completely succeed. If one were even more cynical one might say that the treadmill had been set up in such a way that the rhythm and the speed etc was not a constant at all. Constantly changing – just minute changes that affected the way the top heavy tit-whore Dorothea took her steps. The stride, the length and the speed. Not changes that would or could be detected by the naked eyes. But ones that were enough to throw her off what she was supposed to be doing.

“Mmmmmmmmmooooooooooooooooo aaaaaaaaaaaaaaooooooooooooowwwwwwwww.”

The wounded cow sound wasn't long – but it was intense and it did signal the fact that the pain was being fed into each of her jugs. That pain that couldn't be worked out. The length of that sound though did not signal the length of the burst of pain. She struggled to maintain the speed. In fairness to her, she did well to do what she did. But in an activity that she was not meant to win – she managed to overcome the system more than some would have. It wasn't just the speed, the rhythm and the length of stride though. If they had been the only three pieces of the jigsaw that she had to fit in the right way round at the right time then maybe, just maybe she could have conquered it all. But it wasn't just those three things. She had the CCTV camera mounted directly in front of her. Just the one camera that was focussed on her every single move and with the tell-tale red light on the front that showed it was recording every single movement that it made – and, or every single sound that she made. That red light seemed like it was a focus all of its own. A focus burning into her psyche. Like that in itself was a torture. Not a physical one but a mental one. In order to at least try to maintain what she had to on the treadmill, she could only face one way – if she turned her head even minutely one way or the other, then one of the pieces would fall out of the jigsaw and she would be filled with that god awful pain again. And the point was that she COULD move her head. For about the only time since she could remember coming into this nightmare, her head was not constricted or controlled in any way and she COULD if she wanted to move it. But that was the catch twenty two. Move her head and she deviated from the speed etc of the treadmill – and she knew what the result of that would be. Keep her head still, looking directly ahead of her and all she had was that fucking red light – burning into her mind – reminding her constantly of what she had to do and the way she had to do it. Her hooters on a constant swing and wave mode – the weight and the mass of those mammarys creating their own momentum – that in itself having its own impact on how Dorothea handled her speed and stride. But that wasn't the only thing – tied with

little neat silk bows to each of her thick engorged nipples were the bells that had to keep ringing, also on a constant basis.

Under the CCTV camera right under that light was a sign – the only real instruction that was clear and precise

“IF THE BELLS STOP RINGING, YOU WILL BE PUNISHED.”

Words that were easy to understand, easy to take in and compute even under the worse of distress that could be imagined. Indeed those words were the easiest to understand and the instruction that were the clearest to follow. With the rest of it, the speed of her walk, the height of her knees, the stride etc, she had had to work all of that out herself. There had been no signs to tell her, or Hooter Tutor whispering acidly in her ear that if she didn't do 'this' then 'this' would happen. She had been put on the treadmill and that treadmill started up – she had been tortured time after time after time until she had started to learn – started to realise what was happening and why. At first she thought it was just her knee height, so she got that right. Then she was thrown back a few steps when her speed must have altered, or when the speed of the treadmill was altered and she would be tortured more. Then the stride. It was only through the intense pain and distress that she learnt and made progress. But the progress she could make was limited. It was designed like that. It had to be like that. Head Hooter Girl circling her, watching her every move. And she did that – she watched every move, like her life depended on it. But there was something else in Cheryl's eyes – something else behind that determination to make a good job of what she was doing with Dorothea. It couldn't be pinned down what it was – but it was there. Jugs's honkers, heavy and beyond big, and showing signs of the absolute abuse that they had suffered. The bells ringing – Dorothea making concerted and visible efforts to swing and jiggle her whore-tits in the manner required to keep the bells ringing. Those bells, brass and heavy and designed so that they would only ring if they were swung and jiggled in a specific way. Dorothea having more tortuous bouts of horrendous pain applied in the learning process of how to keep those bells ringing.

“You just wait – you just wait you will pay for this you will pay. You just wait and see how much you are going to pay for putting me through all this. You should be taking care of me. You should have been taking care of me all those years when you were using your feminine assets for the most sordid, and selfish of reasons. I'm going to make sure you get hell for this. You'll see.”

That voice again – an absolute constant in her ears – both ears. Dorothea hearing it, taking it in, letting it sink and swim around in her psyche as she tried desperately to maintain the walk on the treadmill and the bell ringing. Her massive, huge humongous mammaries swinging and then colliding – swinging and the rippling – swinging and the waving irregularly and yet at the same time that irregularity the driving force behind the ringing bells. It was like a little trick that had been invoked so that it could not be learnt in a robotic like way by Dorothea. Like in a way that she was forced to maintain her focus – that the effort had to be constantly applied in order for her to achieve what she wanted and needed to achieve. But even that was only successful for her for so long. She had no idea, or even inclination that the treadmill, and what was expected of her was set up for her to fail. She smiled, and the silktex inside her squeezed just a little – then one bell stopped ringing and she was filled with that pain again.

Tit-Tug-Of-War – sounds harmless enough. Might even sound like a some amusing fun. Maybe an activity a bored wealthy businessman might get a couple of high class hookers to indulge in, in his hotel room over the course of one night or so. Indeed that could be the case – except it wasn't.

This tit-tug-of-war was another one sided 'game' was designed really so that neither combatants would, or could win. The only thing measurable really was the amount of suffering that any contestant had experienced beforehand. The only way one or the other could win was if the other had been tit-tortured so much beforehand that they were weaker because of it before the game

of the chain, the breasts, udders, honkers did take on that air of newness. One would have to look beyond the shiny second skin to the tortured fleshy under it. The tight band of slightly less transparent latex around the base of the udders and then further ones around the middle of the hooter mass of flesh. Then further bands, around the areola and that were designed to constrict around the base of the nipple teats. The nipple teats themselves then protruded quite obscenely and grotesquely into the open air. Again though, it didn't matter how long one looked that the rigs, one could not work out how they actually worked, or did what they did. What they did do, when tugged in the tug-of-war game, they pulled the tit meat equally. The pressure wasn't simply applied to just the base band – but also the middle band and the areola tit band. It seemed that the rigs were thus designed that the pressure and the discomfort and the out and out pain was applied equally to all of the mammary meat. It didn't seem conceivable that such an equal pressure could be applied, but it was just the way it was. Little latex eyes were situated either of the protruding nipple teats and to this, the rubber bungee like cords were attached – the other end of this cord obviously were attached to the other 'contestant'. It wasn't a good sign, at least for those taking part in the game that the cord was of the elasticated bungee variety. It meant that there were the two opposing forces of the big juddered contestants at bay, together with the cord that would fight and fight to get back to its original size or length no matter how the two females either end pulled and pulled.

“Moouooooooooo hooooooooooooo aaaaooooowwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww.”

Dorothea had sobbed throughout the fitting. There was no doubt that she had suffered a lot since her capture – and that was having telling effect on her mentally as well as physically. What was harder to decipher was why she was sobbing so pitifully at this time. She had suffered already immeasurably but the fact was that, in a strange kind of way she was getting through that. The rules were simple and she had known that. Positivity, simple as. Nothing more or nothing less. Keep the smile painted on that gorgeous lipstick mouth of hers and take what was given to her. But this sobbing, and those sounds of utter distress were something else. Like there had been a game changer in their somewhere. Like as though, maybe, just maybe she was being broken down just that little bit more – like maybe she was approaching the time when there was nothing of her left – that she was on the last home run – after this run, maybe even before the end of Hooter School this second time round she would be broken once and for all. It was as though this game of tit-tug-of-war was the final straw for her – like it was all too much for her. It was like this was the last chance saloon. It could have been even that she was thinking, deep down inside, using that ever decreasing piece of her mind that had stayed with her, to work out, there was no point in going on – none at all. Why should she go on there was no point. She couldn't win and she couldn't even make Chest happy. Everything was against her – and even inside herself, her cervix and womb, and the rest of her, all of that had lost the battle before it had even begun. It was like it was all coming in on top of her – like, after all the time that had gone by, after all that had happened to her, not only was her body giving up, but so was her mind. It was like, more than like, it was the end of the road for her. This was it.

“You, you fucking bitch. I'm gonna pull those tits off. I'm gonna show you, you fucking bitch. I'm gonna show you who is top bitch here.”

Dorothea had been so engulfed in despair, and in the total breaking of herself – she hadn't even spared a thought for who was going to be her opposite number in the game. As far as she had been concerned, she was having the rigs fitted and then she was just simply going to suffer some other intolerable pain and discomfort leading up to her ultimate demise. She hadn't fought the rigging of her jugs and she had even sucked in from the pain as the final tightening had been applied. Then her opposite number had been brought in. It was Head Hooter Girl. Dorothea had looked through tear squirting eyes at first – not in the slightest bit interested in who it was because as far as she was concerned she could not win – would never be able to win. But she did look – and

when she looked her eyes opened wide, then wider. There was a kind of renewed hope in her eyes, and that little spark, that little piece of herself that had been left in the back of her mind had been reignited and once again she felt that hope – something deep inside her felt that hope – the smile came back to her face and the silktex loosened up a bit. That little voice that only she could hear in her mind telling her to dig deep – she was going to get her own back – she would escape this horror and she would make amends to the freaks who had done all of this to her. She had an overwhelming feeling that she could win the tit tug of war – but she only had that feeling because it was Cheryl. There was another feeling in the pit of her stomach when she saw Head Hooter Girl – like a pang of something but she didn't know what. Cheryl looked sheepish – scared even. Things had changed. Something had changed but she didn't know what. She smiled wide – she just had to dig deep and get through this.

Chapter Four – Dreamland

Jugsalina was grunting. She was grunting due to excessive and continuous effort she was putting into getting herself and her fucking obscenely sized hooters around. These grunts were a little more telling though as she slashed the steel cored dressage whip through the air.

“You better smile you old cunt – remember what I said about positivity and you needing to convey it to me? Well you better start showing me what positivity across an old cunt's face like yours looks like. If you don't, well, if you don't there will be just a little more of this to come.”

She was talking through gritted teeth at the same time as stooping over Hooter Tutor. She was stooped over her in such a fashion that her huge pendulous jugs were swinging and colliding with each other. There was nothing tidy or synchronised about the way those tits swung and collided and then carried on their own jolly way. It was as though they each had a mind of their own and it was as though each had separate life to the other. Her tits had already undergone some modification in this dream. Wendy and the twins had worked on her – but it was a dream of confusion. In reality she should have been suffering at the hands of this mental bitch Hooter Tutor and that illegal school she ran. She reasoned with herself in this dream, within the dream that Hooter School MUST be illegal. There could be no way that a place like that could exist with the constraints of the law – there was just no way that that could be. But this dream, god this dream like so many of the others was wired up all wrong. It was just wired up all wrong. She should be the one on the receiving end but instead, she was the one towering over, or stooped over a cowering Hooter Tutor. It wasn't just that she was stooped over her, stiletto heels either side of the older woman's hips – she was also using with alarming accuracy and skill, the braided, steel core dressage whip that had been used on her. It was like somewhere along the line, the line had been crossed and somehow, Dorothea had regained all of the control she once had and she was unleashing some kind of hell on the older woman. The whip slashed through the air and across the upturned, protruding ass cheeks of the woman. There was a whistling of the whip, then like a split second of silence before the CRACK of the high tensile steel whip across the fleshy ass of the older woman. And following that crack, the split second of silence again before the ungodly screech that seemed to come from between the clenched teeth of the woman. That noise was not one that told of pleasure – or even one that told, or hinted at the control and torture that she herself was capable of inflicting. Instead, it was a screech that seemed to pierce the soul, and some. Dorothea laid the whip on – just one perfect stroke right across the buttocks highest point and right across the two of them. At right angles across the fleshy valley where the ass cheeks met and yet perfectly also enough for the flesh to ripple and quiver – that is ripple and quiver right through the screeching.

“I can't see that smile yet cunt. Are you gonna get all positive for me, huh you old witch?”

There was another whistling of the whip, then the split second silence and then the CRACK. This time that crack was followed by a louder, sharper and more intense sucking in of breath between the teeth of the older woman. In actual fact, it was a far from fair impression, or picture that Dorothea was painting of this older woman. She wasn't actually an 'old cunt' – it was just the derogatory way that she seemed to 'enjoy' referring to her as. In point of fact, Hooter Tutor was an imposing, stunning woman of middle or slightly older age and to say that she was an attractive woman would be something of an understatement. To say that she was an 'old cunt' would be not fair in the slightest. But one might guess that when compared to Dorothea's beauty and build, and age, well then she was an old cunt. This time the stripe from the whip was slightly below that of the first – toward the sweet spot, if one may call it that. That is the sweet spot where the buttocks roll into the thigh flesh. In that very crease – the sensitive crease. The crease of flesh which when hit at the right angle, with the right trajectory and with the correct level of viciousness could bring on an

enforced orgasm as the senses fought and tried to compute whether or not it was pain or pleasure that they were feeling. Usually those senses got it all wrong and the intensity of orgasm was the result. Except in this case it was not the result. In this dream Dorothea wielded that whip with the expertise of someone otherworldly. She was not that schoolgirl any more, like she was in some of those other dreams – but neither was she a practiced dominatrix. And yet the way she handled this whip – the way she laid into the ass flesh of the older woman who was hissing through gritted teeth and yet at the same time was still in all of her Hooter Tutor finery, Leather finery, and expensive hose finery, and high heels finery – the sort of finery that only someone with the title Hooter Tutor could be dressed in. Except that this was different. Her finery had been pulled and tugged up and all dishevelled so that the whip could get to the flesh. What made matters worse was that in this dream, Hooter Tutor had been made to dishevel herself. As the hugely jugged Dorothea, or Jugsalina had stooped over her, even offering a helping hand, Hooter Tutor had been a helping hand, in her own demise as it were. Dorothea got down, her massive, vein riddled tits brushing over the bun of a hairdo of the older woman and then spilling down over her face as she stooped a little lower to see that smile of positivity. This dream, all of it was all fucked up. In the reality of Hooter School, and the Hooter Tutor's world, the older woman hadn't given a flying fuck for Wendy and the twins ideology of positivity. She had told her as much. But here in this dream it wasn't like that. It was like it was all blending into one. Like the two worlds were colliding and somewhere in the middle was the perfect world. Perfect in whose eyes no-one would be able to tell, or explain. But this was somewhere in the middle. Dorothea's eyes flicked to the pained expression that Hooter Tutor was leaking out, and to the rising welt on the somewhat glorious ass that the woman surely possessed. A third crack of the whip, this time the other side of the first and with the sucking in of the breath was also a little whimper. This time the teeth were not gritted, not in the slightest. It was just the terrible pained expression of an older woman being whipped in surely the ways that an older woman should not be. But Jugsalina wouldn't hold sway with that argument – in this dream, she knew all about Hooter Tutor and what she was like and what she was capable of. She knew all about her and it was like in this dream she was getting the revenge in before the main event had even happened. Dorothea lifted and swung her stiletto'd foot over the prose, face down woman again. This time such was the stretch and the swing of her massive hooters that they brushed across the silk bloused back of the woman. That little brush of teat nipple across the finest silk brought a sucking in of air from Dorothea herself. She knew all about silk, and nipples. Nipples and silk. Dorothea moved, almost like some kind of alien life form. There was that stoop – it seemed to be a permanent stoop although one might not be able to tell if it was a stoop because of the size and the weight of her udders, or whether it was a stoop just because she wanted and needed to be nearer to the woman she was tormenting. Either, or both could be true. It seemed like she wanted and needed to be using her udders in some form or another throughout the process and that is what she was doing. Using her udders. Using them – the weight of them as they dragged over Hooter Tutor's back, and over her head and face. Jugsalina shifting and then making for her head. She wanted to get right down, all the way down so that she could see the expression and the face of the older woman.

“There, now that's much better. Much better. I do like a bit of positivity, I really do.”

Dorothea smiled a wide lipstick smile. That was it too – a wide lipstick smile – it was like the lipstick had been tattoo'd onto her lips. She could never remember applying the lipstick in the dreams she had. It was always just 'there'. Like it was a permanent addition to her – like the modifications to her tits. Always there and irreversible. She had moved to the head of the woman and she had lowered her stoop into a squat. She had had to sit, like perched on her own heels and with her knees spread wide. It was ok, she could do that because the silktex thing that was wrapped around her lower torso, and the extensions that were deep inside and part of her femininity seemed

to like it when she spread her knees wide. And she was dressed to spread her knees wide. Just hosed legs and knee length boots with stupid sized heels that were just designed to be squatted on it seemed. And then there was her hooters. Huge, and with flesh stretched from her chest and which seemed only just to hold the weight without ripping away. Those udder so big, so cumbersome that they hung between her arms and down between her spread legs. The nipples dipping into and dragging on the floor. But as she squatted, just rested there between her arms and between her legs. The nipples dipped into the floor and slightly compressed into the floor. It was a pose, a position that she would enjoy because that contact with the floor would be feeding the pleasure of the nipples into her nether region and that was why the silktex liked it. The silktex liked that – it wasn't like in the real world, where her pleasure was controlled and permitted only as long as she played the game – the game of positivity. If she dared to show this domination, this audacity in the real world she would be tortured beyond belief. It was why she liked coming to these dreams because she didn't have to suffer like that. She didn't have to suffer, or worry that at any moment, any second, that terrible pain would seem to invade her every nerve ending making her want to die, or at the very least pass out. But she didn't pass out, or die in the real world. It was odd that she even knew about that world in her dreams. The dreams were like an escape, but not an entire escape. Little did she know that those dreams were slowly merging, slowly coming into one with the real world. Even the shard of light was changing in some imperceptible way.

“That's what I like to see, you old cunt. A nice big wide smile across that sourpuss face of yours.”

Jugsalina had squatted, sat on her heels, spread her knees and rested her gargantuan nipples on the floor between her spread thighs and was holding Hooter Tutor's head up by her bun styled hair. The older woman had squirted tears, and these tears had streaked her makeup and more or less wrecked it. But, that attractive mature face was conveying something else. The lips, although cracked, and chewed a little were stretched into a wide and sincere smile and Dorothea as a result smiled too. She smiled and she tilted her head, as though she were studying Hooter Tutor. It was a bit like she couldn't believe the reversal in fortune. Like she was still trying to come to terms with it but at the same time she was having to instill her domination over the older woman.

“You make sure you keep that smile, nice and wide now you old bitch.”

The verbal abuse was, just that. None of the descriptive nouns used really applied to the older woman and yet they were used like weapons. Much like Dorothea had used her breasts and her femininity as weapons in those old school days so she was using her verbal assault here as a weapon against the older woman. There was no doubt that the words would sting a woman of Hooter Tutor's standing in the community. Both communities that she existed in. Her real life in which she did countless charity things, and in her secret life as the principal of that god awful Hooter School. This was a woman who was used to the best of treatment at all times. Used to the utmost of respect at all times – and within Hooter School was revered and reviled in equal amounts. But this was Dorothea's dream, and in this dream she was the queen. Queen of her own dreams. Queen of her own dream world. In this world, Hooter Tutor was still Hooter Tutor but the tables were turned. They were turned on their heads and the Hooter Tutor simply experienced all of the humiliation, the degradation and the subjugation that was heaped on her. In Dorothea's dreams, all of these negative emotions and effects were quadrupled. And here, in this dream, the shard of light slashed down almost at a forty five degree angle from high up in the corner of a location-less room and across the field of play. That is, it slashed down across in front of the squatted, spread legged Dorothea, with her tits resting heavily on the floor between her legs – that light then splashed on the floor in front of the older woman face. Her tits, now scooped out of the silk top were crushed into the floor and Jugsalina was poking them, and prodding them with the very end of the dressage whip. She was poking and prodding the soft succulent flesh and seemed to be mesmerised by how

she was indenting the flesh. She would poke, poke deep and then she would move to the other breast but pick a different area. Then she would move back to the original tit. She seemed to do this for an age. Poke each tit in several places – seeming to want to leave marks of the indentation. Then she seemed to get bored of that. Not bored as such, just, she seemed to reach a point where she wanted to move on with the demise of the older woman. It was like that she had suffered all that she had suffered at the hands of Hooter Tutor during her initiation into Hooter School, all of that was like water under the bridge and now it was payback time. Payback time big style. Another of the anomalies of the dream. Just adjusting herself on her heels a little – those high heels, metal tipped and scraping the bare floor, making teeth jar and clench a little. At the same time, the slightest adjustment in movement making her huge heavy udders drag and pull on the floor. This would result in yet more sucking of air between the teeth as her nipples took the hit of friction and pleasure. But the movement, the slight alteration of her position was not for that – it wasn't for the pleasure. It was so that she could yank the hair harder, pull the head up, stretch the neck of the older woman a little bit more. Stretch the neck so that the neck and the crushed cleavage could be seen clearly. The pale stretched neck and the heavy cleavage crushed into the floor and yet with enough lift to be able to get it. And that was it about Hooter Tutor – she had not exactly been last in the queue when it came the hooters being handed out. Dorothea had noticed that when she had been being indoctrinated into Hooter School. Or actually before that – when she had been introduced to Hooter Tutor by Wendy. That had been when Hooter Tutor had gone to great pains to inform her that whilst Jugsalina's tits were obscene objects that had been used for flaunting purposes and little else – her own breasts were just that – magnificent, epic breasts that deserved all of the respect and worship that they could and would get.

“Owwwww ohhhhh Miss Jugsalina that hurts sooooo much pleeeeee Miss Jugsalina that hurtssssssss.”

Dorothea tossed her mane of hair back and laughed out loud. She was still squatting in her own heels and she had slashed the dressage whip across the tops of Hooter Tutor's breasts at the same time as holding her head back by the hair. Her balance and her dexterity was something to behold. To be able to squat like that, hold the weight of the head and some, and then strike across the tops of the partly crushed globes of udder flesh to such a degree that it brought out the begging pleading and quite pathetic tone of the older woman. First one slash, then another – and then another in quick succession. The simple flick of the wrist holding the dressage whip was quite deceiving as to the actual energy and amount of pain that was being inflicted. After six, seven or eight strokes, Jugsalina lay down the whip, right in full view of Hooter Tutor – right in front of her, but at the same time she pulled back harder on her hair and on her head and she pulled it right back. She wanted to look into those eyes – she wanted to look beyond the eyes. It was pretty ironic really – that Dorothea was feeling particularly positive right at this time – as she squatted on her heels and as she yanked back on the hair of Hooter Tutor and looked right into the eyes of despair. She felt positive and she didn't have to. It was the older woman's despair filled eyes that made her feel very positive. And there was Hooter Tutor – the tutor of tits and udders of all shapes and sizes, having to feel positive because this was Dorothea's dream world. She yanked back her head and looked into those eyes and she dropped her eyes to the slightly quivering mouth of the woman – and those lips stretched into a smile. A very genuine smile – an extremely genuine smile – but those eyes... oh those eyes.

“Ready for some REAL fun Miss?”

Dorothea aka Jugsalina smiled, and she stirred in her sleep, just a little bit before she faded into a deeper sleep again. The deeper sleep that she could relax in, and wallow in that dream.

That shard of light was at a different angle. And it was coming from a different place. Not like a side window – or a gap in a side wall. This time the shaft of light was wider. And came from

above, maybe in a roof light – and a much wider source than when it came from the side. Also – also it seemed like it was of a greater intensity. Like maybe the dimmer switch of a high output spot lamp had been ramped right up. But the shaft of light was wider and created more of a splash on the floor. It was like as though it was to cause a bigger drama or something. Yes that was it. The light, that shard of light that signalled the dream state, or the dream world had been altered to increase the drama involved in this particular dream. Maybe. It was a signalling of the changing of the guard and maybe the dreams were changing full stop. Maybe it was a whole new shift in the way things were going to be from this point on. It was true the drama had been ramped up. There was that light – that light first and foremost seemed to splash and cast eerie shadows by the rest of the room that had been left in shadow. But there was a soundtrack as well. One couldn't be sure what the soundtrack was – at least not at first. But it was there. A sound. Somewhere in the distance there was a 'thump thump thumping' sound. Not loud, or distinct in any way. In fact it was very indistinct. Like it was a thumping sound but one that had blurred edges. And it was like maybe, or possibly that sound was not in the room at all. Maybe outside it – or even under the floor. From a basement maybe – but then, the dream state, this dream room offered no means by which one would identify the location of the room. Upstairs, downstairs – several floor up or several floor down. It was all at odds with itself. Likewise there was no real explanation of the light – or where that came from. If it was natural, or artificial. But then it didn't matter. And the same now, that soundtrack – or one level of that soundtrack, because there was more than one. One had to tilt one's head to listen to it – even tilt it again to make sure that the noise even existed because that was far from certain.

“Mmmmm mmmmmm ahhhhh ahhhhh mmmmmmmmm.”

The other noise was at least human and it was in the room and it was in the here and now. Dorothea was wallowing in her own breasts. That is, she was on some kind of weird huge water bed that seemed to be in constant motion – like a constant reminder that the tide was always coming in or going out. And there was a naked Dorothea wallowing on that bed, slightly sunk into the bed as though she were semi submerged in that latexed water that had moulded itself around her. And the naked bit, well that wasn't complete true either. There was the silktex corset thing still there – which meant that those tendril things were still up inside her doing whatever it was they did to her and with her. But one would have to have a good hard look to see the silktex – it had taken the form of her flesh – and it wasn't transparent exactly but neither was it opaque. It was just part of her overall makeup. But there were differences that can only be described as the scene or the dream unfolds. It was Dorothea who was making the sounds – the second track of the overall soundtrack. She was making those sexually induced noises and she was using her full delicious lips and her fleshy wet tongue to form those sounds. One could not say that she was forming words, because, in all honesty it wasn't words she was forming, it was sounds. They were certainly sounds of pleasure being gained – and they were certainly sounds that told of her immersion. That she was dreaming of her own immersion in sexual pleasure was a simple fact. She was stroking the almost obscenity of both of her breasts. Using full arms swings with her spread fingers so that she could stroke as much of her wallowing rippling flesh that she could. Those ripples of udder flesh seeming to move and ebb and flow with the movement of the waterbed she seemed to be planted in. Her legs, as delicious and gorgeous as ever were raised a bit and spread a lot. The silktex 'thing' or stuff had seemed to part, or had seemed to have formed its own cunt so that access could be gained. A real and organic cunt formed of silktex and yet that was part and parcel of Dorothea. Dorothea was stroking her breasts and then with every few strokes her fingers would splay and play in a special way and she was brushing the new formation over her hugely obscene, swollen, stiff teat nipples. Except that they weren't really just nipples, or just teats – they were huge, like organs of their own self-containment. It was as though those things had become the hub of her enjoyment – the hub of a joy that had frankly become obscene. But in this dream, much like in her own real world she didn't

care about this. It was the pleasure – she seemed to be lost in it and central to that pleasure was the stroking of her breasts and the playing of her nipple teats with her fingers.

“Mmmmmm mmmmm aaaaaahhhhhhh ahhhhhhhhhhh.”

Almost like a specially written symphony. It would be a fact that Dorothea would have to 'like' the breasts she had. She would have to like them, and adore them – or she would plunge into something like loathing, or self-loathing. Maybe to stroke them, get pleasure from them and sing this special song that she seemed to be singing was the only way that she could get through life – this new life – and this was the message she was getting from these dreams. She could only love those jugs, those hooters much like a mother could only love her ugly baby. Except that the love was manifesting itself in the form of sexual adulation. She was sexually addicted to her own disgustingly huge hooters. This was the only way she could cope with it. The only way she could deal with it.

“That's right baby, you stick those right inside, turn them and twist them inside me – make me feel them in me. First one then the other and don't you DARE stop until I tell you to.”

Dorothea's words were dripping from her like some kind of sexually addled, thick syrupy liquid. The voice that poured and dripped from her this way was as obscene as the scene that it had become a part of. Hooter Tutor was between Dorothea's raised spread legs and her own milky, heavy jugs were out. To say that Hooter Tutor possessed the most splendid pair of breasts in existence would be something of an understatement. They were big. Oh yes they were big. But they were not so grotesquely big, and cumbersome at Dorothea's had become. Hooter Tutor's breasts were perfectly splendid. Perfectly large and perfectly sexual. Probably, Hooter Tutor's breasts were in this crazy world – the crazy world that she lived in, the crazy world that Dorothea lived and was forced to exist in, and the crazy world in which these dreams seemed to exist, the most perfect breasts known to man, or woman. Breasts that fulfilled their natural function, and breasts that fulfilled each and every sexual fantasy that ever existed in the mind of men and women alike. Milky breasts, full breasts. Heavy breasts. Pale flesh tipped with first a huge diameter areola which were permanently speckled in raised pimples. These pimples a feed and a constant sending process for the pleasure that Hooter Tutor herself felt. Those areola then tipped off with thick, perfectly round button like nipples that were made, or skinned with the same kind of pimples, raised speckly flesh that her areolas were. In this instance though and as a sign of Hooter Tutor's own intense sexual pleasure, the nipples had been erected – thickened into broad, almost perfectly round cylinders of nipple flesh. Something approaching three point five centimetres in diameter and then each of them an eye popping seven centimetres in length. With the erection had come the filling of the nipples, the engorging of them turning them almost an opaque black in colour – and yet at the same time, nipples that seemed to 'quiver' with a life of their own.

“That's a good slut. That's right my Hooter Tutor – you just show your 'pupil' what real breasts can do. You just show me, your pupil what you can do with YOUR hooters.”

There was almost a derision in the voice that was dripping from Dorothea. Hooter Tutor was on her knees between Dorothea's spread, luscious legs and she was dipping her nipples into the silktex cunt that had formed where Dorothea's own cunt should have been. For Dorothea though, this cunt, the live and pulsating cunt was a better one than the one she had been given at birth and the one that had be subsequently taken from her by Wendy and the twins. This one was alive in more ways than one. In the dreams – the pleasure she was being given was fading from her cunt a little – or more like it was fading from her old cunt – the cunt that had been smothered by the silktex – and her pleasure was being given, when she was allowed pleasure, through her nipples – but in this dream, the one she was having now – Hooter Tutor was fucking her cunt with her thick, engorged nipples. And, the thing was that, the silktex had adapted – like it could adapt to any given situation. If it needed to adapt and resize and re-shape to take the most gargantuan cock that ever

existed it could do just that. Just like if it needed to tighten up in order to receive a nice slim slippery finger – it could do just that as well. In this instance though, the cunt, as life like and as a part of Dorothea as her womb, had adapted to be tight enough to just make sure that Hooter Tutor had to hold up her perfect, pale, heavy udder and offer it to Dorothea's cunt – and then she had to position it right. Push the full bloated perfect cylinder of a nipple in order to part the puffy, slug like lips of the silktex cunt apart. Silktex that was a perfectly formed appendage, a perfectly formed sexual appendage. That cunt then, that perfectly adapted cunt just letting a slow, but continuous drip of fluids. Oily fluids, oily sex juices that were produced by her new cunt and yet originated from deep inside her femininity and her sexuality. Her cunt being fucked ever so slowly at first by the thick nipple. But then a third sound track to the master soundtrack. There was the thump thump thump from somewhere that was not distinct and then there were the noises that Dorothea was making as the thick nipple slipped itself inside – pushed in like a little cock – a cock nipple. On the first dip, the dryness of that nipple causing more friction and more drag with the delicate folds of cuntal flesh that was on offer. Dorothea was crooning and almost singing as she felt the in stroke. But it was more than just the sensation of it happening that was sending her to a place near to euphoria. It was the knowledge as well. It was like that melted mind of hers had become an extension to her sexuality. Like a sexual organ. Her mind was able to fill in the little gaps left by the physical sensations. Yes she could feel, almost as crystal clearly as she might be able to see, the thick, engorged hyper-nipple slip past the outer labia and into her soaking, wet oiled inner flesh, and then she could feel her inner hole opening up to accept the tip of the nipple. But in her mind she could see it as well. And the thoughts that went with it – the thoughts that here she was in a state nearing bliss, with someone who had caused her so much grief in the past – sometime in the past. But that was the thing, in the dreams, the timeline became existent on more than one level – like parallel levels. She had been through all of that grief at the hands of Hooter Tutor, but there was no distinct time when that had happened – it was just a fact that it HAD happened. And here and now, there was Hooter Tutor between her legs, and crawling into her on her knees so that she could pleasure her. Crawling in close and then offering those superior tits, those perfect tits, those splendid pale, big milky feminine tits to her cunt so that she could fuck her with those nipples. Those thoughts and that knowledge was like facet of the pleasure. Another string to the bow. She let air escape from between her full lips as she felt the full length of the full thick nipples slide into her. At first the dryness of the nipple, and then the slow but definite oiling of the rough speckled thickness. Those raised, almost sharp speckles then all oiled but making their own little grooves in the most sensitive of flesh. It was like Hooter Tutor knew what she was doing and how she was doing it. Keeping her big, milk mature breast uplifted from under as she rocked herself on the hips. Forwards then backwards and the then forwards again. The nipple slip sliding in and out and then Hooter Tutor holding the thick throbbing nipple out and playing it around the outer lips and introducing that third level to the master soundtrack. Her own singing and her own gasping as she was receiving the pleasure. Then exchanging nipples. Slightly swivelling the hips and repositioning herself – the dryness of the second nipple then being offered to the saturated slippery wetness of the sexual flesh. Then a morphing occurring, the second nipple sliding inside Dorothea but somehow, from somewhere between her legs a tendril forming and then snaking between Hooter Tutor's legs. There was the casual licking of her mature full lips before the tendril and slipped up inside her, but then that casual licking at transformed into a lascivious dirty licking. Her eyes widening, almost popping as the tendril made its way up inside her deeper femininity. Somehow and for some reason, Dorothea 'knowing' what was happening like a piece of her was sliding up inside the Hooter Tutor. A smile crossing her lips and one that was feeding her mind more and more. Her mind becoming more lucid, more crude and filthy in thoughts – those filthy dirty thoughts feeding the neurals from her cunt, to her mind. Both feeding each other.

“Thatsssssss right you dirty old woman – you just fuck my whorish cunt with your perfect nipples – you dirtyyyyyyyyyyyyy old slut.”

There were those verbal abuses again – simply not true in their content and yet at the same time feeding the sexual buzz. The funny thing though, Dorothea's clitoris not existing in this dream. There was what had been a clitoris – but that was taken over and smothered by one of the silktex things. It was as though her clitoris had been all eaten up.. but what was in its place was better. A better joy. That thing taking over the nerve endings that used to make up her clitoris and stimulating in a whole new way. The tendril up inside Hooter Tutor finding its way to her inner vagina and then deeper – up to her cervix – not torturing it, just massaging it – a piece of it splitting off and attaching to her own clitoris. Her gasping and Dorothea not smiling, but tossing her mane of thick hair back and laughing a little – softly, but laughing and in that laugh somewhere, something a little evil. That shard of light splashing over the floor. The three soundtracks to this dream all melding into one – and yet those sounds still separate still distinct and still filling the air. The little tiny micro particles of dust seeming to fly around in the wider shard of light in a more erratic manner the closer the both came to orgasm. Dorothea's orgasm intense and squirting – it seemed to use the offered and sliding nipple of its own accord. Using it to pleasure itself. In the meantime, the silktex tendril up inside Hooter Tutor, bringing her to the precipice of orgasm with ease and then holding her there – just there. Holding her there and not letting her come straight away. Dorothea seeming to know what the tendril, that was part of her after all, was doing and how it was doing it. Her laugh extending with her dripping gasps and her wet lustings. Bucking her hips a little so that she could get a buzz to where her clitoris used to be. The silktex seeming to know what she was doing and helping out. Her fingers dancing over her own disgustingly hard engorged, almost dripping nipples. Her orgasm exploding at the same time as Hooter Tutor's was being withheld. Hooter Tutor gasping and then gasping a little more. Each gasp getting shorter and shorter as she took in little breath after little breath. And then.. and just then the silktex 'allowing' Hooter Tutor her release. Her own sexuality squirting. The silktex expanding and contracting inside her. The colour draining from her face. Hooter Tutor usually with an air of confidence and dignity, draining of colour as she struggled to come to terms with what was happening to her and how it was happening. Dorothea throwing her head back and laughing harder this time. The latexed water of the bed ebbing and flowing around her part sunken form – her huge breasts, udder, hooters, mammaries ebbing and flowing in time with the water. The orgasms, both orgasms slowly subsiding – both coming down and Dorothea stirring in the dream and then slowly into her waking state.

Chapter Five

Jugsalina didn't win the tit-tug-of-war – why would she? But then neither did Head Hooter Girl. What the two did provide though was a visual feast – a complete and total visual feast. The Amazonian grotesquely hooted Jugsalina, against the younger, yet lithe, more modestly breasted, yet still top heavy Cheryl – the Head Hooter Girl. It could have been billed as the fight of a lifetime. Pay-per-view would have taken in an absolute fortune. Or not. Pay-per-view might have blown the lid off the barbaric set up that had been established. Well no might have about it. The authorities would have come down on Hooter School like descendants out of hell. But even so – such a visual feast as these two lovelies going toe to toe – or, tit-to-tit. Hooter-to Hooter. Jug-to-Jug. Honker-to Honker – would have been just that – a visual, perversely sexual feast. And it was – just in the close and very confined space of Hooter School gym. Dorothea hadn't stopped sobbing, at the same time as smiling for a long time. She was the most bizarre sight. The sight of her hooters all rigged up for the contest was a sight that many of the other girls seemed to revel in taking in and just savouring. The legend that was Jugsalina all rigged up for a tit tug-of-war and how splendid she looked. More than one or two of the girls licked their lips – not just at the jaw-gaping sight, but also the very fact that this older woman had been reduced in status, to something that could not really be described. Most if not all of the girls in that place knew why they were there – they were there for the titillation of others – rather than for their own good, as it was sold to them in the period before their induction. This was great for them – a spectacle like this – it took the limelight off them. In normal every day school life they had their own little trials and tribulations they had to get over. They had their own tests and exams and their own daily grinds to overcome – mostly to the detriment of their own bangers. But in the here and now – this was a much whispered about contest between the legend that was Jugsalina, and the other legend in her own lifetime Head Hooter Girl, also known as Cheryl. There had been whispering and wonderment that HHG had even been entered into the contest. She was after all the HHG – she was, or had been above reproach. There were surely other 'girls' at the School who could have been entered into the contest and maybe even put up more of a show. It could have been that this was the platform, or the show that she needed to launch herself into the stratosphere of legends of Hooter School. However the rumour mill had been rife and alive with whisperings and the truth of the matter was that Cheryl had not been right for some time. There was nothing that anyone could put their finger on – nothing at all. It was just something in her demeanour – in the way she was carrying herself in the last few weeks. It just wasn't the same as it had been. She wasn't the same. She had gone quiet and kind of withdrawn into herself. She had become Head Hooter Girl because of her confidence and because of her leadership – but mostly because of her out and out arrogance and the way she was able to bitch it over all of the girls at the School. There hadn't been one that had got the better of her – there hadn't been one who had dared even to look at her sideways. And the thing was with Cheryl was that she very rarely had to resort to any form of physical domination of any of the other girls. Usually a look shot in a certain way – or the way she approached someone was enough. The way she talked as well, was usually enough. She was able to adopt a certain tone, just slight nuances and differences in the way she spoke to someone about something. It had been rumoured that at her best, she even got one over on some of the other teachers. Never Hooter Tutor, but definitely some of the other teachers had been weary of her. The way she had managed to talk them down and even tower over them had been something of a revelation. That was the thing about HHG, she was tall and buxom and strong – physically and in personality.

Nothing had gone over Hooter Tutors head. Nothing got past that woman – and she had often inwardly smiled at the fact the her HHG was making such progress. She laughed to herself

also as she noticed a long time ago that Cheryl was enjoying her own kind of little domination games over the entire School population and indeed some of her own teachers. That wasn't a problem for Hooter Tutor. It added some variation to the mix. It added some mix into the variation and she liked that. But recently all was not well and Cheryl had become subdued and she had become withdrawn into herself. The change may have taken place over many weeks, or months because it seemed to have been so slow and gradual. It may have been happening some time before any of the other girls even noticed that something was wrong. What was a dead cert though was that, for the week or so before the tit tug-of-war contest she had become severely withdrawn within herself. Like as though it had all come on top of her. Actually it wasn't 'like' it had all come in on top of her, it had done just that. On one occasion Hooter Tutor had covertly observed one of the very younger girls cornering Head Hooter Girl in a lower basement corridor of the school – and then she had been pressed up against the wall as the much smaller girl had slipped her hands and fingers up Cheryl's skirt. Hooter Tutor had not intervened – she had simply watched smiling to herself as the girl's hand and fingers stayed up the skirt for a long time. It seemed more than the case that Cheryl did not have any fight left in her – it seemed that she was too preoccupied with something else that was happening in her mind. It was simply a fact that the fact that she was pressed up against the wall with a much younger girls fingers sliding in and out of her most intimate hole was something that she could not deal with right there and then and that she had something much more important, or vital in her mind that she had to deal with. It was like she was not in the there and then even though her breathing was forced to quicken as the fingering of her smooth hairless sex proceeded. Hooter Tutor had smiled. She had smiled not because of the scene, or because of the mystery of what was happening to Cheryl. The simple fact was that it was not a mystery to Hooter Tutor. She knew exactly what was going on. She smiled again as her Head Hooter Girl was now in the visible signs of breaking down. It had been after the fingering by the smaller, younger girl that Hooter Tutor had finally broke silence.

“It was YOUR fault that Jugs failed her exams. It was YOUR fault that the good, quality name of this School was brought into disrepute. It was YOUR fault that we now have to work twice as hard in order to bring much needed funds and business to the school. It is YOUR fault that we are all having to work twice as hard. You were put in charge of Jugs and you plain and simple fucked up. There is no other way, or no other polite way that I can put it. It was YOUR fault. YOU fucked up and now we are all suffering. Word gets around. Hooter School never, but NEVER did failures – until now. But you were given the chance and you failed. You failed miserably. You failed Hooter School. You failed yourself. You failed ME. You even, in some kind of bizarre twist, failed Jugsalina. Now we are all paying for YOUR failure. All of us. The School. Me. Jugsalina is going to suffer for the rest of her natural life. But there is the question of YOU. And how YOU are going to make amends for this disastrous year that we have had. The plain simple fact Cheryl, because we only deal in plain simple facts here at Hooter School, the plain simple fact is that YOU are going to have to pay as well. You are going to have to pay dearly for the failure that you have procured. There is no way that you cannot pay and will not pay. I have actually already spoken to your 'owner' and, well a deed of sale has already gone through. I own your ass – your tits – your legs – your lips and your cunt now. The plain simple fact is that you are being reduced, eventually, to a place lower than Jugs. I didn't think that was possible, but having thought about it – having spoken to some people that I know and who have a vested interest – it is very possible that you can be taken to a place... well a place very different to that which Dorothea was taken to. And the place that she exists in now.”

There was a remarkably controlled aggression to Hooter Tutor's voice – one would never be able to tell, not really from the tone of her voice that she was in fact seething with anger. The only slightest hint, was her use of more colourful language. The f word seemed to slip out from well

effort into this contest and she had to win it. Both girls took their stances – Cheryl's was more sure footed and her quite gangly legs were splayed at the right width to support and balance her efforts. Her own bangers also were not so big, not so unwieldy or unmanageable as Jugs's. She sucked in air as she took up the slack and then sucked in air again as her hooters were squeezed and compressed. Cheryl had her hands behind her back as well, that was only fair after all but she was much, much more able on her feet than Dorothea. Jugsalina sucked in air herself and then she sobbed through a wide lipstick smile as the jigs compressed around the most monumental hooters at three keys parts. The contest itself was not a pretty one – and most of all it was not designed in such a way that there would be a winner. Both girls, some forty minutes later, ending up on their knees. Dorothea's smile still there, but also there were floods of squirting tears, from both girls as they looked somewhat forlornly at each other.

Head Hooter Girl just looked. She didn't say anything she just looked. It seemed like for an age she just looked. She had already failed to win the tit tug of war – that had been 'billed' like as though she would walk it. It was taken that she was Head Hooter Girl, Top Girl, the unbeatable girl. But she had failed and she had failed miserably. Her downward spiral had begun already. The chants – those chants of the girls who had respected her so much were dissolving into hoots of derision as the contest had progressed. Dorothea had been rocky on her stiletto'd feet but she had stood up well. It could have been due to the fact that she wasn't used to so much pain travelling through the ducts and the veins and the very innards of her breasts – whereas Cheryl was not. Up to this point, her breasts had been just that 'breasts'. Breasts that all, including the teachers had looked up to, respected and even in some case lusted after. But she was Head Hooter Girl and so she had been untouchable really – she had been the one that they couldn't or wouldn't touch. But that had all changed and all of a sudden the focus was on her breasts – but in a different way. Her Breasts were becoming Hooters, and Bangers, and Fun Bags. There was a sliding scale of respect – and it was sliding nonstop to the bottom for Cheryl. All of a sudden she had the rigs on her jugs and then were compressing and pressing the tit meat and she wasn't used to that. She wasn't used to it at all. The first sign of such pressure and her knees had almost given way.

Dorothea though, she could take it – she had taken it and a lot more besides. But she was taking it on top of a lot of other stuff that had happened and so the match was kind of evened out. But not really. Truth be known, Dorothea should have won, hands down, but she didn't. And neither did Cheryl. Neither of them won because they weren't supposed to win. They simply spent a good forty minutes or longer trying to pull each other's tits off and in the process, torturing themselves to excess. Cheryl had the good fortune, if it could be called that, not to have the silktext up inside her. She had heard rumours of some kind of alien thing that was up inside Dorothea and that made her smile all the time – but she didn't know if that was true, or not. There must have been something in it though because Jugs simply did smile constantly – even if she was sobbing her heart out because of what her bangers were going through there was still that smile. Fucking weird! It was a contest that was destined to be a no contest. Cheryl had been mortified as she had felt the rigs on her tits squeezing and squeezing and squeezing the way they did. She simply wasn't used to her breasts being treated that way. It brought to mind Dorothea's earlier days, the very early days at the hands of Wendy and the twins. What they had gone through – but even that, if Cheryl had known about it would not compare simply because Dorothea's nightmare had begun with an intense, mind shattering orgasm that would begin the mind melting process that wouldn't stop until it was all taken off her. This was different – Cheryl, Head Hooter Girl's demise was going straight via the abuse of her breasts. She was being taught a base lesson. Or she was going to be taught a base lesson and that lesson was going to begin with the reducing of her breasts in status. Not a reduction in size, but a reduction in status. Indeed there would be anything but a reduction in size. One could not help but believe that Head Hooter Girl Cheryl's breasts were going to become as epic, if not more so that

Jugsalina's. It was just kind of on the cards that this would happen. Indeed all kinds of things were on the cards that might not even at this point even have been imagined. There were changes afoot.

There were big changes in fortune about to occur at Hooter School. And these changes were kind of signalled with Head Hooter Girl on her knees having failed to win the tit tug of war and in floods of tears due to the humiliation, the degradation and not to mention the pain of her breasts. Not, at that point, that she knew what real, real pain was all about. She only had to look over, to the other end of the cord, at Dorothea, to see what real pain was all about. One look at that woman and her mammaries spread out like massive pools of tortured tit meat around her knees, and possibly Cheryl might have guessed or worked out what pain was all about – and she might have further worked out what the future held for her. Not worked out entirely what it held in store for her, but rather, the depth of the subjugation that she would suffer. No two journeys were the same, not at Hooter School. And the point was that she now belonged to Hooter Tutor, or Hooter School, or both - whatever. She had been sold like a piece of meat and she was also contending with that thought in her mind. Something, like a horror that she had never had to contend with. Even with all she had gone through with her step mother – even all of that and her being sent to Hooter School – she had thought that at some point, maybe when she got that little bit older, her fortunes would be reversed and she would get out of the mess she was in.

In the event the 'mess' hadn't been that much of a mess and Cheryl had progressed well at the School and got the status and the position that could do her no harm in the long run. But now she had lost all of that. She didn't even belong to her dad and her step mum any more – she was a piece of property that belonged to Hooter Tutor. And, or she was an asset of the School, like a fixture or a fitting. It was all a bit much for her to take in. If it had been drip fed to her over a period of time she maybe could have coped with it much better. For instance, if she had been called to Hooter Tutor's office and told that she was being held responsible for Jugs's failure and that she would be making amends in some way for that failure – then she could have had time to adjust, had time for the idea to sink in. But it didn't happen that way – it didn't happen that way at all. Yes she did get the feeling that something was happening, that she was being held responsible – but there was nothing definite and more than a few times the thought went through her mind that she was imagining it – it must all have been a figment of her imagination and that there was nothing wrong at all and it would all blow over. That was because she was not spoken to – she was not allowed to let things drip feed into her mind so that she could adapt. There was always that uncertainty – there was always that pure 'not knowing' what was happening or what would happen in the future. The immediate or the longer term. She didn't know, or couldn't know that what she was experiencing even at that very early stage was 'the way' it was. Nothing was an accident or bi-product. That very casual closing in around her, like the weight of the world on her shoulders, and the isolation and the creeping dread was all part of the way it was, deliberately.

“W-what, what is this place? W-what is that stuff there? P-please tell me, please tell me what is happening?”

Cheryl had stood for a long, long time not saying, or doing anything. She had clasped her hands in front of her and she had been thumbing her opposite palms, wiping the sweat that had formed away. Every so often, her fingers had curled under the micro min hem that she was wearing and she subconsciously peeled her skirt up. That little peel of the skirt gave Hooter Tutor tantalising glimpses of HHG's upper thighs. She liked that did Hooter Tutor – she liked the bare pale thighs above the regulation stocking tops. At least they were regulation for Head Hooter Girl. Cheryl had been allowed input into her own uniform and there had been nothing but wry smiles as she had erred towards the sexual blasé. A uniform to attract sexual lust and deviance. One that enhanced her stupendously long legs and her top heavy build. A choice that was seriously coming back to haunt her. She was feeling anything but sexy at this moment. She had felt sexy and in control when she

was able to push all the girls in the school around. But that seemed like an age ago. It seemed like another lifetime. It can have only been a matter of hours since she had had the full weight of the world put onto her shoulders in the form of having it spelt out, about how her future was going to change in a big way. About how she was now the property of Hooter Tutor and Hooter School and about how she was going to be made, forced to make amends for the failures of Jugsalina. And now she was in this place, a place in Hooter School that she didn't even know existed, nervously and insidiously curling her fingers and peeling her micro hem up, unaware that in her feeling non sexy, non in control, that she was feeding the sexuality of the Woman who would be controlling her, and her assets, for some time to come.

“This.... well let me just say that THIS is the inner sanctum. My Inner Sanctum. This is the place that is beyond the scope of the general Hooter School. This is the place where 'other' targets are set and met. This is where girls like you get to come and kind of discover yourself and your future. It would be wrong to say that girls like you are 'lucky' to come to this place – that you were fortunate to be seeing the inner sanctum – that you were somehow privileged to be seeing the Inner Sanctum. That would be the wrong thing to tell you, simply because it is not true. You are not lucky to be coming here. You are most definitely very UN lucky to be here. To say you were lucky would be to suggest that you were going to benefit, somehow from your visit here. And that would be a wholly unacceptable impression to give you. The fact is, that you have been taken to the inner sanctum here means that you are going to take a fall in life. A big fall. It would be true to say that in a way you will benefit – but not in a good way. Benefit for you from this point on means suffering. I guess it would be the right thing to say that it's from this point on that you find truly what Hooter School is all about. And what you are all about.”

Hooter Tutor spoke slowly and she spoke precisely. She knew that Cheryl, right at this time would be finding it difficult to take things in and compute them. She knew that in a way, Dorothea had had the best introduction to her new world via Wendy and the twins and that mega orgasm – oh yes she knew all about that. But she was also 'fond' of the idea that there was no easy way in for Cheryl. No mega orgasm for Cheryl, just brutal and bone deep clarity. She liked that she was experiencing the 'sudden' and complete utter fall from grace. If truth were really known, there had been no way, ever that Cheryl was going to rise further and that she had just been being built up for the catastrophic fall from grace and power that a Head Girl would have enjoyed. The only thing that Hooter Tutor did not, or could not know was how Cheryl's father and her step mother would react and act at certain points in the process. It had all had to be a carefully orchestrated piece of manipulation and when the 'move' had been made, it had been timed to perfection. The truth was the step mother had wanted to offload Cheryl for a long long time – and the timing was perfect. Hooter Tutor spoke slowly, precisely because she knew that Cheryl was not in a good place right at this time. She didn't want to speak for the sake of speaking whilst knowing that her words were going in through one ear and out of the other. She wanted the words to drip in slowly even if the shock and awe was not a slow drip.

“If I tell you that this Inner Sanctum is completely and utterly soundproofed and that only the very select few get to come here – maybe, just maybe you will start to realise that you are in a very special place. A very scary place maybe for you. I grant you that. It can only be, right now, scaring you witless – and I do appreciate that. But don't expect an easy ride – don't expect your time here to be an easy one. You are here because you have FAILED. You are here because you have DEFAULTED on the acceptable. You were given a task to do and you FAILED and now you are here. In my inner sanctum. This is a place where you will learn all about yourself – and your limits of endurance. This is a place, probably where it will cross your mind increasingly from time to time that you would be better off dead. This is the place where those delicious breasts of yours are finally going to come into their own. This is where you will learn that those breasts of yours, nice and pert,

fleshy, large even, are NOT breasts at all but simply tools with which to torment you. You might think right now that you do not deserve to be tormented – but well, that state of mind will change. I promise you that that will change. You will be made to accept that you deserve everything that is coming to you. You will learn that you are not that different a creature to Jugsalina – I know that will be a shock to you right now – you, Head Hooter Girl compared to Jugsalina – compared on the same level to Jugsalina – how awful! Not! There is little to choose between you, as creatures. Little to choose between you – apart from the stupendous mammary size that she has been afflicted with. Which reminds me – don't expect that your own udders will be staying the same pert things that they are now – they will be modified and they will be adapted for use – and abuse. Much in the same way that your mind will be adapted, modified and used and abused.”

The words were sinking in – the changes in expression and demeanour were alarming and slipping by the second. Cheryl's eyes were flitting about the room – the Inner Sanctum as she was trying to make sense of what she was seeing at the same time as computing the words that she was hearing Hooter Tutor saying. It wasn't easy for her – it was anything but easy. She was aware of her bottom lip quivering. She had never felt her bottom lip quivering before. She had enjoyed having full and un-contained control of her full, sensuous lips before – but not now. She tried to nibble her bottom lip back so that it would stop trembling – but that didn't work. Her immaculate teeth simply denting and whitening out the deep red gloss that was part of the uniform in Hooter School. She palmed her micro skirt, just on her hips, round by her ass trying to get rid of the hot sweat that had formed but even that didn't work because as soon as it had been wiped, more formed. It was part of the process of her brain telling her body to rebel against what was happening and what was going to happen in the future. Hooter Tutor knew that though – she knew what the HHG was going through and the processes involved and inwardly she smiled. Hooter Tutor slowed the pace of information and simply opted to watch the girl for a while. She had always liked the early stages in a girl's downfall. The bit where the confusion is rife – that little bit where they can't quite work out what is going on. That they must be mistaken – it could not be real that it was all over for them – it could not be real the words they were hearing, mapping out their future. She liked that bit – she liked especially to look into the eyes – more especially she liked to look into the eyes over an extended period, like she was now. Before she had heard those words, at the time when she had only 'thought' that something was not right, that the end might be in store for her, those eyes had still been sparkling, and huge – like pools of hope. But, that was what Hooter Tutor liked to see, liked to witness as an advanced Sadist – she liked to see that spark and that flame and that hope in the eyes slowly but surely be extinguish. Yes, that was what she liked to see and she was seeing it, in the Inner Sanctum, Cheryl, the Head Hooter Girl in front of her, gripping her micro hem, peeling that micro hem up just a little and then a little more. Nothing further from her melting mind than the exposure of her upper thighs and stocking tops. In feeling a hopeless despair, providing a sexual energy to the older, complex Hooter Tutor.

“What you see here – what you see all around you and what you will see, and witness when you are taken into the deeper bowels of the Inner Sanctum, are simply things that will be used to make your life a misery. You will see things, and witness things that will make your flesh creep – especially in the early days and weeks when your mind and body are adjusting. I know that right now you will feel like the world has ended for you and in a way, well in a way it has. But – you will get over that period of absolute utter despair and you will move on. Your mind and your body, more especially your tits will adapt to their new status and situation. You will kind of come out of the blackness and you will learn simply to live the way required. In a way you will flourish – not in a good way for you. But it is amazing what the human mind and body can accept and adapt to when the chips are down. And if there is one thing you can be sure of right now, is that the chips are down. I would even place a bet now that those gorgeous legs of your, right now are feeling weak,

and wobbly – I bet you feel that they are going to crumble under you because of the shock you are receiving now. And I know this is all coming as a bit of a shock to you. Well actually that will be understating it more than a little. I suspect you are in total shock, having it all spelt out to you so brutally. Having all that you have been suspecting over the last few week finally spelled out to you so brutally. Having it all confirmed as it were.”

Hooter Tutor was right – Head Hooter Girl's legs were weak and they were wobbly. She was managing to stand her ground but she felt that should she move a stiletto foot, or adjust her stance even the smallest amount then they would crumble under her and she would end up in a rather undignified heap on the floor. She did wriggle her toes – but that sensation didn't help. She tried to regulate her breathing – something that she had never had to do before. Dorothea could give her some useful tips on that one – should the opportunity ever present itself. And for the strangest reason she became more aware of her breasts. She had always been aware of them – how stunning they were and what fun she could have with them – and what fun others could have with them, on her terms. This was different though – completely different. Her nipples stiffened inside the tight uplift bra that she wore under the white blouse – something that had never happened before. And certainly something that had never happened without her being sexually aroused beforehand. Her lips trembled and she closed her eyes knowing that things were over for her. At least over for her as she had known it.

In another part of Hooter School – Jugsalina was swatting up, preparing for her final exams. She was in bed – at least her hooters were in bed – she was simply in agony, on her knees, arms secured behind her and her mammaries were in the warm comfort and confines of the bed. She was swatting up in her mind – going over all that she had to go through. And she was smiling. But at the same time there were tear streaks down each cheek. Wet trails stained with black mascara. Elsewhere in the building, a new dawn was breaking.

PART THREE

Home Again

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Chapter One

Jugsalina **FAILED**. She failed her final exams at Hooter School for the second time. She didn't just fail – she failed miserably. She failed the Skittle-Udder test which arguable would have been the simplest test out of the whole bunch – but she didn't simply just fail that, she did so with honours. All she had had to do was stoop over a row of spiked columns and aim her hanging, swinging jugs at them and then knock them over. What could be more simple? Except it wasn't. It should be noted that the whole row of spiked columns had to be knocked over not just one or two. It looked simple – it should have been simple if only the brainless pair of fun bags on legs had been able to focus on what she should have been doing then she might have sailed through it. But she didn't. Instead she focused on the pain and the anxiety the exercise was causing her. She failed to focus beyond all of that pain and anxiety and to the greater achievement of absorbing all that pain. Ok, ok yes there was something to be said about the spikes almost impaling her because of the sheer weight of them against the columns – and then the severe electric shock depending on the depth of penetration that was achieved. But the simplest matter of fact was that she managed to knock over just one of the columns – just one and then she let out a yelp that would have impressed an animal from the wild or something. The one column was impressively obliterated by just one of her huge and massive tits and then she let out that yelp. That wouldn't have been such a bad thing – in fact it would have pleased any observers of this particular test to have seen her yelp, and smile all at the same time.

To see the impressive and pendulous swing and then the column being enveloped in all of the momentous flesh was a feast for the trained eye for sure. But then, with the swing at its most destructive, the spikes just about piercing the tender and sensitive flesh there was the electric shock. Electric shocks from the ten or so barbed spiked that had pierced the flesh. That had made Jugsalina open her eyes until they had nearly 'popped'. It seemed always to be the case that with every new torture, with every new thing that was done to her, especially to her mammaries that she suffered a little bit more. Each one was worse than the last – and so on and so on. But that was no excuse – that was no excuse at all. These were her final exams and she should have been putting more effort into them. She should have been absorbing the pain and anxiety and the distress willingly and without thought for herself in order to pass those finals. Of course it wouldn't be easy – of course it hurt. But if Jugsalina was used to anything by now it was the fact that EVERYTHING hurt and that was just the way it was going to be. By the time she had finished yelping, and then juddering and shaking from the electric shocks from that one spike to the one udder, her knees had given way and she was on her knees. Instead of stooping over the row of spiked columns she was on her hands and knees – trying gently to take her tit meat off the spikes. Even that hurt – she sobbed even through that – but she smiled at the same time. Even if that smile was a little less positive she smiled. The silktex inside her gripped her deeper feminine bits and then squeezed. Not a lot, just a little bit to let her know that she needed to put a bit more effort into her smile. And she did that – remarkably she did that. One might guess that with all that had happened not many people, least of all Jugsalina would realise just how much progress she had made. It wouldn't have even entered her mind that before this little chapter in her life – before Wendy had 'ensnared' her and before she had been put through all that she had been put through, there was no way that the most important thing in her life had been to smile through any amount of pain, and discomfort, and humiliation and degradation that she might have experienced. And yet – that had become a fact. Her whole world had been turned upside down and unbeknown to her she was being subconsciously 'trained' to smile though adversity and through her 'rebirth'. Also, before this chapter, she would never have thought that her breasts, her udders, her mammaries would have been the very central thing in her life – that they

would become the most important thing in her life. That she in fact would become secondary to her breasts – that her breasts would be the most important thing. Never did she think that she would feel that she would be nothing without her breasts. But that is what she had become – that is what she had been reduced to. Nothing without her mammaries. So, she had made progress – she was not the same person that she had been all that time ago – however long all that time ago was. Somehow and for some reason time had ceased to mean much at all. Maybe that was why she failed to see the progress that she had made. Maybe that was why everything that happened to her and to her udders was such a trauma for her – such a torture. Because she could not see that she was heading to what she was destined for. NOTHING! Nothing that is except a pair of breasts on probably the best legs in the universe.

Even on her knees, carefully picking the flesh from the spikes that had pierced and then shocked her flesh into oblivion she was sobbing wishing she could just wake up from the nightmare. She had failed her final exams even at that point. She was smiling – she was smiling a lipstick smile wide – and yet the tears were streaming to – she knew that in failing that one test she had failed the whole lot. All of the tasks had to be passed – without fail in order for her to get a pass out of her finals and out of Hooter School. She might have been pulled from the rest of the final exams at that point. But no – that didn't happen. She had to take each and every test that made up the finals. Even though she KNEW that she had failed, she wasn't told officially and so she had to take each and every test knowing deep down that she had failed. That could have worked either way – it could have worked in that inside she gave up and just did the tests without thinking. Had she processed the options that way it might have been easier – it might have been a less traumatic time for her. Had she done in that way she might and probably would have sailed through the rest of the test. But she didn't. It seemed that she processed the failure as just that – FAILURE. And as a result of that it became harder to an almost impossible degree for her to compete the rest of the test. The Ice Test. The Heat Test. The Udder-Juggling test. All failed – all failed. Indeed on the Udder-Juggling test alone she had succeeded in repeatedly dropping her own mammaries instead of keeping them 'air-born' as it were. Having said that, in Dorothea's favour, she did try and try and try again. That desperation did come through – the desperation that she would not, or could not fail again. She had failed the first test and the second test and the third. But there was a kind of determination inside her and she seemed to see things at least a little bit different for the Udder-Juggling test and it was one that possible had she had some time to practice that she could have passed. She just needed that time. Unfortunately, time that she didn't have. Trying to haul up each of her udders into what must have seemed her impossibly small upturned hands, and then throw them up, one a time and catch them in the same hand was a little more than an impossible task. But it was an entertaining sight – for final exam observers to witness this once, prick teasing slut having to utilise her mammaries in this way, and then failing. Time after time after time failing. The failing was one thing – but the failing time after time after time at the same task was the most debilitating to Jugsalina herself. It was just a task that she could not do without letting all of that flesh overspill her tiny hands and without all of that flesh simply pouring through her spread fingers. She had to spread her fingers in order to spread out some of that weight. But it wasn't realistic that she could toss the flesh up so that it literally cleared her hands and then for it to ripple through the air and then cascade all back down to her hands and then to catch and balance it all without it all falling off those tiny upturned hands was probably a step too far.

Had the exercise, or the test gone without a hitch there would have been a period where Jugs would have been tossing her tits up and catching them – first one then the other and she would have perfected it in that at the optimum time during the timed process both her udders would have been air-born. She would have tossed one up and then waited – waited until that udder was on its way down before launching the other. And they would have passed each other – and there would have

been those little hands waiting to catch them – all upturned and tiny and with those slender fingers spread hoping that spread would have allowed a perfect catch before the same tit was launched again. That would have been the ideal – the absolute ideal. And with that ideal vision, or adding to the ideal vision, that wide lipstick smile. Except that didn't happen. It just became harder and harder for her to even adopt anything near the required position and stance to be able to achieve such 'perfection'. Oh, the smile was there – that seemed to stay and be there even through her abject anxiety which simply grew and grew. It was like an inner desperation that she was feeling to get the test done and passed. The more that she failed the more desperate she became. Eventually she simply ran out of time and was simply a sobbing, smiling mess. I don't think it would be too much of an exaggeration to say that probably at the failure of that Udder-Juggling test, that she 'hated' her breasts. She hated them. She had wished that she had never been given them. She had wished that 'they had never been born'. That was the very thought that went through her melting mind – she hated her breasts, but she wished that they had never been born. It was like she was thinking about her breasts as a different entity. A different personality – indeed like she was thinking about them as she should have been all the time. That would have escaped her though – in the reality of failing her finals again, it would have been lost on her how much 'progress' she had made.

Hooter School, now an experience and a thing of the past;

“I've ramped up the silktex sensitivity. In short, your 'positivity' will need to be at the top of its game. Do you have any idea what an absolute utter embarrassment you are and have become? Do you have any idea how much you are going to pay for this failure. Secreted out of Hooter School because even they were 'ashamed' of you. And now – now 'I' am saddled with you and with that as a memory for ever. Hooter School Failure. I'm not that sure I will be able to bring you to the standards that I had hoped I would. I had assumed that YOU, having as much love for the udders that used to belong to you, would have sailed through Hooter School – and now, instead its down to myself and the twins to bring you to that standard. I simply don't know if we can do it. It's all too much for me to take in right now. But rest assured you WILL pay dearly for your failures.”

It was Chest, aka Wendy, the personality, the very epitome of Jugs's breasts, talking that electronic talk into her ears through the embedded ear speakers. There was no mistaking the tone of her voice – i.e., not amused. And in there also a little bit of hurt – like an underlying hurt that she had put all of her effort into Jugs, provided her with all that she needed to excel and she had been repaid by failure. That hurt was in there – unmistakably it was in there. The outer silktex had been expanded and 'grown' up around her shoulders. It was impossible to see unless one knew it was there. There was a morphing between the silktex and the bare flesh but there was no defining line. Around Jugs's shoulder the silktex became the flesh and it became like strong hands that gripped and then pulled the shoulders back. In doing that, the hooters were forced to thrust out more. The silktex was enforcing an unnatural enhancement of the jugs. And it was retaining that enhancement.

“It's round about now that those implants will come into their own as well Jugs. I'm sure you'll remember those implants?”

Chest was not particularly having a conversation with Jugsalina – she was simply talking out loud, like she was speaking to herself. And yet at the same time knowing that Jugs could hear and almost 'feel' every word she was saying – and every emotion that she was conveying it with. The silktex 'hands' were holding her shoulders back painfully – the blades almost touching and this was her new position. Her permanent 'stance' as it were. The same way that she used to stand and subtly thrust out her boobs, in the old days – she could do that comfortably and with ease and she could get attention, just like that – effortless. Now she was having the effort on her behalf 'forced' as it were. Kind of like, she was being inwardly scolded for not having put enough effort in before and

now she was having her hand forced as it were. Put more effort in. And that effort was painful. It wasn't just her shoulders that ached. Her arms hung limp and those hands had expanded up and under each breast and there was some natural lift there – but as well as that there felt like there were fingers digging under. Digging and pulling and prodding the breast flesh. Digging pulling and prodding it out further – adding another dimension to the enhancement. Kind of like the sheer size of the udders was not enough there had to be the pull and push back of the shoulders so that they were painfully in position all the time and then the under cupping of the flesh, the breasts and the prodding and coaxing that to jut out further. At first it felt like a gentle massage but that soon gave way to the actual fact that the flesh was being stretched beyond its normal limits.

“You can go to the tailor on the bus – like a normal person. Except you won't be a normal person will you. You know you don't even look like a normal person. People will look at you and they will probably mock you for the way you look and for your appearance. I'm sure it will cross your mind that an opportunity for you to escape is presenting itself. Actually I would think there was something wrong if that very thought didn't cross your mind. But you will also be very mindful of the fact that I am watching, and feeling your every move. At the moment, those implants in your udders are simply on a low voltage almost subliminal vibration mode – like a mode to stimulate those disgusting milk dripping teats of yours. And whilst that is another of the countless reasons you won't take the opportunity to escape – you will be very mindful of the fact that I can change those sensations in the blink of an eye – I can change that gentle suckling stimulation of your nipple teats into a pain that will resemble those teats being torn off by the cruellest and sharpest of teeth that belong to an uncategorised animal. If the thought even crosses your mind of escape – I will know and you will suffer in some way – of that you can be assured. I will know because your friend and mine, the silktex inside you and around you will tell me. It will know and it will tell me. And then, in the blink of an eye, you will feel that gentle suckling of your nipple teats change to something else – something else entirely.”

Dorothea or Jugs as she was now known on a permanent basis knew that what she was hearing cackling in her ear was the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. She was feeling that silktex adapt and change around her and then settle. She was feeling that, and she was letting little bubbling whimpers escape as her own body adapted. But at the outer silktex and her body adapted so the inner silktex made its own adjustments – the whole package being ramped up. Jugs was going to suffer for her failure at Hooter School of that there was no doubt. But there was no telling, not by normal means anyway – just how much she was going to suffer.

“What a freak – what a fucking freak, ha ha ha ha ha ha.”

The bus ride to the tailors was not a good one. It wasn't a good one for a number of reasons. Not least there was the feeling that she was losing the opportunity to escape and that she had had to force that right to the back of her mind. She couldn't think of that. Even the slightest fleeting thoughts of that and she was risking being grassed up on by the silktex that was now controlling her more or less every move. She could afford a split second and then no more. That was hard enough. But being taunted on the bus by a group of very young teenage girls was almost the straw that broke the camel's back. One prodding, another one poking at her hyper-sized and accentuated and thrust udders and her simply sitting taking it. To outsiders, like that group of young girls, it must have seemed like the 'freak' was enjoying being poked and prodded and discussed in the most debased ways imaginable. From her enhanced stance – the way she sat with her udders on her lap – the way she simply sat with all that flesh practically all but exposed and begging for the attention she must have seemed that she was lapping it up. Maybe in a strange way, a very strange way it was a blessing in disguise that she was being accosted by a group of girls too young to understand maybe. One of the girls simply slipping her hand into the tight tunic that Jugs was wearing and then deliberately massaging the thickness and the solid length of nipple teat and then looking right into

her eyes and smiling – as though even for her very tender years, she knew a humiliation when she saw one.

“Don't you dare stop them Jugs – this is you – this is what you were born to do – this is the way you were meant to exist. You let those lil girls have a good time and you positively smile all the way through it.”

And she did. She did let the girls have their way even if it did mean just a little more of her old self was being chipped away in the meantime. By the time she dragged herself and her hooters off that bus, the tears were streaming down her face and yet at the same time there was that full, wide lipstick smile. God only knows what the young girls can have thought about the freak of woman with the huge tits who just LOVED having them mocked and mauled.

Jugs could have died, on the spot when she walked into the tailors. She was faced with demons from her past. From the old days. The days she ruled the roost – the days when she could flaunt herself, and her assets to her best advantage. The days when she got what she wanted or someone, anyone would pay. Those were the days when literally 'anyone' would pay and they usually did. Bully is not a good word. But well it is a word that is appropriate to describe the way Dorothea used to be. Especially so when she was still in high school – when she was still finding her feet as it were. The days when she could literally get away with anything and not be held to account. Facing her when she went into the tailors shop was like all of a sudden she was being haunted.

“He he he he he you recognise her don't you bitch.”

Chest tormented Jugs as the brass bell on the door sounded and then as the door clicked shut behind her. She did indeed recognise her. The girl who used to take the brunt of all of her bullying all those years ago. And she did take the full brunt of it all. In those days Dorothea was just getting to know herself – just getting acquainted with her body and what it might be able to be capable of. She was full of something, like an energy only someone her age could be full of. She was discovering her sexuality and somehow discovering that it was all interlinked and all connected somehow. Even the fact that she could bully other girls and seemingly get away with it was all linked to her sexuality – it all came back to her, how she would push this girl, now a woman around and how she would feel the overwhelming need to squeeze her thighs – and when she did that, when she squeezed her thighs how she got a shot of pure pleasure directly to the core of her clitoris. Although back then she still had a lot to learn about clitorises and their place in the world. But that was just it – entering the tailors shop and seeing this woman – it brought it all flooding back to her. Oh she wasn't a teenage girl any more – it was a grown woman looking back at her.

At first there was a puzzlement on her face as this strange woman with the massive, mega boobs hauled herself into the shop – she had thought she recognised her. And then all of her own memories had been coming flooding back to her. The bitch, the cunt Dorothea who had bullied her unmercifully at school. The one who, one day had cornered her in the girls rest rooms and pinned her down – she had always liked to do that – pin her down and using her developing but still huge tits to intimidate with, and she seemed to be able to do that with ease, and how then Dorothea would saturate her panties in her own urine before ripping them off and ramming them into her mouth. Smiling as she did it. Lucy could never understand why at times like that, Dorothea would squeeze her thighs together. She knew that she was doing that because invariably Dorothea was sitting on top of her, astride her and with her knees wedged under her arms – and it was right at that time that she could feel the squeeze of the thighs, right at the time that she herself was tasting the first squeezing of urine from the panties slide down her throat. Oh yes it was all coming back to her now – and yet at the same time as the recognition there was this little tilt of the head, like a wonder as to what on earth had happened to the bitch that had been Dorothea – she was different. Wholly different and there was something else, like a distance in the eyes. If not a distance then something

– something that just betrayed who or what she used to be.

“Well well well – what do we have here then, hmmm?”

They weren't words that Lucy would have normally used. Especially not words she would use to a girl who had practically terrorised her right through the high school years. But something had changed – it was like as Dorothea, or who used to be Dorothea had walked through that door, and as that brass bell had rung, it had signalled a changing of the tide as it were. It was as though both of their realisations was converging and morphing into one big 'truth' of the matter. Dorothea used to be so confident and so elegant in the way she moved with her Amazonian like body – and she could use that confidence and arrogance to her best advantage. But now it was different. Something was different. She had always used her 'assets' to get what she wanted and had always succeeded – or mostly. But now it was different. There was still a tit enhancing 'prance' to her, but there was something else there as well like it was enforced, like she was being made to do it, and being made to do it in the way she was doing it. Almost like she was being the way she was from 'within'. It certainly was like a changing of the tide and with that changing of the tide then a new found confidence. This 'Dorothea' was not like she used to be – she didn't hold the same intimidation or fear factor that she once did – in fact the opposite was true. And then, then there was those breasts – what on earth had happened to them? They hadn't been implanted for the look alone because they looked grotesque. It wasn't even as though it had been a boob job gone wrong – the breasts, for want of a better word looked like they were perfect, but in an imperfect, grotesque way. They looked too big and too cumbersome for purpose – but they looked that they had been 'made' that way. It looked like Dorothea, or who used to be Dorothea had been modified in some way – and for some reason. But no, no that cannot have been the case surely – her imagination was running away with her.

“I have this package – and the clothing inside it needs to be adjusted and modified for me – especially for me.”

Maybe it wasn't her imagination after all - maybe just maybe she had hit on something more profound than she could have even have guessed at.

“I see. You better come this way then.”

Lucy slid past Dorothea and turned the open-closed sign round so the closed could be seen from outside the shop and then she slid the bolt across the door effectively locking it. Locking them inside and everyone else out. Lucy was getting more confident with every passing second – and with the change of tone in Dorothea's voice, not to mention the content of what she was saying and the weird way that she was saying it – there really was no reason to be intimidated, or worried or scared of Dorothea any longer. Lucy brushed past the cumbersome, tit laden lumps that was Dorothea and she brushed deliberately past guessing quite rightly that all of that flesh, that stretched heavy flesh must surely be very sensitive. And it was. Jugsalina sucked in a deep breath and then she let it out again.

“Oh, very very pretty – very pretty. I remember some of this stuff looking verrrrrry good on you Dorothea – In fact I remember you, long after the school days literally flaunting yourself in this stuff – and I can tell by your face you remember it to. And now, it's all gotta be just cut up and altered and made to fit in 'different' ways – for some reason. I'm not even going to ask what the reason is – or what on earth had happened to you. It would be probably better if I didn't know. That would be by far better I think.”

The string around the package had been cut open by surely the sharpest pair of tailors scissors that ever existed – and then one by one the contents peeled out by Jugsalina herself. There was always 'some' colour in those cheeks of hers. Like a rosy red glow or something like that. But as she peeled out the items one at a time, that glow faded and then died. It was her own clothes – the stuff from her old life. Seeing them in this situation, and seeing them within her new life was a

shock to the core of Jugs. She could feel that colour draining from her and she could feel her legs, as long and strong as they were begin to wobble a bit. She used a hand, just to lean on the counter of the shop a little. This was the stuff from her old life – the stuff that she specifically chose to wear when the chips were down. The stuff that she wore when she didn't get her own way – the stuff that she wore to make her feel good again. A dress that plunged both in neck and back and that left so much flesh on display that she was assured of getting anything she wanted at any time when in the right minded company. A dress so short and so plunging that it left nothing, but nothing to the imagination. And now it was going to be modified again – made even more obscene and at the same time taking her huge mammaries into consideration. It was almost too much for her to bare. It had been that dress that she had been wearing the night she had seen the little old man leching after her – the one that would become her husband and who would eventually be smothered by her breasts.

She had remembered that night and how he had slid his bony fingers up inside the dress and had found with ease, the crotch of her thong and then had stroked her lips through the thin silk. The shaking, and the trembles associated with old age had acted as a 'vibrator' and she had been pleased in that way quite unashamedly. Then there were the fitted, tailored trousers that were loose around her legs, and long that concealed the sky scraper heels that she always wore. But then at the same time, the trousers a nice skin tight fit to the hips and the bottom and that just seemed to emphasise her height and her Amazonian status. It didn't seem to matter what she had chosen to wear with those trousers – a stylish silk top or a fitted suit jacket, crop top – whatever she had been able to stop the traffic in them and in the trousers. And the whole outfit had seemed to emphasise what she had thought were ample breasts back in the day. But that was back in the day. Little did she know that these would also be adapted and altered and a form of braces included that would encompass her huge modified mammaries in order to hold them up. Indeed she could not even imagine in her worse nightmare what some of the stuff that she had held dear to herself was going to be used for and made into.

“Look like the cat has got your tongue, dear.”

Lucy could not quite believe the words that were coming out of her own mouth – but they were. Her attractive lips were moving and they were forming the words that she was speaking out loud. Any fear of this woman, this freak was dissolving by the second and she was finding herself looking directly at Dorothea. The smile coming across her own face as the ex school bully was turning to her, eyes cast down a little and yet thrusting those breasts out in front of her invitingly – almost like she was 'asking' for permission to speak about her own tits. How funny – this cannot have been happening the way she was imagining it happening but it seemed it was.

“I'm sorry Lucy, for everything – even our school days. That was my old self – that wasn't the real me. This is the real me. THIS is the real me.”

Jugsalina spoke as she made the concerted effort to thrust her udders out even more – not that the silktex wasn't doing a good enough job of that as it was. But it was what she had been taught to do at Hooter School and that had been an extension of what Wendy and the twins had started to teach her before Hooter School. This was indeed the real her and now she was being made to be that person. Lucy tilted her head a little like she was a bit sorry for the girl, now a woman who had bullied her and picked on her at school and now – now she didn't know quite what to make of her. Now she was someone, or 'something' that she felt sorry for. And it was true, she was 'something'. The longer she looked this woman, this ex-bully the grotesque surreal tits, the more she thought that she was no longer a woman but a thing. At one time she had looked up to Dorothea, even despite the bullying she had kind of envied her and looked right up to her like she was someone that she wanted to be at some point in her future life. How ironic that all of these years later, here she was in her shop, and the tables completely and utterly turned. The worrying thing though, more worrying than the irony was that she was getting some kind of weird sexual kick out

of it. Out of seeing this woman, this thing in front of her like this – all submissive and down-eyed – and then those tits – not really tits at all – what were they all about? Lucy didn't have the answers but what she did know or what she was fast working out was the fact that whatever was going on in the here and now was turning her on – making her clench her thighs – the same way that Dorothea used to clench her thighs all those years ago when she had her pinned to the floor, knees under her arms. Oh yes Lucy remembered those times, remembered them all too well. It was like the smell and the taste and sensation of stale urine squeezed between her teeth from the thong that Dorothea had soaked and saturated. It never left her – she had often woken in a cold sweat in the middle of the night in the years after school as though she had been reliving those times. She sensed a complete and utter changing of the tide and it made her smile. Of course it made her smile. And then there was that smile – that smile of Dorothea – even more what was that all about? That smile? There was a woman obviously going through something traumatic – beyond traumatic and there she was smiling through perfectly glossed lips – smiling like she was feeling all so good about the world, the shit world that she was living in right now. Smiling – that smile, that fucking smile! There was more than 'something' about that smile. Like she was smiling because she had to smile – like she was smiling because she had no choice but to smile. Lucy feelings and emotions kind of veered from the sympathetic for this hugely modified women in front of her, to the angry for what that woman had put her through as a girl. It was as though she was being delivered to her so that some kind of revenge could be exacted.

“HmMMM I quite like the new you – the real you. Much better than the old one. But it doesn't look like you need to be any more sorry than you already are sweetie. Although, I am sure if I put my mind to it, I could make you just a little bit more sorry than you think you are right now. And here I see a friend of mine, Wendy has sent me another package. You know, I was with her when she got this stuff from your house. What a lovely house by the way. Shame you are not going to be spending any more time in it. Any more time in it at all that is. Oh don't worry, I didn't know it was YOU who's house we were in – but now it all makes sense.”

Jugsalina was hearing the words in crystal clear clarity and in stereo through the hearing devices fitted just under her nipple tips. - and in the blink of an eyes she was seeing the scene through tiny invisible cameras that were looking down the expanded grotesque valley between her mammaries. She blinked and her real eyes misted over like she was dead or something. Lucy saw that and tilted her head again – she spoke again but she wasn't really talking to Dorothea, she was more thinking out aloud.

“What is it about you – what has happened?”

Just to herself – almost under her breath but not quite. Dorothea's mind trying to absorb what she was hearing through her tits. The shock of seeing Lucy had almost made her knees buckle under her. And then unpacking the clothes and seeing her past in such crystal clear clarity. Seeing those clothes. That was bringing it all back to her in too much reality – these clothes shouldn't be here with her now. They were from her old life. Even though she had used those clothes sometimes for less than savoury reasons – they were from her old life – they had no right to be in the here and now in her new life. It made her spine tingle but she didn't know why. She didn't know why her spine was tingling but in any case she didn't want her spine to tingle not on top of everything else. She had enough sensations and horrors to absorb as it was without her spine sticking its oar into the proceedings. And those clothes -it was like her only link with her old life – her good life and even they had now been sucked into this nightmare. Even something that made her feel good about her old life was now being used to destroy her a little more.

“And now we have these clothes. I remember seeing you about in some of these things and thinking “yes' I want to be like her. That's what I like about her. I had even begun to think there was something about me that was wrong, that was all wrong and that somehow, I deserved to be treated

by you the way you treated me back then. I had actually begun to blame myself for your bullying of me. And lo and behold all these years later and these clothes turn up again. It's a dead cert that they won't fit you like this and there is going to have to be some serious, serious work done on them to make them, fit over... you. I mean look at you – look at those tits. Yuck they must be so sore so tender. And just how DID you get in with that Wendy. I always said she was a bit odd. But that was confirmed when she started giving me some interesting work to do. I thought she was some kind of nut job who was getting these things made for some oversize mannequin or something....”

Lucy let her words trail off and then die off. And she looked at Jugsalina, like she was sizing her up – like she was working out which bit to measure up first. And a slight smile came to her own lips, and then a wider one.

“We'd better make a start then sweetie – the sooner we get you measured up, and stuff – the sooner we can have you looking like Wendy will approve. Not entirely sure what those little twins will make of it all though.”

Chapter Two - Dreamland

The dreams – the dreams were changing. Something was happening. It used to be a slight stirring – like knowing she was asleep, but stirring, and then the eyes would open a bit. Maybe just a little. Flickering at first, then closing again then flickering open again. But slowly, ever so slowly the eyes opening and there it would be – that shard of light. The shard of light just right there and Dorothea aka Jugsalina would know that she was there in that dream world. But things were changing. Now there was no gentle stirring – none of that. Now there was just like a shooting, bolt upright in the bed, sitting there with her eyes wide open – almost pumped out on stalks. It was almost like she had woken up from a dream, or a nightmare, except even in that waking state she was still inside the nightmare. Still inside the dream. She felt awake and aware, and felt like she was in the real world – except that she knew that she wasn't. She knew that she wasn't in the real world because there was that shard of light again. So bright in made her squint. It was pointless her trying to look for the source of that light – she had done that so many times and only succeeded in almost burning off her retinas. There was no point in her trying to see the source of that light at all. But even the shard of light had changed. Up until now, it had been sharp and distinct – a definite column of light that had sharp, sharp and well defined edges. It wasn't like that now though – the edges were flickering, like the flickering of a flame. And they were blurred. The flickering, flame like light worked in tandem to cast eerie moving shadows around the rest of the room. Dorothea had a feeling of utter dread flowing through her – like she knew something bad was about to happen but she didn't know exactly what. It was like she was having premonition of her own dream, or her own future but without seeing the visions. She buried her face in her hands and drew her knees up under her. At least she drew her knees up under her as much as she could and in doing so crushed those huge, huge bangers back into her own chest. It wasn't just that she was kind of having a premonition, or a peek into the future without having any images in her mind to marry them to – but it was like what had occurred before was being enhanced. Like as though what she had been through wasn't bad enough, she was now 'feeling' as though she was being taken into the worst case scenarios. As though what she had suffered just wasn't enough of a 'punishment' for all of her flaunting, and teasing and general bitchiness – now those dreams were working together to take her to a deeper place. She was sitting on the bed with her knees drawn up to her FFF hooters – because in this dream, in this 'rewind' of events that is what size they were. FFF and still growing. That god awful stuff had been injected into her and it was still working. She knew it was still working because she could feel it. Even sitting on the bed, or whatever it was she was sitting on, she could feel the stuff working inside her milk ducts and veins and the deeper breast flesh. That was it about the dreams – they seemed to emphasise everything – make everything seem more acute. Like pain – that was more acute – more sharp. More horrific really. But that was it about the dreams – even though she had been able to 'escape' into those dreams, be herself, be what she wanted to be – even be a bitch if that was what she wanted, which was often, the whole experience of the dreams and what they contained was acute. Her face was still buried in her hands and she was sobbing gently. She was at the point where there was still a hope that she could get out of this – at the point where, if she maybe pleaded and begged with Wendy's better nature then maybe, just maybe she would let her go. In her mind, she was still really in a state that was unbelieving of the situation and predicament that she found herself in. Surely they would let her go – surely that had to let her go? And, she would promise not to tell anyone what they had done to her – or what they were doing to her. She dropped her hands from her tear stained face and looked – as she looked, there they were, Wendy and Hooter Tutor. She was being introduced to her for the first time, that very first time. Before Hooter School and yet still well submerged in the horror that had become her life.

“Please, please Wendy, please let me go. Please let me go and I promise, I really do promise that I will not tell a soul about what is happening, or what has happened here. It can be like our little secret.”

It wasn't going exactly as the real life had gone because the dream had taken over. This was another version of it. This was another path being took – slightly different and slightly more, if that was possible, surreal than the one she was on proper. There was a moment of silence that seemed to go on forever and ever and ever. Then there was just the cackling sound of Wendy laughing. She had thrown her little head back and was laughing heartily at what Dorothea had just suggested. At first it was just her laughter that seemed to cackle and shrill up into the darkness of the room and then slide down the walls on all four sides. But that laughter then was joined by that of Hooter Tutor. Hers was a deeper, more refined laugh. A more mature and velvety laugh, but it was heartfelt none-the-less. And somehow it seemed to compliment the laugh of Wendy and then, somewhere up in the heights of that room the two laugh voices seemed to blend and morph into one – and it was that combined, morphed laugh that seemed to grate the nerves, the very nerve endings of anyone who heard it. Dorothea shivered as that laugh, or its effects travelled up and down the core of her spine and then back again. Then it stopped. As soon as that laugh and then the two laughs had blended into one, they stopped and there was another slightly extended pause of silence before this time Hooter Tutor spoke.

“I can see there is still some more work to do with you yet young lady. It seems to me that you are not quite grasping the gravity, or the enormity of your situation.”

Dorothea wasn't on the bed any more – she was back in that room at that time of that introduction. She could feel the silktex things up inside her and they were entwining themselves – constricting her insides a little. It was as though they were still getting to know her – still getting to know her intimately. But feeling all of that deep activity going on deep inside her was unsettling. She was sure it was hurting a little and so, despite the fact that she sobbed, she also had that smile painted right across her face. So odd – that smile and yet the tears and the eyes telling of such a deep deep despair. And, she held up her FFF hooters, because, at this time that is what they had been enlarged to. But even that was a lie because the stuff that had been injected into her was still working – she could feel it. She could more than feel it – she could sense it working in the deeper tracts of each of her udders. It was like they were both alive – and there she was with her palms under each of them and uplifting them and displaying them to these two fucking lunatic women. She was playing their game – playing the game and at the same time she was begging and pleading with them to release her and let her go. At the same time as that she was smiling – smiling with all of her heart because she could feel that thing, those things deep inside her moving – making themselves at home. If the smile slipped even for a small fraction of a second, or if she stopped smiling at all, or felt anything less than positive she would feel again what she felt before – that god awful pain inside her. She jiggled her tit meat a little, as though she were using her tits, kind of teasing the two women with them in order to get her own way. Had she never learned? Had she never learned that that was why she was in this position and predicament. This was why she was being made to suffer the way she was suffering – because of how she had conducted her life up until Wendy had taken control of it? Her teasing and jiggling her titties was the reason she was in this big black hole of despair right now. No obviously she hadn't learned – she hadn't learned in any way, or to any extent because she simply smiled wide and lifted those FFFs up higher and higher and as she did that, she gave them a little squeeze from under making the flesh swell up over the tops of the globes – making it swell and spill up all enticingly and teasingly. Even as Hooter Tutor was speaking, Dorothea was trying her very best to talk her way out of a position, and basically a way of life that she had no idea about, not yet, not really. And yet the dream, the dreams, they were all so weird, so surreal. Her dreams were taken at different points on the timeline and yet, it was as

though in the dreams, there was a deeper knowledge about what had happened in the past and what was going to happen in the future. It was all a part of that dread and feeling of utter despair that she felt. Her dreams working not with her but against her. That had always been the case – that the dreams were conspiring against her, working against her and just wearing her down. But she had never really got that. As far as she was concerned she could immerse in the dreams and she could escape. That was what the dreams had meant to her up to now. A place where she could escape the real world – that utterly bizarre god awful world and simply escape – and a place where she could let the smile fade and die if she wanted to and she wouldn't be punished. Even though she knew all about the silktex stuff in her dreams, and even though that silktex had taken part in some of the dreams before, she had still been in control and she had not needed to worry. Hooter Tutor carried on speaking.

“There is no way out of this for you – do you not understand that? There is no way that we are all going to become friends, shake hands and then you walk off into the sunset. There is a path for you young lady and you have to walk that path. I cannot tell you that it is a pleasant path that you are going to walk – or be taken on. The plain and simple fact is that it is going to be anything but pleasant. You have spent your life teasing and tormenting others and in general, getting your own way, doing your own thing whilst having little, or scant regard for others – and now it is time that you paid the price. Now is the time that you pay the piper so to speak. Now is the time that all of that sexuality, all of that delicious hooter fodder, all of that mammary flesh is taken in hand and remoulded. Time that you were remoulded. There is no get out clause – or one that will see us coming to an agreement in return for your freedom. Forget freedom Jugs – it ain't gonna happen.”

Dorothea was computing every single word being spoken to her. Every single word was crystal clear and with a clarity that was alarming – and yet she still uplifted her boobs and smiled away. Hooter Tutor spoke as though her speech had been prepared and had been rehearsed – even down to the last little bit of 'street' – it just ain't gonna happen.

“You've used your sexuality, and mostly your jugs for all of your life to get your own way. And I know it is Wendy's aim to reverse what you have felt about your breasts. We know how high a regard you have held your breasts in all through your life – and quite frankly how much you have adored your own breasts. But well, the fact is that as you travel this path, the one that has been chosen for you, you will learn to hate your hooters. Hate them with a passion. You will hate them, despair of them and loathe them. As your mind is taken away from you leaving just the bit that lets you keep on knowing how you are suffering, you will learn to 'blame' your bangers for everything that you are suffering and will suffer in the future. You will hate them with a passion and you will loathe them with equal passion. Indeed there will come a time when you will dearly wish that you were no longer attached to your breasts. If I can promise you one thing, it is that you will hate your own tits – and yet, at the same time, you will be all positive about them to.”

Once again the words were filtering in and tumbling round Dorothea's diminishing mind-set and once again she smiled wide, and lifted and squeezed her hooters as though she were trying to tempt the two freakish women. And then it came, the bombshell, the utter carnage, or the equivalent of a mind bending atomic explosion in the mind – the one that Dorothea had to take, had to be convinced was the one that would mean her reverting to Plan B. Not that there was a Plan B.

“Oh yes, and before we wind up this little conversation, or should I say, before we put this little conversation to bed once and for all – let me just assure you that we KNOW what you did to your helpless, defenceless husband. We KNOW how you waited – waited until he was suitably frail and unable to defend himself – and how you kept him medicated up so that his mind would be more confused than his age let on – and we know how you then smothered your helpless, old, frail husband with your breasts. How you pressed all of that flesh onto and around his face and how you ever so slowly cut off his air supply and how in effect you drowned your own husband with your

hooters so that you could get your hands on his wealth and fortune. And we KNOW that it worked. We know how you leant over him and how he looked up at you adoringly as you lowered your jugs down to his face – he probably thought you were trying to give him a little thrill in his old age because he loved you deeply – more than deeply – and yet you callously lowered your tits down over and onto his face, very slowly mind you. Oh yes very slowly so he wouldn't panic, or struggle even with his failing health. You lowered your hooters down, felt all of that flesh surround and envelope his facial flesh and then you lowered some more, pressing the tit flesh down and very slowly, and yet very completely cutting off his air supply – and then we KNOW how you stayed like that. How you stayed bent over him, his face drowning in your hooter flesh until all of the life was taken away from him – until YOU took all of the life away from him with your jugs.”

The colour began to drain from Dorothea. How could they know? No-one had known about that. The death certificate had said “natural causes” and that was what had been accepted. There had never been any suspicion of concern as to cause of death – there had never been a point when the question had been asked or the finger pointed – at least not out loud. So how could this woman, these women, know all of this about her and her husband. The creepiest and most mind numbing thing was that Hooter Tutor had got the facts completely and utterly right. There was nothing in what she said of those events that were wrong. It was all right. That is was she had done – that was the exact method she had used to finish off her failing husband. And that was the reason that she had done it – for the money, for the wealth – for the huge house and all that went with it. There had never been a finger pointed, not seriously anyway. But having that, in that dream, pushed right in her face. It brought it all back to her. Dorothea had barely given that 'killing' a second thought after she had done it. In point of fact and if truth were known Dorothea had got a sexual thrill out of what she had done. There was more to it though – she had got a sexual thrill as she had actually carried out the act. As she had drowned her old husband in all of that tit flesh, she had orgasmed. She had squeezed her thighs and she had orgasmed. The orgasm had been intense and it had been wet and slippery. She could remember like it was just yesterday, feeling the wetness running down the insides of her thighs and as she had felt that she had pressed down with her udders just that little bit harder – just that little bit firmer. It was like the more she pressed down into, and over the face of her husband to snuff his life out, the more intense her orgasm got. It was like one feeding the other – but at the same time she had not wanted the life to be drained from him too quickly because then the thrill ride would be all over and done with and she didn't want that. She wanted it to last and last and last. So she pressed down and felt him meekly struggling for breath then she took the hit of intensity, then she ever so slightly lifted herself off, before lowering again and taking another hit. As she finished off her old helpless husband she rode the orgasm that act produced by lifting and lowering her huge mammaries – she did this many time thus extending the orgasm she experienced several fold. Oh god she remembered that day like it was just yesterday and it made her shiver. It made her shiver as she thought of how she had stayed, her breasts crushed over the face of her dead husband for what seemed like hours and hours but what in reality must have only been minutes – before then lifting herself off of him and looking down at his wide lifeless eyes. But the strangest thing was that there was just the hint of a smile across his thin fleshed lips. It looked to her like he had died happy – at least that is what she had told herself at the time and that had seemed to ease the burden of her guilt. She had felt guilt – in that few minutes after that intense orgasm and then the coming down from it – the guilt had hit her like a steam roller and her knees, as strong and as shapely and as stunning as they were had almost given out on her. But then that guilt, that nerve shattering, mind melting guilt had simply evaporated – simply vanished as soon and as quickly as it had appeared. There one second and gone the next. And she had never experienced the guilt ever again – or even thought about it. But this brought it all back to her. Plan B she had to have a Plan B.

“See now, I can see that I have hit a raw spot there. Right there. You thought no-one would know. No-one would ever know about what you did, didn't you Jugs, hmm? You thought that you could just use your mammaries as weapons with which to murder a frail old man, your husband no less, and no-one would ever know anything about it. Well, let me just enforce upon you my dear, that there is a lot known about you – there is nothing that you have done in your past that we don't know about, and that we can bring back to the surface if we have to, or need to. You need to learn that it is going to be much, much better if you just chill it out and take the ride that you are going to be taken on because for you, there is no other way. No other way at all.”

Those words, those fucking words were just going round and round in Dorothea's head. She had done her husband in years and years ago. That was all done and dusted – there was no way that it should be able to be brought back up now. That it was in fact being shoved right back into her face at this point in time, at this point in this dream was almost like a bolt of electric that was paralysing Dorothea. She did a final uplift of her tits and as she did that she licked her lips. It was kind of a last resort – a last resort that she had relied on successfully so much in the past – using her sexuality because that was all she could do or would do. It was what she knew the best. It was all that she knew. She could do it and she could do it well. That she could make the uplifting of those ever growing hooters of hers appear provocative and desirable was a credit to Dorothea really. It hadn't been actually true that she hadn't learnt anything. Oh she had learnt lots and one of those things that she had learnt was that those thing inside her, the things that had become part of her could hurt her really bad if she lost that smile and positivity – so she didn't. And somewhere, somewhere right down inside her melting mind, she was thinking that this whole 'situation' this whole thing was sexually related. She had this feeling, just a feeling, but maybe she had it because that was how her mind, all through her life was conditioned to think, that the two women, these two freaking nut jobs, were living out their own sexual fantasies and so, by acting provocative, being sexually alluring to them in the here and now, in this dream, then maybe, just maybe she would get somewhere. Maybe she could just use her sexuality and her assets in order to win over these two women. It was a sign really that she was not thinking right – or not thinking at all. She licked her lips wetly and she lifted and squeezed her udders for the women. But the lifting and the squeezing faded with the realisation that it was getting her no-where. The two women – the tiny almost frail looking Wendy and then the bigger, more aloof and imposing Hooter Tutor simply looked at her blankly and then at each other. Hooter Tutor's smile was not so much a smile, but more a grimace of disdain as Dorothea offered herself and her assets obscenely.

“This 'creature' simply does not learn – she does not take anything in what-so-ever. But there is time for that. There is time for her to adapt. Indeed there is no option but that she does adapt and learn. Because if she doesn't she will simply suffer like no other creature before her has suffered before.”

Hooter Tutor spoke, but the words, in Dorothea's mind had begun to fade – like the volume or the clarity had begun to fade and had become muffled a bit. Inside Dorothea's mind, at that precise time, and that precise split second of time she had decided that she had needed to implement Plan B – not that there was a Plan B. Not that a Plan B had even been thought of. Dorothea had barely even had time, or the inclination to think of the plan she had been entered into, let alone a Plan B. But as Hooter Tutor's voice droned on and became less distinct, as the edges of those words faded into a kind of audio blurring, so the decision in Dorothea's mind snapped into place. She was going to have to make a run for it. She didn't know how, or where she was going to run. She was somewhere in Wendy's house and yes it was a big house, bigger than her own – but if she just ran – if she could just make a break for it and run for her life the surely she could use her basic instincts to guide her out of the house and out of the grounds and once she was out, she would be safe. Once she was out of the house and out of reach of these nut cases she could re-assess her life – just

simply re-assess. She could sell up, move away, start again.

The smile hadn't faded from Dorothea's lips for even a split second when the silktex things inside her gripped, first just like taking hold, like making sure that it was a good grip, a good non slipping hold that they took and then they tightened. They tightened around her cervix and put pressure inside her womb so a point that she winced and screamed out. But that was the same time, the exact same time that she made the break for it. She was still holding her hooters – like she was carrying them with her. Almost as though they were not attached to her at all but like they were separate pieces of baggage that she had to take with her. Making a break for it, meant just that and if she had the choice, or the option, she would not take extra baggage with her... but she did – she took her hooters and she was carrying them. This made her progress cumbersome and erratic. She managed to side step Wendy and Hooter Tutor who appeared to remain motionless simply because Dorothea's break for it had been so unexpected and so sudden. She seemed to weave between them with some expertise and yet as she did that she had to make sure to keep hold of her hooters so she cradled them in front of her. Both of her massive mammaries swaying and bulging with every erratic step that she took. Her long strong legs came in useful for the strides – and they were long strides that she took. Except the corsetry of silktex was squeezing and constricting her there as well. The most bizarre thing was that she felt the silktex working her waist smaller and smaller, which was uncomfortable in itself and at the same time she could feel the out corset of silktex squeezing and squeezing her waist smaller and smaller. It should have stopped her in her tracks but it didn't. At this point she had decided to make the break for it and that was what she was doing. The thing was that, the sight must have been something approaching a comedy sketch because of the cumbersome, fleshy load of tits she was having to carry. At one point she almost spilled one breast over one arms and then as she had changed direction she had almost spilled the other tit. Both times, still on the move she had re-grasped the flesh and poured it all into the dish like shape she had formed with her arms.

She ducked out of that room and then down what seemed like a never ending corridor that seemed to be in complete blackness. It was like she could not see where she was running – or indeed if at any moment, any second that she would run into something, or someone coming the other way out of the blackness. That could happen – she knew that the twins were most likely in that house somewhere – and that even maybe somehow they were 'connected' to each other and therefore would know, at any given time if there was trouble, or if the other twin, or Wendy would need help. These were the weirdest thoughts that Dorothea was having as she lunged into the darkness in that house. She was running but she didn't know where she was running. She had a feeling that she was on a lower level, like a basement, or even a sub-basement level. She didn't know why she felt that. Maybe the lack of windows, or even the fact that the shard of light, the one that told her she was in that dream was beginning to fade. She was running but that shard of light was not running with her. It was not moving with her and even though she kept moving she was wondering what that meant. Did that mean that she was not dreaming anymore? Had the whole nightmare now ended – had somehow the two worlds, that is, the dream world and the real world somehow morphed into one and now she was running this was the end – that she would get to the end of the black corridor, the dark corridor and burst through some doors and into the streaming bright sunlight? Yes that could be it. That would be what was happening. And the thoughts of that were making her positive again. With that positivity came the manic smiling. She didn't stop running but the smile came back – that perfect lipstick smile. That was what the dream was telling her was that her smile was perfect and her thick lipstick was perfect. The smile and the positivity feeding through to the silktex and that stuff loosening a bit. Not loosening entirely but just a little bit. A little reward for her. But she was running after all and so the stuff did keep a hold. There was a light at the end of the corridor and Dorothea thought that was it. She had escaped. Just a single

light bulb, quite dim, but bright in the pitch blackness that had existed – and it was like it was leading her – guiding her to the exit door.

As she lumbered up the narrow, black corridor she looked for the door that she would burst through. But there wasn't one. When she got to the end, all there was was a right handed turn. A ninety degree turn to the right and then there was blackness again. But that was alright. Ok, so it was going to be a longer run, a longer escape than she had thought, but she was getting there. At one point she stopped and all she could hear was her own deep breaths – quite laboured breaths. But they were her own breaths. She listened – she hauled her hooters back into her arms, just where her flesh had spilled over her forearms, she had hauled that back into her 'dish' and then she had tilted her head – she had tilted her head as though she was listening. She was listening – she was listening for anyone who might be following her – or chasing her – or coming to bring her back into the presence of those two nut jobs. But there was nothing. Apart from her own laboured breathing there was nothing – just a dead, still silence. She listened again – maybe Wendy, or Hooter Tutor would call her back – tell her not to be so stupid that there was no escape after all and that she should just go back and take what is coming to her. But there was none of that – none of it at all. That told her that she had made it. She had made the break and she had got away. No-one chasing her, no-one calling her. She must have made it! Not even the shard of light had followed her. In her melting, slightly erratic mind, that shard of light had changed anyway and now that she was escaping and getting the fuck out of that place, maybe the light would just go out. Maybe it had gone out already. She seemed to stay at the end of that first long black corridor for a long time just tilting her head and listening. And staring down into the blackness that she had just run out of. But she wasn't out yet and she had to make progress – she had to get out. There couldn't be that much further to go – but she had to get out. She began to run again. She gathered up her mammaries and she began to run again – the light of that single bulb fading as she ran into the blackness again. At one point she thought she heard something and stopped but all she could hear was her own breath. She ran again, this time, at least in her own mind putting more and more effort into it. She looked ahead, just that same pitch blackness – the need, the sheer need to get out of that place stronger than the fear of her running into something – and then, there at the end another very dim but very distinct light. Another single solitary light bulb signalling the end of that corridor – as she approached it she slowed. Looked for that all important door again – the one that would let her out into the sane world. The weirdest thoughts go through people's minds at the times of the greatest distress and anxiety. At that precise moment as she reached that second light she wondered when she got out, how would she explain those tits to other people. How would she explain those monstrosities that had once been her pride and joy? How the fuck would she just explain them. Then she hit herself with the obvious answer – that being she would cross that bridge when she came to it.

“Fuck!”

It was another ninety degree turn right – and another run into the blackness. But this time she didn't stop to ponder whether or not she was being followed. Or whether anyone was calling to her to go back and get what she deserved. This time she simply ran into the blackness. Gathering her hooters, carrying them like they were her babies, and running into the blackness. The silktex was tightening again – both around her and inside her again. That was because the smile was fading and she was becoming a little more distressed – a little more less positive. Not less positive because she thought that she might not get away after all – she was convinced that she had indeed escaped. But distressed because she was becoming exhausted. There seemed no time line of how long she had been running or how long each of those sections of black corridor were. So although she was absolutely positive that she had got away and that it was all going to be ok after all there was her increasing exhaustion. But she could live with it as she lumbered up towards the third solitary bulb. There had to be a door, or some other way out of the house at that end. There just had to be. And it

was that that drove her on. All the time running and lumbering into the darkness – this time though her eyes peeled fixed on what she assumed was 'ahead' for the tiniest clue, or the tiniest hint of another light. And there it was. Tiny at first – just the smallest flickering at first but getting bigger and bigger the closer she got.

“Shit!”

Dorothea was practically breathless as she got to the third light. Yet another sharp, ninety degree turn right. She was stooped over a bit by this time. The weight of her breasts spilling over her arms and the effort required to keep all of that flesh inside beginning to tell. That, and the running and running. But she had come so far she could not give up at this point so she began running into the fourth straight of darkness. Even in her exhaustion she had worked out that three turns to the right would and should bring her back to the same place. But she had thought “no” that couldn't be it. Maybe she had been running up hill and the corridors went up and over each other or something. At the end of this fourth one, there would be her exit. Maybe she would find herself in the main part of the house and from there she could make her way out into the lane. Then it would be all ok again. The smile came back to her face and it was wide and it almost beamed in the darkness as she made her way to that light again. And it was there that fourth solitary light bulb. That kind of convinced her that she had not run right back to the point she had started from because if she had, it would not be a light waiting for her at that end, but Wendy and Hooter Tutor. She stumbled and plodded on, half running, half cradling her over spilling hooters. But by the time she got to the end of that run she was almost delirious and she was running blindly. When she did look up, her field of vision was simply filled with a foot. Just a single foot held at her face level. Whether she ran and stumbled into it, or whether it met her run with a force of its own one could not tell. Dorothea could not tell that was for certain. One second, one split second there was that solitary light bulb of hope – the next blackness. Nothing. No shard of light. No door to the outside world. Just one of the twins' feet. Hovered, and parallel to the floor. Then, blackness as she was knocked back off her feet and into unconsciousness.

Chapter Three

If only it had been as 'simple' as that. If only it had been as simple as taking a few of the old clothes – sexy clothes yes, but just clothes all the same – yes they had been sucked in from her old life and that had been a shock. But she had gotten over that – she had gotten over it and her pulse was starting to come down and her heartbeat to slow – and that dreadful tingling of the spine was fading away. But then she had had it made clear to her by Chest.

“You beg, and beg good for those alterations to be done and you make the fuck sure that she believes that you are begging – make sure that she thinks it is a life or death situation and that you you fucking tit whore are begging for your life. If I think she doesn't believe it – if I think she doesn't believe a word of it you will wish that you had died in that fucking School. I hope I make myself clear.”

And that had been the difference from simple to very complex and very complicated. Now she had had to think about it all – now she had had to put some effort into it all and now she had had to make sure that she better get her words and her emotions in check. Now she had better be sure that she didn't fuck up. She hadn't just had to convince Lucy – she had also had to convince Chest and then she had to convince the silktex. The silktex after all had been ramped up. It had become smarter and it had learned to read her in more minute detail and more accurately. The silktex it seemed had passed 'its' final exams and would now be utilised in a much much more exact way. On top of everything Jugs had to put together, in her diminishing mind a convincing begging. One that everyone, even herself had to believe in. In short, she had to put together a real begging and pleading session.

“Please, please Lucy, please I am begging you – begging you from the bottom of my heart – begging you from the bottom of my soul to alter my clothes. You know, the ones from my old life. The ones you took out of my house with Wendy – the ones that signified what I was in those old days – the clothes that showed what I was – what a disgusting whore of a slut I was. Please take them and alter them to fit, and be appropriate for what I have become – what I am now. A tit whore. Nothing but a piece of udder flesh on legs, nothing but a mammary-tramp-whore – nothing but the lowest of the low. Please Lucy please please please do this for me – not a favour, as such – but something I dearly need, and something that deserves to be done so that I can be what I am and no more – and no less. Please, please Lucy please I am begging you. I have never 'begged' for anything in my life but I am begging you now. Please please do this Lucy please.”

Lucy held her hand up indicating that Jugsalina should 'stop already' – and she did. Dorothea let the begging fade and hang and then die.

“My my you really need for me to do this don't you sweetie. I can see that now. I can see what you need. And since you beg quite so splendidly and with some real, real feeling there, how can I refuse, hmm? But tell me, is there anything you want to tell me – to share with me? It seems like you are in some kind of trouble. It seems that there is some kind of trouble that you need to get out of – is there anything you want to talk to me about? Is there anything that I can maybe help you with – to get you out of whatever trouble it is that you are in?”

Jugsalina hadn't bargained on this. Fuck! Her begging and pleading had been so good and so convincing – now this woman, the woman she used to make suck on her piss soaked panties was offering to help her out of any 'trouble' she might be in. Oh Fuck! Maybe this was the opportunity to escape – maybe just maybe if she could give Lucy some kind of sign – maybe a wink or a nod – she would get the message and she could get help. She might not have to let her positive smile or feeling slip at all and she might get out of this after all. It was too good of an opportunity to miss after all? Surely, this would be her one and only chance. She was out in the normal world all on her

own and all she had to do was tip the wink, or nod the nod and that would be the end of the nightmare. She had to think like this but all in the space of a split second, then she had to push the thought right back into the grey matter that was drowning out her mind.

“Yes, go on tit-whore – take her up on that offer of help. Take her up on it, and I will explode your hooters from the inside. Take them clean off so that all is left are two big bloody holes in your chest – then you REALLY will be NOTHING. Would you like that, hmm – to see those splendid jugs of yours lying twitching on the floor at your feet, all helpless and with nothing to support them, nothing to keep them alive and nothing to transport them? Hmm would you like that you fucking Cunt?”

That slightest thought – that slightest hope, dashed in an instant. Less than an instant. It was as though Chest had been reading her mind – had read her mind. And she had read it accurately and completely. Those had been the thoughts that had gone through and then pushed to the back. All she could do was whimper.

“N-no, no Lucy – I am very very happy with my new life. This is the real me – this is what I should have always been and what I always was. I was never meant to be one of those teasing tormenting sluts that used their bodies to get what they wanted. I was that 'lie' for way too long and now I can be who I am – what I am. I am not in this position against my will, I want this. This is what I am and who I am. There is no help that you could give me or that I would want. I am ecstatically happy with what I am now and who I am. Honest to god – all I need is for you to help turn me more and more into what I am by altering those clothes for me – please please Lucy please?”

Lucy looked again and did that sympathetic tilt of the head. Inside Dorothea's mind she was screaming for Lucy to just agree – to just agree to the alterations and be done with it. Lucy didn't say anything at first she simply looked – as though she was studying the ex-bully. Her eyes piercing Jugsalina. She couldn't know that Jugs was looking back, from udder level – that she couldn't in fact see through her eyes – that her eye sight had been taken away to be replaced with sight along the drooping valley of her hooters.

“Well, if you're sure. If you're sure you don't need any help and that you're ok, I will do the clothes for you – and help you be what you want to be. What you have always been.”

Lucy smiled and her smile matched that of Jugs.

“But just one promise – that you come give me a personal fashion parade when I'm done – that you come give me a catwalk show all of my own. How does that sound, is that a deal?”

Inside, Jugs breathed a sigh of relief. She had done a far too good a job of convincing Lucy that the pleading and the begging was for real. Mainly because it WAS for real.

“Make the promise you big uddered piece of shit – do you hear me. You tell her that you'd be more than delighted to give her a personal fashion parade. You do it now you tit-whore... now!”

Chest then intervening again and Jugs feeling her pulse rising again – it was all coming in on top of her again – coming in and then enveloping her making it all too much for her to bare.

“Oh yes Lucy yes thank you so very much. Thank you so much and I would be delighted to give you that personal and very private fashion show – strut myself for you and let you see what I am truly made of and what I am meant to be for the rest of my life.”

Jugs becoming more and more explicit every time she opened her mouth as though she were revealing layer after layer of herself – but Lucy too wrapped up in her own thoughts to click on to that. Lucy taking in all of the information and trying to compute it inside her mind but not making a really good job of it. She was sure there was something wrong with the woman who used to bully her at school but she couldn't work out why in this place all on their own she would not tell her what it was. Or at least tell her something or give her some indication. She did fleetingly think that maybe she couldn't because she was being listened in on. Like she was bugged in some way. But

she dismissed that thought as something that was too ridiculous and far-fetched to even consider. Then there was that smile again – that fucking smile was kind of freaking her out. Already there had been the begging and the pleading and that had been too real – it had been too real that she had felt that something was going over the top of her head – way over the top of her head and beyond. It was something to do with Wendy, she knew that. But she was just a tiny little woman living in a huge, huge house with her sisters, the even more tiny twins. Yes they were odd, but could they do 'this' to another woman. Or was it simply a case that Dorothea, the once much feared and revered Dorothea had picked on the wrong ones this time? It had gone through Lucy's mind that perhaps Dorothea had tried it on with Wendy, or the twins, in some way or another. She knew only too well how Dorothea used to pick on girls, especially smaller girls than herself – maybe just maybe she had done the same with Wendy and the twins and now she was living to regret it. Maybe Wendy, or the twins, or all of them had something on her – maybe they were controlling her in some way through some kind of bizarre blackmail. Nah, that was a stupid thought as well. There was not even the hint of the thought of the reality of the situation. Oh she was closer than she could imagine when she thought that maybe Wendy had something on Dorothea, but not even she, in all her moments of stupid thoughts would she think that she had come into Wendy's grasp, little Wendy's grasp by virtue of the most intense nipple and clitoris based orgasm that any human female could ever imagine, or experience. That was one thought that escaped her – or didn't even come close to her.

She considered Dorothea for a moment or two – the look, the oversized look of her – the top heaviness of her – that top heaviness of her that gravity was getting the better of – surely but surely that 'look' cannot have been Dorothea's wish. If only Lucy had known, if only she had had the slightest inclination that Dorothea was not in fact Dorothea any longer. If only she had had the slightest inclination that she was in fact Jugs, or Jugsalina and that it was her most potent weapons, her tits that had been her downfall. If Lucy the Tailor had had even the slightest inclination that this was the case then maybe, just maybe she would have tried to help Dorothea regardless – and regardless of the consequences. Or maybe, just quite simply she will have gotten the fuck out of there herself. She had always had an unsettled feeling about Wendy. She could never put her finger on it, or explain it – it was just simply something that was always there – nagging at the back of her mind and never letting up. She didn't come across Wendy that often, only when she wanted the 'special jobs' done – usually special jobs requiring modification of a huge bust, or other. But she hadn't thought much about it. She did the jobs and let it go at that – but there was always that feeling in the back of her mind – just a feeling that she could never explain or shake off. It made her shudder a bit – right down the core of her spine it made her shudder. But she shook that off – laughed it off even and then she got on with life – just like she had always done. But this was different – this was odd. Maybe it was just because here was Dorothea – a face from her past and not a pleasant past. And the changes in Dorothea, physical and mental ones. It was all just odd and somehow unsettling and disturbing. She flicked the lights off in the main shop, and in the back room and led a cumbersome Dorothea down into the bowels of her building. There she would take measurements, make cuts, stitches and then she would fine tune. When she had all she needed she would send Dorothea back to where she had come from so she could work her own brand of magic on the clothes. For someone who was ignorant of what Dorothea was now, or who or what Wendy and the Twins were, Lucy had a strange insight into what was required of her. It was like a naïve insight – she knew what the strange woman wanted and what Dorothea begged her to do – but she didn't know why and wouldn't be able to explain if she was ever asked.

“I thought you lil girls deserved a bit of a treat – you wanna play with Jugs a bit hmm? Put her through her paces? To be quite frank I am completely and utterly sick of its attitude – completely fed up to the back teeth. We have those smiles and we have all of that prissy bullshit –

but see, I know what is behind all of that. I know exactly what is behind it and am not putting up with it. You see, I don't think this pair of hooters on legs quite gets it yet – I don't think she quite 'gets' the position – her position, 'it's' position and to be honest with you, it's getting me down. I think this 'thing', 'it' still harbours secret inclinations to get back to her old world and her old life and I think that she really thinks that we don't know about it. She 'it' thinks that she can harbour these thoughts and we won't know about it. She 'it' thinks that because she has the silktex fooled that she has us fooled as well.”

Wendy was rambling really – as though she was just talking for talking's sake. And she was talking bullshit. Utter bullshit. She knew the silktex couldn't be 'fooled'. Not by anything living anyway. But then she wasn't wrong about the thoughts that Jugs had been harbouring – she had hit the nail squarely on the head there. But what hit home to Jugs the most was the reduction in her status to 'it'. The funny thing was she felt like an 'it' since it had been pointed out to her that she was no more than a transport system for her hooters, all that time ago. That did kind of slip it home exactly what she, as a person had become – or what she had been reduced to. That she was now being referred to as an 'it' simply emphasised that fact. Not simply emphasised it but double underlined it as well. For the first time in what seemed like a lifetime, Wendy was talking from 'outside' of Jugsalina. She was talking, not as Chest, but as Wendy and she was talking to her twins, as her sisters. It was kind of like 'normal'. Like it was in the olden days. It could have been a reason, the tiniest reason to have a spark of hope there somewhere. The way it used to be – before Hooter School, just the four of them, herself, Wendy and the twins – in that big house – just the four of them. That is what such a melting of the mind did – gave out little snippets of hope where there was no hope. And basically there was no hope, none at all. But back the way it used to be was like a comfort to her – like a step backwards. In her mind it was like she was being taken back to that time, where she had just had her nipples licked to that hyper-orgasm – and that thought did things do her mind – if she was being brought back there then if she reached back just that little bit further, then she could just about drag herself back to her old life. At least that was the semi-conclusion she was coming to in her mind. Back to the house, next door to her own – then, just bide her time again – get her bearings in that house. That is what she needed to do was bide her time and get her bearings. She had had too much to contend with these last few weeks, months, however long that timespan was. Everything that had happened to her body and to her mind. It had thrown her off. Yes, that was what it was, it had thrown her off. Getting out of this shit had been pushed right to the back of her mind in favour of trying to cope and absorb what was happening to her. But now – now it was just the four of them again and back in that house – the house next door to her own house. Ok next door was a bit of a stretch of the imagination since this was 'millionaires row' and all of the huge detached houses were in extensive grounds all of their own. Yes, her own house was 'next door' but that was hundreds and hundreds of meters away. But all the same. To be able to think, to be able to say to oneself that home was just 'next door' was a huge, huge 'boost' to her. Truth be known it was simply too much of a boost.

“Mmmmmmmmm nnnngggggggggggmmmmgggggggg.”

There it was, that noise of dripping wet distress coming through gritted teeth at the same time as those smooth red lips were stretched into the widest most positive smile that Jugs could muster. But it was too late for that. The silktex, the ramped up, hyper tuned silktex inside her and around her had been aware of the 'change' in her thought patterns and her pulses. The thought that she might have been able to get away, if she bided her time – the thought that she might have been able to almost reach out to her own house and haul herself over had sent out signals. Changes in her vital signs – the things that the silktex took care of en-mass. Changes there, the wrong kind of changes made the silktex act and react. There was that all too familiar squeezing of her most intimate feminine innards – her cervix and her womb and stuff. But there was more – the

'punishment' for letting her mind wander where it shouldn't wander was ramped up as well. Jugsalina wasn't a 'newbie' any more – she wasn't learning the ropes as it were. She was now an established set of modified enhanced bangers on legs and so it was a natural and progressive thing that she should be punished several steps harsher than she had been when the silktex had first been introduced to her. That seemed an age ago and it was. There was the squeeze that made Jugs whimper first and then a slightly tighter and tighter squeeze. But then another sensation – at first, like an ice coldness inside herself. It was an ice coldness that made her shudder – but she could only shudder so much because the twins had acted as though they were going to push her through the upstairs window. For the briefest of moments Dorothea had thought her time was going to end there and then by being pushed out of the window and down the drive one floor down. She might have thought that her udders would cushion the fall and save her. But it didn't help. But on the other hand, as the twins had taken one fun bag each, tipping all of that flesh out of the window and over the ledge, that had been when she had thought that possibly just possibly it was her chance to get away – or at least, she was in the process of getting her bearings again. As she whimpered, as her volume and mass of tit flesh was being hauled up and out of the sash window, she looked to the left and she could 'just' see the rooftops of her own house, and her own outbuildings. 'Yes' – she smiled and one might have thought that the smile would have been enough to please the silktex. But it wasn't. The silktex had been ramped up, modified and hyper-tuned and it could tell one type of smile from another, and worse than that it could identify moods and intentions. It had been the sight of her own house roof that had done it. It was as though at long last she was going to get away from these nut jobs. It was as though her nightmare was at an end – as though she just had to reach out, haul herself out of that window and touch her own roof and she would be there – then she would snap out of it, like as though she would wake up and realise it had all been a very very bad dream. But that wasn't the case. When that thought and when that idea had crossed her mind she had been smiling at her widest and most positive, but that had not been enough for the silktex. That stuff had sensed the changes in vital signs and patterns and it had reacted accordingly.

As Jugs's tits were being spilled out of the window, so her knees had buckled a little. They had buckled because her shoulders were being pulled back further and further by the outer silktex. With that happening, all of her internal organs were being rearranged and adapted. She could feel her elbows touching but there was no straps or bondage applied. No bondage that is, other than what the silktex was able to do. It was like her arms had been pulled back and then bound at the elbows and at the wrists. Thus her arms and hands brought back so that she was unable to help or ease what was happening to her. Then there was that other 'thing' that the silktex was doing to her insides. That was the worst yet. There was no definable area inside her that was filled, all of a sudden, with the worse type of pain that could have been applied. If the old Dorothea had been asked to describe that pain, then she probably wouldn't have been able to. But in the here and now, it felt like she was about to spontaneously combust from the inside. It was like an intense heat was being applied. But it wasn't a localised heat – as though say, it was being applied to her cervix. This intense and radiating heat was all through her insides and it was crippling her. In the first instance it had contributed to the buckling of her knees. That buckling had only assisted the twins in that as the knees buckled, so she came down a bit lower making it easier to shove all of that udder flesh out of the window. The weight of that flesh then dragging Jugs closer to the window, her chest, and one side of her face pressed up against the raised section of the sash window. Dorothea smiled. She smiled wide and brightly enough to make it appear like she was kissing, and enjoying kissing the window. But her insides were on fire and her shoulders felt like they were about to break – about to snap like twigs. She even smiled as the twins very deliberately balanced the immense amount of flesh on the window ledge before entering some kind of 'countdown' to the sacks of tit flesh being pushed off. It was as though it was something that was of high amusement value to the twins. It

was something else that added to the bizarreness of the situation. These twins, tiny little girls who seemed ageless and yet at the same time, showed that they were capable of advanced humiliation and torture on another woman – and yet even as they were demonstrating that advanced humiliation and torture, they were showing even more distinct signs of childishness.

“Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one..... wheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.”

It was just the most bizarre and disturbing thing all at the same time. Each twin simply finger tipping their respective udder off the window ledge. Dorothea's eyes opening wide as realisation dawned – one side of her face pressed up against the top piece of the window. The expression on Dorothea's slightly distorted face through the glass was one of terror and shock, but at the same time one of expectation and waiting. It wasn't as if there would be a bungee effect and the tits would bounce back up – or not so much of a bungee effect anyway. There was that split second where the rolling, rippling udder flesh was in free fall. The split second when gravity was doing what gravity did. A super slow motion camera would pick up every ripple of that free fall. Every undulation, every collision as the two udders came together. It would pick up the slight quivering of the huge, massively thick nipple teats and they fell, the furthestmost from the chest of Jugs – pointing to the ground like deadly blunted missiles, and the ripples of the flesh that followed behind. That super slow motion camera would tell the whole unedited story of those free falling tits. If that camera then tilted upwards, to Dorothea's face pressed up against the window, it would tell of her 'concern' and her shock in that split second. Eyes wide, lips pressed to the glass like she was kissing it. And then the camera tilting back down, to the breasts as the fall was slowed by the stretching of the flesh. That super slow motion catching the flesh slowing and stretching more and more. The weight forcing the stretch even more. It was inconceivable that the breasts were too heavy and that the flesh would simply rip away from the chest at the bottom end of that fall and stretch. But the crystal clear clarity of that super slow motion camera would make it look like that was a possibility.

The twin having tipped the tits off the window ledge after the count had reached 'one' but the little tips of the fingers never identical, never precisely the same and so the flight of each hooter slightly different as a result. The breasts, each one of them falling, rippling, undulating and twisting in the fall. Tsunamis of flesh being sent up to the areola and the rock hard nipples and then bouncing back up colliding with the next wave of flesh on its way down. Both hooters, both masses of tit flesh colliding and crushing against each other. Then, leave the super slow motion camera rolling at the end of that split second fall. The bounce. Yes the bounce. The stretch and then the bounce sending even greater quivers of flesh up and down the mountainous mammaries. That super slow motion detailing precisely in high definition the catastrophe of tit flesh under the duress of the fall. That fall and then that bounce – each bounce having its own effect, leaving its own pattern and ripple and quiver in the flesh. The flesh so translucent, not from the falling and bouncing but rather from the modification and the adaptations that had been applied. Veins carrying the blood supply around the masses of flesh that made up each udder clearly defined and clearly under their own duress as the fall and bounce proceeded. And then, the milk ducts, that because of the way the light fell, looked like little milk sacks that were boldly outlined in white.

“Mmmmmm nnnngggggggggggggggg.”

Dorothea aka Jugsalina had just looked across, her face flat to the window and her house roof was visible. Her house roof – yes – and despite the free falling tits, that was when the thought of getting back to her house had come to her. If she could have got back to her house she would be safe. They couldn't get to her in the house. Of course her state of mind wasn't making the right adjustment to those thoughts. She should have been thinking that even if she got to her house, then her problems would be just beginning. Chest was inside her breasts all the time – her breasts, those gorgeous organs from her old life, weren't hers any more. They were controlled and appendages that

she simply was a transport system for. Getting to her own house and being in her own house would not return that control and ownership back to her. If she even managed to get to the house and then lock herself inside it would just all begin again. There were implants in her udders that could be activated at any time and in any number of ways. Sexual pleasure, electric shocks, ice cold, white hot – all from within the mass of flesh that made up her hooters – and all remotely controlled with ease from anywhere at all. That had already been demonstrated on her trips out – even the fact that she was from time to time allowed out, such as to Lucy the Tailor's, let loose the obviousness of Wendy's ultimate control over her charge. And then there was the silktex inside and around her. Invisible bondage, inside and outside. Complete and utter bondage by seemingly living breathing organism that had become part of her. And that was the thing to, that silktex – yes it had become a part of her inside and out and yet not in a good way – but in a controlling way. A total and complete controlling way. Did Jugs think that if she got to her house, closed then locked the doors, bolted the windows, closed all of the blinds and just hid herself from outside view, that the silktex would just wither and die and return her adapted modified insides, and outsides to their own devices? Did she think that would happen? Not really she didn't – not deep down when she really thought about it. It was just that the sight of her house roof was too much of a boost to her fading and dying hopes. If anything, if even the slightest little bit of reality was hitting her, it was the bit that told her that, 'if and it was a non-existent, distant, hopeless hope that the silktex would somehow let her go, would somehow and someday leave her, dissolve and evaporate, then it was very unlikely that she would be able to support the new her – the new modified her. The silktex, as well as a means of punishment and torture was also a central core – the core that supported her huge bulk. It was the way she was able to get around with those massive, massive tits. Take the silktex away, remove that living breathing invisible thing that was part of her now and she would probably collapse from the core. Her legs would not be able to take it. Her permanently arched feet wouldn't be able to take it. Basically, her core support system would be removed and she would collapse in an undignified heap of mostly udder-tit flesh. Yes, living and breathing, but little else.

“Mmmmm nnnngngngngngngngngngnnnnnn.”

The silktex was doing to her insides whatever it was doing and she was in a type of agony that she had never been in before. It was the type of agony that radiated from the inside and made her doubt that she would ever be able to bare children. Womb terror. A strange and yet desolate thing for her to think about at that time – maybe a sign of the purgatory she was existing inside of. Her tits were hanging over the window ledge and she was all but on her knees. The twins, for the first time in their lives were towering over her – towering over anyone, and they were looking down at her, one from either side and they were laughing at her. Not laughing, rather smiling widely as they looked down at her. The gravity that had hold of her tits, doing its job of pulling her to the window and her having to make a concerted effort not to be whooshed out of the window to the drive below. But no that didn't happen. It didn't happen, not because it wasn't a realistic option that it couldn't happen – because the longer she had to pull back on the weight of her overhanging udders, the more chance there was that she would fail and indeed topple out of the window. That 'topple' out of the window didn't happen for the simple reason that as the twins smiled down, so that each reached up with one hand and brought the sash window down hard across the tops of the stretched udders effectively jamming Jugsalina where she knelt. Both twins bringing the sash window down in unison and with very little ceremony or consideration. That high definition slow motion camera would catch the trauma of the sliding window and the crushing of the tit flesh – that tit flesh crushed under the weight and the shape of the window frame. The twins not really satisfied with the window finding its own level in the flesh, but rather slamming it down and then reaching up, curling their fingers over the top my ledge of the window frame and pulling down harder. Waiting for the frame to find its own level in the flesh and then giving it a little more of a helping

hand. Pulling it down into the flesh and trapping it there even tighter. Jugsalina's mouth moving in motions that might have been screaming ones, but no sound coming out. Her lips, nicely red, permanently red, distorted and sliding across the glass – the trail being left saliva rather than the grease of the perma-proof lipstick. Both twins pulling down the window until they both showed signs of over exertion and then standing back. They stood back as though to examine their handy work. They liked what they saw and looked at each other. When they looked at each other first their faces were straight, not a smile in sight but then the smile coming and then both their heads turning back to the kneeling prose Dorothea, face crushed up against the window and her udders trapped and pressed outside and hanging by their own gravity. Both twins coming to the same silent conclusion that the window could do with an extra pull down – just that little bit more of a tug on the window to make sure the compress down was. And that was what they did. Each seemed to move, mirror images of each other and in perfect sync – reaching up and then pulling on the window frame again. A little squeak, a little rattle as the window shifted in the grooves it had to travel up and down in – the squeak telling of the flesh stopping its travel. Dorothea's whimper, and her tongue slithering out of her mouth and over the smoothness of the glass as she tried to absorb the pain her udders were experiencing. From outside the window, there might have been another high definition slow motion camera and that would have interpreted her tongue compressed and sliding across the glass, wetly, as something sexual – something overtly sexual. What with that, and the vacant eyes, rolling in their sockets – the wet fleshy tongue and the compressed cheek up against the window glass. And then there were the udders – trapped and compressed there like helpless fleshy animals. Crushed in the groove of the window, their mass overhanging the ledges like water fill balloons. The flesh almost transparent but not quite. The first and second looks giving way to third and fourth looks as one tried to compute what one was seeing. From the outside, that view even more bizarre as though the window, slightly in the background, the almost ghostly visions of the twins standing back, smiling but doing nothing at the distress, or rather at the 'obvious' sexual enjoyment of Dorothea. Her tits swinging and colliding from the ledge the nipples pointing right down like huge black missiles. If Dorothea just darted her eyes to the left again – she would still JUST be able to see the roof of her own house. The silktex inside her gripped tighter and spat out some more icy heat and she cramped.

so another deeply penetrating explosion occurred at some other random point on one, or the other of her huge, swinging mammaries. It was a rude awakening she was getting. But in this instance she wished upon wish she was being woken up into the real world – in the real world that had been created by Wendy and now by Hooter Tutor. Not this dream world any more. She didn't want to be in this dream world any more. It was hurting her to be there and there was no escape from it. Just pain then more pain.

“You're very good with those things girls.”

That was Hooter Tutor's voice and she was praising the efforts of the twins. Just a little after one of them had kung fu kicked Dorothea into oblivion with one well aimed kick to the forehead and nose in that never ending black corridor, there she was, back in the bowels of the building and just simply suspended – if suspended is the right word. Actually not entirely suspended because her enhanced, stiletto'd feet were still dragging on the floor although they were offering no support whatsoever. There was other pain, or other 'achiness' coming from under her arms. She would soon wake to see herself in a full length, crystal clear mirror – just simply suspended by chains running under her arms and digging into her arm pits. No other means of support other than those chains – and then her feet pulled back so there was the effect that she looked as though she were being dragged by her arms – or the underneath of her arms. And she was face down – which accounted for the weight of her breasts. She wasn't lying face down just about suspended by the chain, but rather on what must have been an almost forty five degree angle. So that full weight of her considerably top heavy torso was on her spine. Her spine had curved downwards and her tits simply dragged the full weight down into the chains that were holding her up.

The first person she saw was Hooter Tutor in all of her intimidating glory. Not ruffled but eerily, scarily calm. And the way she heaped praise on the twins was kind of like in a relaxed, matter of fact way that she tended to do and that tended to make most other people a bit worried that she could be so calm about it all. The second and third things that Dorothea's eyes focused on was the twins. They were right in front of her – some ten to twelve feet away and as one of the explosions to her breasts died away into a dull ache – the source of this torture became apparent. The twins were standing and they were casually loading up what looked to be lethal looking catapults. In fairness the catapults, made from high tech carbon fibre, looked bigger than the individual twins who were holding them – and the elastic that formed the horse power of the catapults looked to be too thick and too heavy to be pulled by those tiny creatures, the twins. But they looked completely comfortable in their habitat and with their equipment. The only thing that looked overly odd was that they were so small. The dangle of the catapult's rubber elastic and the cradle where the missiles were loaded almost reached the floor when they just held them with loose downturned arms and hands. But the twins were still dressed for combat – Dorothea recognised that – somehow and for some reason the dream was merging with the real world, and in the dream world now that beating her breasts had taken during the gym training session was still fresh in her mind. Not in her breasts though – in the dream her breasts were fresh for every new torment that was given to them. Like renewing the flesh. Like during her waking state her hooter, jug flesh was rejuvenated and ready for the next bout of enlargement and or torture or distress that might be in store for them.

“You made a bid for escape. You tried to get away from us. You actually had the audacity to think that you could haul yourself, and your disgusting, obscene hooters out of here like, this was some kind of hotel or something. If that wasn't bad enough – you seem to forget that we have invested, not to mention pumped a huge amount into those udders and basically, apart from the natural 'rights' – there is quite a lot there that belongs to us physically. You fucked up this time girl – you fucked up big style and, I just cannot let this go. I cannot let Hooter Tutor here think that I am going all soft or something on you. I want her to know what happens when one of my pairs of

udders-on-legs falls out of line. I want her to know just what we think and how seriously we take our little projects.”

Wendy was in sermon mode and as she spoke – actually several times as she spoke there was the loud, quite disturbing sound of the steel balls sinking into the soft, hanging, vulnerable udder flesh. It was kind of like a S P L A T T T T sound. If one were to hear it without the visuals then one might not think too much of it – but hearing at, and realising that it was the sound of these quite heavy steel balls being shot through their air at a great and huge velocity and then those balls whistling through the air – because that is what they did – they left the catapult cradles and then they whistled through the air. It was just a split second because that is all that they were airborne for – just a split second. In effect flying through the air at thousands of feet per second. The only thing stopping, or halting the trajectory was the hanging, succulent udder flesh. Steel balls that had been hurtling through the air at the same speeds, or similar to that of a bullet from a gun – for the catapults were not toys – they were weapons of the hunting variety – designed and used to bring down hunted animals. Designed to kill and yet here used simply as a means of torture. If one were to know anything about such weapons, one would know that the 'slingshot' of choice for the twins was the Barnett Black Widow – one of the first to encompass the fold away wrist restraint – a design feature that simply added to power and accuracy. The twins were uncannily accurate. Neither was better than the other – they were simply both exceptionally good. But that snap of the rubber band, the short lived whistle through the dead air and then the S P L A T T T as the balls contacted with the flesh 'slapping' it and then their trajectory carrying right on into the flesh and not stopping. Not piercing the flesh. One might have been forgiven for thinking that the worse fate of the breast flesh had been spared in that the balls did not pierce or enter into the breasts proper. But this was not true. With the speed of the balls and the slapping into the flesh the way they did, there was a greater pain. Like a huge tsunami of a ripple that was sent through the entire udder flesh with each ball that struck them. A huge tsunami and then the resulting quaking of the flesh and the pain. The associated energy of the speeding ball suddenly being halted and stopped almost dead in its tracks. Of course it was not stopped in its tracks. It didn't stop. It was just that the flesh, the fleshy cuddly, thin skinned breasts were used as cushions for the balls – and all of the havoc that went with that.

The shock. Dorothea sucking in air at each contact and then holding her breath and waiting for that pain to manifest itself. It was not like a caning, where the strokes of the cane were similar – either lighter, or heavier or a mixture. There was not the sort of hell that was produced with the steel balls. Never two balls flew through the air exactly at the same time – taking out of the equation the difference, however slight of the technique used by each of the twins. They may stoop, or stand slightly differently with each shot and so the balls would take a different path. The way they had been loaded into the slingshot may cause more, or less of a spin as they flew through the air. That spin then being immediately negated on impact – that in itself causing a kind of friction burn that went along with that splat sound. But all of it, in reality, all of it only last a split second – from the loading of the Black Widow, to the aiming then the firing and then the whistling and then the splat sound just a split second but seeming like it was in slow motion. Or even slower than slow motion. Super slow motion. At least that is how it appeared to Dorothea who was sucking in breath and holding it in. There was one small concession to the torture and that was at least the balls were not flying into the flesh at many hundreds or thousands per minute. Time had to be taken so that the sling shot could be reloaded and re-aimed one at a time. But in fairness the twins were so good at it – so competent and so skilled at what they did and how they did it, it was like they did this loading and firing thing as a second nature or something. There was barely any time for Dorothea to recover. She simply hung helpless by the chains at that forty five degree angle and she held her head up, as though she were proud or something. But no not that – more like it was that she was holding

reactions became less and less. Like the brain was telling her that it was pointless to react. She had gone beyond the bellowing screeching and the soul searching pleading and begging and instead she had begun to hang her head limply. She had become entirely limp in the chains. Indeed none of her own strength was being used to hold her up at that forty five degree angle – instead she was simply hanging by the chain deep set into the under pits of her arms. The arms themselves limp and loose – just simply hanging there. There had been a point when she had wished that the dream would end – that she didn't want to be there any more. That maybe she would want to be anywhere but in that dream. The dreams that she had once been able to escape to – but that didn't let her escape any more.

Somehow though, for some reason the dream would not fade – she would neither fade back into deep deep sleep nor wake up. She would never have thought it, but she had wished that she could wake up in the horror of the real world – the real world of Wendy and the twins – because she was pretty sure, if she was to think about it for any period of time, that she had not yet suffered the amount, or the level of sustained pain to her boobs in that real world that she was suffering now in the dream. The thing was that she knew it was the dream she was still in because there was still that shard of light. Simply there, all the time to remind her of the fact that she was in the dream. Once again though, not the sharp, shard of light – a rather more spread and dumbed down version. That changed signified something – something she did not know, or could not work out or fathom – but it signified something. It seemed that she didn't have the strength even to lift her head. When she tried to lift her head, it got so far and then it seemed to be too heavy and it limped forward again – useless. And when her head flopped forward, her hooters hurt again because that flopping forward caused the tits to swing, and to ripple. And all of that rippling and swinging simply sent all of that energy toward the tips of her hanging, swinging udders. All of that energy sent through the udder flesh and to the most tortured parts of her hooters – the areola and nipples. It didn't help that her nipples, even at the best of times retained an obscene erectness – that was a given. But at times when attention, any sort of attention was applied to them, they attained an extra rigidity and seemed to size up even more. Even if that attention was the painful, absolute hell kind that had been applied by the twins and their slingshots, the extra size and rigidity was applied and with the accompanying 'throb' that simply amplified the pain that she was feeling. The nipples, more like cows udder-teats and the raised areola providing large, succulent targets for whatever implement may be used.

“I do believe that at some point you will have been taught, will have been told, that what you have hanging under you are not 'breasts' or 'boobies' or even 'tits'. I believe that you will have been taught that what you have are disgusting appendages – hooters, bangers, udders and at the very least 'mammaries' – and that the last only applies because of the fact that mammaries apply to animals of the bitch variety. The thought that you have such cute things as 'breasts' and 'boobies' is quite frankly, deeply disturbing and sickening. I believe also, that you have been told and taught at some point that for you to refer to your disgusting and obscene appendages as breasts, or boobs, or boobies is something of an offence as far as we are concerned. And that further to that – that if you were ever heard referring to those 'things' and anything remotely 'decent' which they are not, that you would be punished, fully and completely and to the limits of endurance, and beyond. Can you not remember being taught that much Jugsalina, hmm?”

Dorothea could hear every word spoken by Hooter Tutor – every single word of it was sinking into and tumbling round her psyche. She lifted her head, and then dropped it again – as she did that, it sent her hanging udders into a swing and she cried out and groaned. She tried to compute the words – she did compute the words. But it was all confusing for her. In fairness it was not her own fault that it was confusing for her – that was the thing about those dreams – they threw everything into the mix. The past, the present and the future – and they simply mixed them up. So for her to work out, in those dreams, what she had been taught, was she was being taught and what

she would be taught in the future was simply something too far to comprehend for her. If she hadn't been taught that about her disgusting tits, she had now. And then, with that realisation came a slither of something more than fear that seemed to crawl up and down her spine. She had begged and pleaded that her breasts, her boobs and boobies were hurting so much – and that would they please stop hurting her tits like that. She had used all of the words that she was supposed not to use. That slither of something that felt like fear crawled up and down her spine but it was as though her spine was simply being used by that fear so that it could spread itself, maximising its impact through her body. And as she hung there, already with her fun bangs hanging abused to the maximum, she began to tremble. Limply she tried to scrape her stiletto'd feet to gain some kind of foothold in her prose semi hanging state – but that did nothing except torture the tit meat more, and then some more.

“I'm sssssssorry, pppppppplease, please I'm sorry.”

A ribbon of drool stretched from her attractive smooth red lips to the floor just beneath her – and that ribbon didn't seem to break, or stress at all – simply following her every quiver and tremble, and her every slight swinging move. That ribbon of drool seemed to be fed by more and more of the stuff that over spilled Dorothea's lips adding to its volume.

“Uhm, no dear, at the moment you are simply feeling sorry for yourself because of what the twins have done to you today. You are simply sorry that you are even attached to the things that can be causing you so much distress and pain and anxiety. What we have to do right now, is actually make you sorry for going against all you have been taught, and all you have been shown so far. To even refer to your disgusting obscenities as normal female, normal feminine organs is simply several steps to far and this has to be addressed. I mean I am sure that you understand that, right?”

It was Wendy who had spoken this time. If one were to close ones eyes, it would be like a normal woman speaking. One might not attribute that voice, superior, almost school matronly like, to that of Wendy. It was bizarre in the extreme. It was eerie, it was scary – but the scariest thing was the 'normal' manner in which she spoke – as though she were discussing a trip to the shops or something.

“Y-yes, I understand.... I understand, b-but please please don't hurt my boobies any more please.”

She had done it again. Used a banned word when referring to her udders. But it told of her state of mind in that dream. It told of her state of desperation. The voice, apart from drooling and wet drenched, was almost childlike in the sincerity with which it asked not to be hurt any more. She drooled and begged into the ground because it seemed the strength for her to lift her head in order to beg her tormentors directly had failed her. As soon as she had got her sentence out, in broken, stuttered words she realised and wept within herself again. It was one of the times when she had been taken to the brink. It really didn't, or wouldn't matter how much she tried not to fuck up any more – the chances are she would fuck up. The more desperate she became not to fuck up, the more she fucked up. In reality, even if it was in a dream like reality, she was in a no-win situation. The trouble was that she was actually genuinely, sincerely not wanting to suffer any more – and that inner desperation was driving her. There was no accounting for that, even in this crazy dream she was in.

“Tsk tsk tsk. But anyway – I see no reason why you cannot be made sorry for your latest misdemeanour's right now. I mean there is no time like the present – and you are here – all weeping and crying and begging, and making mistake after mistake after mistake. I mean we might just as well tag your latest punishment session onto the one that you have just had to endure. I am pretty sure that you won't be forgetting this day in a hurry, hmmm Jugsalina?”

Wendy again – almost revelling in Dorothea's anxiety and distress. Dorothea not managing an answer, not a legible one anyway – just a grunt. A grunt that sent another ripple of drool into the

existing ribbon. One might get the impression that she wanted to plead her case again – just maybe one more time and she could find the right words and then this time it would work. Wendy and Hooter Tutor would glance at each and nod, as though they 'got it' at least and as though they then would simply agree that enough was enough. That poor Dorothea had suffered enough and now she should be allowed to wake into the real world. It was like, inside Dorothea's mind she might be given a concession in that dream but in the back of her mind, both Wendy and the other freak would share secret smiles, secret nods because that concession would just be taken right back when she got back into the real world. The dream world was one thing, the real world was something else altogether. Another sign of the state of her mind – her melting mind. She still had some way to go before the penny actually dropped that there would be no concessions not in any world. Not in the dream world, nor in the real world. The penny would drop eventually – she would learn that she was simply in for a whole new world of hurt and anxiety on a daily basis. But obviously her mind had not yet been melted quite enough. It was like Wendy was reading her mind.

“Give it up Jugsalina – don't waste your breath or your efforts. There is no way out. You have made yet another mistake, another 'faux par' and, well you simply have to pay for it. It's not like you were not told or taught the right way. So... with that in mind, I am going to hand you right back to the twins again. Myself and Hooter Tutor here will simply enjoy a chilled glass of white wine and watch the lesson being applied. I can understand that you are going to be distraught, scared, and even desperate not to suffer anymore – at least not for today. But, well just one little piece of advice. Just close your eyes, and smile – simply take it – learn your lesson and then we can move on. I do feel obliged to tell you, if you make the same mistake twice – I mean for instance, if you ever refer to your appendages in the decent non-obscene way again, well then the punishment becomes several fold worse than what you are about to get. No need to answer. I know you can hear me and I know you can understand me.”

Dorothea was breathing slowly – deeply but slowly – and she was looking at the floor. Or more accurately she was watching the ribbon of drool from her mouth collect into a pool under her. The pool getting bigger and bigger. It hadn't broken. All that time and with all that she had gone through that drool ribbon hadn't broken. Even when she shifted her downward gaze slightly and altered the angle of her head painfully to look at her poor, poor hooters, hanging and semi swinging, that drool ribbon hadn't broken. But now it did. Now it broke – and when it did it was like everything happened in slow motion. Super slow motion. The very end of the leather braided bullwhip came into her field of view and it was curled back. It had been launched from some way back and just the very end of it could be seen. Curled back, and as though like some kind of coiled snake, like a cobra ready to strike. It seemed to come in from the side and then 'hover' just out from the extended downward thrusting nipple of one of the breasts. It was like the whip had been launched with micro accurate precision and that coil was there, just poised and posed ready for the crack back. When the crack back happened, again it was like slow motion in that the end of the whip, weighted with a flail of tiny ball bearings, seemed to uncoil and then wrap itself around the very base of the nipple. This seeming to happen in slow motion but in reality it happening in less than the blink of an eye. The wrap around and then the crack back and then what could not be called an explosion of pain – more like an eruption as the whip wrapped itself tight, and in the micro split second before the crack back, those tiny ball bearings slashing into the already tortured, speckled areola of the breast tip. The pain was instant even if the actual action seemed like a silent, harmless slow motion. Then the crack back, the twin timing the pull back with the slash of the ball bearings ensuring maximum pain. Dorothea sucking in air, then opening her mouth wide in readiness to expel the most nerve shattering scream. In the event all that happened with the momentum of the whip lash and the resulting ripple of the breast and the utter shock of her head, was that the drool broke.

No sound came out. No sound came out because before it could another whip was hovering ready to curl around the other nipples. As the pain from the first was shooting through her nerves, so the crack back and the pull back of the other nipples was wracking her. Even through her mortified horror, as she looked down, the violence of the whip lashes was evident in the amount of distortion applied as the whip wrapped itself around the nipple's base and then the ball bearings slashing into the delicate tortured flesh. But even more than that, the pull back and the extra distortion of the nipple as it was pulled and almost detached from the areola. Dorothea, in her new found desperation managed to lift her head and through tears, and some blubbing could see the twins. They were not even standing – they were sitting on the floor, casually leaning back on one elbow whilst their free arms worked a heavy bull whip each. It might seem that the heavy snake like bullwhip were a bit of overkill for what seemed to be a bit of nipple torture. But no – it was the accuracy and the deadly ease with which the tiny twins handled and applied the whips that told of the absolute right choice of implement for this kind of application. There was a casualness with which they simply recoiled the whips back in and then flung their arms, almost with no effort and yet all of that energy obviously travelling through the wrists and transferring through the braided leather – all the way down the full length of it, sending the coils on their outward journey again and then to that hovering, spiteful like stance before the final slashing. Dorothea had thought that no more pain could have been applied to her breasts than that had been applied with the slingshots. She had been wrong. So wrong. All of that micro accurate energy sent down those coil of heavy leather and to the very ends of the whips. And it was JUST the very end, like the last few inches of leather that actually came into contact with the nipples and areola flesh, but that energy having travelled the full length and then concentrated into that few inches and into those ball bearings – that energy being maximised and then doubled on the pull back, distorting the nipples and tugging them. For two hours, the twins would work solely on those nipples and the raised speckled area around them. Such was the manner and method of application that there was no letting off, or easing of the pain. There was no easy part of it – when the nipples became so sore and pain filled that they simply became numb – that did not happen, would not happen. The twins simply took their time – and casually tortured Dorothea – and as they did that, they smiled to each other. They loved this – they loved to cause big titted women hurt and then more hurt. It was only very, very eventually that Dorothea slipped into something like sleep before the waking process began again. Waking into the real world. No shard of light to signify the dream. That was a relief. No shard of light and yet... the hurt there, still there in her head and in her mind.

Chapter Five

Going back to Lucy the Tailor should have been a good thing for Jugs. The chance to get out again, into the normal world – but it was all different now. Everything was different because she wasn't being held at Hooter School any more. She was less than a stone's throw away from her house – and her old life but she couldn't get there. It was a worse torture than being taken out of the real world in the first place. Still being out of the real world – like still being held in a 'non-place' but within sight, within that stone's throw of her old life, but still unable to get back there. As close as its possible to get to existing in a parallel universe but without actually being in one. A worse torture it would be hard to imagine – like being 'locked in'. Like have that 'locked in' syndrome, where someone is in a living coma but everyone thinks you're dead. You can see people, hear people, you can even feel the world go by, but you cannot communicate with the outside world. And much worse the outside world thinks you're dead so they are discussing the turning off of the life support system. Right by your bed, those people are discussing turning off your life support system – and inside your head you are screaming and screaming and screaming 'no no I'm alive, just take a closer look at my eyes, look there's life in my eyes please just look'. But they don't. The doctor is just explaining that you can be kept alive on a machine forever, but really there is no life there – nor will there be any quality of life. But you are screaming, inside your mind you are screaming for them to take a closer look. But it's no good – they can't hear you and they are not looking, not seeing that little spark of life that is in your eyes. This is the same for Jugs – living like that within just the smallest grasp of her old life. The difference being that she could scream and shout – yes she could do that if she had wanted. She would have been able to scream and shout from that window that her udders had been trapped in. I mean, she had been trapped there long enough as the twins had had some fun with her. Her hooters squeezed and compressed by the window - her on her knees, face pressed up against the glass – her lips sliding along the glass like she was seducing it, kissing it. Always her eyes flicking over, drawn to the roof top of her house that she could see. If she flicked her eyes in the other direction she could see roof tops there too.

Through the tiny thin gap in the window that her udders were trapped and pressed in she could hear sounds of someone going round on one of those motorised lawn mowers. The lawns in that street were big lawns – way too big for manual machines – every house in that street, millionaire's row had a sit on mower and a gardener that used it. It was just the way it was. Just the way it had to be with grounds and landscaped grounds that existed there. Hearing that sound, that sound from the normal world made the torture worse for Jugsalina. Made the temptation to shout out loud so strong. Scream and shout even, just scream and scream until the person on the sit on mower heard and then investigated. Yes it would be so easy. At least it would have been if the silktex was not one step ahead of her – that silktex then giving her more than a 'loving' squeeze inside before squirting something, a fluid, inside her womb, and her bowels. Something that at first felt wet and comforting but then seemed to expand as it heated up, and then burn as it filled her. It made her feel, overwhelmingly like she needed to evacuate whatever it was inside her. Like the overwhelming need to evacuate an enema. Except that there was no such option in this case. The silktex reading the signs, reading her mind and then eliciting its own kind of instant punishment. A cruel punishment that seemed to last an age and a half. But nothing so cruel, nothing so mind numbingly cruel as that sound of that lawn mower getting louder and louder – as though it was getting closer and closer – and then the sight of it, in Wendy's own grounds, coming round and over a sweeping brow of grass, Wendy on it, driving it and as she got closer waving, with like a huge smile on her face. Like she 'knew' what she had been thinking. Like she 'knew' where she was in her head space. It was as though that particular thing, just hearing that outside noise would make

escape, or obtaining help seem all so possible for her and all she had to do was scream at the top of her voice. And then, that little bit of hope being snatched away from her. The using of those sounds, and the outside world as a torture in itself. Using Dorothea's desperation to get back to the real world as a torture within this nightmare she had been taken too and trapped in. Yes trapped in, like her tits trapped in that window. The weight of the overhang, and the gravity dragging them over and down towards the ground some twenty or so feet below. Consequently there was no scream, or bellow for help. There was no gut wrenching scream for the life support system not to be switched off. Inside her mind she wished the life support system COULD be switched off. But that wasn't an option any more than evacuating the enema was. She simply had to stay on her trembling knees as Wendy smiled and waved up, all 'normal'. Her knees being forced wide and the twins taking it in turns to 'play' with her between the legs. Basically taking it in turns to sexually assault her. Even though, her rear hole and her sexuality were filled and controlled by the silktex, it was still a fact that she was being played with by these two little twin, creatures. Dorothea dared to think of them as creatures even through the hell that she was going through.

“Yummy, lovely ripe, hanging, swinging melons – yummy yummy yummy.”

As if the situation wasn't bizarre enough. Dorothea was still trapped in the window and her arms were still pulled behind her and up, bound by invisible bondage at the wrists and the elbows. The twins had given a final, tug and pull down of the widow to give that little added compression and then they had giggled. Giggled like the little girls that they weren't. Then they had disappeared. Just went and left her like that, prose – her tits hanging out of the window like some kind of pair of hanging baskets or something. There was another fleeting thought, that maybe, just maybe, someone would see her. Maybe, just maybe someone would see this pair of tits spilled over the window sill – just hanging there, gently swinging and excruciatingly being dragged by gravity and weight towards the ground beneath the window. It wasn't such a far flung thought after all. It could happen. When she thought that, the silktex gave another squirt – but it was just a small one, like a warning squirt. But something else – like as though it was taking the piss out of her – laughing at her for having such thoughts. And that was true, that thought was a laugh. Someone, somewhere in any of the neighbouring properties might see 'something' in the distance – someone at a window – and something hanging out of the window. But it would not even enter their psyche that what they were seeing was a woman trapped – trapped in another existence and with her tits hanging out of a window. That was even in the unlikely situation that she was spotted within that extensive house in those extensive grounds. The nearest house being her own, next door and unbeknown to her, that house now belonging to Wendy and the twins.

Time had passed by – Dorothea had vanished inexplicably and she had never turned up. It had been accepted that she had just 'run' away. It had been accepted that she would never return. Sightings of her hadn't seemed to add up and it seemed that anyone who came across her was in on the lie. Was in on the deception. Wendy had simply snapped up the house when it came onto the open market. Only the good lord himself could possibly guess why she had obtained the house. The one she had was big enough, more than big enough to house them all. That thing was like an optical illusion. A huge house from the outside and yet inside it was like a different and a whole new gigantic world. And now she had bought Dorothea's house and that world, that freaky cruel world could just be extended even more – that world, the surreal world extended to create an even more expansive nightmare.

“Yummy Yummy Yummy.”

The twins had re-appeared under the window on the outside of the house. Each had a step ladder which they placed in perfect unison and in perfect sync to the house wall either side of the hanging udders. Then they had climbed up the ladders quickly, like little insects on a march, one rung at a time and again in perfect sync – and then there they were on the other side of the glass –

peering in to a distraught Dorothea. Peering in and giggling. It seemed that the point of their abject amusement was that one cheek of Jugs's face was compressed and pressed up against the glass and this was causing much amusement for them. For a few minutes opting to do nothing but stand on the upper rungs of those ladders and making faces – pulling faces and then giggling at Dorothea. Only eventually returning their attentions to the hanging basket melons of tits that were trapped in the window. Each twin dipping under their respective hooter and sucking in the huge nipple teats. The nipple teats so thick and so long, and the twins having to open their mouths so wide and so invitingly that it could be forgiven, for anyone to think that they were suckling on a couple of cocks hanging there. They weren't like nipples at all. They were so engorged, so permanently erect and sensitive and so modified, that they were not like any nipples, or even teats that existed in the normal or real world. The thing about the suckling was that it was feeding Jugs's sexuality. She was being suckled by the twins, wetly and completely and as a result the silktex that had taken the place of her clitoris was suckling where the clitoris would be and it was feeding her that way too. This was one of the few times when her mind could wander and could wallow in that provided pleasure. The twins were being cruel in their own way, but at the same time this was one of the very few forms of 'pleasure' that Dorothea would ever, ever experience for the rest of her life. Quite ironic that she was being provided pleasure through the organs, her hooters, her udders that she had used so obscenely in years gone by. And the organs being the reason that she was in the position that she was in.

“Oh now I DO like that one – I have to say that that HAS to be one of my best works to date. I love it – and it is so YOU. Not the you you used to be but the you you are now.”

Lucy the Tailor was doing a slow hand clap. She was sitting cross-legged on a hard, high backed chair at the end, but just to the side of the long red velvet catwalk. The catwalk was a private one, set up in the huge basement room of Lucy's shop. There was something quite surreal about that basement room, and even the length of the catwalk in that the room, the length and breadth of it, and the length of the catwalk itself didn't let itself to the relatively small size of the shop premises that was over it. It was another case of Wendy's house, appearing on the outside like a normal, if substantial suburban house, but once inside became this different world – both in size and content. So it was the case with the basement room and the catwalk that had been set up for the special private show that Jugs had agreed to do. In through the tiny shop front and then to the back fitting rooms and workshop and to the narrow twisting stairs down into the basement – like something out of the old curiosity shop. Down the barely lit stairs which then open out into this huge, high definition wide space. It being a basement one might have expected it to be gloomy and with dim, single bulb lighting. But that was another surreal thing. It was a white room. Brightly lit. No visible means of lighting. No spotlights, or strip lights anywhere. No single bulbs and most definitely not a dim light. Bright white even light, lighting up a white high-key room.

The stark white room slashed diagonally with the red velvet, slightly raised catwalk. The red of the catwalk a dark, deep red – in the brightness of the room it might as well have been black, such was the contrast. The vastness of the room otherwise unfurnished except for the high backed chair on which Lucy the Tailor sat, cross legged. The room had been filed with the sound of nylon rasping on nylon as she had crossed her legs. Somehow and for some reason that rasping seemed enhanced, amplified in both volume and quality. High definition in every sense of the word. That rasping of nylon on nylon had kind of faded out as the slow hand clap had faded in. And as that slow hand clap faded in and the nylon on nylon rasp faded out, so the irregular clicking of metal tipped high heels came to the fore, adding to the surreal and semi dream world in which this place seemed to exist at this time. The thing was that the metal tipped stiletto steps signalled the arrival of Jugsalina – but it wasn't just that the steps were irregular – they were also laboured. One just had

to close ones eyes, and listen to the clicking of the heels, interspersed with the occasional scraping sound of metal tipped heels on the catwalk surface, and one would be able to conjure up the vision of a woman in turmoil and even something approaching terrible distress. This would not be the wrong conclusion to draw. Open one's eyes wide to look at the sight, the vision that was Jugsalina as she came down the cat walk. The catwalk was long, but the progress was not quick. It was a long traumatic walk for her to make. Each step laboured, and almost laborious – and yet essentially so, given what she had to endure for that trip. She was wearing what used to be the sexy fitted pants – and what they had been made into was a parody of themselves. The pants still pants and yet which morphed into braces which appeared to hold them up. Like a City Girl in all her finery. They had been the pants she had often worn with silk blouses, and spiked stilettos, on her excursions into the City in her younger days – hunting for whatever she wanted. A rich guy, even a rich woman that she could woo – that she could attract the attention of and then get what she wanted. She hadn't ever been adverse in giving sexual favours on a one night stand, in order for her to get a single pay-out. That had been the days before she had met her elderly husband. The days when she had been truly wild and when she had been truly on the hunt. These trousers, together with silk shirts and the highest of heels had always shown her in her most accentuated light. The outfit had always enhanced her breasts – not just the size of them, but the way they moved and swayed under the finest of silk tops. Indeed the outfit had always enhanced everything about her. She had never had a failure in that particular outfit. It had been for that reason that she had always hung onto it. She had never thrown it out when she had had one of her many clear outs. Some things she just held onto and that outfit had been one of them. Over the years she had even slipped into those trousers and had been amazed at how she had been able to fit into them still. Remnants of her early life – memories, good ones – memories of a good, greedy life.

“Oh yessssssssss, yessssssss yessssssssss. I do so love that look.”

Lucy the Tailor was truly in awe of her own creation. The trousers modified and extended and somehow, inexplicable the waistband morphing into some kind of braces that instead of looping up over Jugs's shoulders, wrapped around and clung to the otherwise naked hooters of Jugs. Those jugs, as massive and as heavy and cumbersome as they were, being utilised and used to hold up her own trousers. The trousers had always been tight around the hips and the ass and it was no different now – except more so. And where the legs used to flare away from that tightness to provide the long flowing elegant look, they had now been taken in, tighter to the upper thighs – defining the upper thighs and the stress that they were under. Likewise where the length of those trouser legs used to flow and swirl – now they didn't. In a strange way, a way that remains inexplicable the trouser legs had been made stiffer. More defined. They had lost that swirly, floaty elegance to be replaced by a rigidity. But not a rigid rigidity. The extraordinary legs of Jugs defined through the stiffened fabric, right to the knees and over the knees. That leg definition only fading out gradually below the knees. The shape of the legs beneath the knees of the trouser being lost, but the attention down there brought to the height of the heels. The trousers still long and covering the main and most part of the boots that she wore under them – and yet enough of a peep available under the hems of the trouser legs to show the cruel height of the heels and the stature that they enforced. Heels so high that the toes were forced back on themselves – the immediate explanation of the irregular steps and the odd scraping of the heels on the catwalk surface that had been painted the identical deep red to the felt that draped around the sides of the whole length of the catwalk. But even that didn't tell the whole story. In fact the high heel boots and the walk, or the semi-walk that they produced were the smallest part of the story. The immense and grotesque size of her hooters was the overall overbearing vision. Just even the slightest look at those 'things' and the weight of them was obvious. The way they remained full and 'pert' despite the fact that they were being dragged floor ward. The way the nipple teats all but dragged across the front of her trousered knees. The sway in

the volume and mass of those breasts that was produced as she took each step. Each of those steps a laboured process that defied description. The stance, a stooped stance enforced by the sheer size and weight of the mammaries. The spine slightly bent and arched in the wrong way and yet one which was not correctable. The invisible silktex providing the critical support needed and yet at the same time not hindering the agony that Dorothea must have been in. She had promised Lucy, the schoolgirl she used to bully terribly all through her school years, that she would give her a private fashion show and she had truly felt that was the least that Lucy deserved for all she had suffered in years gone by. And she was doing it. She had had had the trauma of having her old clothes brought into this nightmare – like a link to her old world and this new one that she couldn't escape from – that trauma, and then the clothes being cut, altered and fitted to the new her. Kind of a finality of her position in the new world. Like the final nail in the coffin. Or the final confirmation that she would never again go back to her old world.

“Mmmmm sssssssssshhhhhhhh.”

She was sucking in air through gritted teeth and wide smiling stretched lips as she took one cumbersome step after the other. Her hooters were holding up the trousers that was wearing – at least that was the vision that was being presented. If it was an optical illusion then it was a hard one to define. If it was an optical illusion then it was the perfect optical illusion – one that defied an explanation. Her hooters the actual mechanism used to hold them up – even though her mammaries were themselves colliding and wrapping themselves around her knees. The weight and the bulk of each of the tits making them sway, one second seemingly in complete and utter unison, like synchronised hooter dancing – the next moving completely and utterly independent of each other, colliding with each other and their flesh wrapping around each other before sliding away when another foot was swung and moved.

“Good girl.... make like a proper model now. Swing those hips, give me a twirl, show me what you've got. Good girl. I do like this new you and I DO like that outfit... it's so you – the new you.”

Lucy the Tailor was clapping again – this time more a proper round of applause as opposed to a slow hand clap. Dorothea sucking in air again, as she forced her shoulders back – forced them back against the support of the silktex and beyond, enhancing her stance to give her that supermodel look. But the mammaries, those hooters, the overriding overbearing organs that impeded and complicated every single movement or thought she had. Her journey, her trip down that long catwalk a torture in itself. The longest hissing of air between gritted teeth coming when she twirled on her heels. That twirl being done in one, but her tits swinging heavily causing mayhem inside her mind and body but her retaining that wide lipstick smile. Her makeup perfect and almost theatrical to suit the mood and ambience inside that catwalk room. The high key, high definition light seeming to enhance everything – seeming to be keyed into the supermodel that was Dorothea. Dorothea doing that first twirl and then carrying on, the agony obvious but also the enhancement of her femininity. Tortured femininity yes. That journey slow and tortuous – an absolute torture. A delicate balancing act on the ultra high heels was hard enough and painful enough without the weight of her huge jugs that seemed to counterbalance her against herself. The enforced arch of her back, held almost rigid by the more finely tuned outer silktex and then the gentle squeeze and release, squeeze and release of the inner silktex. All the time that gorgeous smile that held a pain that was beyond words to even describe.

At the end of the catwalk, and to the slow handclap again, a twirl on those heels. One would be able to imagine that that should be the kind of twirl a supermodel would have to do as part of her set on the catwalk. But this was a hindered, laboured one. A painful one. A turn more than a twirl and then a stand, as though there was the flash of hundreds and hundreds of fashion paparazzi cameras. It seemed that Jugs was going through the motions – ones that were expected and ones

that she had to do her very best, through gritted teeth and smiling lips to complete, but it was almost like watching a fat bird thinking that she was indeed thin. It looked like she believed in the supermodel movements that she was making and doing – but what she was feeling and believing and what was happening was two different things. And because of that she looked almost pathetic in her movements. Dorothea, Jugs, supermodel – not. But trying – trying her very best. And then holding that pose – first the twirl and then the holding of the couture pose. Holding it for a number of seconds, her whole being trembling as though she were waiting for a secret nod from somewhere else in the room so that she could move again. In reality, just hearing Chest's voice in her inbuilt invisible ear speakers.

“You hold that pose, you better hold that pose good and proper – you better hold it you bitch or me and you are really gonna fall out.”

It wouldn't be a wrong assessment to say that Wendy, or Chest sounded like some kind of demented witch. But she was controlling Dorothea. She was making her hold that pose and then she was making her turn again – this time, the journey back up the catwalk – the long, long red velvet draped catwalk. Back to the curtain, that curtain seeming to lift and slip back for her to go behind so that she could change into the next of the adapted clothing.

If the trousers had brought her back into her old life with some trauma attached – then the second one was the one that tugged her heart strings, and the one that enforced her mind into a greater degree of melt than the trousers. The dress, as it had been, was the one that she had bought and worn for her husband's funeral. When she had taken it out of the packaging that day at Lucy the Tailors, her heart had almost jumped into her mouth. She had been sure that her heart had missed several beats and then stopped – if only for a split second or two. Whatever, her hand had gone up to her not inconsiderable chest when she had seen that dress. A long black, tight fitting, almost maxi dress from one of the upcoming, yet still expensive designers. On her figure, the way it had been all that time ago the dress had been stunning – more than stunning. In that dress she had stopped people in their tracks. She hadn't just stopped men in their track – although there were lots and lots of those. But she had also stopped other women in their tracks. She had never forgotten the looks on those other women's faces – even at the funeral – those other women in their dowdy funeral wear, their mouths slashed with red lipstick and those lips just peeling apart as she had walked into the church in awe of what she looked like in that dress. Had she been blonde she would have looked like a Marilyn Munro – or one of those top heavy starlets from days gone by. And that day, the day of the funeral she had grieved for her elderly husband – oh yes she had grieved for him, but she had done it in style. Yes she had grieved for him publicly and she had done it in style even though it had been her who had killed him with those ever massing hooters of hers. She had grieved for him publicly and she had wept publicly as her husband had been laid to rest. She had always been good at that had Dorothea – good at turning on the waterworks when she had to – or when she needed to. And she could do it so realistically, so believably that people simply 'felt' for her. Real tears and real mascara streaks down her cheeks – complete with the quivering, scarlet lips and the sniffing. Oh yes never forget the sniffing.

So, that dress had always meant so much to her – it had meant a lot when she had bought it. She had bought it especially for that funeral because in her own little way she was giving the old fart the send-off that she thought he would have liked. He would have LOVED to have seen her in that dress. All deep plunging neckline, stacked cleavage and lots of back flesh contrasting with the jet blackness of the dress. The dress hugging her torso and then slightly flaring at the hips. The material slightly silky and yet at the same time, slightly see through if the light was falling in the right direction. And that was the view, if she were back lit as she had come into the church, the taper of impossibly long legs under the dress clearly defined and viewable.

“Oh yesssss now I just knew this one would look hot on you – and I was right.”

Dorothea was making her second journey down the catwalk. She cannot have known the enormity of what she was promising when she had agreed to do the 'private fashion show' for Lucy the Tailor. The catwalk walks were the hardest and most traumatic of anything she had come across so far in the time she had been in this nightmare like world. It had seemed an easy thing for her to agree to do – and at the time it had seemed like she 'owed' Lucy for all those years of bullying – all those years of her making Lucy taste the pee out of her panties. It seemed the least she could do, to do a little fashion show for her. Like a re-payment of a debt. An old debt. But that had been the easy part – agreeing to do it.

The dress was almost, but not quite, unrecognisable from the one that she had worn on that funeral day – the one that she had continued to wear on many occasions after the funeral of her husband, such had been the effect it had seemed to have on people. She had loved that 'being the centre of attention' feeling. It was almost an addictive thing – and that dress had been the one that had had the most profound effect on those around her. She had measured that in the amount of people she had stopped in their tracks. That dress had most definitely not been one that would be consigned to the back of the wardrobe once the funeral was over. But now, now the dress – it just wasn't 'that' dress any more. Not in that way in any case. When she had seen it, before the fitting on the day of the fashion show she had broken down in tears. That breaking down was a sign of her diminishing mental state since she wasn't in the habit of simply breaking down over the wrecking of a dress. She had wrecked more dresses by the simple act of spilling red wine over them than she cared to remember. But this was a tugging at the emotions too far. It didn't get any better as she had been helped into the modified dress. In the first instance it had been turned into a micro mini dress. No longer maxi in length, and yet it still flared out from the hips. That flare over the hips giving the skirt something, almost, of an adolescent look and feel. And where the front used to caress the breasts, now it didn't. The front of the dress used to house the main bulk of her breasts, and just leave tantalising glimpses of uplifted, squeezed cleavage. But the modified dress didn't do that. Apart from the fact that there would have been insufficient material to house the new, massive, cumbersome and heavy udders, it wouldn't be right for them to be held in in any way. And so the hooters – the entire massive bags of heavy fun that were her mammaries now, were left hanging, and swinging and exposed to the elements. Except that was not strictly true either. Those tits were not left to the elements. The plunging neckline and clingy material was still there, and it still did its job, weirdly, but on first look it was just like the hooters had been scooped up and out of the dress. That maybe the dress was after all the right size to house those monstrous tits but that the bags of fun flesh had been simply scooped up and out. But such a design on closer inspection would defy the laws of physics. A closer yet look revealed the breasts not out in the open at all – not like the illusion that the presented itself on that catwalk. Rather, each mammary bag was shrink wrapped in skin tight, clear latex and as Dorothea made her way up the catwalk, again slowly and painfully, the latex could be seen and defined by the light shimmering off the transparent rubber surface of the hanging breasts. It would be true to say that the bagging of the hooters in this way curtailed the side to side swinging that was inevitable had the tits been free. There was movement, but it was like a regimented and 'permitted' movement – the rising and the falling of the chest and breasts as she made her way slowly, step by step. The same stiletto shoes. Simply stilettos that she had worn under the trousers. In their simplicity was also the degree of difficulty with which she was able to take step after step. Had she been booted, there would be no ways that she would have to move in a way to prevent the boots slipping off. Had the shoes had ankle straps, likewise that would have been one less thing that she would have had to think about – losing a shoe. These were simple, strapless court shoes, or pumps with seven inch heels that forced her feet to arch, and the toes to bend right back painfully. But on top of that there was the fact that with every cumbersome, awkward step that she took, there as the chance that one shoe or the other, or both could slip off – that she could lose her

shoes in this way. So she had to put more strain through her feet and toes in order for her feet to 'grip' the shoes. That on top of everything else was something that forced the pain through her eyes to show up, emphasised and enhanced. The micro skirt part of the dress swirled around her upper thighs – and there was the sight of pale white thigh flesh above delicate lace band of self-supporting stockings. The stockings, not black, but a dark brown, a shade called 'barely black'. The shade enhancing the still gloriously long shapely legs of Dorothea. It became more of a shuffle down the catwalk – the slow handclap of Lucy the Tailor, more of a constant thing now. As Jugs made her way painfully down, and with a smile, it became clear that etched into the latex that was shrink wrapping her tit bags were two words. One across the arch of one udder – the other across the arch of the other breast. The words read simply.

“KILLER TITS”

Those two words, speaking the truth – although to anyone not in the know, those words could have just meant that they were sexually attractive and addictive breasts. Unfortunately for her husband – that had been very much the case. But those words in this new life, this new world, this new existence had very nearly completely, and utterly broken Dorothea completely, and totally.

The End

only to be continued