

I was nervous as I approached Greg's house.

I'd left this place nearly three years earlier, and sworn that I would never return. Yet here I was, back again.

The answer was easy. I knew it all boiled down to money... or, more accurately, the lack of it.

Why?

Greg's front door was made of thick patterned glass that broke up the light, making it difficult to tell what was on the other side. When I rang the doorbell, I could see someone moving on the other side. Obviously, Greg had tasked one of his slaves with waiting for my arrival.

It was almost enough to make me feel guilty... but not quite. I figured if the girl didn't want to kneel on the floor for hours she could leave Greg's stable of slaves, like I did.

I'd broke free from his crazy lifestyle and found myself a cute little girlfriend.

She was just the kind of cute little submissive that I liked. Of course, that had always been the problem. Greg and I liked the same kind of girl, and I wasn't one of them.

The girl who opened the door was very attractive; a new recruit. She was exactly what Greg liked in a slave: thin, like me, with long coltish legs. And the dress she was wearing exposed all the right parts. I'd worn one just like it on more than one occasion. And I couldn't help wondering if the poor girl felt the same sense of humiliation I always had. Part of me smiled, feeling a sense of pride that I'd left her life behind. Yet another part of me felt a hollow stab of jealousy. It was silly, of course. I no longer had those sorts of feelings for Greg anymore. I couldn't understand how I'd ever let him talk me into his stable. The very idea was ludicrous! I was completely wrong for Greg and yet there were times when we felt so right together. It was funny (and a bit frightening) what love could do to an otherwise sane mind.



Ehoh.

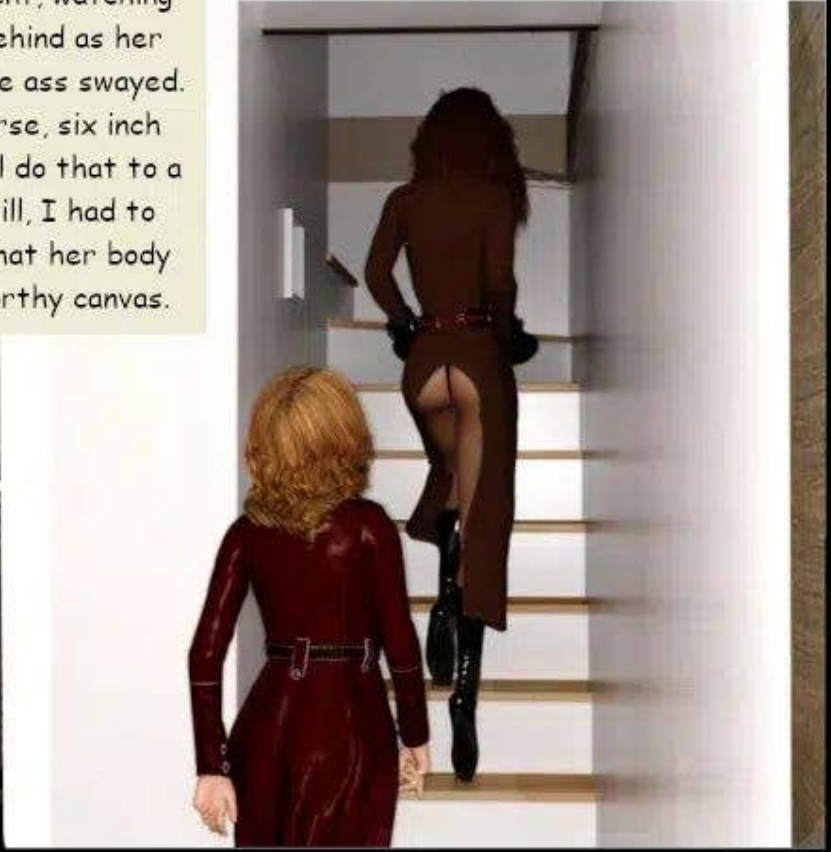
Holloh ne.

I suppose you're here to take me to your master?

The slave girl didn't say much as she led me into the house, but since I couldn't understand much of what she was saying it was probably just as well. I could guess, of course, but I suspect that my guesses were just as accurate without words.

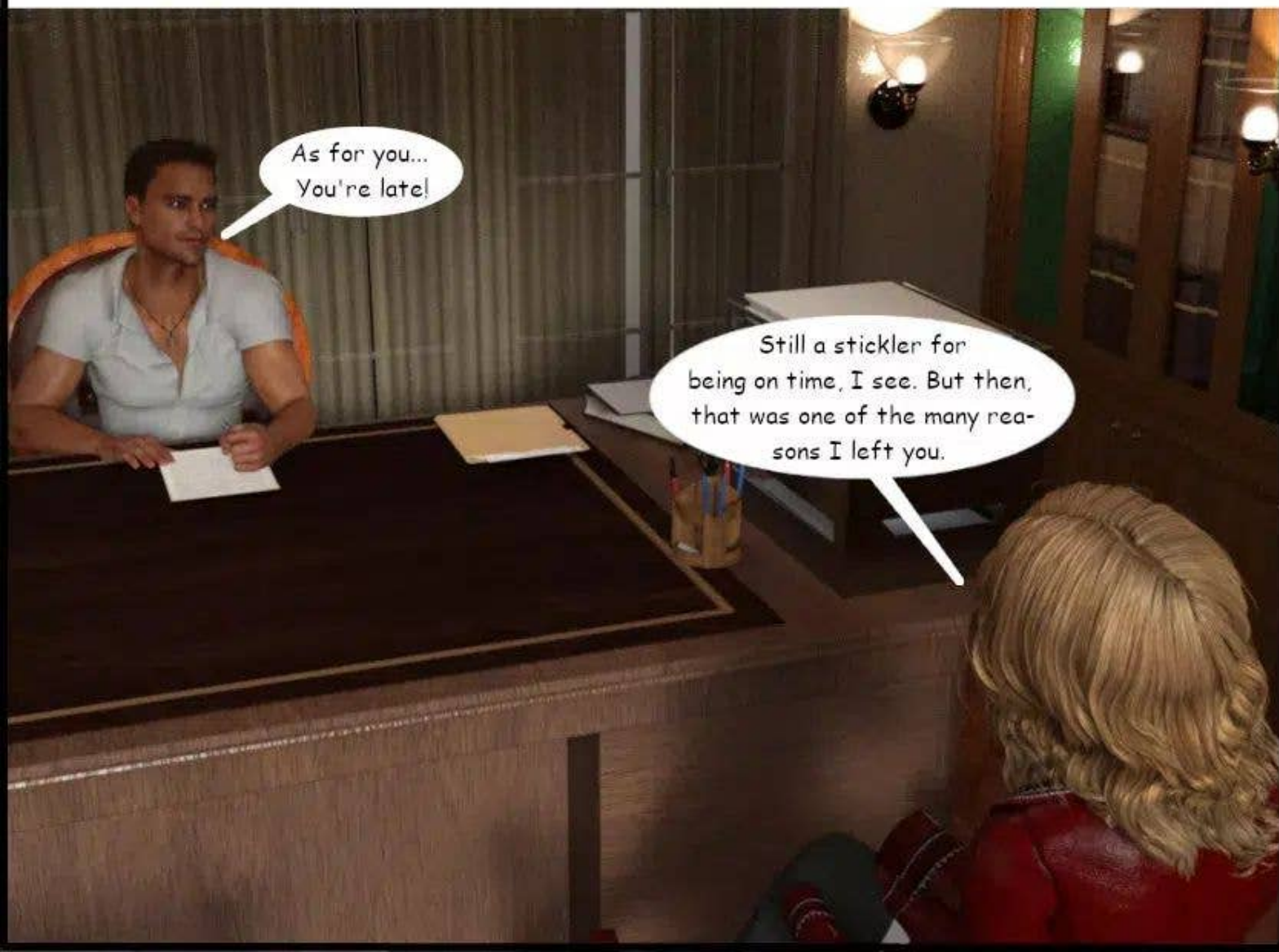


I was content to remain silent, watching from behind as her cute little ass swayed. Of course, six inch heels will do that to a girl. Still, I had to admit that her body was a worthy canvas.





Thank you,
Doniella, you may
leave now.



As for you...
You're late!

Still a stickler for
being on time, I see. But then,
that was one of the many rea-
sons I left you.



As sassy as always, I see.

Why, thank you.

What you're wearing, of course is totally inappropriate for this shoot. You can find something in wardrobe.



Do you really think that's necessary?

Hummm... Perhaps I spoke hastily.



Looks like you're ready to get started then?

Yeah, lets get this damned thing over with.

I want to stage the abduction in the living room. Like I told you on the phone, I want this to look as realistic as possible, so don't worry about breaking anything. I've already removed all the valuables. And don't worry about hurting the other actors. I really want you to struggle. In fact, if you can keep them from tying you up during the first five minutes, I'll give you the twenty thousand I promised, without you doing the dungeon scene.



I don't think my chances are very good.

I should hope not! The idea is to give you a little incentive, not throw my money away. But if my guys can't take you down in five, they don't deserve the job.



You're really taking this seriously, aren't you?

You're really taking this seriously, aren't you?

Damn right I'm serious.
That's why we're not
shooting this video here.

I want
this to
look as
real as
possible.

You won't see any cameras, until they
bring one with them... although I do
have a few hidden cameras in here.

Shouldn't I be
taking that little pill you men-
tioned about now?

I wouldn't
be here if I
didn't.

Still don't
trust me, do you,
Babe?

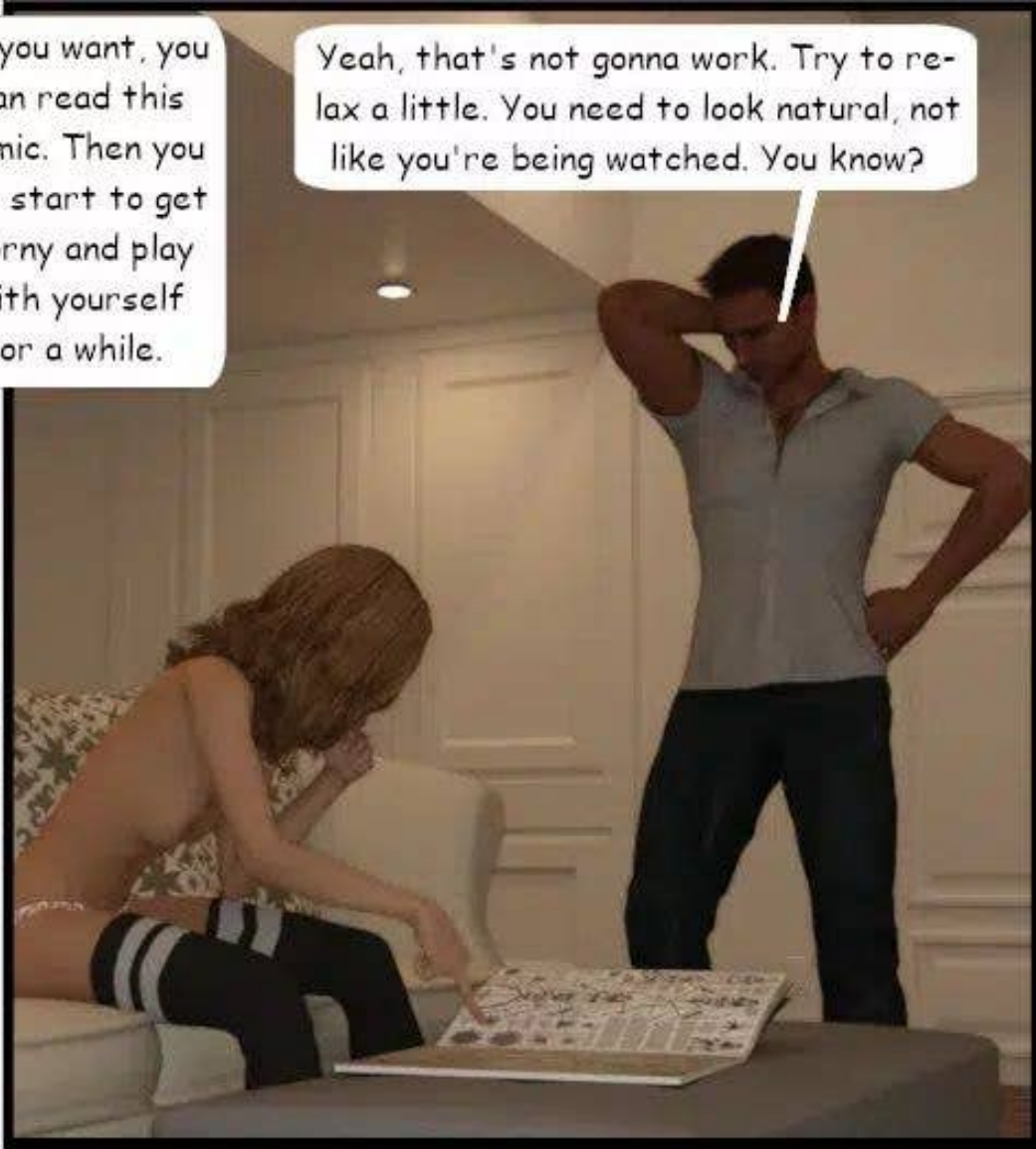
Great! So,
just relax and enjoy the
experience. The men breaking
into your house will bring the pill
with them. They'll give it
to you as part of their
torture regimen.

In the
movie plot, it's
supposed to be a supra-
esthetic (to make the pain
more intense). So don't
freak out and break
character if they
say something
like that.

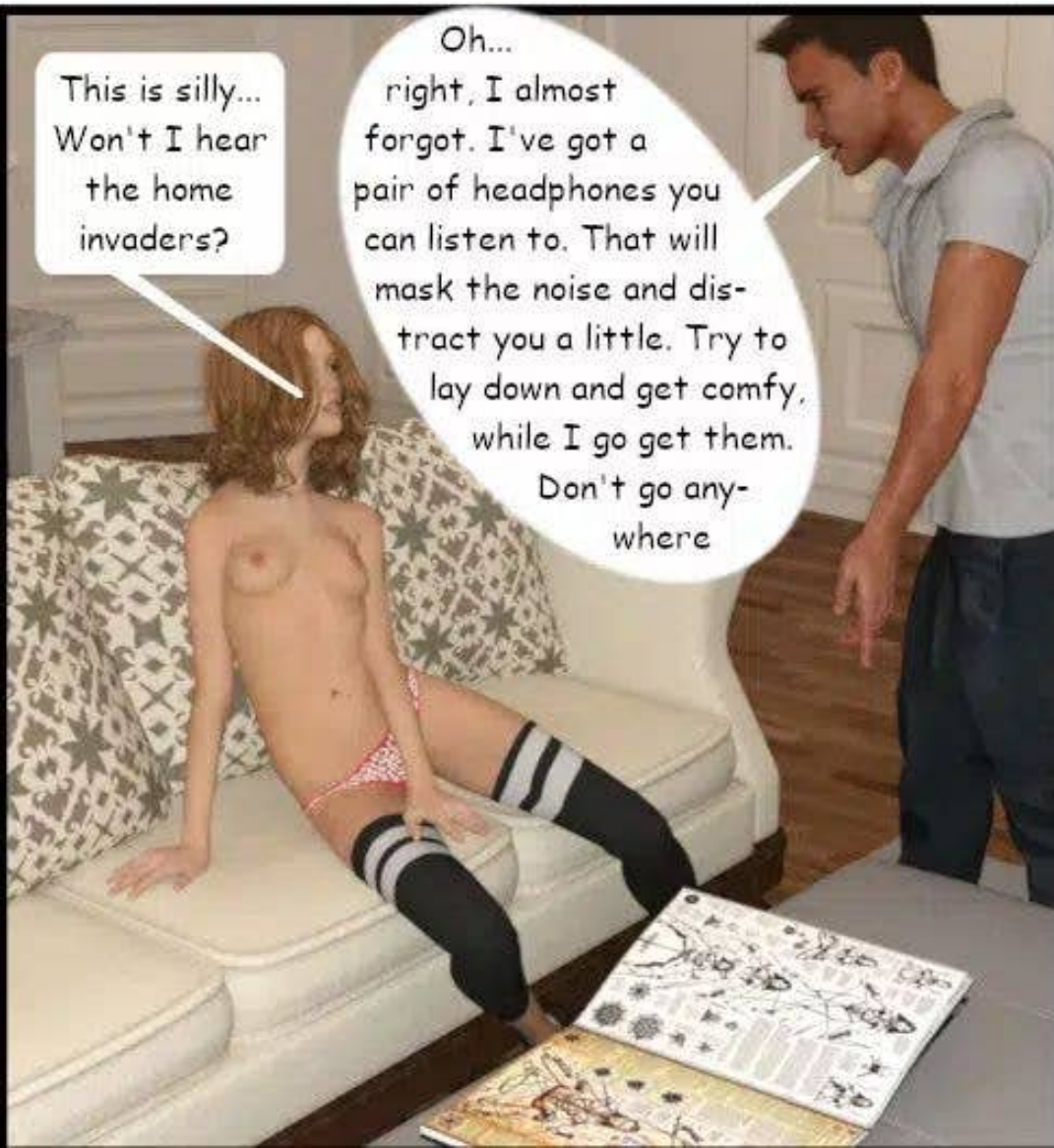


Now, just make yourself comfortable

If you want, you can read this comic. Then you can start to get horny and play with yourself for a while.



Yeah, that's not gonna work. Try to relax a little. You need to look natural, not like you're being watched. You know?



This is silly... Won't I hear the home invaders?

Oh... right, I almost forgot. I've got a pair of headphones you can listen to. That will mask the noise and distract you a little. Try to lay down and get comfy, while I go get them. Don't go anywhere

Here you go, Babe.



I know you're not into guys or bondage... at least not when you're the one being bound... but try to relax and have fun. Enjoy the moment... and not just the fact that it's going to get you out of debt.



As I watched him leaving the room, I tried to settle into my role. The magazine he'd provided didn't help a lot. It was more of a 'how to' sort of thing, rather than a 'make me horny' one. I couldn't focus on it. The problem was that I couldn't stop wondering what I'd gotten myself into. Was Greg planning a bound gang-bang? Or did he have something far more nefarious and disgusting in mind, like a little water sports, or forcing me to eat someone's excrement? The unpleasant possibilities were virtually endless. I hadn't signed a contract and he hadn't given me a script. For all I knew, it could have been a snuff film... although that didn't really work, because he was planning to make a whole series of them. A minimum of six in total. Twenty thousand a pop, which was more than four times the usual when doing porn movies for him.

Time to get more comfortable... and, something to help me.



Ah... there it is. A little big, but just what I need to help me relax.

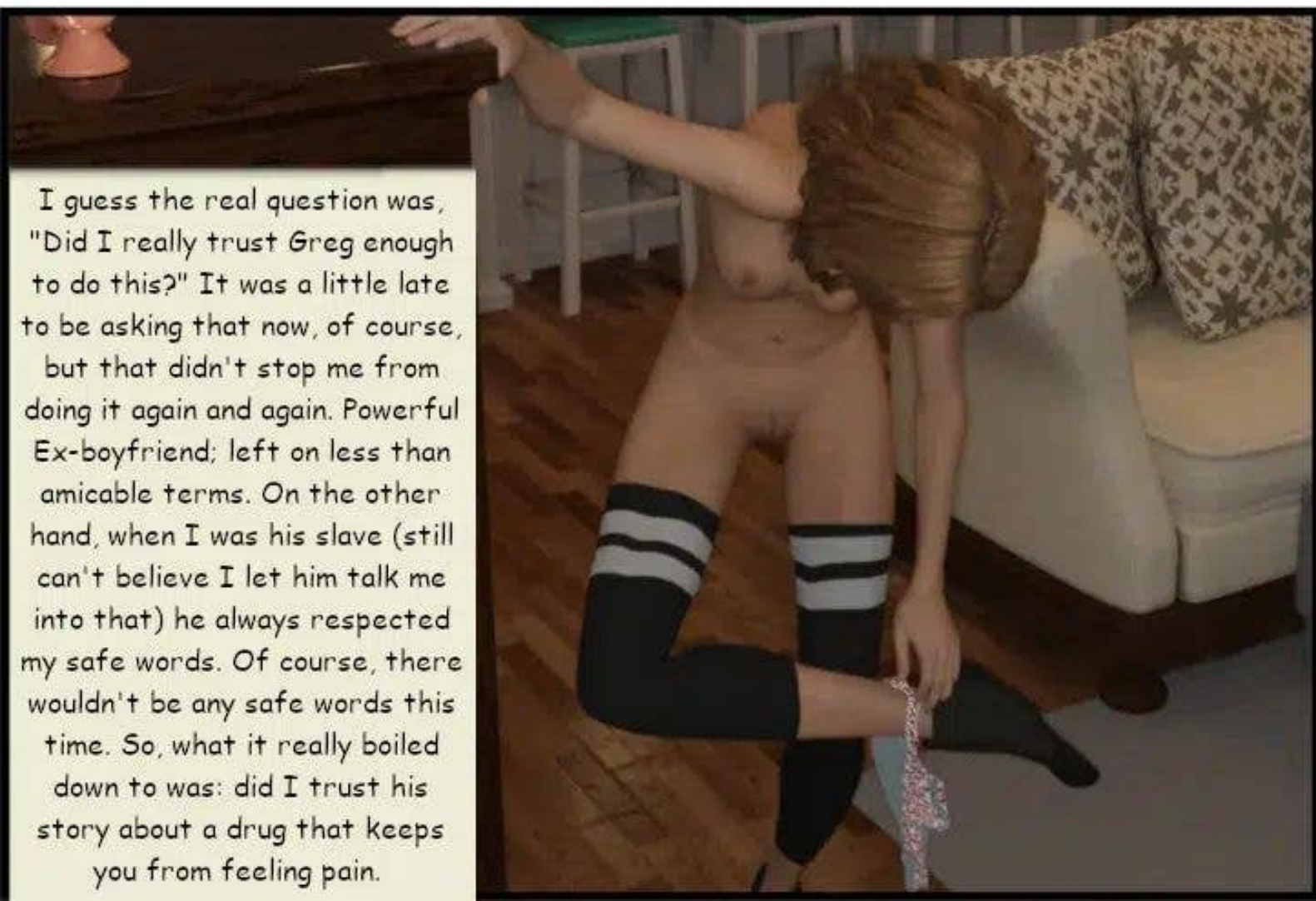




Being naked for a film doesn't bother me. I've never been shy about things like that, not even the first time I made one of Greg's films. I didn't get off on the idea of all those guys whacking off in the privacy of their own room, while someone else was fucking my naked body, but it didn't bother me either. The fact that I was being filmed with guys (instead of girls) actually bothered me more, since I'm not really into guys, but Greg doesn't make lesbian porn. It doesn't really matter that I'm not into guys... or that I'm not into bondage... I'm not making these films because I like it. I'm doing it for the money. And the money has always been extremely good.



And now it's even better.



I guess the real question was, "Did I really trust Greg enough to do this?" It was a little late to be asking that now, of course, but that didn't stop me from doing it again and again. Powerful Ex-boyfriend; left on less than amicable terms. On the other hand, when I was his slave (still can't believe I let him talk me into that) he always respected my safe words. Of course, there wouldn't be any safe words this time. So, what it really boiled down to was: did I trust his story about a drug that keeps you from feeling pain.

The best part about being a part of Greg's stable of slaves was undoubtedly the sex. I'm not into guys, but I'm not immune to pleasure either.

If I could marry his cock with my first girlfriend's personality, I'd have the perfect mate. Cute, submissive and relentless in bed. Being kind of shy myself, I wasn't very good at finding those cute, submissive types, which left me frustrated and susceptible to easily available alternatives-- especially when it came with a glib tongue and the promise of lots of free money. Well, not exactly free. "Just do a little video... and while you're at it, why not stay the night. You can sleep with my slave here. I'm sure she won't mind if you take advantage of her tonight."





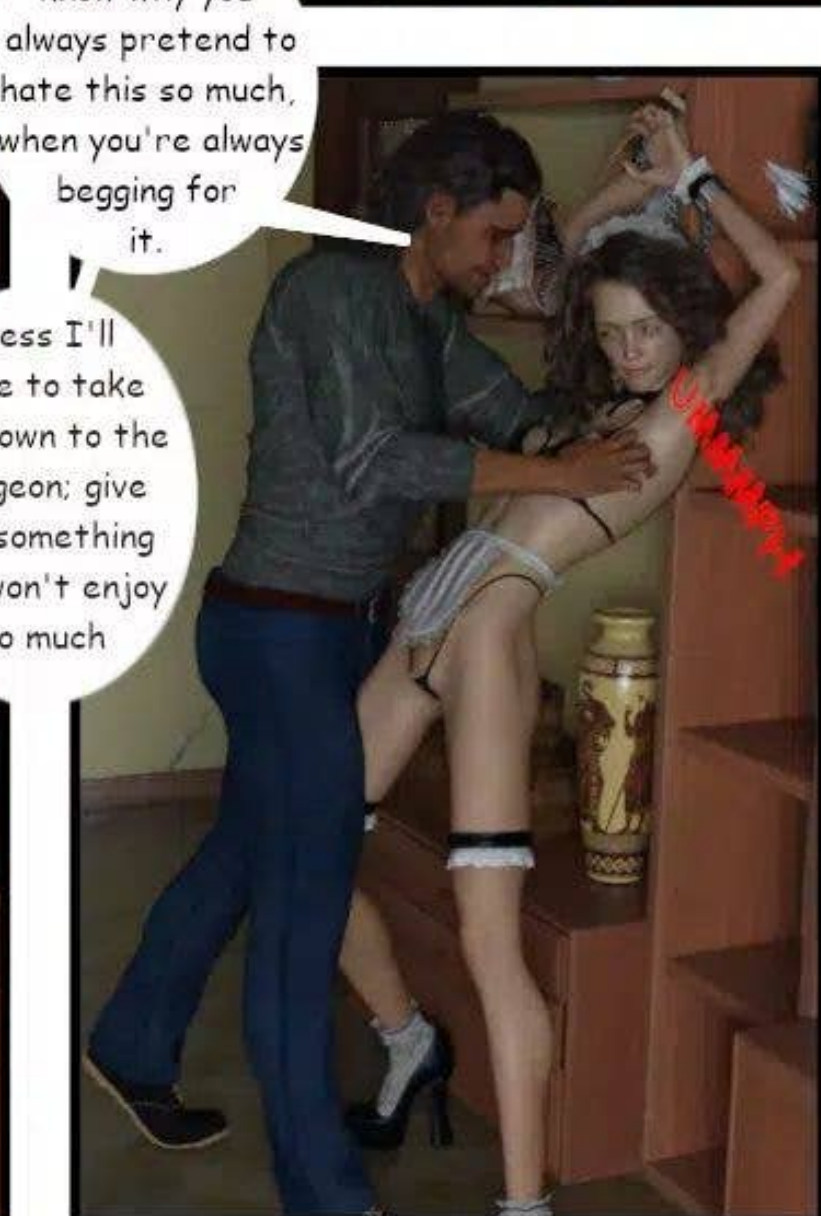
Make sure you don't miss anything, my little fuck pet.



You Fucking asshole! You know I hate it when you call me that.



Ah, feeling rebellious today, are you?



I don't know why you always pretend to hate this so much, when you're always begging for it.

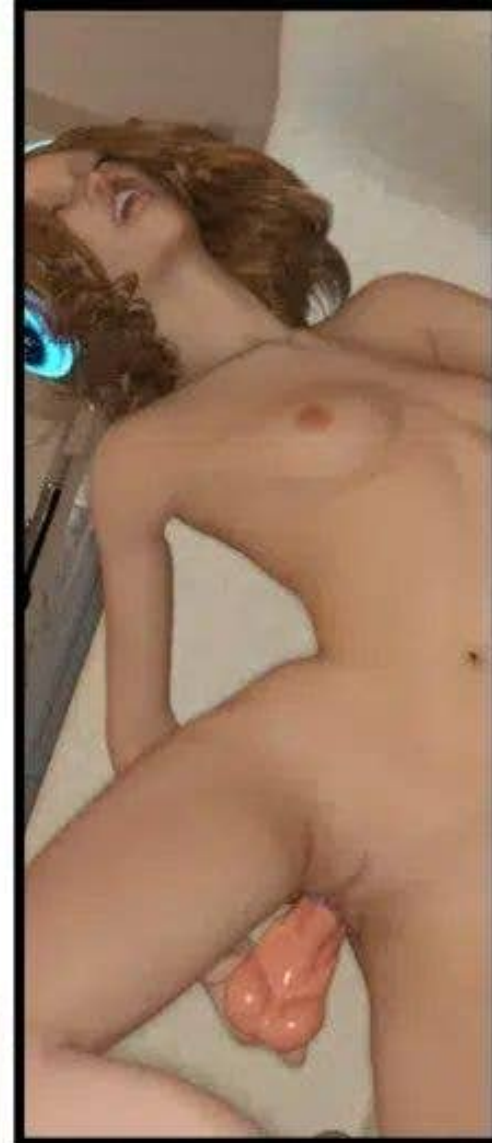
Guess I'll have to take you down to the dungeon; give you something you won't enjoy so much

GROSS

It's human nature to be drawn towards the very things that will harm and destroy us.



I was no different, especially that day. Even though I knew that Greg isn't a good fit for me, there were things about our relationship that still drew me back in. Like a moth to the flame.



Thinking about them was making me very wet. Of course, the dildo I was using (like a baton to lead my orgasmic orchestra) wasn't helping at all.



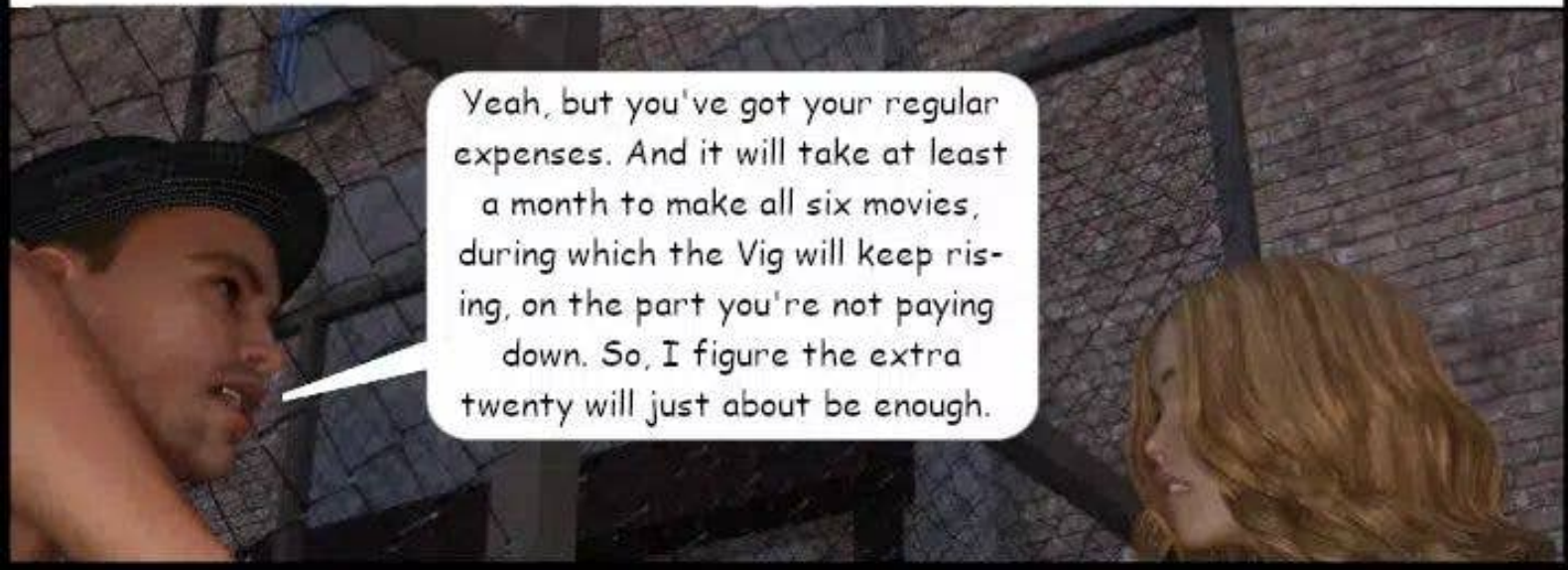


As I writhed and squirmed, my mind flickered from memory to memory




At \$20,000 a movie, why six movies?

I only need \$100,000 to pay off my debt?




Yeah, but you've got your regular expenses. And it will take at least a month to make all six movies, during which the Vig will keep rising, on the part you're not paying down. So, I figure the extra twenty will just about be enough.



I don't know... we both know I'm not exactly into pain.

That's exactly why I want your gorgeous body for this role. I want the realism. Real pain! Real screaming and squirming. And the beauty is that when you wake up, you won't remember a damned thing. It'll be like when they give you anesthesia for surgery. What does it matter what they do to you... as long as you can't remember it. Am I right?



What are you talking about?

It's simple, really. I give you a drug that basically just puts you out. You're walking around but you don't know what's happening.

It blocks your mind's ability to process cognitive thinking and form new memories. Your body keeps functioning normally, but the drug causes a disconnect with the conscious mind. It doesn't process information, so you feel no pain, but the autonomous system still works, so you scream... even though you don't know why. And when the session is over, you remember nothing.

I don't see how...

Oh my God! You're talking about that Zombie pill. I saw on the news... White slavers are using it to create mindless and obedient slaves for sale.

It's not the same drug!

Okay...they're in the same family, like morphine and Cholodine. But Morphine is highly addictive and acts immediately and Cholodine is a non-addictive supplement you take every day to help your body deal with normal aches and pains. they're totally different, right? And this is just like that. This pill isn't permanent.

Yeah, and how do I know that after I take the pill you won't sell me to some overseas slave dealer.

Do you really think I want to turn you into some mindless sex slave?

He,he. After our relationship... do you really even need to ask?

If I were going to turn you into a mindless sex slave, I'd want to keep you for myself, he, he. Besides, I don't think your brother would let me live long, if I tried selling you.

Only my brother and I don't really talk much anymore. Not since he found out I've been doing porn.

You better keep that in mind. I'll make sure he knows where I'm at during these shoots.

Trust me, Babe, I wouldn't want it any other way. All I want is to make the movies I've always wanted to make... Helping you out is just a bonus.

Somehow, this little encounter reminded me of the first time he asked me to go out with him. Greg was always so good at talking me into doing whatever he wanted me to do--even when I knew I probably shouldn't. I'd never had that problem with most guys. Which is what made Greg so dangerous.

I'd known that Greg was a dom, just like me. Only (I hated to admit it) a little better. He had lots of practical experience that I didn't. I didn't have the money to buy a fully equipped dungeon... and I was shy. I faked not being shy pretty well, which isn't all that hard when you're going out to lesbian bars and the other girls are approaching you. The hard part is convincing them to let you do more than just have sex with them, once you get them back to your non-dungeon equipped home. In the end, I had plenty of offers, but none of them were ever the right kind. The girls I picked up just weren't my type, so we never really ended up doing what I wanted.



Honestly, I don't think Greg knew where to find those types of girls either... he was just a lot better at talking regular girls into doing what he wanted. I not only did several of his videos, I let him talk me into becoming one of his house slaves--24/7. But I did trust him. When I said my safeword, he always stopped. The way I'd left was kind of a bitch move: packing up all my shit when he was away... so he couldn't talk me out of it. But this wasn't the first time he'd helped me out since then. So why was I nervous?



Looks like you're having fun, slut!



When I felt the headphones being ripped from my head, I looked up in alarm and saw two men standing over me. One was hiding behind a camera that was zooming in on the shocked expression on my face. The other was Marvin, my bookie. What was he doing here? For a moment I wondered if Greg had already slipped me the pill, because I couldn't seem to make my brain work. Vaguely, I realized that it was a clever move, the shock on my face would no doubt look very real. But I couldn't help wondering if Greg knew just how much I couldn't stand this man. As far as I could tell, the feeling was mutual, despite the evil grin on his mouth.



It's time to start paying off your debt, girl!

He's such a disgusting man... I hate crawling to him like this, but...

If I'd wanted to hire a hooker, I would have gone looking for one.

So, Marvin, I'm a little behind and I don't have the money I owe you, yet. But... I was wondering if... maybe we could work out some kind of... arrangement.

Just have what you owe me by this friday, or you'll find out why they call me a loan shark.

If you'd come looking for me, you wouldn't have been able to afford me.

Ah, baby. I thought you'd at least be smart enough to scream when you saw me.

I'll have it.

See that you do! Now, get out of my office before I change my mind 'bout lettin' you slide today.

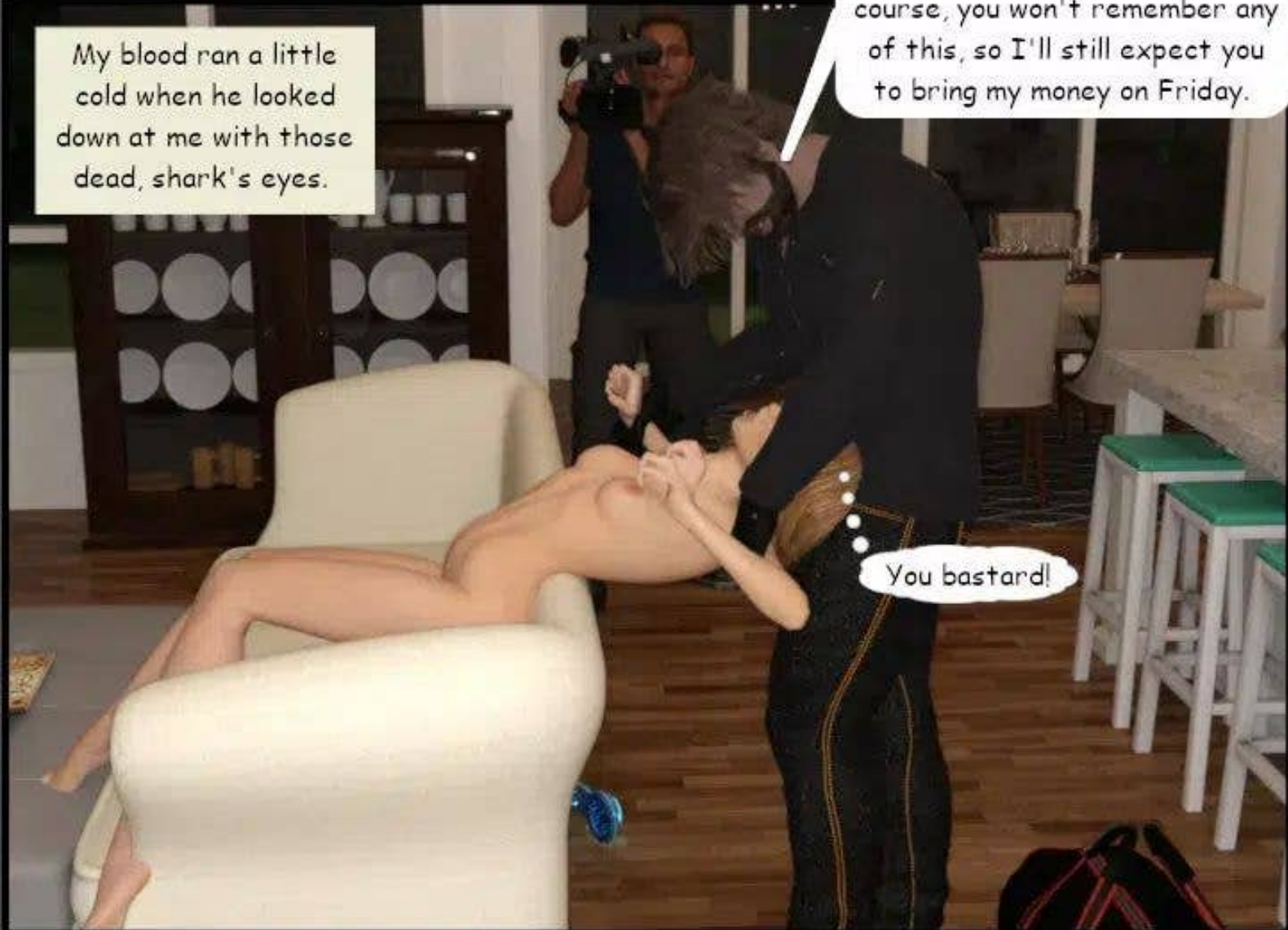


He was right. I was so shocked that Marvin, my bookie, was one of my attackers that all I could do was look up and stare at him in disbelief. By the time I recover, it was too late. He already had his hands on me, and he had to outweigh me by close to fifty-pounds. fifty-pounds of muscle.



Let's just say I decided to go looking for that hooker. You don't mind, do you, Slut? Of course, you won't remember any of this, so I'll still expect you to bring my money on Friday.

My blood ran a little cold when he looked down at me with those dead, shark's eyes.



You bastard!

The back of the couch was padded, but it dug uncomfortably into my spin as he pushed my head down far enough that he could dig into his bag of goodies. I was too busy struggling to pay attention to what he was getting--that is until I felt the loop end of a noose being slipped over my head. He smiled down at me with those beady eyes and mirthless smile, and at that moment, I was sure I'd never seen his eyes twinkle quite like that. It made me wonder if he disliked me enough to actually want me dead. Maybe this wasn't the kind of video Greg had promised me after all. Perhaps Marvin was planning a snuff film and Greg was happy to work the camera, as his measure of revenge for me leaving him the way I did.

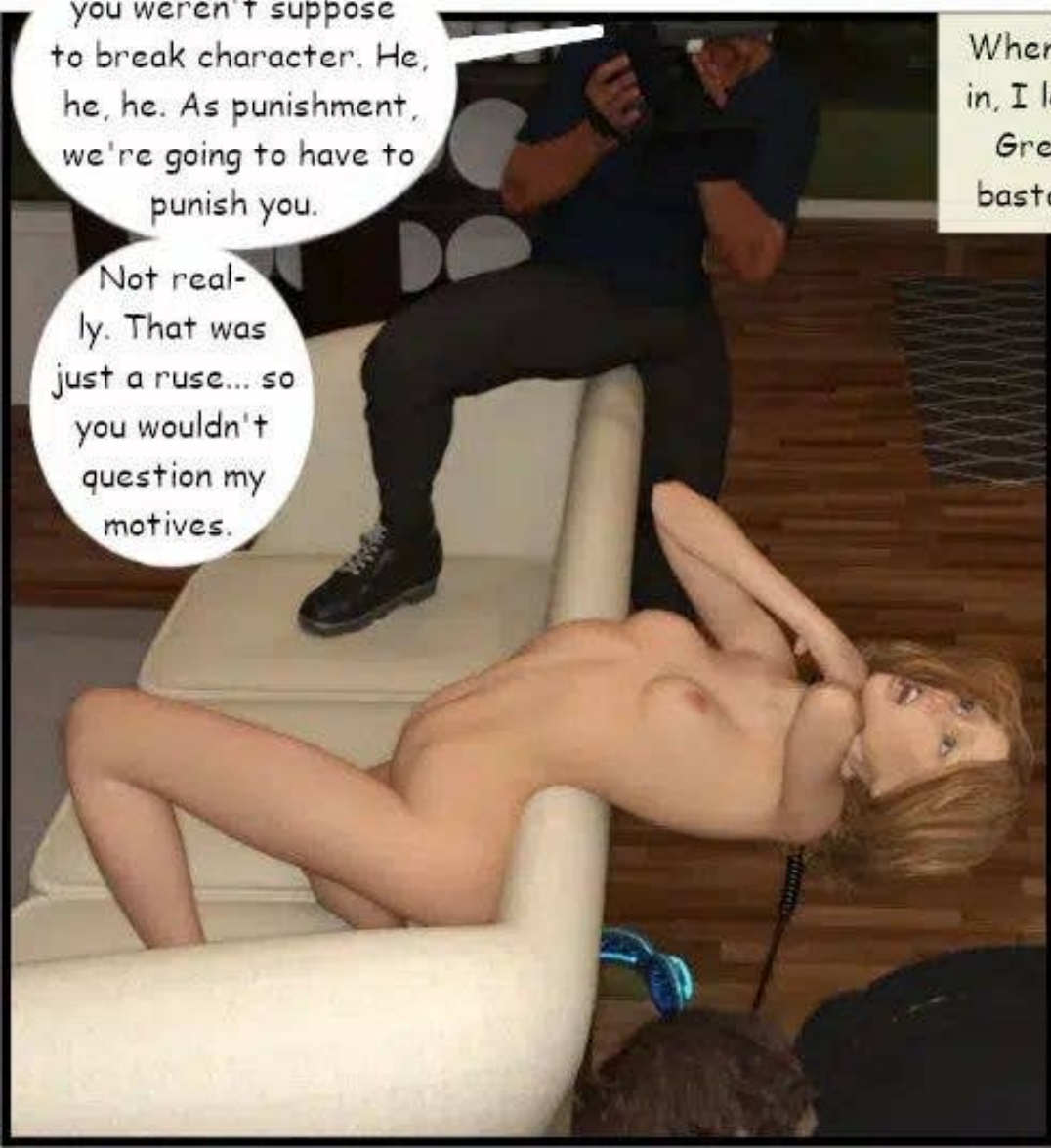


Ah want mah pill!

Bad girl!
you weren't suppose
to break character. He,
he, he. As punishment,
we're going to have to
punish you.

Not real-
ly. That was
just a ruse... so
you wouldn't
question my
motives.

When I heard the camera zooming
in, I looked over and realized that
Greg was holding it. The fucking
bastard was moving in on my face.



Don't worry, you won't remember anything... but you don't need to take the pill right away. The drug works a bit like Rohypnol, except that it isn't a sedative. It's actually a stimulant. And the amnesia it causes isn't limited to the period of time when you're under the drug's influence. There's usually around 6-8 hours of retrograde amnesia, and 12 hours of regular amnesia.



Damn, I'm so fucking screwed! How could I have let Greg talk me into this?

He, he, he! Does my debt-pet think she can get away from me?



Leave me alone, you pervert.

Oh no, baby. I'm not going to leave you alone; I'm going to give you a bone. We both know I have a bone to pick with you.



I think I'll start by picking on that spine bone. How's that feel, bitch? Bet you didn't know your back was supposed to bend that way, did you?

That's it, my little Pain Slut. Let us hear you scream.





Come on, you little pain slut! You can scream better than that!



STOP!

When he was done playing with me (after five or ten minutes of agony) he quickly tied my wrists behind my back. I was too exhausted to fight him by then.

Just like roping a calf... and now I think it's time to brand you with my rod.



Okay, Marvin. Why don't you introduce our new torture-pet to the audience. Let them know what they can expect over the next few sessions.

Audience? What's he talking about? I know he's shooting video, but it sounds like he's not planning to wait for distribution. Is he broadcasting this over the internet?

**Pant! Pant!
Pant!**



Very well... Hello there friends and clients. This one goes out to all my fans, out there in the land of Debt Collector's Bondage. This time we've got a cute little thing, who we'll have for a multi-picture deal. And during our next session, our toy here will be available to the highest bidder. So get those emails fired up! Tell us how long you want her, what you'd like to do to her, and how much you'll be willing to pay to do it. This time, there are limits. This bitch doesn't die. And there will be no permanent marks. Nothing to leave a reminder that she was here. Be creative. Contestants will be chosen based on how inventive your proposals are, as well as the amount.

And don't worry about how rough things get. Our little pain-slut here is a fucking pro. She's been in a number of porn videos in the past and she loves it all. The more intense the better. So don't hold back.

Oh God! Oh God! I think he's serious!

Good job, Marvin. Are we ready to move her down to the dungeon then?



Not quite yet, my friend. When I was reading her preference sheets, for the other videos you did, I always noticed there was one thing she would never let you do to her.



Oh no, you fucker! You wouldn't.

Sorry, my little pain slut... I can't think of a better way to introduce you to the reality: that this isn't going to be one of those little puff sessions, like the other videos you've done. This time there are no limits.



Stop! You can't do this to me! I want my pill!







He was far too big to give me anything but pain... and yet, I was horrified to realize that, as he slammed into me with his weapon, I was beginning to responde, despite myself.

See, boys? We've got ourselves a real pain-slut, here. She pretends she doesn't like it, but look at her.

Uh, uh, uh!

Damn you, you asshole! This is so humiliating.



Umm, uh, mmm!



Go on, bitch! Fight it; struggle. I know you want to hate it, but you can't, can you.

Beause deep down, You're just a worthless fuck slut. Isn't that right Mandy?



I'd never used my real name during any of Greg's videos. And the fact that Greg had done so now, without permission, made me very angry.

Damn it! I couldn't believe he was using my real name.

1 I began to struggle in earnest; squirming until I managed to get one leg out from under him.



Unh!

Sorry, but struggling isn't going to save you.



Unh!

Maybe not, but the success of getting one leg out from under him, gave me the strength to keep going



4 I managed to get my second leg wedged between his body and mine... and I kept pushing until he finally gave in...

3 A shallow one, no doubt. My sweat made my back stick to the floor-- which made it easy for him to pin me in place with his weight.

Unh!

5 Even though I was too exhausted to fight him further, it felt like a victory.

6 A hollow victory indeed! If anything, being fucked with my ass up in the air like this, was even more embarrassing than it was with my face in the floor.



Unh!



As I soon learned, my fight to flip over turned out to be a big mistake. Once I was on my back, my arms were trapped beneath the weight of my body.

That wouldn't have been such a big problem, if Marvin hadn't turned out to be such a fucking-machine. My arms were beginning to fall asleep before he was even a quarter of the way done.



My theory is that the asshole's cock was just so big that not enough blood could get to all the little nerve endings, which meant he had to keep pumping and pumping to work up to his Eventual ejaculation. It was either that, or he just hated me so much that having me squirm and moan beneath him, did nothing for him.

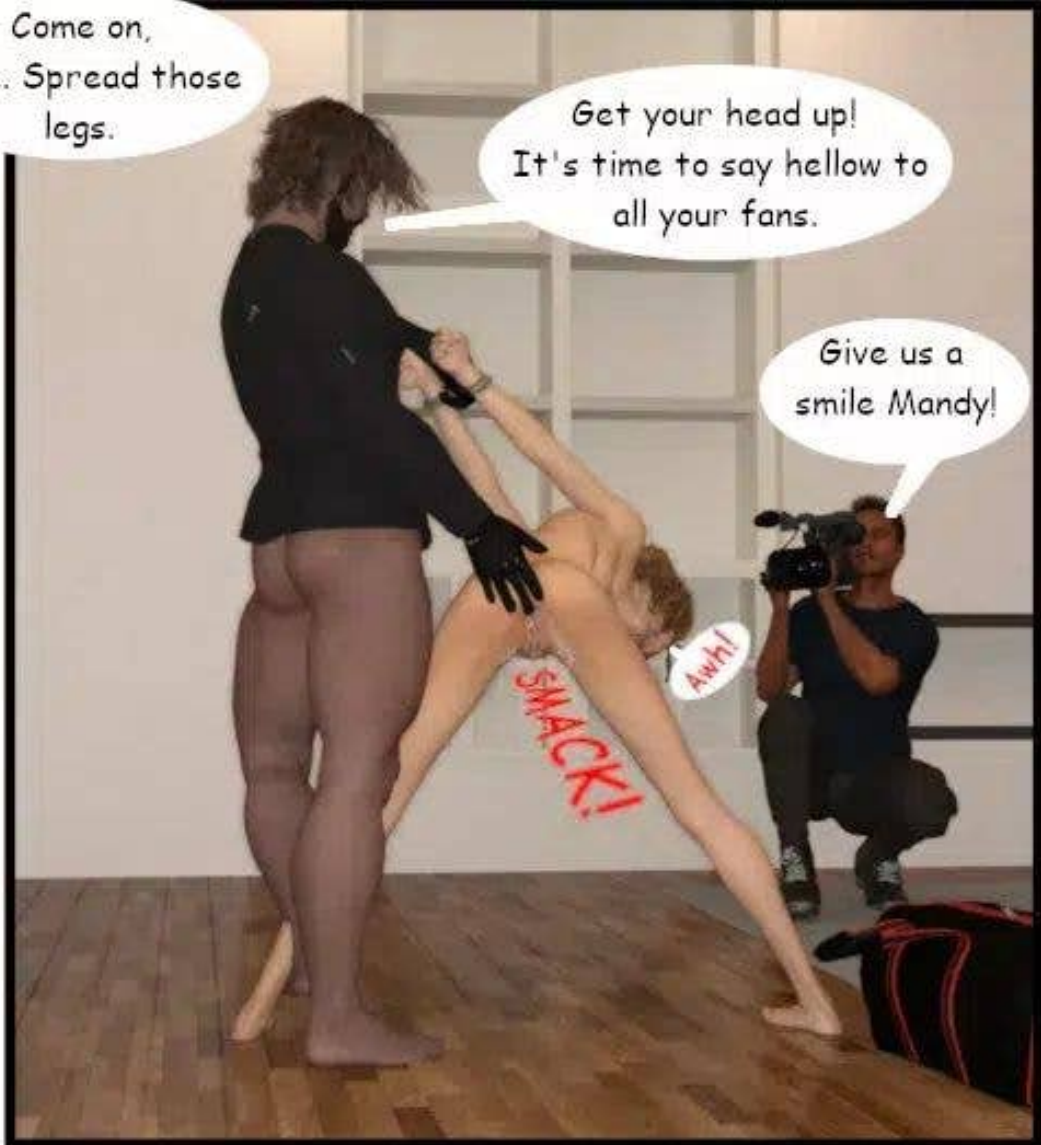


When he was done, he stood me up and forced me to face the camera.

Come on, bitch. Spread those legs.

Get your head up! It's time to say hellow to all your fans.

Give us a smile Mandy!



Get a load of this bitch, my friends. Is this not a face that only a big fat cock could love?

Trust me, my friends, if there's anything she loves more than taking it up the ass, it's letting a cock slide down that silky smooth throat of hers.

Awh!
You lying ass-hole!



Now, open wide.

Whah?



Please no, not my ass again!

It only took a few minutes for Marvin to dig the parts out of his duffle bag and snap them together.



Thank God it's not my ass. Although that metal is pinching my pussy lips.

This obviously wasn't Marvin's first time as a Dom. He was quick and efficient; and he knew how to move from one thing to another, so I had no choice but to comply.

Don't fight it, you'll only hurt yourself.



Meanwhile, Greg just sat behind his camera, grinning like an idiot, as he gleefully recorded my naked humiliation.

I think we're ready to carry her down to the dungeon now.



Oh no! How are they going to carry me like this?

This should be fun!

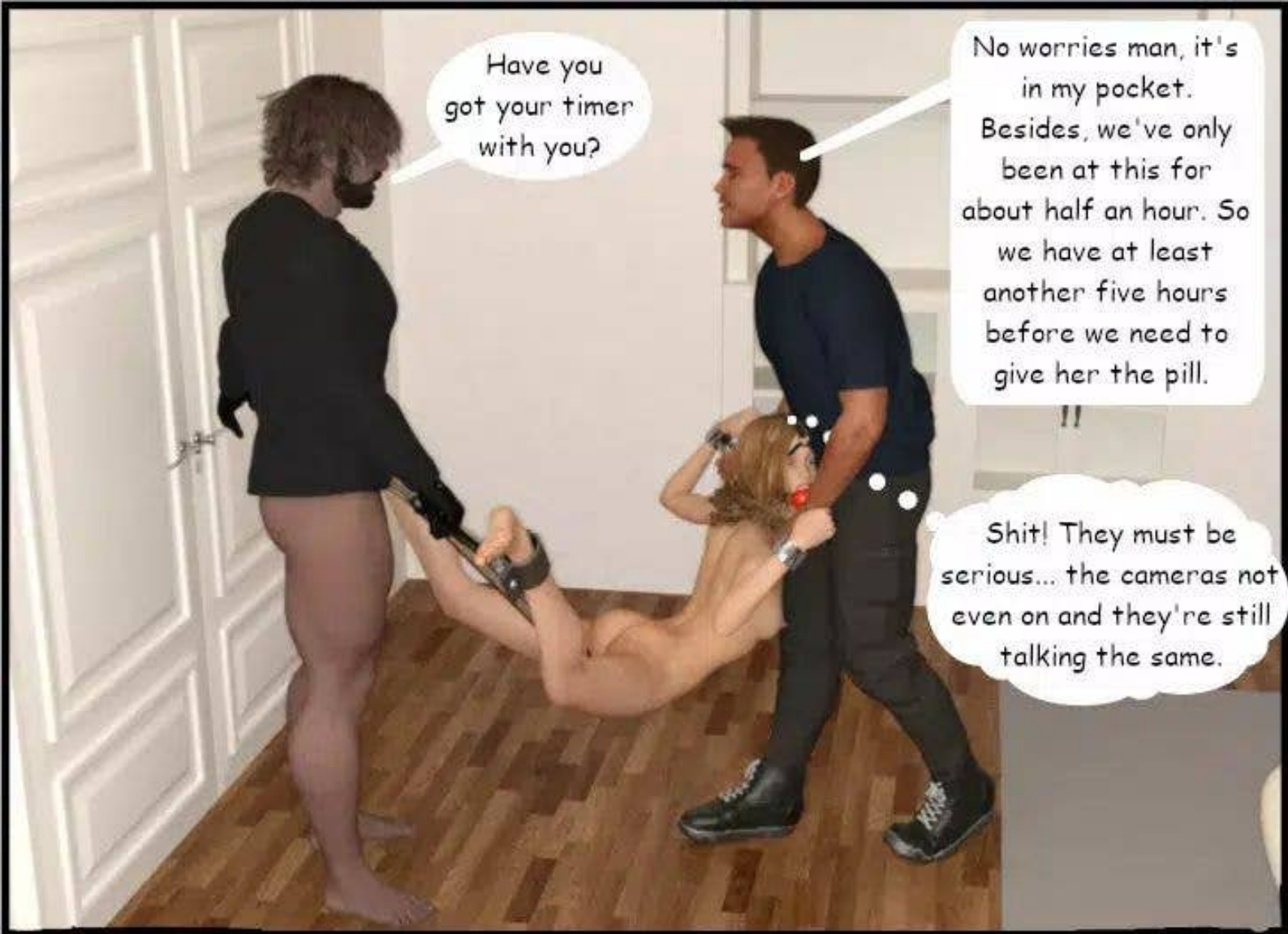


You better hurry up Greg, if you don't want her to fall on her face. Bet that would hurt but then hurting her is what we're here for, isn't it?

Ewah!

Hang on... Jesus, man. At least let me put the camera down.





Have you got your timer with you?

No worries man, it's in my pocket. Besides, we've only been at this for about half an hour. So we have at least another five hours before we need to give her the pill.

Shit! They must be serious... the cameras not even on and they're still talking the same.

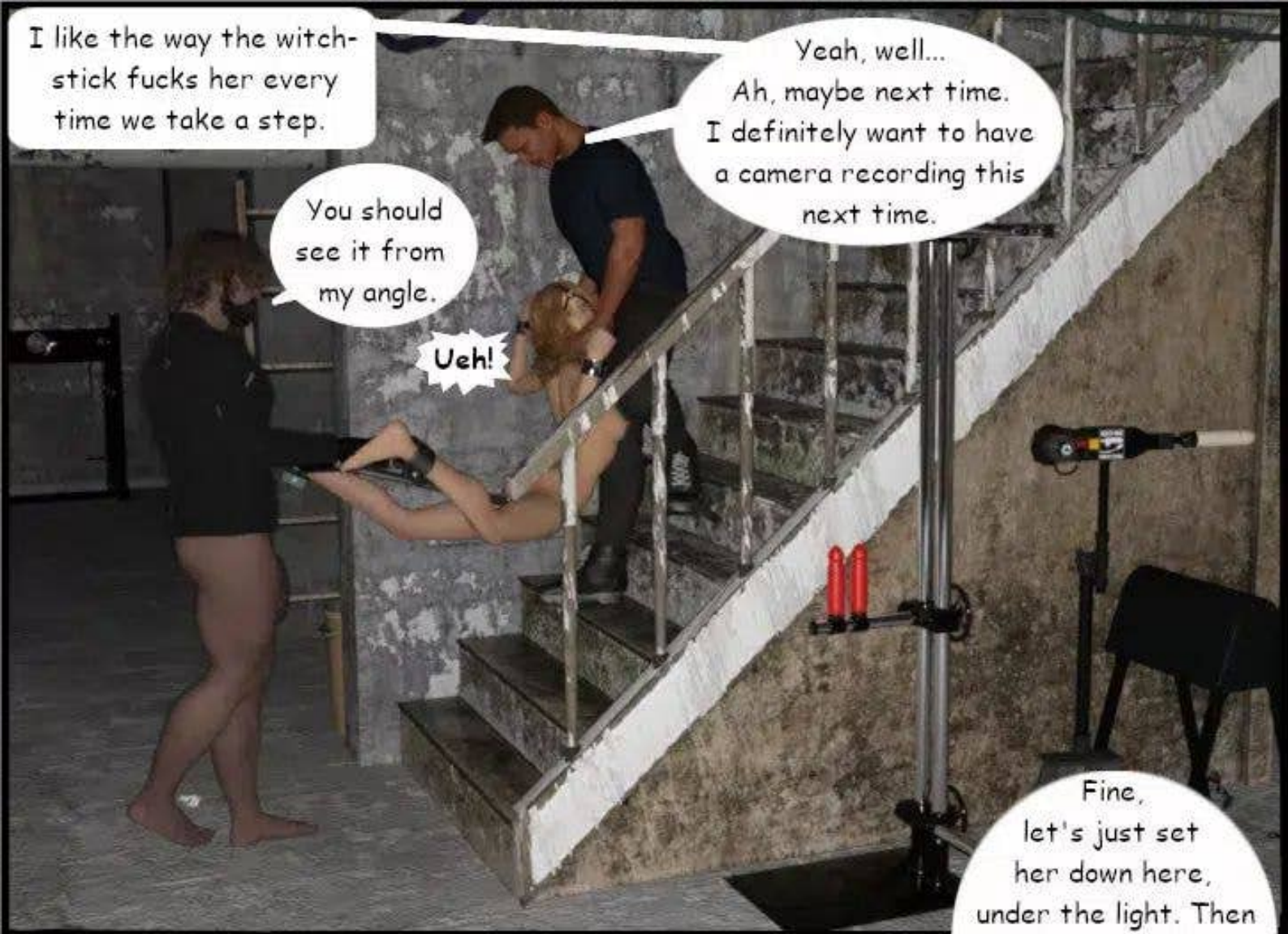


Damn! I shouldn't have spread her feet so wide... it's going to be hard getting her down the stairs.

He! I vote for just banging her feet against the walls.

Don't worry, we can turn her sideways, if we need to.

Ungh!



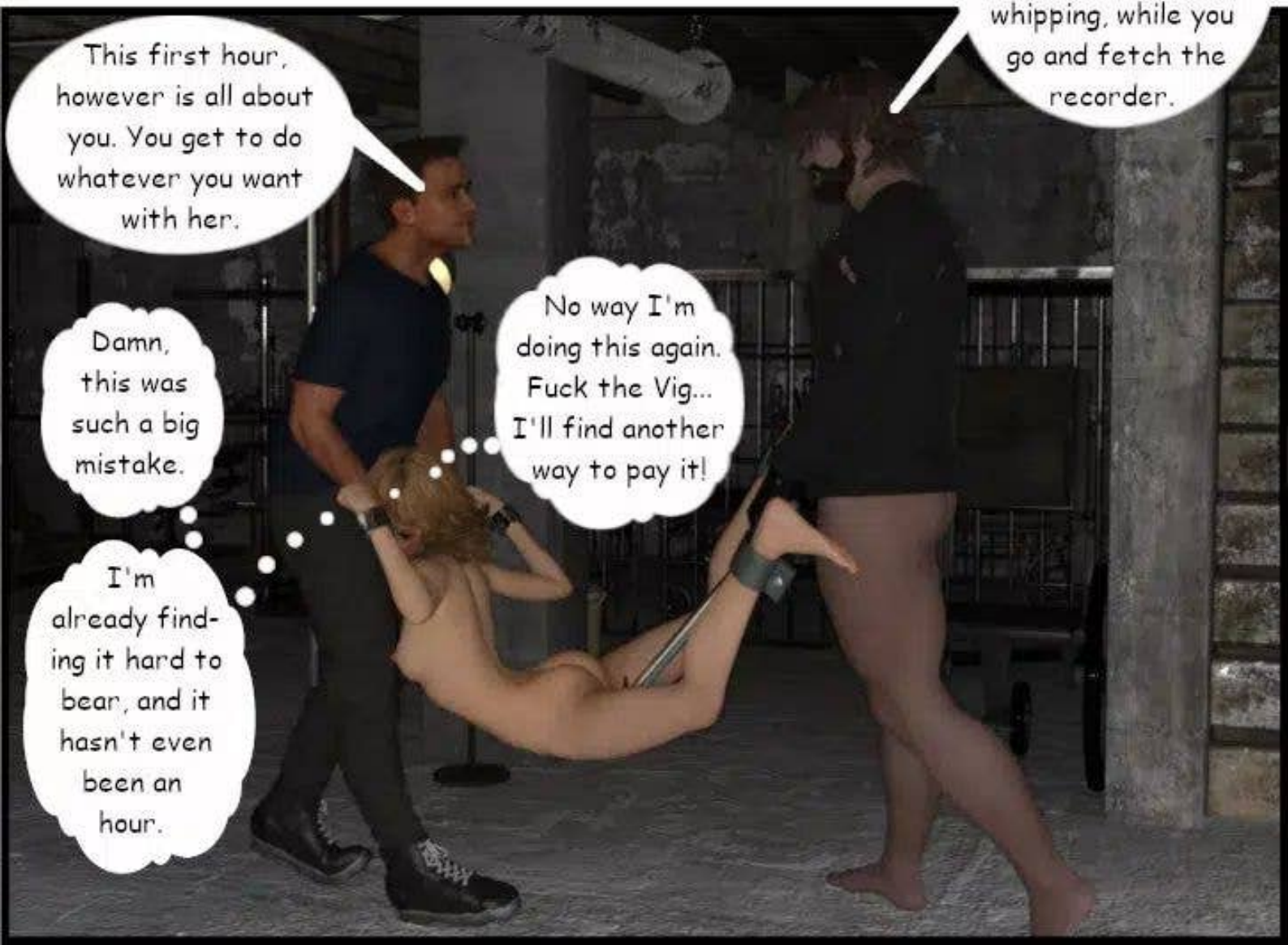
I like the way the witchstick fucks her every time we take a step.

You should see it from my angle.

Ueh!

Yeah, well...
Ah, maybe next time.
I definitely want to have a camera recording this next time.

Fine,
let's just set her down here,
under the light. Then
I'll give her a nice long
whipping, while you
go and fetch the
recorder.



This first hour,
however is all about
you. You get to do
whatever you want
with her.

Damn,
this was
such a big
mistake.

I'm
already find-
ing it hard to
bear, and it
hasn't even
been an
hour.

No way I'm
doing this again.
Fuck the Vig...
I'll find another
way to pay it!

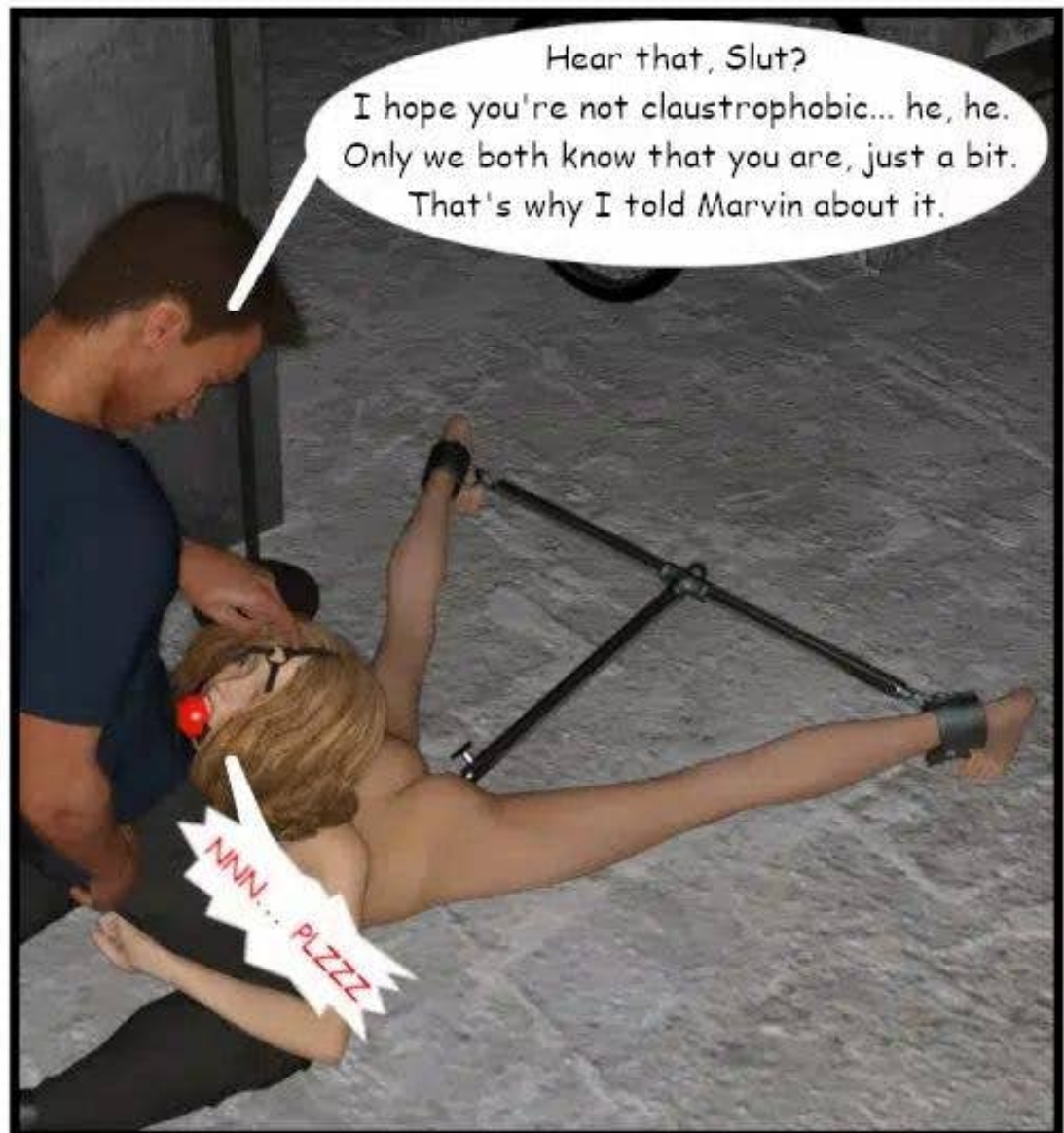


Great, before you go just do me a favor and take that yoke off her neck. I want to replace it with something else.

Sounds like a plan.



Here it is... a nice little head-box.



Hear that, Slut? I hope you're not claustrophobic... he, he. Only we both know that you are, just a bit. That's why I told Marvin about it.

NNNN... PLZZZZ



Gotta love the sound of that pathetic little moan.

yeah, it's a thing of beauty, isn't it?



I never knew this fuck-hole had such a talented throat. He, he!



Looks like she heard us. She's stopped moaning.

Not to worry. After I've been whipping her for a few minutes, she'll start purring again.



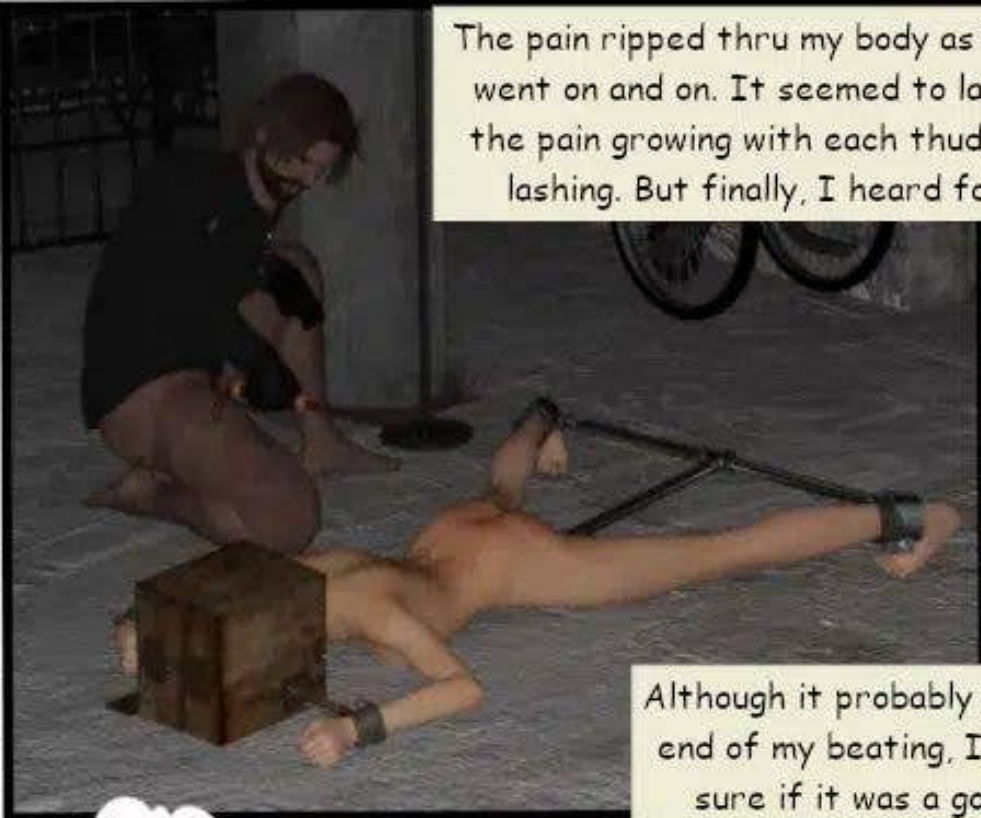
You can let me know you've had enough by moaning nice and pretty for me.

I'll know you've had enough when I hear you make just the right sound. But so far, you've not convinced me that you like it. Maybe I'm just not hitting you hard enough?



That's okay. We literally have hours and hours to get this just right.

The pain ripped thru my body as the beatings went on and on. It seemed to last forever, the pain growing with each thud of the lash lashing. But finally, I heard footsteps.



Although it probably signalled the end of my beating, I still wasn't sure if it was a good thing.

Damn you Greg, you lying SOB! This is all your fault



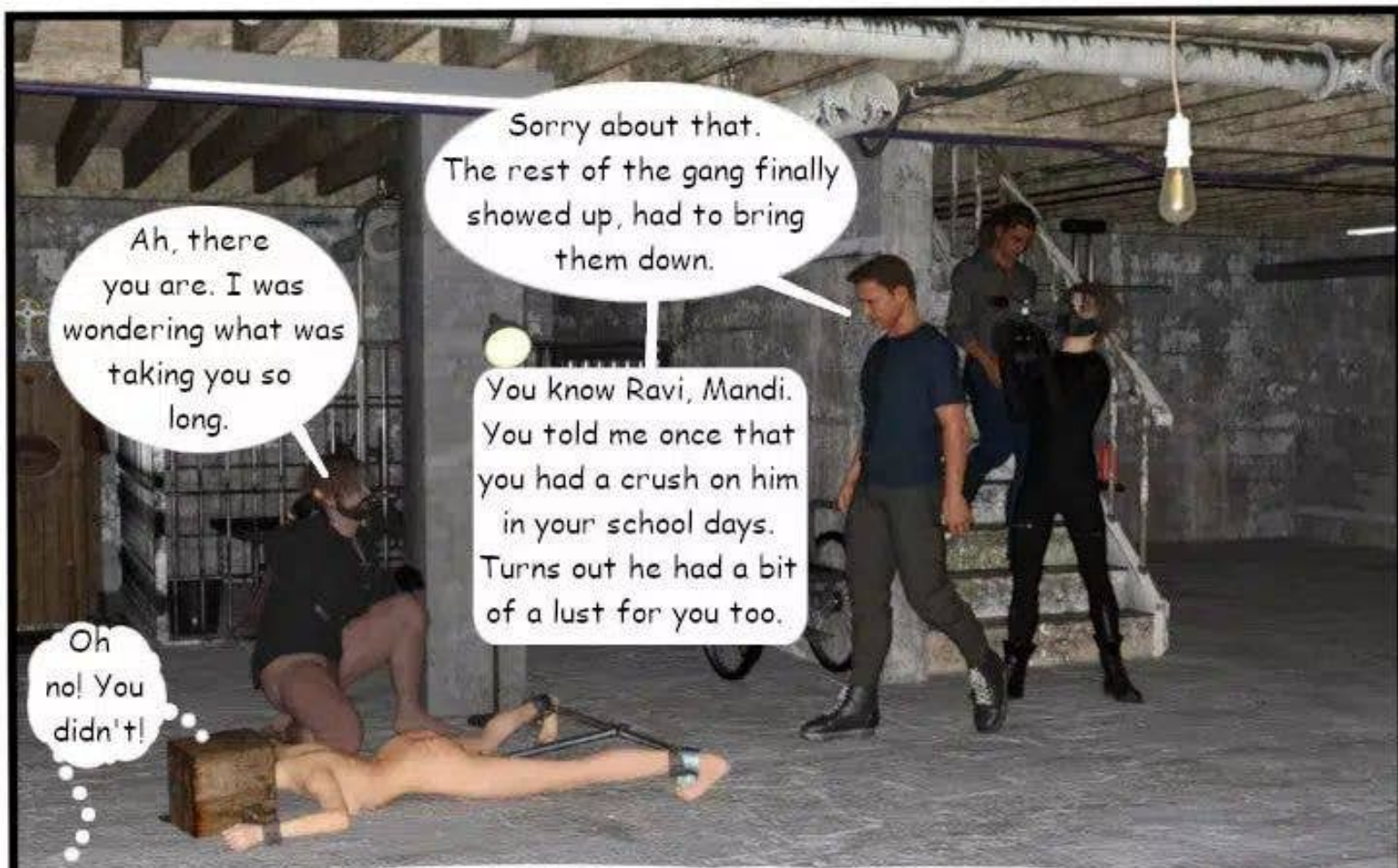
There was definitely more than one set of feet, clapping down the stairs.

Sorry about that. The rest of the gang finally showed up, had to bring them down.

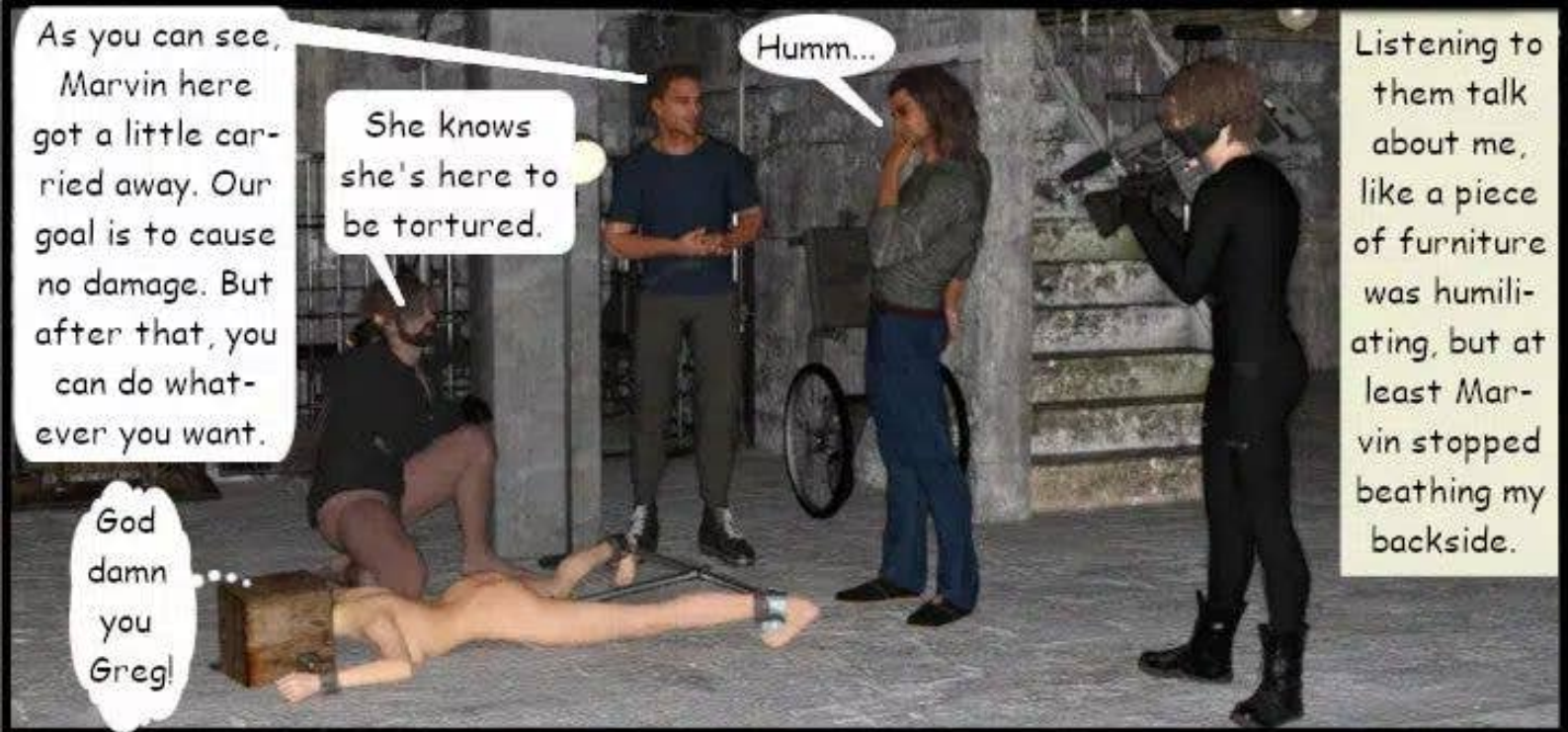
You know Ravi, Mandi. You told me once that you had a crush on him in your school days. Turns out he had a bit of a lust for you too.

Ah, there you are. I was wondering what was taking you so long.

Oh no! You didn't!



I don't know when or how, but one of these days, I swear to God I'm going to kill you!



As you can see, Marvin here got a little carried away. Our goal is to cause no damage. But after that, you can do whatever you want.

She knows she's here to be tortured.

Humm...

Listening to them talk about me, like a piece of furniture was humiliating, but at least Marvin stopped beathing my backside.

God damn you Greg!



While you have some fun, I'll set up our next little session. Going to have a little contest.

Damn! Girl's still hot. She looks even better than she did in highschool.

Take your time and finish... but once you do, here are the rules of the game. Once she's in position, the two of you will fuck her together.



The first one who comes looses. The winner gets to pick her next little predicament... Then you fucker her again, same rules, until you feel... done.



I supressed a scream, as another fat cock entered my ass. Then his belly pressed against my welts.



Ravi didn't fuck me long, before they put me in the new contraption. They removed the witch-stick spreader from between my legs, and secured my knees with metal loops. I was forced onto my toes, to avoid the spikes beneath my heels. Then Greg removed the ball gag and let me work my jaw, while Marvin chomped at the bit, eager to fill my mouth again.

You won't be needing this for a while, but don't worry, I'll keep it close.

Better work that jaw good, slut! You know what's going in it when you're done.

And no biting... Unless you want to wear a gag for the rest of your session.

Eh! Mmmph!

Okay, no biting... but before you shut me up again, I just want to say... Fuck you! You assholes.

Poor thing... I think she's a little confused about who's getting fucked here.







He, he! I don't think she likes you smacking her ass like that, Ravi.

Yeah, but it feels good when she squirms.

Umphi
Umphi
Umphi



Ahgh!



Umphi
Owh!
Umphi



Keep it going fellas; steady cadence. In time with the the drum beat.



Their little game seemed to go on forever. Soon they'd established a little rhythm: one pushing forward as the other pulled out. This caused my body to rock in time with their motion--banging against the wood of the stocks, the chain tugging at my head as Marvin's cock slide in and out of my throat. And all of this was illuminated by the constant throbbing pain as Ravi slapped his hands against the cheeks of my ass, over and over again.



Until finally, there was a pause in Ravi slaps.

Alright, gentlemen! It looks like we have a winner.

Ummmmh!



It didn't take long for Marvin to change my outfit and set me with a new game. Soon, both of my tormentors were attacking me from either end again. Ravi with his nasty little electric probe that bit my rear with tingly little bites; and Marvin at my front with a narrow wooden rod that left brief little red lines, but didn't actually break the skin. That's how I knew he wasn't hitting me as hard as he could. I'd seen what a rod like that could do at full force. .

Ahg! Noh! Plez, plez stohp. I'll do what-ever you want!

Come on, guys. get it together. This is supposed to be a contest. You can't hit her at the same time or she won't flop back and forth like she's supposed to; and noone wins.



My mouth was finally free again, to make articulate sounds, but instead of cursing at them, I found myself pleading with them for mercy. I like to think it was because I realized that shows of anger were silly, given my helpless situation, but the decision probably wasn't that rational.

N NO' Plez, doah! Ahg!

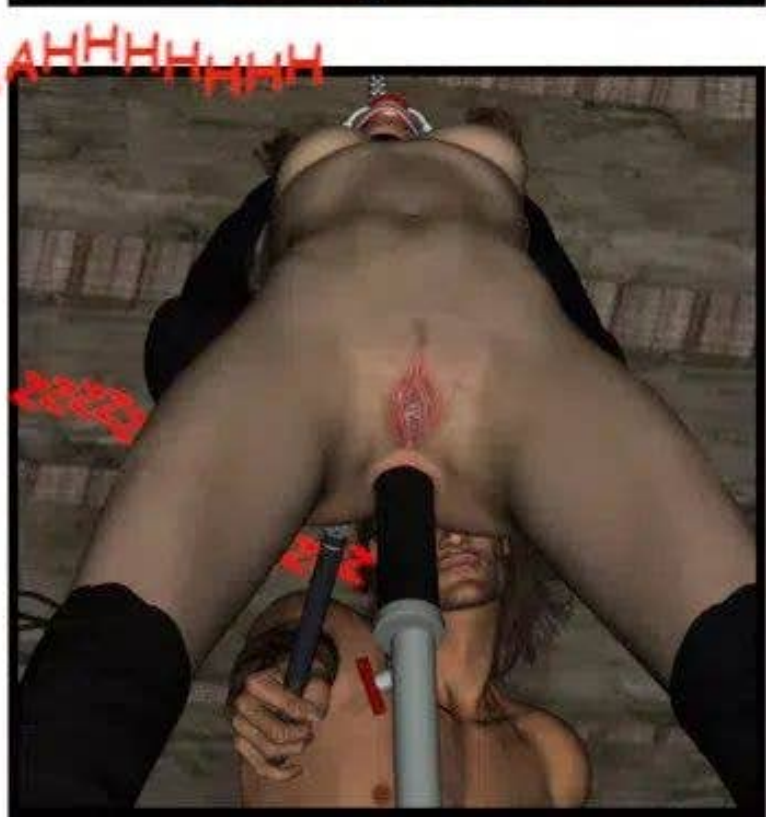
Shuddup! This is what you're here for, bitch!







You must like it, you keep sticking that nasty thing out for more.



AAAAAAA AHHHHHHH

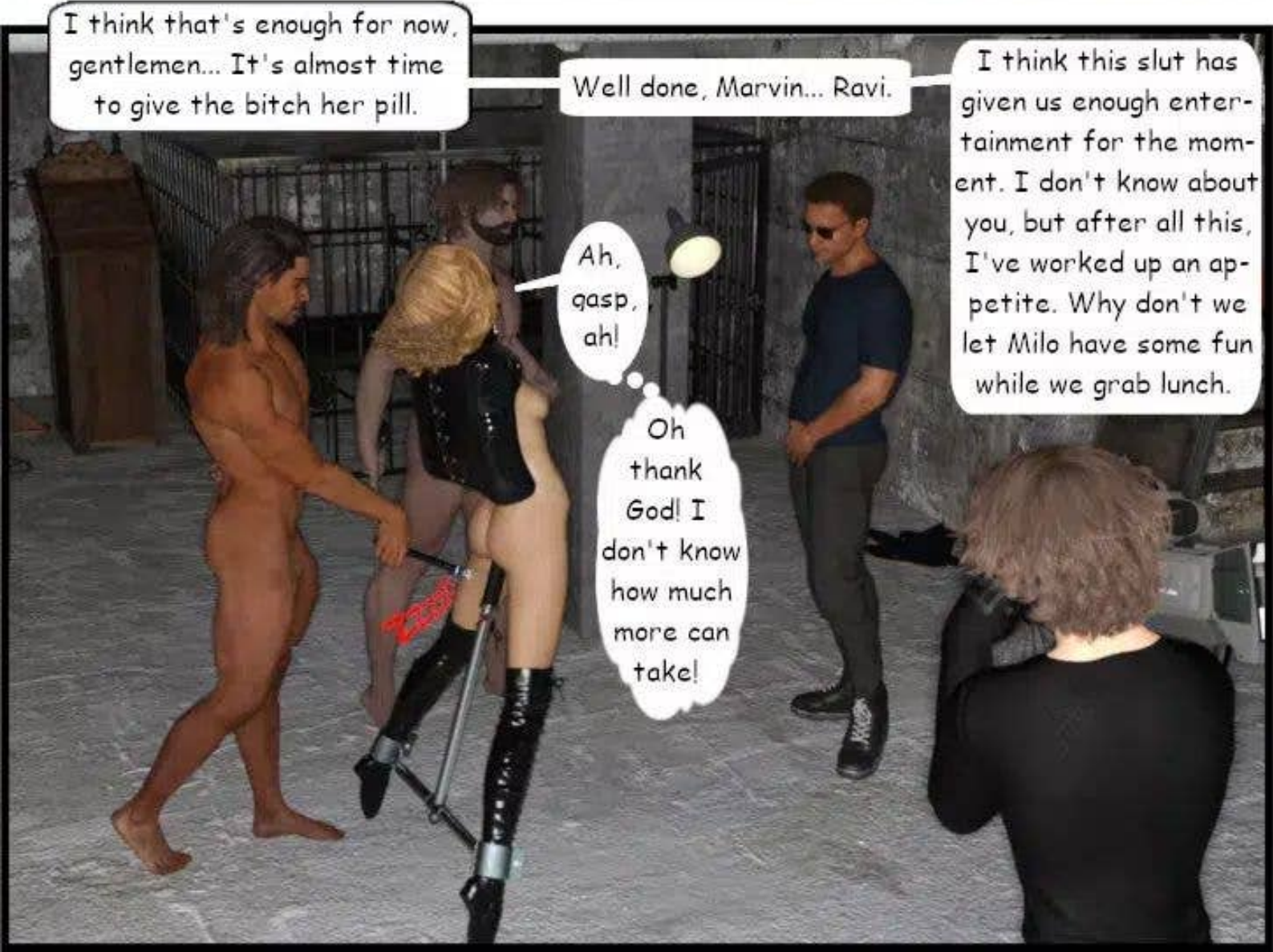


Ahhh!
Stawph! Noh
morh... Plezzz
jush phug ne
sumh morh!

Damn! This
horny slut is
begging us to
fuck her some
more. Should
we have mercy
on her?

Or should we keep
going... make her
dance a little more,
and see just how
loud she can scream.

TEAWACK



I think that's enough for now,
gentlemen... It's almost time
to give the bitch her pill.

Well done, Marvin... Ravi.

I think this slut has
given us enough enter-
tainment for the mom-
ent. I don't know about
you, but after all this,
I've worked up an ap-
petite. Why don't we
let Milo have some fun
while we grab lunch.

Ah,
gasp,
ah!

Oh
thank
God! I
don't know
how much
more can
take!

TEAWACK

But I think we should make her more comfortable before we go. She's had a tough few hours

Good idea.



So they spent the next few minutes preparing something special for me, although I wouldn't say it was more comfortable.



Milo, the quiet one behind the camera, kept filming; while Ravi put his clothes back on.

As for me, I was beginning to loose hope that I'd ever find any relief. I'd only been on this thing for a few minutes and already the wood was digging quite painfully into my arms and back.

Get a nice tight close up of this kid! Have you ever seen such a fucking whore? She's being fucked and tortured, and her snatch is still dripping like she can't get enough.

Damn it... if I can just endure this hell until the sixth hour. Then they'll give me my pill and I won't feel any more.



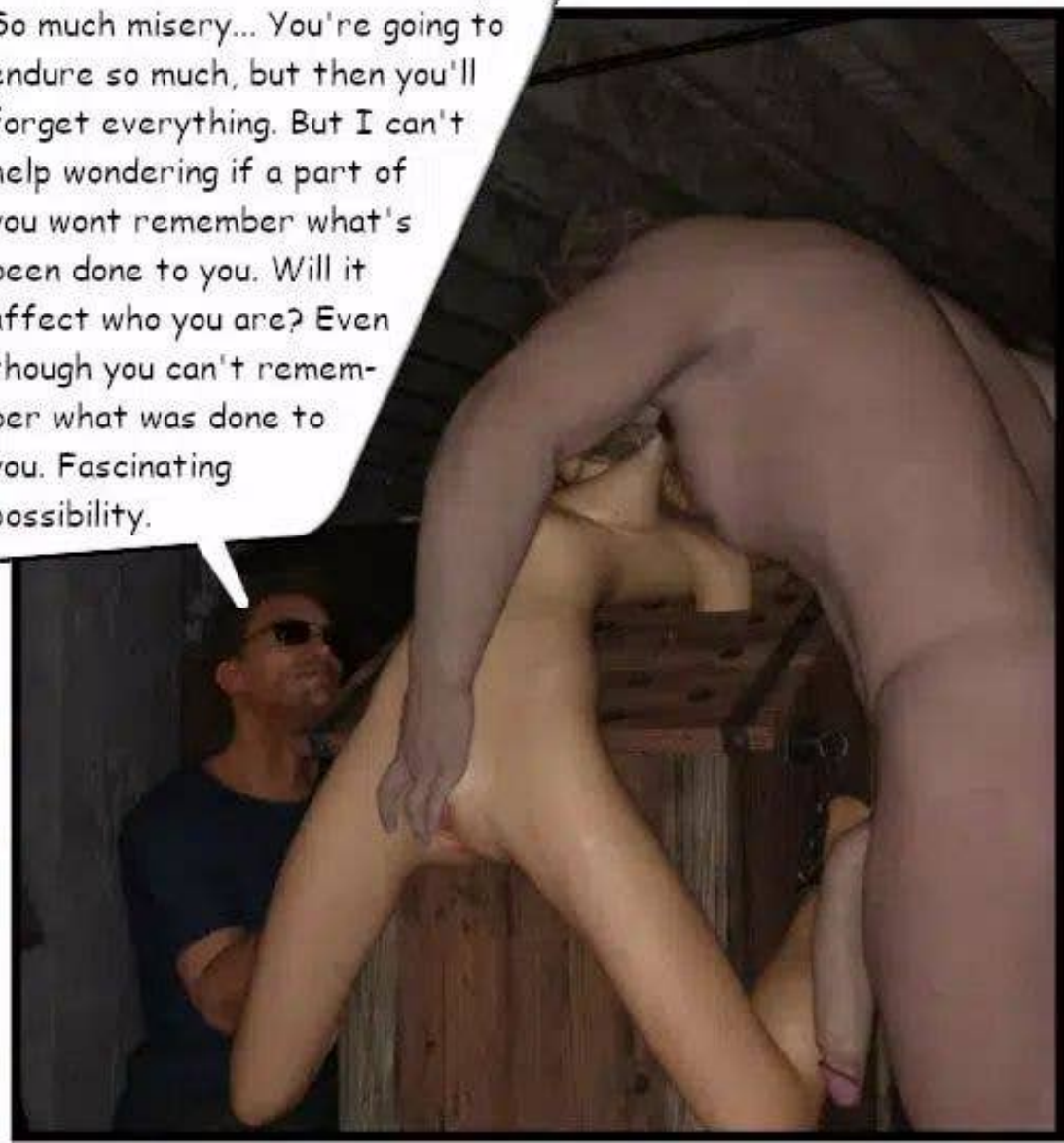
The easy part was slipping my arms into the holes; even having my ankles cuffed. The hard part was when Greg began to tickle my feet. It was almost enough to make me forget what Marvin was doing.

NNN NNN NNN
PLEZ STOOOH



Such a cute little voice and body! So much misery... You're going to endure so much, but then you'll forget everything. But I can't help wondering if a part of you won't remember what's been done to you. Will it affect who you are? Even though you can't remember what was done to you. Fascinating possibility.

Ahgh!
Ha, Ha, HA!
Ahgh!



When a slave is being trained, their responses are being conditioned into them... like Pavlov's dog. It's not a conscious or intentional reaction. So the question is: will that conditioning still be present in our subject, even though she doesn't remember.



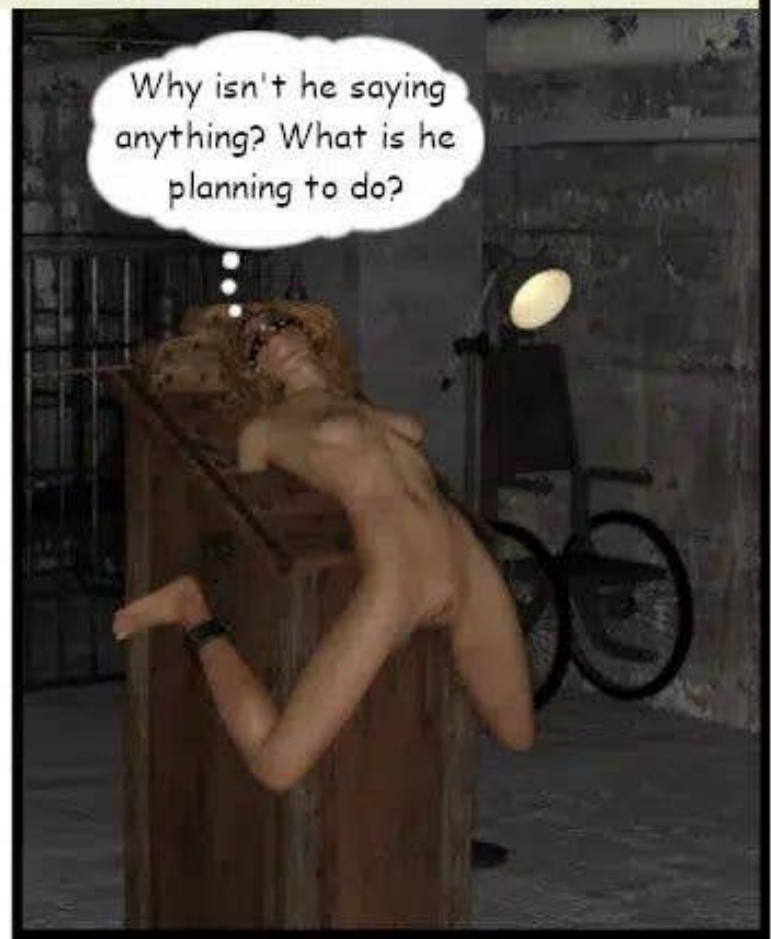
You think too much about shit like that, Greg. I say we just enjoy fucking her up. What's wrong with that, right? Hear that, kid? We'll be gone for an hour. Keep her entertained while we're gone.



Milo, the one Marvin called the kid, put down his video camera and went to find a tripod, which he attached to the camera before bringing it back. It was creepy, how silent he was. The others used their words to try to humiliate me, but he didn't seem to care about that. His silence was intimidating; it stilled the words of pleading that I might otherwise have said.



Why isn't he saying anything? What is he planning to do?



Oh no... Why is he removing his mask? Hey I recognize him, he works at the store where I buy my groceries. Damn, is Greg going to tell everyone I know about this?

Really? After all those dicks?

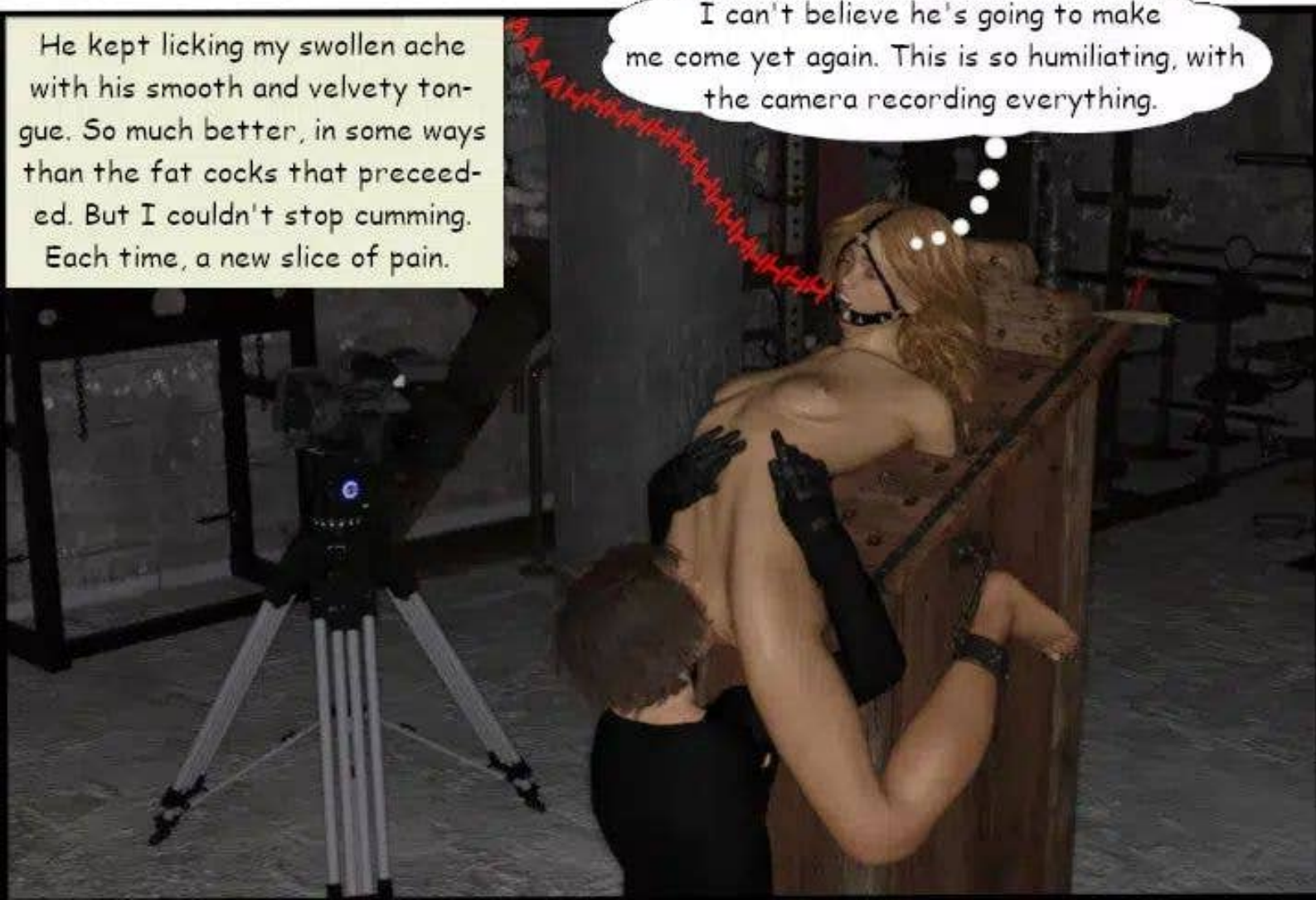


Oh God, he's good with that tongue though. Just wish I wasn't already so tender down there.



He kept licking my swollen ache with his smooth and velvety tongue. So much better, in some ways than the fat cocks that preceded. But I couldn't stop cumming. Each time, a new slice of pain.

I can't believe he's going to make me come yet again. This is so humiliating, with the camera recording everything.



Oh!
Fuck me running!
! It feels like he's been
down there for hours. And
now he's running his hands
over my body, which is mak-
ing me even more ticklish. The
quiet little devil is torturing
me with pleasure instead of
pain; and I'm not sure which
is worse. Especially when
I'm already so damn
sensitive.

Ummm....
Ah, ah,
Ummm!



After what seemed like an eternity, he shifted his focus and moved his mouth to my nipple, where he began chewing, none to gently. At the same time, he began to focus on his tickling, targeting my underarms, the most ticklish part of my body.

HA HA HA
SSSTOH AHHH
HA HA HA AHHH!

NNN PLEZ AHHH!
HA HA HICK
AHHH! HA HA
AHHHHH!



No mater how much I begged and pleaded.

He's going to kill me! I'm laughing so hard I can't breathe!

**AHHH HA
HA HA STO
GASP AHH HA
HICK AHHH HA
HA HA**



Milo continued with his merciless chewing, until I was certain my nipple had to be bleeding. Even Marvin hadn't focused so singlemindedly on my tit. And he'd been nibbling with his lips, not biting with his teeth, the way Milo was.

**NN NN
AHHH HA HA
OH PLEZ AHHH
STOHA HA HOP**



When they'd left, I never would have thought I'd be happy to see them return, but in that moment, I would have given anything to make Milo stop.

HA HA HA STOH
AHHHH HA HA HA

Oh my, it's really her, isn't it? I thought you were kidding.

Oh yea!
This is going to be fun!

Alright kid... you better give our bitch a break. Our new friend might want some of that nipple left, so that she can play with it.

Nope!
It's her.

This stuck up little bitch thought she was too good for me, didn't you? Well, now you have no choice, do you. He, he. Now your mine.

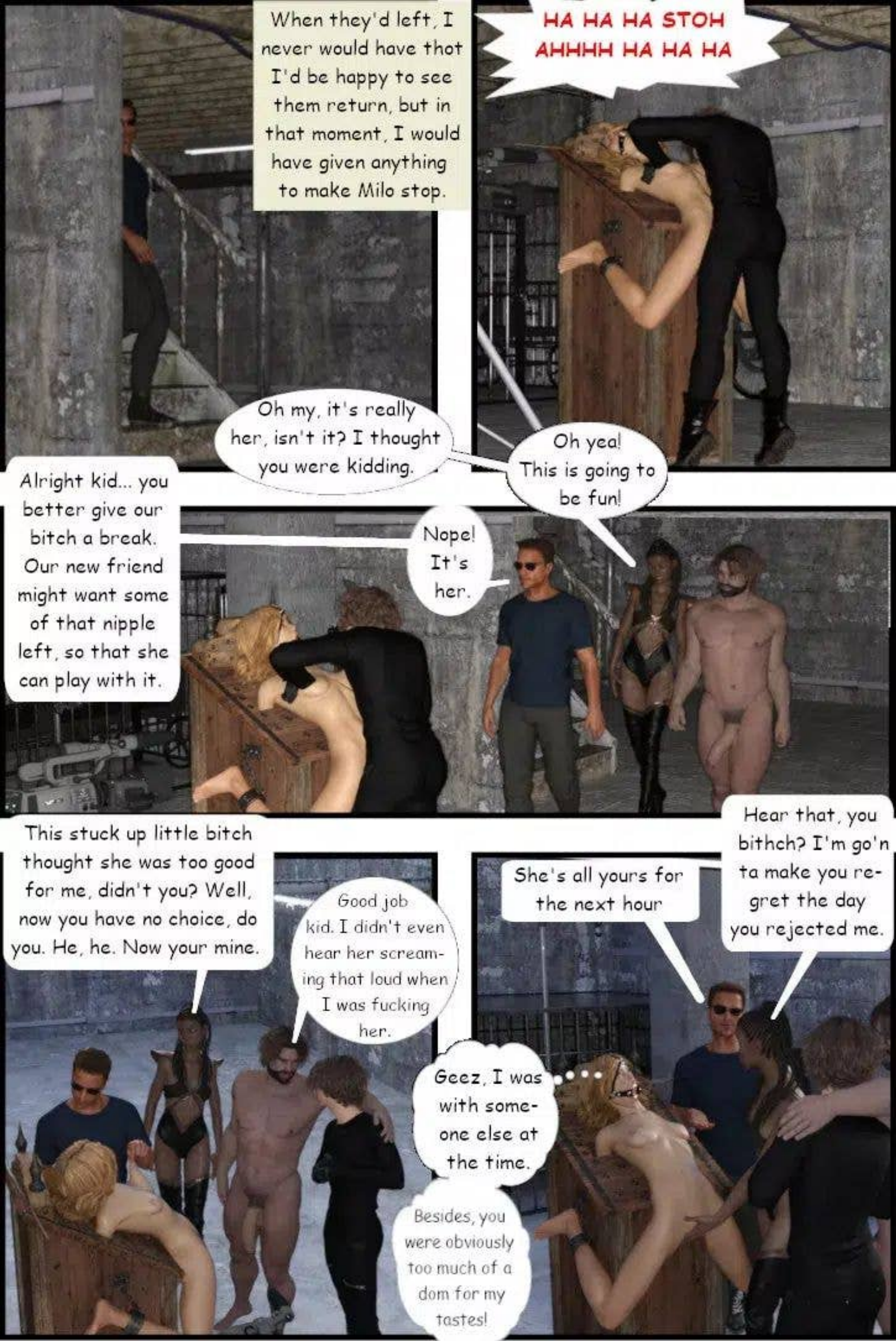
Good job kid. I didn't even hear her screaming that loud when I was fucking her.

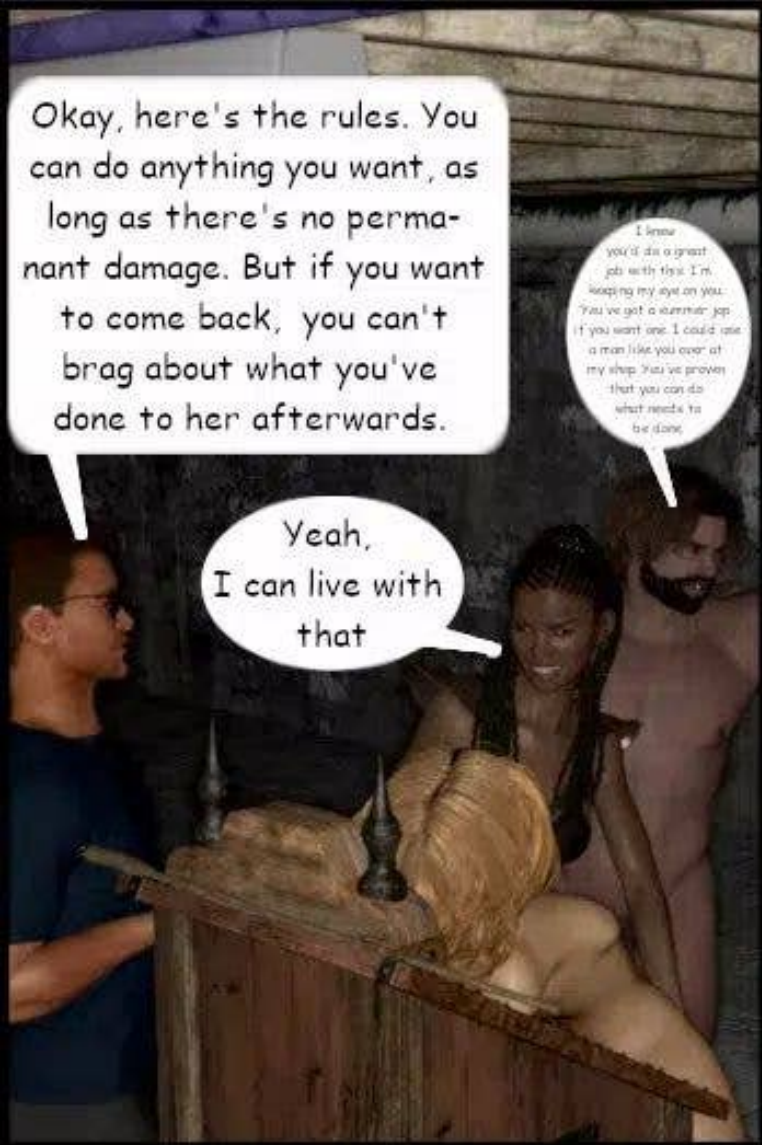
She's all yours for the next hour

Hear that, you bitch? I'm go'n ta make you regret the day you rejected me.

Geez, I was with someone else at the time.

Besides, you were obviously too much of a dom for my tastes!





Okay, here's the rules. You can do anything you want, as long as there's no permanent damage. But if you want to come back, you can't brag about what you've done to her afterwards.

Yeah, I can live with that

I know you'll do a great job with this. I'm keeping my eye on you. You've got a summer job if you want one. I could use a man like you over at my shop. You've proven that you can do what needs to be done.



Good, because there are five more of these things scheduled. Then, the plan is to convince her to do more, if we can. With a little luck, she'll be doing these things for years and years to come.

Sweet!

No way, you fucking ass-hole

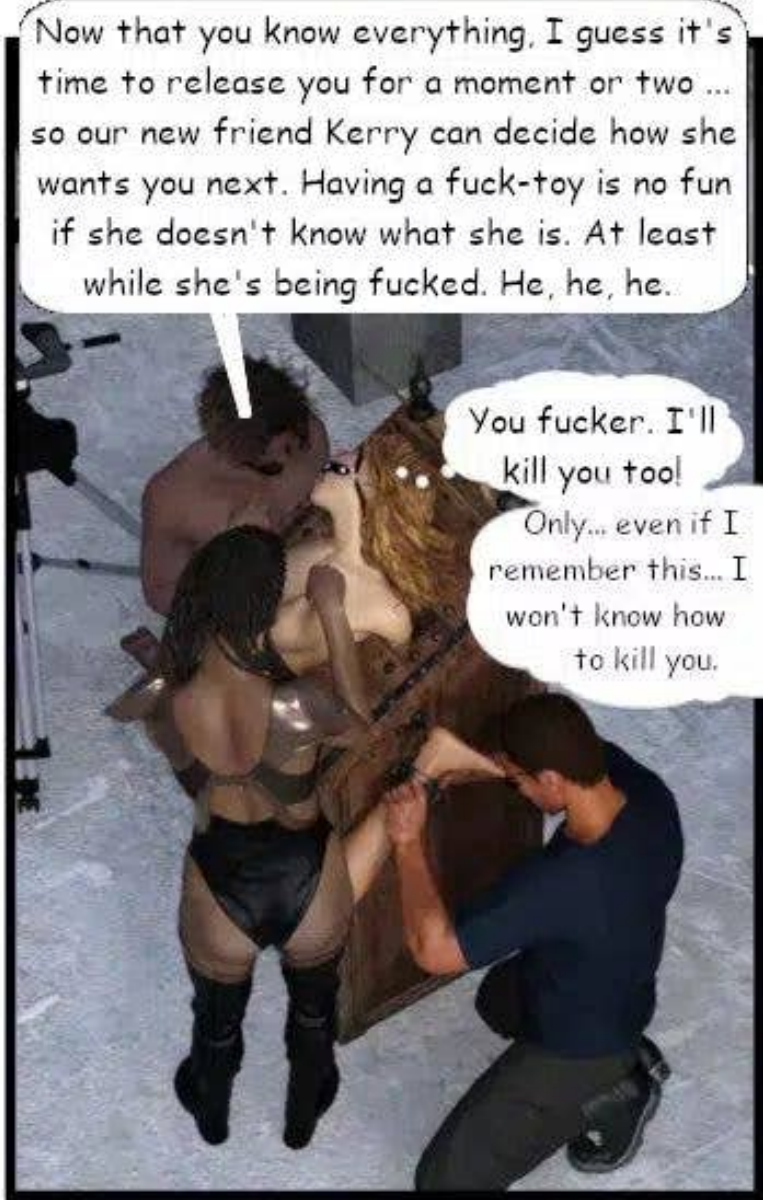
I'm not going to scream for you, you bitch!



I've been trying to find all her friends... basically anyone she's even known briefly. I'm trying to isolate her, when she remembers again. Make her feel like everyone is looking at her, which, they will be, I think.

Oh, I'll be looking at her, but you can trust me not to talk.

No no, no! You mother-fuckers can't do this to me!

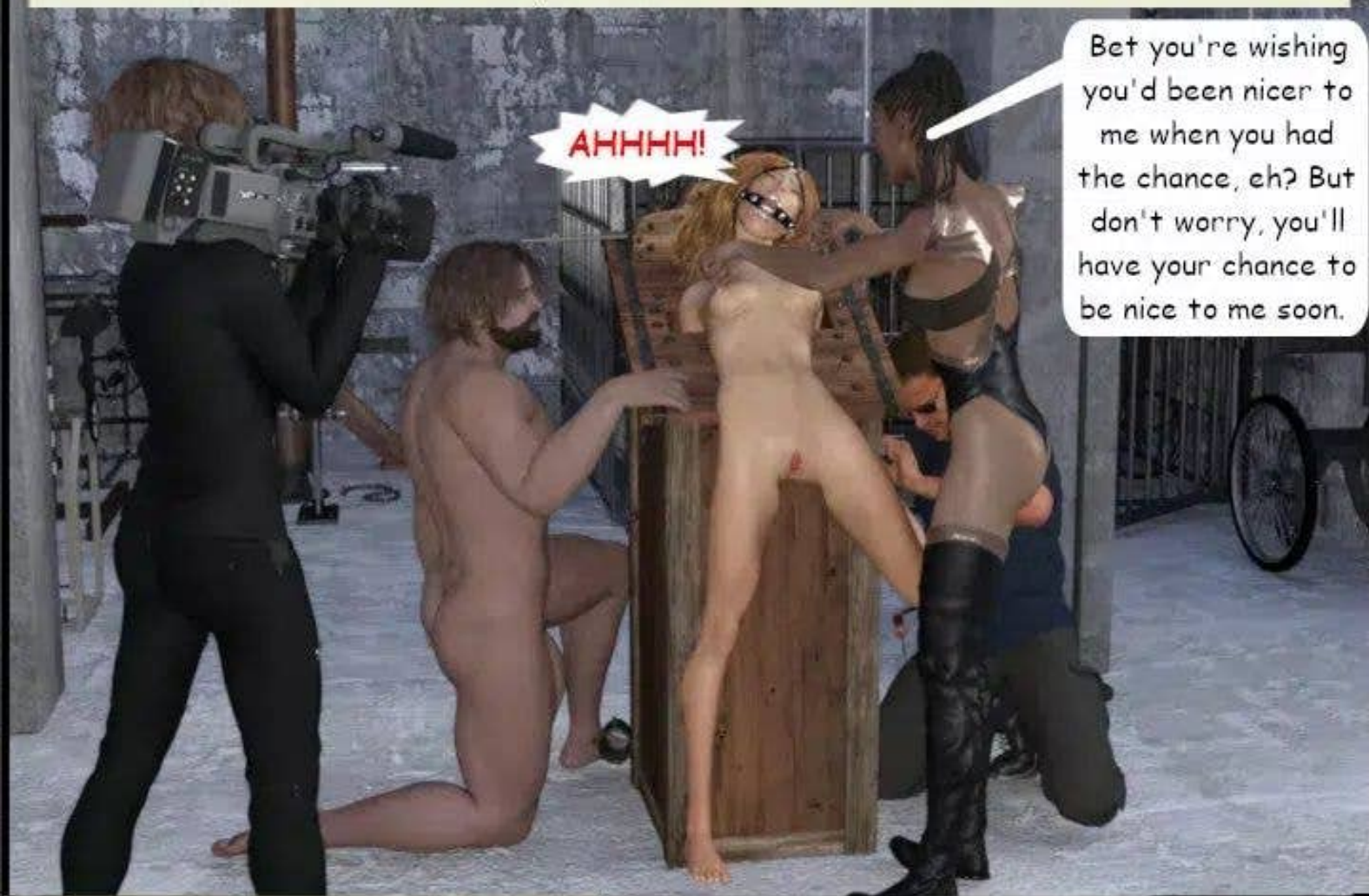


Now that you know everything, I guess it's time to release you for a moment or two ... so our new friend Kerry can decide how she wants you next. Having a fuck-toy is no fun if she doesn't know what she is. At least while she's being fucked. He, he, he.

You fucker. I'll kill you too!

Only... even if I remember this... I won't know how to kill you.

They took me out of the contraption the same way they put me in it... but this time my legs felt like dead weights, all heavy and without feeling. That didn't last long, however.



AHHHH!

Bet you're wishing you'd been nicer to me when you had the chance, eh? But don't worry, you'll have your chance to be nice to me soon.

Soon my legs felt more like pin cushions, with all the pins and needles. I was almost grateful to Kerry for pinching and pulling my nipples; any distraction.



AHH! PLEZ, PLEZ STOY I'LL DO WAH EW WANH

You bet your sweet ass you will!

But first, it's time for her pill!

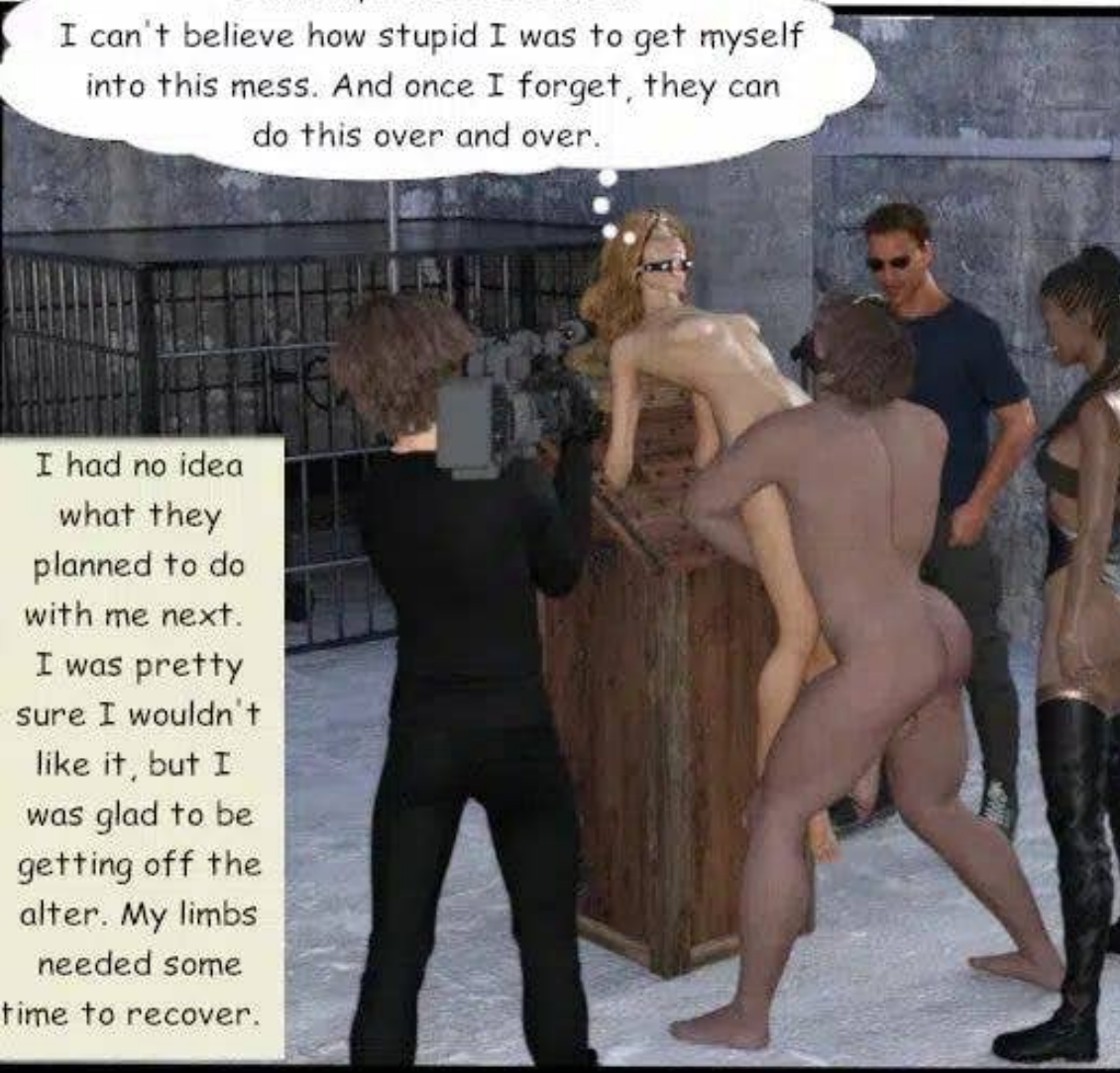
Noh, noh, noh...
I doh wanna
fo'geh!

Gez, you're a
finicky bitch! All this time you've
been begging for it, and now that I want
to give it to you... you don't want it.
But that's why you're wearing
a ring gag.



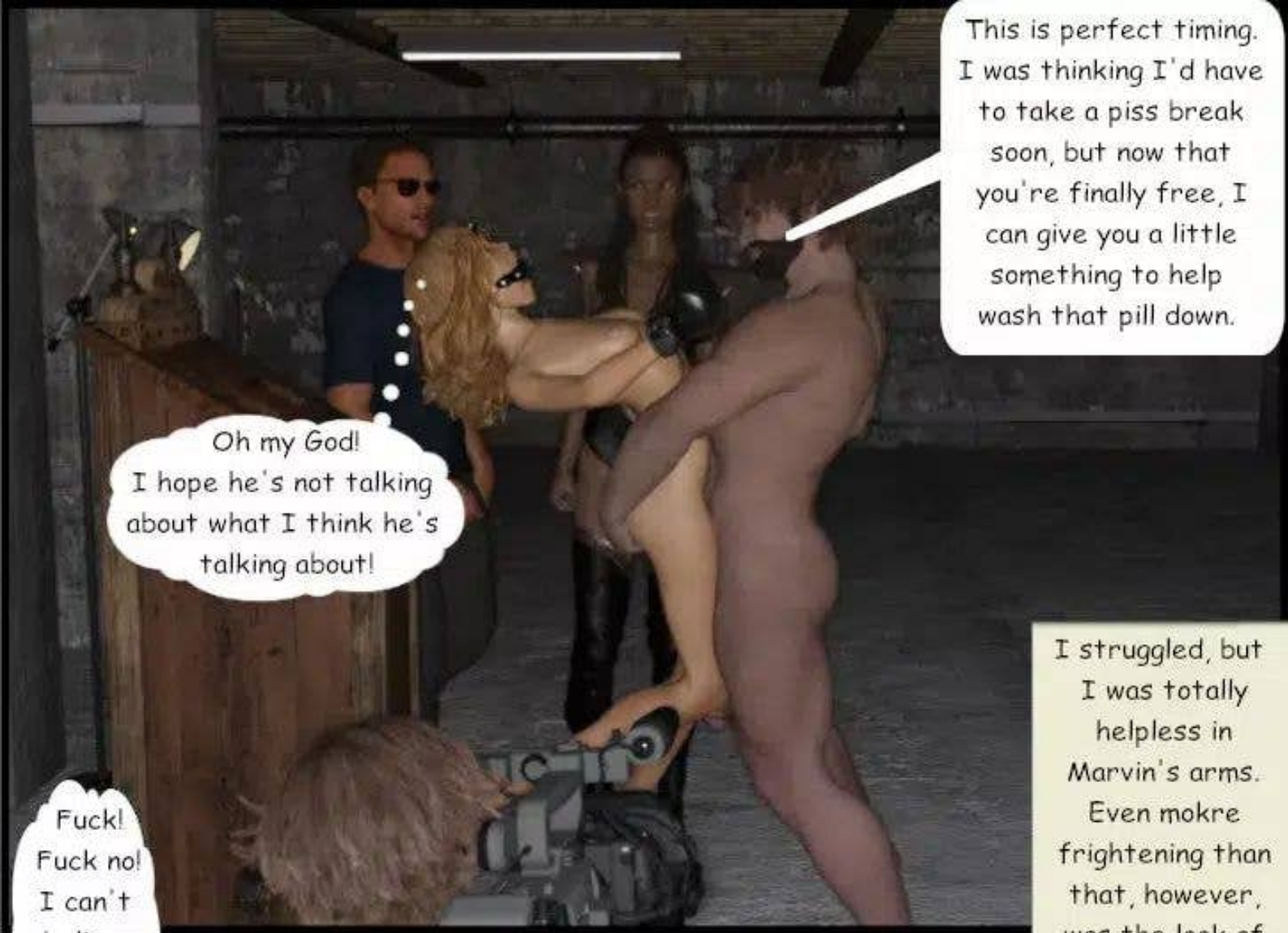
Part of me wanted to
turn my head away--but
I knew Greg or Marvin
would only turn it back.
And, despite what it
would mean, I did want
the pill to take away my
pain. I didn't have the
courage to face what-
ever they might do to me
next, without it.

Damn it, I'm so screwed.
I can't believe how stupid I was to get myself
into this mess. And once I forget, they can
do this over and over.



Easy there, Big Guy. I
wouldn't want you to
break her... not until
after I've had my
fun, anyway.

I had no idea
what they
planned to do
with me next.
I was pretty
sure I wouldn't
like it, but I
was glad to be
getting off the
alter. My limbs
needed some
time to recover.



This is perfect timing. I was thinking I'd have to take a piss break soon, but now that you're finally free, I can give you a little something to help wash that pill down.

Oh my God! I hope he's not talking about what I think he's talking about!

Fuck! Fuck no! I can't believe this is happening.

I struggled, but I was totally helpless in Marvin's arms. Even more frightening than that, however, was the look of eager amusement in his eyes.




Quite your struggling slave! You might as well relax and try to enjoy it, because this is happening

Open up, my little fuck-pet... oh wait, you already are. He, he. Good the ring's made of metal, or you might have chew-ed right through it.



Oh yeah!
Give it to
her.

I couldn't believe this was happening, but his cock just kept getting closer and closer to my face.



Why is this happening to me? I must have done something to deserve this. I almost wish I'd done something to deserve this



Even though I knew it was coming, I was still a bit shocked and surprised when the burst of warm liquid splashed against the back of my mouth. Surprised because it didn't taste quite as bad as I expected. If I hadn't known what it was it might even have tasted... not good exactly, but not that bad either.

Why don't we go pick out her next torture?



Alright, my little squeeze box, up you go.

AHHH!

It was impossible not to swallow my pill, with Marvin's waste filling my mouth. Then, when he was finished relieving himself, Greg grabbed me by my lats and squeezed tight enough to hurt as he picked me up by my side muscles.

A few minutes later, they had me out of what I was wearing and had given me new things, including the strap Greg was applying.

I wonder how hard a bite this thing has?

I like to call this position the clam shell.

You should thank me. I'm not even going to make your elbows touch.

Stop struggling, bitch!

I wasn't really struggling anymore. I was just reacting to having my nipple pinched while being poked in the back with a knee.

Ow! Damn, that hurt... It's perfect! He, he, he.

Down... More... Touch that nose to your knees.

Still, I'd been struggling for hours, and by now I was so worn and mentally exhausted that I couldn't find the energy anymore. At least not without significant motivation.

At first I wasn't sure exactly what Greg was trying to do, but when I realized that he was trying to bend me over, so that my breasts were crushed against my knees, I found a little renewed energy to fight. My legs were already feeling stiff and weak, so I dropped to my knees and tried to straighten my body back out. It worked, but only for a moment. Then the wicked witch chimed in with her biting wand. And the three of them overpowered me easily.

That's right!
Slaves belong on
their knees

I think our slave likes being punished. Is that it? Do you like being punished, slave?

Nothing I do makes
any difference!

I'll punish
you, Bitch! Take
that!

A few moments later, I was helplessly flat.

This fire wand isn't as strong as some... but that just means I can hold it against her skin even longer. Right against her juicy little cunt. Wonder how long it will take her to go crazy?

It's all good ... as long as you don't kill her... or leave any burn marks. He, he, he!

Alright... I know you heard me tell you not to kill her!

I'm doing a little experiment. I'm seeing how long it takes her to realize that I'll stop shocking her, if she'll make an effort to stand up on her feet.

AA

See, slave? All you've gotta do is make a little effort to be a good slut, and things go so much easier.

She's fucking insane! There's no way I can get to my feet with my legs strapped to my body like this.

Ah, you poor little slut. Sounds like a tough command!

Still, I think you better try. It's starting to smell like fried fish down there.

AH!
AH!
AH!

I was certain there was no way I'd be able to rise to my feet.

That's a good little fuck-slut! Push yourself up. That's it.



But it's pretty amazing what you can do when you have the right motivation.

Look at you! My stupid fuck slut is doing it!

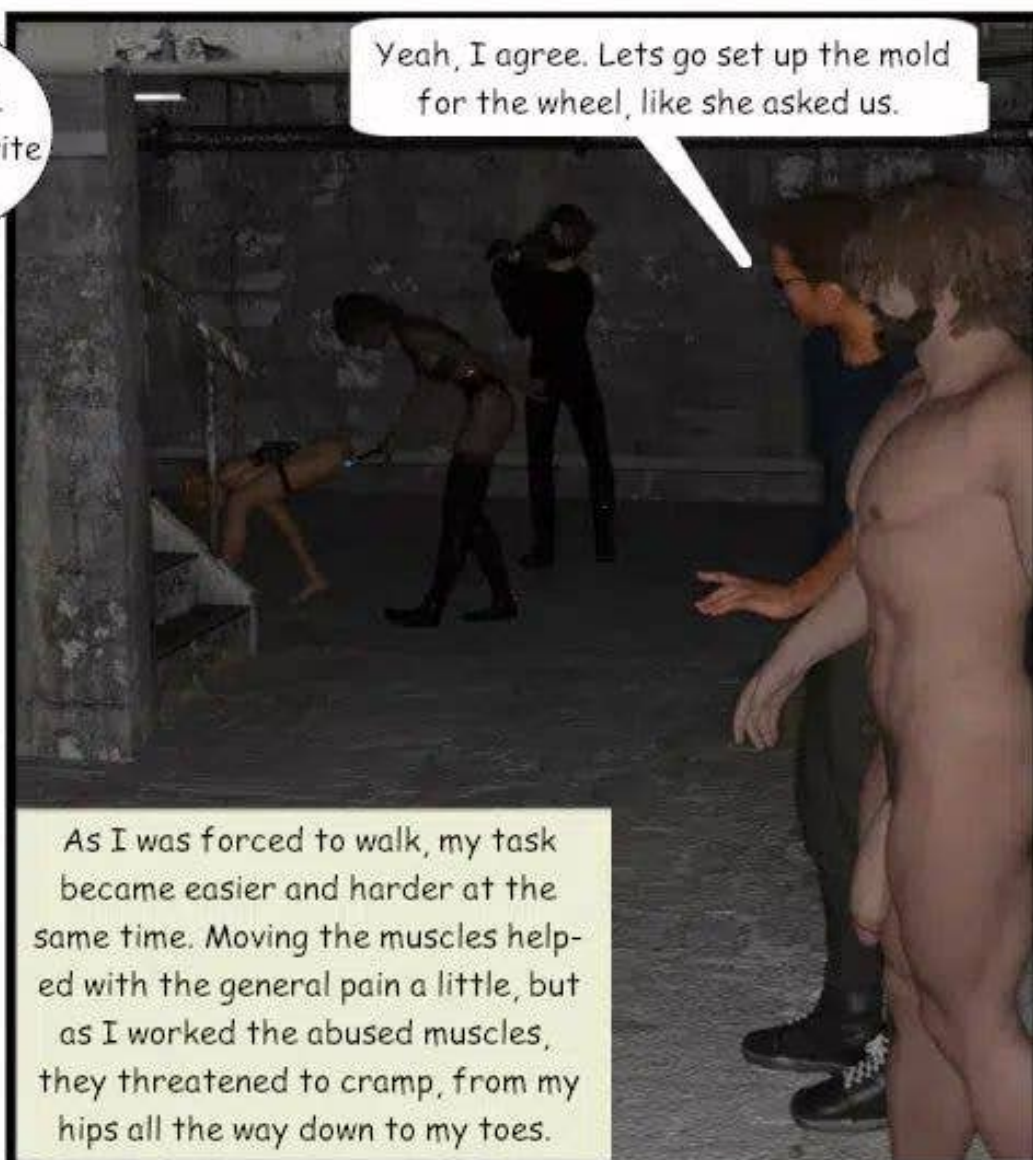


Oh God! I think she's trying to kill me!

Raising myself onto my feet may have been the most difficult thing I'd ever done in my entire life. My legs were shaking; the muscles ached and I wanted to collapse, but I knew I couldn't give up now.



Sorry slut, but you're not done yet. It's time to take you for a little spin around the room. Gotta exercise those legs so they don't turn blue.



Easy now, the mold is delicate

A few minutes later, the boys were putting some strange, plastic-like contraption around my body.



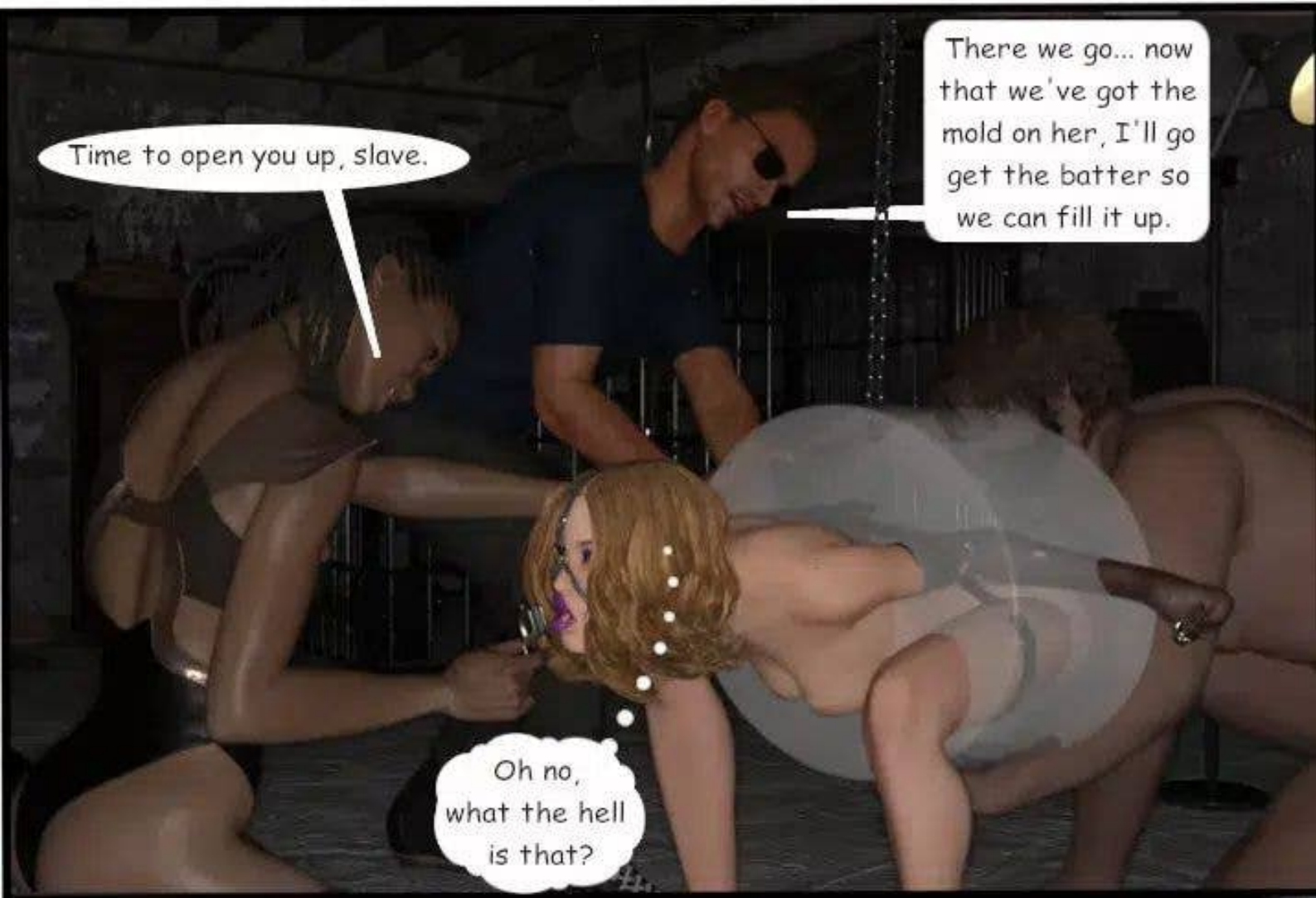
While Kerry painted my lips.

Why is she putting lipstick on me



Time to open you up, slave.

There we go... now that we've got the mold on her, I'll go get the batter so we can fill it up.



Oh no, what the hell is that?

What is that stuff?

Oh...
cooll

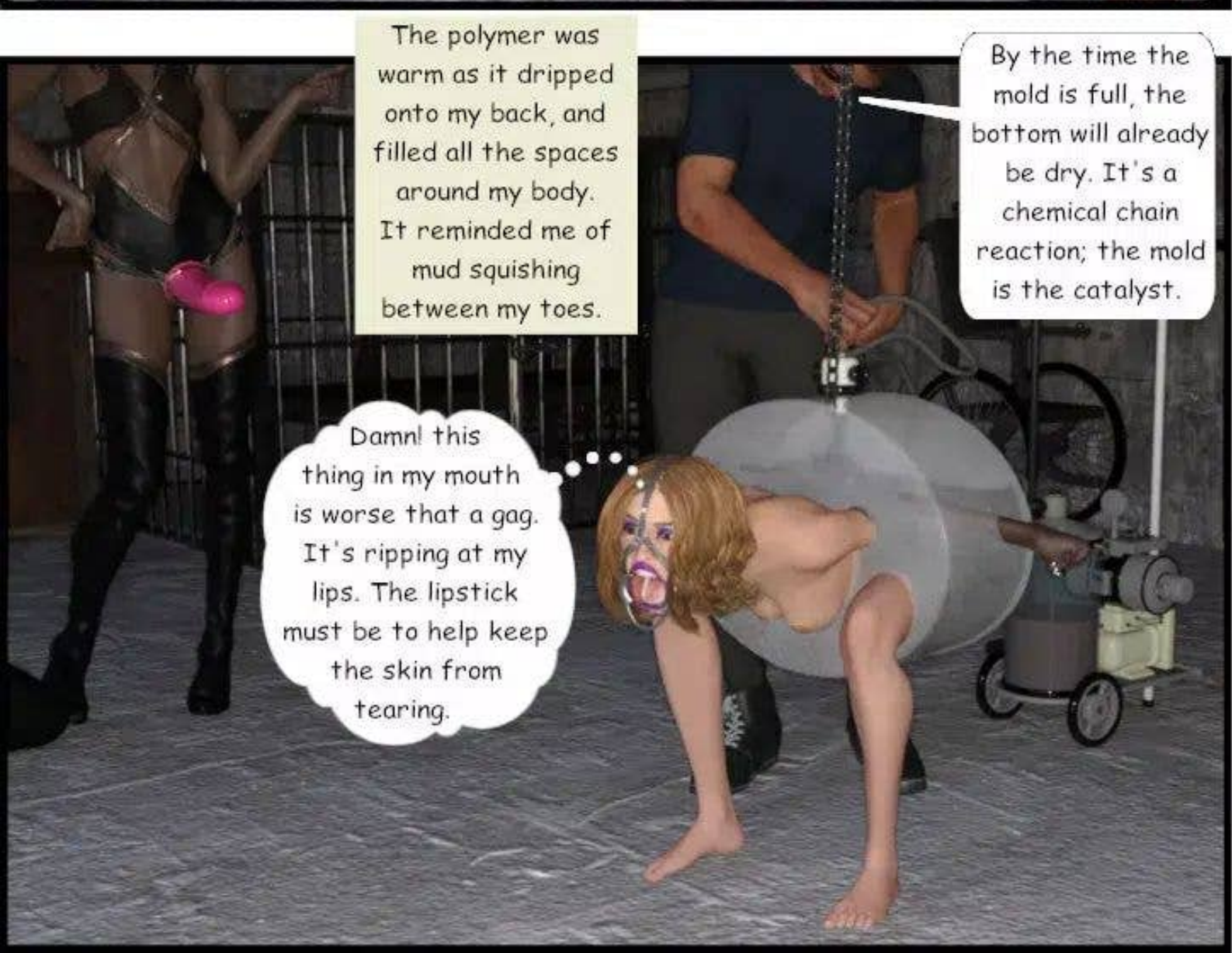
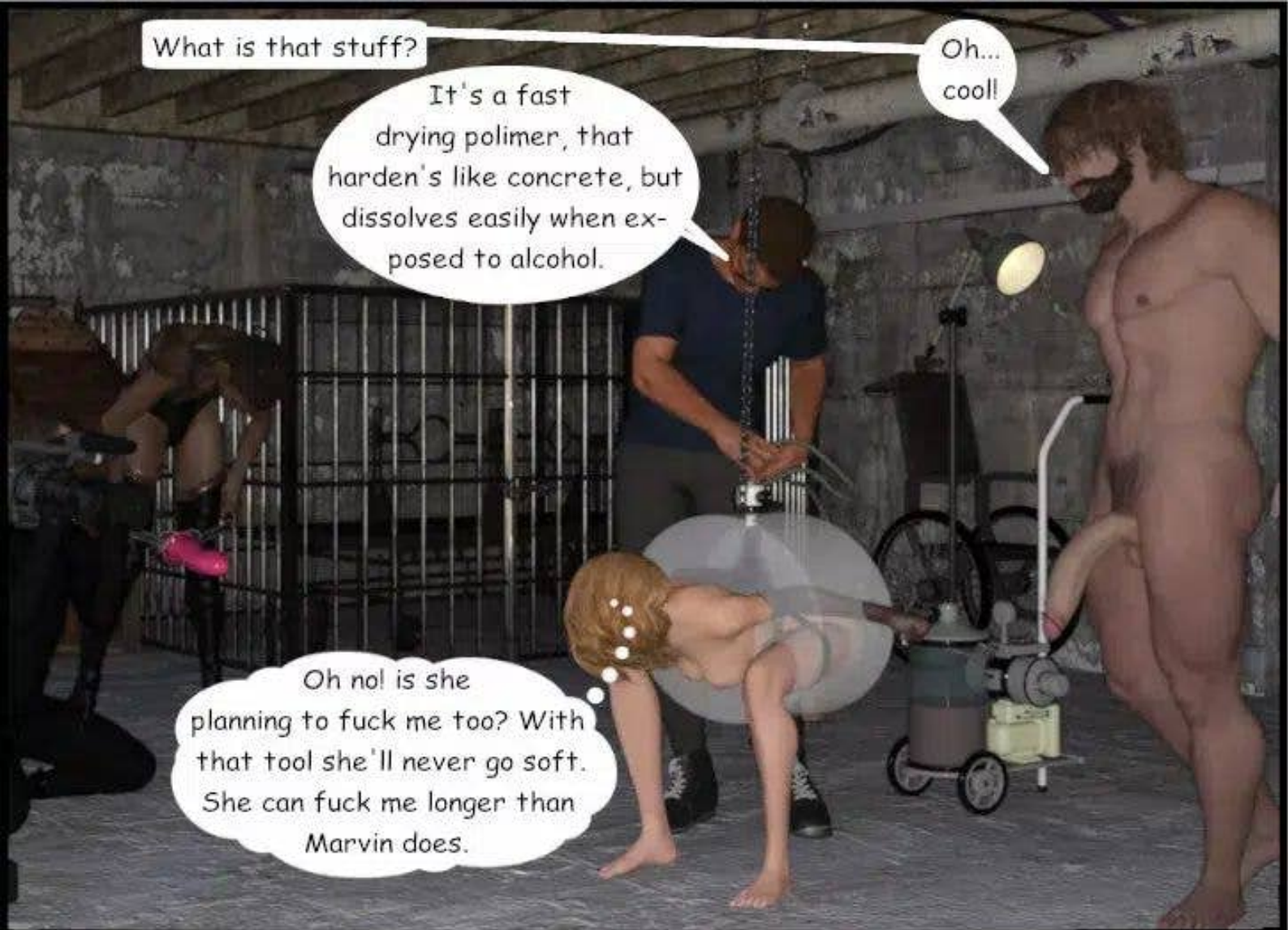
It's a fast
drying polimer, that
harden's like concrete, but
dissolves easily when ex-
posed to alcohol.

Oh nol is she
planning to fuck me too? With
that tool she'll never go soft.
She can fuck me longer than
Marvin does.

The polymer was
warm as it dripped
onto my back, and
filled all the spaces
around my body.
It reminded me of
mud squishing
between my toes.

By the time the
mold is full, the
bottom will already
be dry. It's a
chemical chain
reaction; the mold
is the catalyst.

Damn! this
thing in my mouth
is worse that a gag.
It's ripping at my
lips. The lipstick
must be to help keep
the skin from
tearing.



While Greg put the polymer pump away, Marvin adjusted the height of my solid cage with a remote control, and Kerry removed the mold, which broke like spun sugar, after chemically interacting with the polymer.



Despite my precarious position, I couldn't help admiring the evil genius of the whole set up. In less than fifteen minutes they'd encased me in a block of polymer that looked just like concrete. Soon after, the real fun began. A chain was used to pull back my head, and weighted clamps were attached to my nipples. Then Marvin pushed me like a swing, while Kerry tried to spear my rear end with a massive dildo spear. Each time she missed my hole, it left a bruise.





Send her to me, big guy.

Damn, this is harder than it looks. I hit the hole, this time, but I didn't push hard enough to get the plug inside her.



Grrr!
When I strike hard, I don't have enough control to hit to hole. I missed again!

Damn it, all I'm good for like this, is being a big pin cushion, stuck repeatedly by big pricks.

And the stupid pain pill isn't kicking in yet either! He must have lied to me about that too. The only thing he told the truth about is not remembering.



Their little game of 'plug the hole' went on for what seemed like hours. Kerry kept trying to find the right formula between power and accuracy... and each time she rammed that rubber plug against my behind it left a deeper bruise. I was already a bit raw from being fucked so much, and now...



I'd feel pain from two sources. And they'd only been at it for... how long had it been? It seemed like days, but it had probably been less than 12 hours. Which meant I still had days of this left to endure, if Greg was telling the truth about even that.



The only thing I can do is try to endure this



And then, mercifully came the final blow. I could feel my sphincter muscles giving way as they finally stretched far enough to accept the massive plug. The fit was just tight enough to hold my weight.

He, he, he! Got you, you slippery bitch!



I could feel my weight trying to pull the plug out, but clamped down as hard as I could with my muscles and, thankfully, it was enough. The last thing I wanted was for Kerry to start all over aagain.

Oh!
Good job,
Kerry.

Yeah,
I did it!
I wasn't
actually
sure if it
could be
done.

Now...why don't you use your
stick to see if you can push
her face onto my dick?



As it turned out, she could!



That nasty, springy thing in my mouth held my lips open so wide that even his massive cock slipped easily inside. The only challenge at all was forcing me to deep throat Marvin. And I'd had enough recent practice that my throat muscles were didn't put up much resistance either.


Go on!
Fuck me
with her!




She's such a fucking slut. I Should have know this would be the easy part.

Damn right, this is easy. Even though I can't breath, I'd take this over having my rear rammed into any time.





Lets see how long our big dick fan can go without breathing.



Woah! Face girl has some lungs on her. Look at her... so happy she's kicking her feet. Good thing, that way I'll know when she's finally passed out. He, he, he.

I hoped she was kidding, but there wasn't anything I could do about it if she weren't. I lived or died ... totally at her mercy.

So, when she surprised me and didn't make me pass out after all, a very strange thing happened. And even as I felt it happening, I tried not to let it... but that was like trying not to feel pain when you stub your toe. No matter how much you don't want to feel the pain... you do. And now, no matter how much I wish I wasn't feeling it, I was. Instead of hating Kerry for what she was doing to me... instead of feeling that she was a cruel and evil person... I was feeling an overwhelming sense of gratitude. I couldn't help thinking that she could have let me pass out. She could have left me dangling there until I was moments away from being brain dead. I couldn't stop her. She had complete control over me... and she didn't even like me. And yet, she'd shown me a mercy I hadn't expected. A mercy I had no right to expect. And that simple act of mercy filled me with with an unexpected flood of overwhelming gratitude.



Alright, she's breathed enough air... bring that space ship back onto the docking pin.

Oh my... I think she was starting to like that.

She was wrong, of course. As wonderful as the air tasted; and as grateful as I was that my mistress had given it to me, somewhere deep down inside, I didn't like the change going on inside me one little bit.

After a while their game changed. Kerry put away her stick and they began pushing me back and forth, like a swing. The object of this new game was to see if they could spear my ends with their tools. I felt bad when he teased my mistress for not being as good at this as him.

Like the gap-gag doesn't give you an advantage?



When my mistress declared victory, I was almost happy for her. But there was still that little nagging part of me that rebelled.



She stuck my pussy instead of my ass; and once again I felt gratitude.

As the winner, Kerry, decided what to do with me next. But first they had to get me out of this oval contraption.



Screech

Let's see...
Now how do I get this thing to start letting you down?



I something moving closer but with my head secured, I couldn't see what it was. In fact, it wasn't until I felt the end of the probe pressing against my ass that I understood. And once again, I felt that unwanted sense of gratitude as she carefully eased me down onto it. She could have just slammed me down onto it, like they'd been doing everything else... but instead, she carefully spread my cheeks and guided it in, gently, almost lovingly.



Okay, you've been a good slave, so we're going to letting you down now; and we'll do it gently. Then, if you're still good, I'll give you a little reward soon.

Why do I feel so damn grateful to her? She's the one causing all my pain!



After they got me onto the stool, Marvin went and got a garden hose.



Kerry shoved her crotch into my face, while Marvin dripped what I assumed must be alcohol onto the concrete-like material. It hissed when it made contact.

At first, the sound and smell was a little scary. It sounded like acid and smoked like solder, but when the little flames of disintegration hit my skin, it felt cool... and tingled like putting hydrogen peroxide on a minor scrape.



A single drop of alcohol immediately burned a good sized hole into the material, and it quite eating it away for a long time, so the process actually went a good bit faster than would have expected.



Are you going to be a good slave?

I'm not sure I should trust you. you could be lying to me.

Calling me mistress is a nice start. Shows you want to be a good slave for now.

ieth ithes

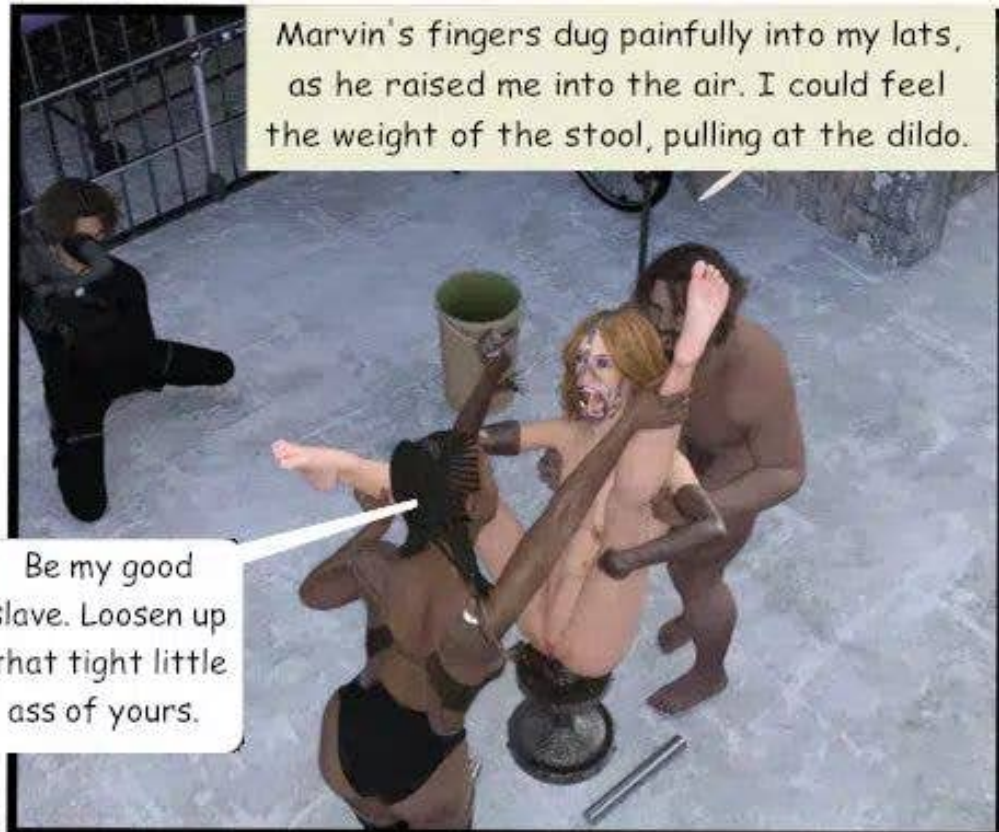
Nawh
ithesss
Ih
shuh-
heir

Continue to be good and I'll reward you... but don't test me. I haven't even begun to show you how much of a bitch I can be to my bad slaves.

For a moment, as she threatened to tip me over, I felt a sharp fear grip me. The stool I was sitting on had a massive, built-in dildo, that would tear me up inside if I toppled over. But when Marvin caught me... I felt that damn-able, but overwhelming sence of gratitud once again.

eowhl

thank
God! I
thought for
sure I was
done for.



Marvin's fingers dug painfully into my lats, as he raised me into the air. I could feel the weight of the stool, pulling at the dildo.

Be my good slave. Loosen up that tight little ass of yours.

Fortunately, my ass was loose from all the recent penetrations, but it still felt like I was shitting out a constipated load as the stool's own weight finally pulled it out of



Good girl... you're being such a good slave. See? things go so much nicer when you do what you're told. Good slaves always do exactly what they're told. And you want to be a good slave, don't you? That way I don't have to punish you. Instead, I can spend some time making you feel good... oh so good!

I'm not sure why, after everything I'd been thru, but when the stool crashed to the floor, the loud noise made me feel suddenly more embarrassed than I was.

Since you've been a good slave, for the last few minutes, I think it's time to remove that nasty little gape-gag and those ponygirl gloves. I'll bet you're feeling pretty dry about now, hum? Could you help me with that, Marvin? While I go find what we'll need for her next position.

Yes ma'am!
It would be my pleasure.

Ankh
hew
ithess



There was no way of knowing whether my new mistress would keep her word or not. For All I knew she ws just tormenting me with these promises... but intended to move me into some new form of torment that was just as bad as the last. And, if so, I was completely helpless to do anything about it. That realization caused a knot to form in my belly, like a small ball of hot lead. And yet, that dread also seemed to cause a tingling sensation to grow between my legs.



It feels strange to just stand here doing nothing



Wonder if it's some sort of test?

As Marvin took the stool (and the parts used to prop it up) away, my mistress gave me a bit of water to drink; then she removed the gape-gag, as she called it. It was the worst of all the gags so far, and I was ever so grateful to have it out--even if it came with a pinched nipple.



Good little fuckmeat. You could have used your limited freedom to try and escape.

But you didn't.

So it was a test... and I passed!



knowing that I'd passed her test filled me with a strangely warm feeling. Not exactly happiness, as I'd known it in the past, but there was definitely a feeling of excitement and accomplishment. It was strong. And weirdest of all, it made me feel powerful, instead of so weak.

My powers were limited, of course, but I wasn't completely helpless. I had some small measure of control over what happened to me, as long as I was obedient.

Wish she'd given me more water.... Damn, my jaw feels like it's was broke and got stuck open.



Good girl... work that jaw. Get those muscles limbered up again.



I expect I'll be leaving in the next fifteen minutes or so. After all, I have a business and it's not going to run itself. Gotta find the next hot babe we can sucker into doing our bondage videos. Besides, I suspect you and our slave wouldn't mind having a little private time together. But, before I go, if there's any last little thing you'd like me to help you with...

Did you hear that, Slave? What do you think? Should we give Marvin a little something to do before he goes.

Ahhh! If it pleases you mistress.

Very well, why don't you remove the rest of her gear and put it away.

So, Marvin removed my ponygirl gloves and the head harness, while my mistress went to gather the things I'd need for my next ordeal.

Oh no... what does she have planned for me next? No, don't think about it. Just focus on being a good slave.



Mistress was right, things were so much more pleasant when I did what I was told. This little moment of domestic preparation was almost pleasant. Despite the belt being pulled just a little too tight, it reminded me of my mother dressing me as a little girl. Like that little girl, my mistress owned me, but she was also my protector.



Lift your arms.

Yes, Mistress.

That's my good girl.



The belt is so tight...

...but it feels interesting the way it's squishing all my organs. I feel them moving, and there's that oddly sexual pressure.

There was a moment of panic as my mistress put the brace around my neck--I didn't like it one bit. And the sound of the drill didn't help either. But my mistress reassured me with cooing words of comfort, and I relaxed once again into her paternal care.



Easy there, girl. You've been such a good slave, don't blow it now. Everything is going to be okay.



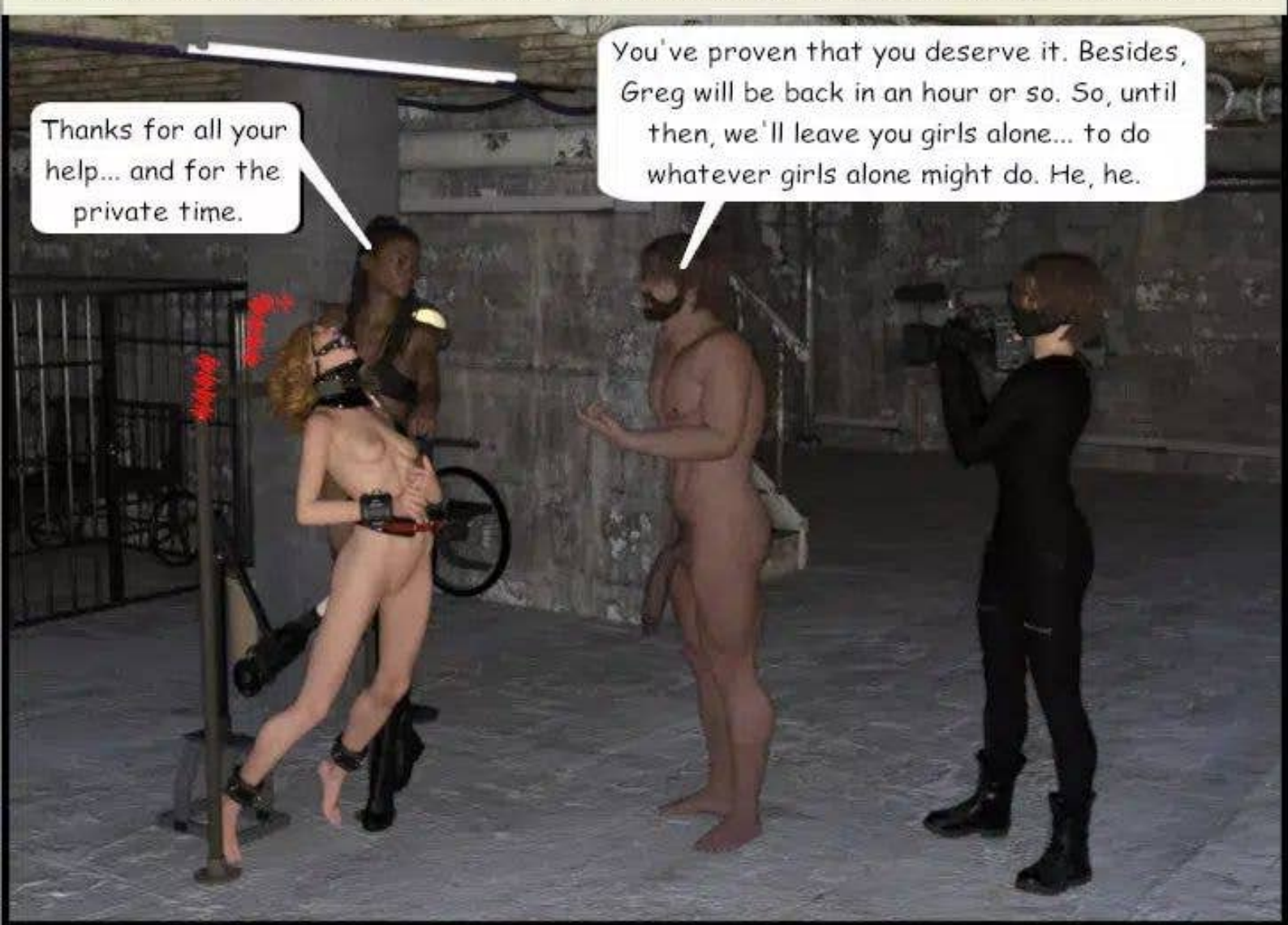
Good girl. The hard part's almost over now.



I liked it even less when she closed the bar around my neck brace and gently guided the dildo inside me, which forced me to arch my back. The dildo supporting most of my weight.



As the dildo moved deeper into my pussy, it pressed against the displaced organs, including the ones with sexual purposes... and it created an intense feeling of pleasure that was new to me.



Thanks for all your help... and for the private time.

You've proven that you deserve it. Besides, Greg will be back in an hour or so. So, until then, we'll leave you girls alone... to do whatever girls alone might do. He, he.



Each time the dildo lifted my weight, it caused a dull ache deep inside me... but that dull ache was like the frosting on a larger pool of pleasure that seemed to hum thru my whole body. It was like a conduit of pleasure that started between my lets and run up to the nipple that my mistress kept tugging on. Each pull was like a door bell, saying "*come open me up, mistress!*"

Oooh! You're definitely starting to like it now, aren't you, my pretty little slut.

Alright kid, lets leave the girls alone. You can start filming again when Greg gets back.

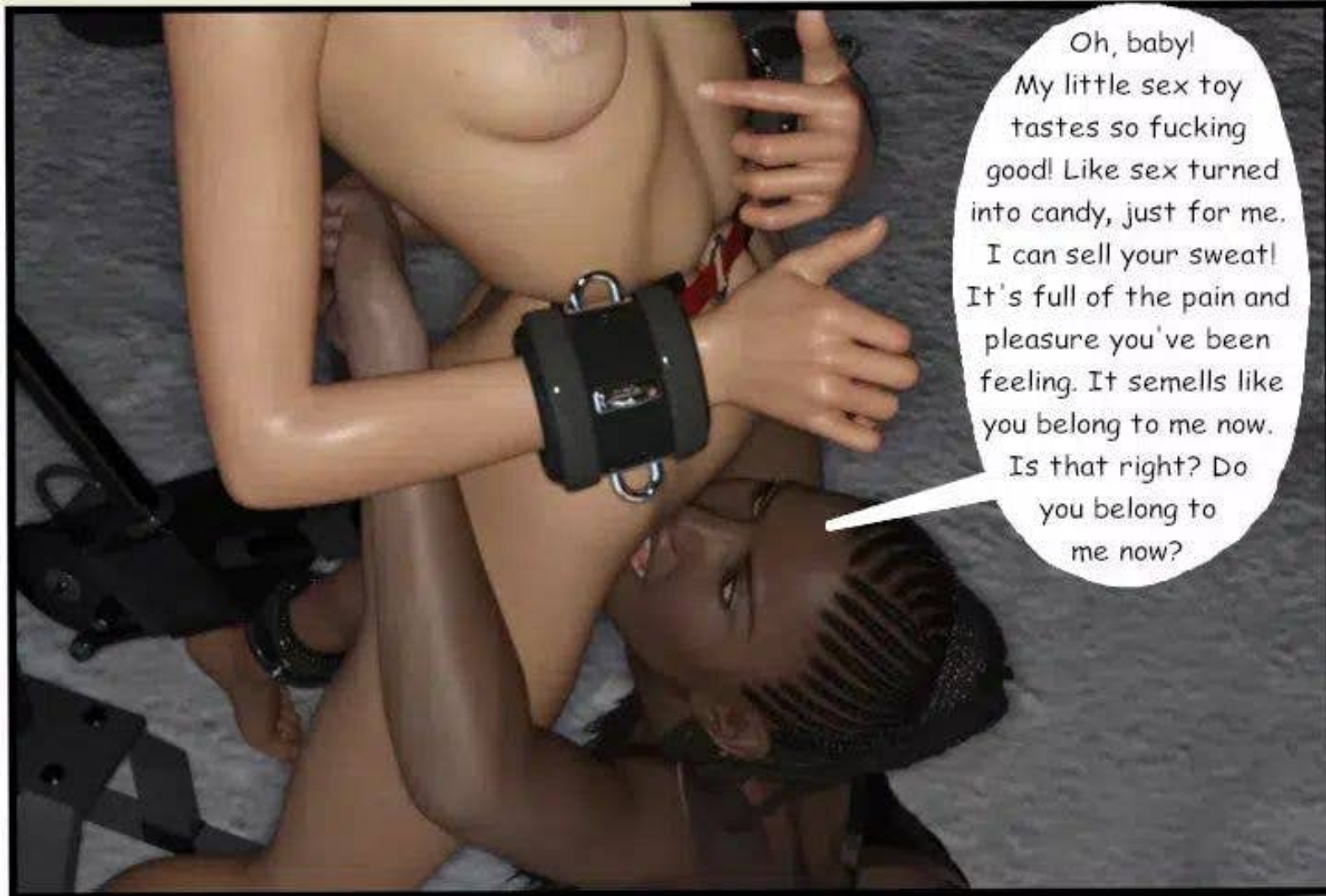




Oh God! This is so good I... I can't stand it.



One thing I'll say for her, my mistress definitely knows how to pleasure another woman. Which probably means at some point she'll be training me how to do the same... but at the moment, I don't care. The pleasure is so intense it borders on the edge of pain. Just as the pain, not that long ago, was so intense that it borderd on the edge of pleasure. As they say, there's a thin line between the two. Very thin.



Oh, baby!
My little sex toy tastes so fucking good! Like sex turned into candy, just for me. I can sell your sweat! It's full of the pain and pleasure you've been feeling. It smells like you belong to me now. Is that right? Do you belong to me now?



After the first time I came, it wasn't quite so hard to think. I'm multi-orgasmic, so the pleasure didn't end, but as it began to build to another crescendo, I had time to think. With every dildo thrust and every tongue lick, I could feel myself falling deeper into the trap they'd set for me. Part of me wasn't sure I didn't want it, but another small part hoped I wouldn't remember any of this. And that I could figure out a way to end it. As much as my body loved it, I didn't want to be a slave... I didn't want to want it so damn much.



Even as the pleasure made my fingers curl, I felt the small discomfort as my nails scratched lightly across my skin. And that gave me an idea. I didn't know if it was possible, but...

I began to cratch my nail over the same small patch of skin, over and over; careful to keep the movements contained so that they would spell out a word. Something short and simple.



A subtle message to my future self. It had to be subtle to avoid drawing the attentions of my current masters. But also something that would make me wonder. Something that would cause me to take action. As I scraped my skin, I hardly felt... I was feeling too many other things.





It will be something I barely notice. An incidental scratch that I only notice when I'm in the shower. The water and soap will make it sting, so I'll take a closer look and see the scratches spell out the word "HELP" and I won't remember making those scratches. So I'll know I had to make them during one of my sessions... and the only reason I would make one is if I didn't like how they were going.



were going.

Why would I ask myself for help, unless the sessions were so horrible I really couldn't stand them any longer.



It will take a little time. I won't like to admit that I was so wrong about Greg (or his sessions) ... and I'll like even less what I'll know I have to do about it. But in the end...



In the end, self preservation will force me to do what has to be done. So I'll dress up in something conservative (I think I have at least one outfit like that) ... I'll give myself one last look in my mirror, and then I'll head for the door.



I'll call him as I'm walking over to his dorm... Good old veteran's benefits. He wants to become a doctor... after being a sniper and a top secret infiltrator guy... Or whatever the hell he was.

Yeah, I know you don't want to talk to me, but....

I'm in a real jam. I need your help.

Yes... yes, I'll do whatever you want, this time. I swear. I won't even complain....

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After I've knocked on his door, I'll stand there in the hall, thinking about leaving before he answers, as I have so many time before... but this time I won't run away again. I'll do what has to be done.

I hate this old building.

I really need your help, Bro.

We'll sit and talk it out for a few hours, something that should have been done a long time ago. At this point, I can't even remember what caused us to fall out anymore. (That's a lie, of course I remember. I wanted to live in the fast lane and he wanted me to go to church.)



You really need to turn your life around

Going to church would be a good start.



Sure, I'll start going to church again.

But I won't promise to believe in God. I mean that's not something I can force.

He'll lay out all the changes he expects me to make. Going to church... wearing less revealing clothes.



No messing around this time. I'm serious. You've got to take control of your life. This has to be the last time you get yourself into a mess like this. I can't keep bailing you out. You have to care enough about your own life to do the right thing, you know? I mean, get a decent job. One that's steady and doesn't require you to be taking off your clothes. Move into a better neighborhood, maybe even move back home with mom and dad, you know? They have a nice place and they'd love to have you around. You can stay there until you get back on your feet and then, since you've saved up some money you can get your own place if you want. I'm not making you do anything you can't do... if you really want to. All I want is for you to make something of yourself. You've always had so much going for you. Just do something with your life. Maybe you could even go back to school. I bet there are lots of things you could do. All I ask is that you do one of...

He has such an analytical mind, I'll bet he'll be able to tick them all off without even thinking. And I won't like any of them... but they'll all be things that will probably make my life better.



Yeah, okay. I guess I can do that.



After our little talk, he'll get dressed up in his raiding gear. Wearing his night goggles and stuff, he'll break into Greg and Marin's place and search until he finds what he's looking for.



Maybe he'll take a few valuables too, so it doesn't look so much like he came just for me.



Once he's found it, he'll load up all the evidence, so there's nothing left to blackmail me. Then he'll take it all back to his place and watch it there.




I really wish he wouldn't do that.... It's bound to make things between us a little strange, but I know him to well. There's no way he's not going to look into why I asked him to do this.



The more he watches, the angrier he'll get... until... I'm not sure exactly **what** he'll do. Maybe he'll turn the evidence over to the police. That will be embarrassing. Or maybe he'll be angry enough to burn their little scam to the ground... maybe even kill them. That thought fills me with a warm feeling (although it has some help) but I'm not sure I want him to do that. He's trying to change his life too. I think he deserves a new start after what happened to him.

But, whatever he does... the one thing I'm sure of is that he'll make things better.





Of course, **none** of that will ever come true if I don't do everything perfectly. So I keep scratching and scratching, until my skin tingles and itches. Even with what Kerry is doing between my legs, I can still feel it. And I can't help wondering if I've done too much damage. If they notice what I've done, there will be hell to pay for sure. And, for all I know, they plan to give me a full body mod, before they let me go. And all my work will be for naught.

It's a fine line between success and failure. Between doing too little or doing too much. And, even if I do it just right, everything else has to go just right too. The chances of that aren't good, but I keep going... gently digging and scratching... hoping! Even though I know there's a part of me that doesn't really want it. A part that would really rather I just fail.

The end