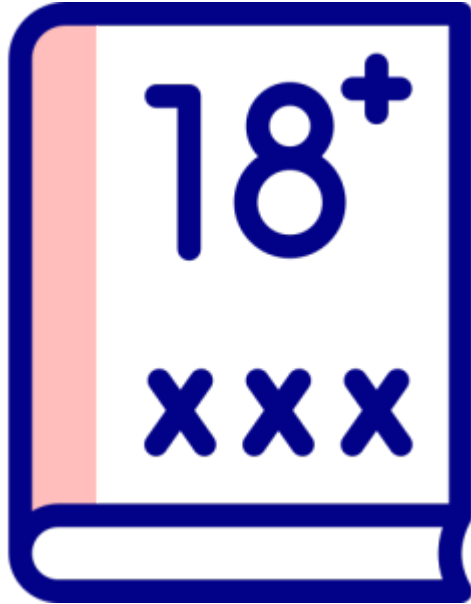


# Dee's Tao

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## The Way Of An Anatomically Challenged Masochist

**By Boli**

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Disclaimer: The following is a work of fiction intended for legal adults who are legally free to indulge in material that involves f/f, consensual, heavy BDSM and other sexual situations. If you are a minor, or are offended by such material, please visit your local newspaper to witness the real horrors of the world. This story is about Deanna, a severely anatomically challenged, foot fetish- masochist, who seeks and receives increasingly severe humiliation and punishment. If you enjoy reading about The Way of a true feminist, who is true to herself (though rather anatomically impossible), please step in. There are seven parts of the story ready to post. Please feel free to offer candid comments and even suggestions for how you would like to see the story proceed. Contact at [boli@mindspring.com](mailto:boli@mindspring.com) Enjoy.

# Chapter One

## **Humiliation On Fifth Avenue (Anatomically Challenged, Torture Bra and Sexy Feet)**

It has been said that ultimate truth is a very personal thing; that few things can be secured with universal approval as being absolute. The debate regarding the validity of this proposal is replete with numerous musings and compelling, rational thought. Suffice to say that worthy individuals such as you and I do, as often as possible, attempt to create and control our own present and future circumstances and having succeeded even to a small measure, know with certainty, that it is a “real” and secure thing. Such is the case for Deanna Winston, a most worthy, enduring, and highly unusual presence - extremely and shockingly so, as we shall discover - in the universe of 1989, where the first scene of her story begins.

She is making her way through the bustling pedestrian traffic of New York’s Fifth Avenue, on her way to the office of Dr. Marsha Kline, known within her profession as a renowned but rather mysterious expert in the fields of female hormone disturbances. She is also highly regarded for her occasional forays into plastic surgery. Dee is in desperate need of Dr. Kline’s services and has managed to steel her nerves for the visit and the particularly intimate and unusual examination she knows is forthcoming.

Dee is one of those rare women that though not beautiful falls into that other meaningless category of very attractive. However, if it is true that “pretty is as pretty does,” then Deanna Winston can be regarded as one of the world’s most dazzling goddesses of beauty and pulchritude. Discarding the extreme proportions of her unbelievable hourglass figure, she would still be an imposing presence in most companies. Her five foot eleven inch height is solidly distributed on a medium-heavy frame. The only significant fat she possesses is distributed massively in her breast and buttocks.

One of the many accommodations necessary to adapt to her evolving abundance, is daily strengthening rituals, especially her shoulders, back and legs. Accordingly, her long legs, extremely strong back and abdomen are well defined by larger than average, almost perfectly honed muscles. Her skin exhibits a smooth, pale

complexion. This is because she usually keeps herself well covered in order to hide a multitude of old and new scars, welts, punctures and other bondage residues that have very much been her pleasure to collect during the last twelve years. Some are livid evidence of what must have been extremely savage beatings and “abuse”. Most in fact, were administered by herself and her mother. Others were contributed by her only two high school friends. Only one of the latter stays in touch on rare occasions.

Being the unremitting masochist that she is, self-inflicted pain and public humiliation have been her principal recourse during the last five years. Many opportunities were possible for the inclusion of other interested parties to put Dee through the paces. She rejected both the overt and covert offers with politeness and occasionally, with questionable regret. None of the people offering themselves seemed to possess the special characteristics she intuitively knew she required.

Dee is a paradoxical presence. Her body, despite its obvious disproportion, projects a real as well as perceived strength. Curiously, her demeanor exhibits a combination of resolve and self-confidence, in concert with a passive-like submissiveness. It is not a complicated state of affairs. Quite simply, she has long had the ability to recognize that her public and private affairs are separate slices of her life. She reigned over both with total control, switching from one to the other as circumstances, needs and desires dictate. She is the ultimate feminist, willing to fight viciously for any and all opportunities to have a choice in a matter. However, given the opportunity to make the choice, she will not, does not, suffer the value judgements of others, especially the deluded, self-proclaimed protectors of her gender. She is Deanna Winston first and foremost. All else, especially her gender, were less than secondary.

At the moment, Dee’s large, oval, hazel-blue eyes - which rarely gaze directly at another pair today - expose a persona of humiliation and suffering. It is real and it primes the pump of her now dribbling cunt. She licks her medium thick lips, which contour a wide, expansive, but very proportional mouth. The trained eye knows this mouth has the potential to absorb a lot of girth. It also has the potential to exhibit frequent and wonderfully broad and sincere smiles. An astonishing range of suffering and intense, sensual agony are also frequent visitors to her uniquely expressive eyes and mouth. Her longish, nervous tongue exposes itself briefly to

moisten her rapidly drying lips in anticipation of the struggle that is immediately forthcoming. A sharp erotic pang strikes the center of her bottomless pussy. Her head jerks back in response, causing her thick, slightly wavy, shoulder-blade-length, auburn hair to fly sideways.

Deanna Winston is indeed an awesome sight. She easily turns the heads of men and women whenever she is in public. One could follow her out of sight, simply by the sound of screeching brakes and the occasional loud, insulting hoots from the men and the silent but equally penetrating beta-noire stares from the women. Such frequent belittlement has been her fate since age ten when her early budding breasts exploded to a size 35C within ten months. By the time she had just turned twelve they had zoomed to 42DD. A visit to the family Doctor revealed that she certainly had a severe hormone problem. Medication required to halt the condition was not available. A breast reduction was not advised until physical maturation was complete and all growth had ceased.

On the day of her fourteenth birthday, her mother treated her to the choice of any skirt and blouse combination she wished. Off the shelf, dresses were out of the question due to the extreme nature of her figure. Moreover, her mother was not able to afford custom-made clothes. By this time, Dee was fast outgrowing even the larger sized off-the-rack blouses. She was five feet, five inches tall and was exhibiting the evolution of an extremely voluptuous figure. Her unusually small 22 inch waist was perceived as tiny when viewed in concert with her 38 inch hips and ass. Finding a nice skirt was much less challenging than selecting a matching blouse. Why? Because in the two year interim since age twelve, she had expanded from a 44DD to a 51EEE which necessitated a 48FF bra. This was close to the maximum size her mother could find locally. It was also becoming more painful to wear - much to Dee's increasing satisfaction. Her hormones continued their physiological anarchy into her fifteenth year.

A couple of months after Dee had turned sixteen, her mother decided that another trip to the Doctor was absolutely necessary. This was essential in part, because of the unrelenting growth of her breasts and the equivalent growth of Dee's genitalia which had also begun to manifest itself at age ten. She was also deeply disturbed and confused about Dee's "abnormal" behavior. At that time, Dee's bust and other

wildfire, hormone-fed anatomical “blessings” had evolved to an appalling size.

Later, about age eighteen, her biological mechanisms began slowing towards a “normal” situation. Within a year, she stopped growing. However all hell broke loose again at age 24, six months ago. She was now an absolute human anomaly.

Crossing over East 49th Street, she literally creates a Red Sea parting of the pedestrians in her proximity. Harried businessmen and women, as well as school children, casual shoppers, and the few panhandlers present, find themselves automatically sidestepping as Dee approaches them. Almost all, turn left or right and stare in goggle eyed amazement. She has long had the capacity to create these omnipresent humiliating gauntlets, which are populated by all manners of leering, gawking, often taunting, occasionally propositioning, citizens. Most of these people are, in fact, very honorable, considerate, citizens. At worst, they would only sneak a glimpse at the occasional presence of an unusual person in their mist. However, with Dee they HAVE to stop and stare. Some sling humiliating comments and insults at her, that, under ordinary circumstances, they would never think of uttering. In fact, Dee’s entire physical and psychological being compels them to stare. Some feel compelled to verbally abuse and mentally rape and torture her.

Dee knows this will happen, but being extremely shy, modest, unassertive and non-confrontational, endures it with only occasional tears, quite, choked-back sobs and rare eye contact.

The biggest problem for Dee in public circumstances is not the occasional seepage from her eyes, but the almost constant seepage from between her legs, once these gauntlets begin, which is usually as soon as she leaves her apartment. She experiences real fear and trepidation each time she has to be in public. The inevitable humiliation is truly dreaded. It is in fact, a small terror that only serves to infuse her libido before she even opens the door. Her passion and carnal devices often take possession of her once she is on the street. This rutting mind fuck produces greater humiliation, which of course, hones the cutting-edge pangs of her growing lust. To make matters worse, today, she has to walk over a mile. After managing 49th Street, there are still several blocks to traverse before she arrives at Dr. Kline’s office.

The only reasons that Dee has not gone mad from this humiliation is because of the persistent, and extremely brutal training and guidance provided by her mother until Dee was nineteen years old. Equally contributing was Dee's own psychology, and inner strength. Lately and especially today, (a lengthy, degrading walk such as this, in such crowded circumstances) has her at a fever pitch. She is just before starting to actually gush from her constantly seeping, obscene sized cunt. She has to dig deep in her arsenal of strength. The crowds are thicker and her quickened pace to be on time has caused the inevitable independent movements of her massive tits. They are the principal visage that has altered the crowd's attention and behavior.

Like most women with oversized breasts, Dee often attempts to downplay their size by wearing dark oversize blouses - now almost impossible to find off the shelf, and over-large vest or jackets. By now, it is impossible to hide the independent planets that constantly attempt to go into independent orbits of ever changing directions. God knows what havoc would take place if she were not wearing the single tailor-made bra that she was finally able to buy after saving for three months.

It could actually be classified as a harness, in that it was constructed of heavy canvas intermeshed with thin stainless steel. No frills here, just pure utility, which is decreasing monthly. The upper cup-supports are half-inch thick stainless steel loops that are triple sewed to the wire/canvas mesh with thin stainless steel wire that is covered with a layer of patent leather. The diameter of the cup openings where these loops are located, is eight inches. This used to be a perfect fit for the upper expanse of each breast. However, during the last six months they have become too small. Lately, each steel loop is over-lapped by a substantial amount of breast meat that quivers and undulates at her slightest movement. Today, the escaping flesh is very noticeable as two independent blouse bulging masses, the top four inches being visible above the pressure-lost top button of the blouse. It billows to the bottom of her neck. All of her vests and jackets are much too small too even attempt to wear. She has to depend on the blouse and the bra to maintain their integrity and to contain their colossal baggage.

Each cup of the harness/bra is connected by thick patent leather, which is secured by five layers of thin stainless steel stitching. Four-inch wide, heavily padded shoulder straps, connected at the top of the cups, intersect into a single two-inch

wide strap below her shoulder blades. It is looped through a brass D-ring stitched to the bottom rear of the bra, which extends to just above her 45-inch ass. This corset-like portion of the bra extends to just above her pubes in the front. Thus, we have a garment that covers the entire torso. To function, it must be connected at the front, via a severe clinching of metal stays and the dangling rear strap.

This two-inch wide slightly elastic strap which is the extension of the shoulder straps, hangs from the rear center of the bra, just above the terminus of her tight ass cleavage. After exiting the brass D-ring, it drapes over her rotund ass, gradually widening to six inches at the bottom of her butt, where it tapers back to a two-inch terminus. The last six inches of the strap consist of a stainless steel cover. This cover contains a series of metal projections that face outward.

In order to put this torture device on she must first drop the whole affair over her head. Then, she must bent over and reaching at total arm length, attempt - with increasing difficulty lately - to get each huge dangling, swaying breast in its proper cup. Accomplishing this, she must now somehow keep her still unrestrained, heavy hanging monsters away from her torso, in order to clench in the front stays on the front portion of the bra. One way she can accomplish this to wrestle each 25-plus pound cup-encased sac over her shoulders. Then, standing as still as possible in a slight bent back position, to prevent them from sliding off, she begins the ordeal of clinching in the metal stays. Lately, they have grown to such an extraordinary extent, that they frequently roll off her too-narrow shoulders, landing with a heavy slap against her chest, abdomen and hips.

There are ten connecting devices running down each of two, five-inch wide metal strips that have been welded to the front of the (as yet) unconnected front panels of the bra. Each open panel is attached to the bottom of the cups just above her waist. Thus, it would resemble an unbuttoned vest, that had been attached to the bottom of the permanently connected cups.

The only effective way to create the degree of support needed is to ratchet the thin flexible strips located (riveted) on the front of the left panel, through metal receiver loops located on the right panel. This was the tricky, painful part. Each of the receiver loops had a small hex screw at its top. Dee has to manually thread each

half- inch wide, ribbed, flexible strip, through its opposing receiver loop on the opposite panel. The metal strip was then ready for tightening, by inserting a special wrench over the hex nut and turning until the proper amount of constriction is attained.

Dee has a natural 24-inch waist, which at over five feet eleven inches and combined with a monumental 45 inch rotund ass, presents an awesome sight. However, the effectiveness of the bra/harness requires that she cinch herself down to an almost impossible, agonizing, twenty-one inches. And, this was when she first started wearing the device. Now, because of her last six-month ordeal of raging hormones and the resultant increase of her already obscenely huge sacs, she must ratchet herself down to tear emitting twenty inches.

This part of the process takes over a half an hour to complete. It requires that she ratchet a little at a time, working up and down in sequence. The front of the garment stops just above her pubes, compressing her thick mat of black, navel high cunt hair as flat as paper. Once this rather severe, self implemented, but necessary bondage is completed, her breathing becomes somewhat strained and limited. She loves it. It is an adjustment she has learned to make, whether at work, or attending to other personal affairs. However, the requirement of tightening an additional inch causes her to gasp rather frequently and to forcibly feed her starving lungs by consciously gulping as deep as possible and engaging in hyperactive breathing. This is especially true when she begins to move. Walking is especially stressful.

After completion of the ratcheting process, she must complete the most dreadful part of this one-hour total dressing process. In order to actually get her massive tits up off her torso to some degree, she must reach between her legs and draw the rear dangling strap up between the crack of her ass and over the six inch wide mountain of her obscenely large and hormone inflated vulva. More shocking is the fact that her fat usually slippery vulva is the residence of a now half-erect, still mostly hooded clitoris. It is a clit of such monumental proportions that some readers may wish to exit at this point rather than face up to the organic reality that nature can take, even if only once in billions of sets of possibilities. Medical journals are replete with the most hideous of oddities. Poor Dee, as noted, is an extreme case of genetics gone asunder. No matter, her prodigious anatomy will not be ignored. Besides, as we will

see, she is much more than mere ectoderm.

Before pulling the cup-hoisting strap in place, Dee must cram her huge and still growing vagina with several highly absorbent hand towels. This enables her to soak up as much of the cunt drool as possible. Lately even two towels do not seem to be enough. She knows she will end up leaking her hot effusions before she even leaves the apartment. Hopefully the towels and the severely tight bra strap will dam the mess up long enough to enable her to reach her destination.

The painful but necessary bondage of the harness/bra, the inevitable public humiliation and sheer physical sensations will definitely drive her to a sensual fury. The intensity will increase when her tits and ass begin their uncontrollable, tossing gyrations. She loves the weighty feel of her tits and the intense erotic sensation of the swaying and trouncing they give each other and her torso. As always, it will be a challenge not to cum during her walk. Added to this sweet agony will be the pulling, tearing and constant chafing that the bra/corset will inflict on her. However, as much as her tits will eventually sway and toss, without it she would surely be arrested as a public nuisance or exhibitionist. She did not really wish to exhibit herself to the extent she was getting ready to do so. She knew the embarrassment and public humiliation would further drive her into a heated frenzy. Thus, she must always prepare accordingly and use the towels.

After the towels were inserted, she must pull the strap with almost all her strength to get her tits to begin lifting up via its attachment to the shoulder straps. Due to her recent growth, she is just able to get the upper metal studded end of the strap into its corresponding, hex-nut receiver slot at the bottom of the now-closed front panels.

A larger wrench is required to ratchet the strap upward through the other receiver slots. Each agonizing inch results in a corresponding half-inch lift of the metal meshed cups. When the monsters are up far enough to project outward almost twenty incredible inches, she has to stop. The pressure on her anus (one of the few things below her waist that is of normal human dimensions) is too agonizing. Her obese pussy lips have started to mush out of the sides of the six-inch wide portion of the strap.

“AHHHHEEE... unhhh... OHH God almighty, I’m not going to make it to the Doctor’s

office. I will cum in front of everybody. Ahhh, it hurts so well. Well screw it! I will make it. Mama taught me how to get through situations like this. I will damn well get there without cumming, even if I have to leave a constant trail of slime behind me like last week's trip to the store. Jesus, it was so humiliating to be ordered out of the store in front of all those haughty, ignorant bitches and drooling bastards. I should have waited for the dryer to finish the last basket of towels instead of just stuffing one up my stinking trench and being in a hurry. Damn, what a mess. But as close as I nearly did so, I did not cum, even after the bitch of a manager shoved me out the door so hard I landed on my ass."

Though shy and unassuming with others, Dee was especially brutal with herself. Not out of guilt or an ignorant psyche, but because a very large part of her world was focused on the want and need to suffer. She would see to it that she did. Her strength was that she could do so, at least in part, through ordinary day to day circumstances. She had learned certain controls from her mother and had agonizingly learned how to apply them to the extent that she was able to earn a two year computer technician degree from her hometown Community College. This enabled her find a nice job in New York City, 90 miles from home.

"Unggg!!!... Hard to breathe; but I am gonna have to get these sacs up at least one more inch so that they will at least be even with my waist. Damn!, I've always loved my unique body, but this growth has got to stop. It was bad enough six months ago when the lady at the custom bra shop said my tits were 82 inches and this torture bra was equivalent to a 76HH. There's no telling what size they are now. God knows how many hatpins I could accommodate now. Fifty in each areola last week but had to stop, knowing about this appointment. She might not want to take me if she knew what a 'pervert' I was. But that was silly, she is gonna see all these other marks anyway."

Dee smiled at the "pervert" tag she had applied to herself. It was actually the rest of the world's pronouncement, given out of the universal human need to stamp all things understood or not with a label of good or bad and to draw up consequences accordingly. Society and cultures demand a norm and anything outside of that, no matter how close to the periphery, was suspect at best. Thus, these days Dee did not find herself in a Public Square impaled on a stake or broken on a wheel as an

abomination to mankind or God. Now, she was simply gawked at by everyone and tormented with a variety of humiliating comments and occasional gropes. She carried the heated results of the humiliation home with her. They were an added ingredient to all manners of rather crude, unsophisticated methods of self-abuse. These lengthy auto-erotic ordeals often resulted in no less than 10-12 intense cunt spurting orgasms a session.

Crying in real torment, she just manages to squash her overly compressed cunt lips outside the strap another bit while gaining another inch of tit lift. They now rest just above her navel and heave out almost 22 inches. Each expands a good deal beyond the outside perimeter of her arms. This is why she has to walk. They long ago became a total hindrance to driving a car. Taxis are just too expensive.

Worst of all and most challenging to her control not to cum during this torture trek, is the fact that the cunt strap, which has compressed her major and minor labia to a dangerous degree, has mushed her half rigid, huge clit downward into the region of her vagina, not stuffed with towels. The massive root has no more room to grow but will strive to do so with every step she takes. "Lord give me strength" she mutters whipping her tears. Knowing she has a long walk ahead of her, she decides to wear her most full skirt and largest dark blouse. Unfortunately, the only skirt available is a tan one that was given as a gift. She was going to exchange it for a darker one but had not gotten around to it in time. "Oh lord," she mutters almost prayerfully, I hope the towels hold, otherwise it will look like I peed all over myself before I get there."

She wears three-inch heels in lieu of the five, six, or even 7-inch heels she possesses and prefers. She is a raving foot fetish and particularly enjoys wearing too small, toe crunching, open and closed-toe high heels. Despite her formidable anatomy, she and her mother were determined that she master the ability to wear the torturous footwear. It took her almost six months of sometimes crippling agonizing effort - in public - to manage the feat (a pun, my word, sorry) but success was actually a given. Due to the unusual length of her long angular toes, Dee is forced to seek out a size 13 for a perfect fit. However, most of the footwear in her full closet are a half and full size to small. On special foot-only, self-abuse sessions (several times a week), she will wear her unique "ped pain providers" ("triple P's" - her tag) which she designed herself and paid dearly to be crafted by one of Manhattan's most skilled cobblers.

Though in great pain, and full tilt humiliation, Dee strides past Saint Patrick's Cathedral in her struggle to make the last block. Crossing 51st Street, she looks the absolute freak at an approximate 80 some-odd inches x20x45. She is now sucking great gulps of air very rapidly, in response to her physical efforts and her efforts to repress a boiling need to cum.

The rags are saturated and she can feel the warm syrup rapidly running down her bare legs. Soon it will emerge below her hem and pool around her ankles, in her shoes and begin trailing on the sidewalk like in the grocery store. Equally worst, the front of her skirt is showing a noticeably dark stain. "Oh hell, I have got to hurry or I'll be a soaking mess in front of everybody. At least in the Doctor's office there will only be a few people." Hardly able to breathe, her tits swinging wildly back and forth with such a force that the original six inch exposed upper cleavage is now an eye popping ten inches. Their ponderous gyrations are so exaggerated her lower chin is swallowed during upward bounces. Another two buttons have disappeared, exposing the upper four inches of the torture bra itself along with a vast expanse of vibrating flesh across its horizontal extent. She does not have time to care. She is now trotting at a very rapid pace. The cunt cream is at her ankles and she is just before screaming out a violent orgasm.

It is all just about too much to bear. The surging, wildly flopping milk sacs rip all of the buttons off her blouse only 100 feet from the door. All in her proximity are utterly speechless. The blouse flies open exposing the entire front of the clenched in foundation garment and the incredible tiny waist. Worst, over a foot of her tits is now on fresh pudding-wobbly display, succeeding in their almost conscious effort to escape the torturous confinement. The straps are jerked violently causing the cunt strap to somehow pull tighter forcing the freak clit to shove the totally saturated vaginal rags deeper and allowing it to expand a mite more. She has to stop. The orgasm is almost upon her. The yellowish off-white cream is spilling over the tops of her feet and off her shoes. The stain on her skirt has reached the hem.

As a final indignity she discovers that her increased pace has just now caused the right tit to escape its wire meshed entrapment. It had been exposed for at least 5-10 seconds during her focused effort to gain the door. Now it was coming to a shuttering, vibrating stop, resting massively against her torso, its lower contour just

above her pubis.

Its outside edge extends even past her wide hip. The giant mam is laced with heavy blue veins that meander in a denser pattern toward her dark red, swollen areola.

Both of Dee's areolas have grown to an impossible size. Each is a seven inch diameter five inch high, vein-laced protrusion that has expanded so greatly that they often wobble and oscillate independently of their parent sacs. They are mounted on the pendulous lower end of each tit. However, despite the ponderous girth and weight of the sweaty bags, the areola on each points about 45 degrees downward rather than straight down. Both of these wonders would have been a 39D on the average woman. Each is capped by an even more disproportionately sized, beet red nipple, so large, that it looks freaky even on these cumbrous tits.

The exposed nipple, like its partner was about the length of a toilet paper tube. It rivaled more than a few cocks in the crowd and was oozing several drops of lactate. This was a new ordeal that had cropped up within last several weeks.

Dee could only choke back her sobs of ultimate indignity as she attempted to cover herself. Several so-called "tough, independent," feminist bitches were berating her for being an embarrassment to her gender. One crude son-of-a-bitch in a \$400 Brooks Brother's suit actually got close enough to - under the pretense of helping "can I give you a hand young lady" - grab the seeping appendage in his hand and pull down sharply.

Dee quickly pulls the no-button blouse together as best she can, succeeding in at least covering the areola and a couple of inches of flushed flesh above it. It would be too much of an ordeal to try and cram the monster in the empty cup. She must try and find a rest room quickly. There, she can try to stuff herself back together and get to the Doctor's office on time, as she was specifically and rudely instructed by the appointment nurse to do without fail. Just before entering the office building - shit happens - she breaks off the heel of her right shoe which was wounded in Dee's brief effort to run. Now she has to bend over and remove both cunt cream laced shoes. She is now barefoot with a continuous rivulet of drying cunt slime oozing between her long naturally curly but proportionally shaped prehensile like toes. She could cum just by staring at them, wiggling and contorting them in a variety of

directions and angles. The slime was still running down her legs and replenishing the drying crud on her feet and lower legs.

In her despair, she failed to notice the long, slim, open toe clad feet that were emerging from the stretch limo parked in front of the building. If she had, she would have creamed right then, given her immediate stressful circumstances. These feet were her ultimate dream of what a perfect female foot should be. They were clad in shoes that were a simple assembly of six-inch rapier-thin heels connected to a thin leather sole. They secured the feet with a single ankle strap and a thin sister strap that looped very tightly across the base of the toes. Each of the sexy feet exhibited a high arch and a well-defined and visible bone structure. Several of the many visible veins were extremely prominent just behind the constricting toe strap.

The coup de grace for Dee had she seen them, was the high arching, angular toes, each with a small delicate knot at the top of the last two joints. The next to longest toe - which had a slightly flared tip and smallish rectangular nail- if straightened out, would have been significantly longer than the big toe which was also long and perfectly formed. The rest of the super sexy digits were long and angular also, but proportionally smaller towards the very angular curly pinky toe. Because of these extra long silky toes, the owner possessed a size 12 shoe. They were feet that would melt Dee's foot fetish brain cells should she ever have the ultimate privilege of caressing the spaces between each toe oh so slowly and wetly with the tip of her quivering tongue. Or, to absorb gently, each vibrating digit completely in her cavernous mouth with a series of many, slightly open mouthed, tiny nibbles and closed lipped micro suction. Each vein would receive its personal tongue-tipped bath. Both ankles would sustain an almost total wrapping of Dee's moisture laden snake-like tongue. All residues of warm, drying spittle would be gently removed by the erotically charged, short, jerky breaths of Dee's vacuuming mouth. The wrinkling of the clean white soles would be ironed out by the repetitious jerks and flexes of the peds in response to Dee's ticklish but incomparable oral ministrations.

Had she been less distracted with her own ridiculous situation, she would also have noticed that the fantastic peds were attached to long slender well-toned legs that were exposed by the thigh high split of a knee length skin tight dress. The photo perfect gams merged with very slightly flaring, slim hips. The stomach was very flat.

All of this slim and trim proportion was lost in the shadow of a bust that though not as large as Dee's was extremely imposing due to her five foot, four inch height and very slight frame. She was mind boggling in appearance, particularly so after one finally decided to see if such a body had a face. Indeed it did. This woman could only be described as impossibly beautiful. Slender face, sharp perfectly sculpted straight nose, full voluptuous but not overripe lips, and cold black eyes that communicated a fierce, uncompromising, veritably ruthless but intelligent countenance. People everywhere known or unknown to her gave distance and immediate respect.

Her name was Rhea Bouvier and the Gods of coincidence had brought she, and Dee in contact with the single individual (each other) required to provide the ultimate quality of life for each. She had been observing the pitiful shenanigans of Dee for several minutes, noting with a practiced eye the obvious marks of abuse on the more than twelve inches of exposed right tit. She nodded her head in interest at the very noticeable almost detailed outline and protrusion of a cock-sized leaky nipple. Yes, she was watching and thinking "What a stupid cow bitch she is. How in the hell can someone end up with cruddy toe twitching barefeet in the lobby of a major downtown building? Jesus, her mascara is melting past her lips. She has tears in her eyes, is drenched in sweat, and is barely covering up at least 40 pounds of sweaty tits with one hand on the bottom of her ruined useless blouse and the other holding a pair of rancid smelling shoes. And shit, the whore has globs of pussy slime running down her legs. It looks like the worthless slut took a three-minute piss through the front of her skirt. All that and she has a beatific smile on her face? This bitch is interesting to say the least and I am going get some answers soon."

Dee was still oblivious to Mrs. Bouvier. She had been humiliated worst than any time in her life, had a monster clit probing her soaked cunt hole, was being squeezed almost breathless by a necessary bondage device, rubbed raw by the same garment, and staring down as usual, was intensely focused on a mental image of her hidden squirming, lathered toes. Despite all this she had crammed back the oh, so needed orgasm. She was proud of herself, fondly remembering her mother's often bumbling, sometimes over the top, but highly effective and ruthless methods for helping her achieve today's success. It too had its birth during their visit to the Doctor's office shortly after she turned sixteen.

## **Chapter Two Epiphany At The Doctor's Office (Slippery Floors, A Putrid Slut and A Beating in the Hall)**

That visit to the family Doctor with her supportive and hardworking mother, resulted in her first intimate examination by the near to retiring gentleman.

The examination revealed that Dee's breast size had expanded to the massive equivalent of 62 FF. Each was the size of slightly elongated basketballs. The right orb weighed 5.4 kilos (12 pounds) the left 5.7 kilos (12.5 pounds). A proper fitting bra, which she could not afford, would have been an approximate 58HH. The only saving grace was that Dee's frame was medium-large. It enabled her to better accommodate the continually growing monsters; but for a short time only. Soon their sheer magnitude would overburden even that sturdy strong frame unless she began a serious strengthening program. Because of her youth, each of the huge buds was very firm yet soft to the gentle but professional hands of the good Doctor. However, their sheer weight did result in an appeasement to gravity. Seen from the side they displayed a slight ski sloop shape beginning just below her armpit and terminating near her waist where the increasingly darkening red areolas were displayed. Dee could not be passive during this first ever manipulations of her extremely sensitive tits by another person. Her breathing increased significantly, as the Doctor pushed, probed, hefted and sometimes squeezed each warming orb for unseen growths. The areolas which were a normally medium pink, four inch wide, three inch high, raised cap on each breast, began turning a darker hue of red. They had now swelled to four and a half inches in diameter. The usually half inch wide, one-inch long nipples had grown to almost  $\frac{3}{4} \times 2$  inches. Being, as we shall see, a very lusty young lady, she also began letting down a moderately profuse amount of feminine gel from her dramatically changed genitals, which was another "blessing" that accompanied the sudden and continuing growth of her breasts. Noting the change in her respiration and breasts - not an unusual occurrence in his long history of examining women - the Doctor's ceased his palpations and wrote up the negative presence of internal problems.

He also was careful to note the presence of several large, and still more smaller bruises on each breast, accompanied by a lot of faint, half inch scratches and a rather prominent inch or so wide, black and blue, bruise around the base of each

orb. Lifting each from its heavy resting-place on her chest, he observed that this band was continuous around the entire base of each breast. When asked about these marks, Dee blushed and darting her eyes a few times, said that she had gotten into a fight with one of the female bullies at school and had lost badly. The Doctor suspected parental abuse but reserved future inquiry. Little did he know that the "abuse" was guiltlessly and vigorously self-inflicted.

Dee rose from the examination chair with the patient gown held at her 22-inch waist. Her breast swayed heavily from side to side even as she only gently strides to the examination table; slapping together several times as she turned and stepped on a stool to slide up. The back of the gown was soaked. In the process of stepping up, she turned her back to the Doctor and her mother and purposely dropped the gown. She willingly exposes an exceedingly wide, rotund 42 inch ass, which at sixteen years of age and still growing at five feet seven inches, was a rather formidable set of circumstances. Even the professionalism of the good Doctor was temporally challenged for a brief moment. What he saw for a brief instant, was a set of buttocks that looked to be almost a foot and a half wide with a prominently rounded, 14-16 inch long, wet tight crease. The huge rump was still well in sight as Dee twisted to her left to sit down. This ten second maneuver - from the Doctor's point of vision - was a purposely seductive display of two independently rolling ass cheeks and the heavy shifting of her left tit, as it slaps loudly against her lower left side and upper hip. Both swaying orbs vibrate to a quivering halt below her navel as she sat in a totally nude slightly slumped position. What really opened his eyes in that brief moment was not the size or gyrations of her ass or tits - he had seen larger - though not on one so young. Rather, it was the fleeting exposure of what was to prove to be a piteously huge set of fur packed genitals, the likes of which he had never observed, even in professional journals. As will be discovered, Dee is a very intelligent, rather self-assured individual. However, because of her anatomical proliferations and the concomitant ignorant public reaction that has been her history, she will continue to be fearfully non-aggressive, shy and reluctant to start any kind of sexually intimate relationship. However, if found in a situation with the potential or appearance of sexual exposure or encounter, such as being nude in front of one or more strangers, however innocent (the Doctor) she is quick to respond with rapacious lust. At times, it is accompanied with youthful and ignorant confusion and initial displays of subtle

seductiveness and sometimes with conscious heated participation e.g. dropping the towel. Suggestive, inviting poses are a continual part of her wanton behavior in such cases. Such frequent sexual energy is also manifested when she is the recipient of ridicule, embarrassment and humiliating situations.

The effects of being naked in front of the Doctor and her mother at the same time result in swelling tits, increased respiration, flexing fingers and toes, and an overall blushing and moist sheen of her very fair, responsive skin. However, the most evident and perhaps most out of balance physiological mechanism to have assaulted Dee, is the increasing voluminous discharges of fluids from her entire cuntal region. The most copious is from her widely gaping vagina. Most unusual however is the fact that when really heated up, she will actually sweat out generous amounts of cunt sweat from the exterior swollen surfaces of her meaty vulva as well. At this stage of heated excitement she will, if only slightly encouraged, throw herself into the scene with frenzied enthusiasm. She is almost totally devoid of control of the now daily eroticism that accompany her real and fantasy worlds. It is as if her role as an evolving psychological, biological, many faceted sex persona, were preordained. Her purpose and her Tao (way) is to provide those special others who will appear in her life, and HERSELF, pleasures of the most intense and as yet unimaginable to ever be experienced by any of them. She was created to suffer; not as a martyr, but as a willing and creative participant- though she will often enough scream and plead in the most heinous, animalistic, croaks and choking gurgles, for a halt or just a slight pitiful lessening of her near deadly future torments. However, never consign Deanna Winston to the conventional-wisdom dung-heap of victimization; to do so only trivializes the conditions and real sufferings of the world's true victims.

Dee, though generally ignorant about all of this in her youth, will mature into the personification of "TRUE" free will and choice. Her extraordinary mental and physical strength will join forces to enable her to do so. Accordingly, she purposely let the gown fall. Settling back to rest on her elbows, she moves her arms outwardly to allow her 25 pounds of swelling tit flesh to hang off her torso, and become partially reposed on the examination table. She purposely flexes and wiggles her long, curly toes when placing her feet in the stirrups.

This was done in concert with one of the thousands of beatific smile she will engage

on her radiant but animated face during her momentous life. Her pupils are dilating and nostrils constricting; both in conjunction with a noticeable increase in her breathing and a few small unrepressed “oohhh’s!” Again, this was not at all unusual to the Doctor. What was very unusual however, was the very noticeable contraction of her obscene oversized cunt. This was followed by an immense gush of yellowish buttermilk-like cunt juices that projected outward two or three inches, slopping on the examination table and the tile floor in a three ounce puddle. Other ounces of the viscous musky mess matted her already thick-soaked pubic hair. The principal reason for this copious emission was that Dee had her excited, lovely hazel eyes on her feet when flexing her silky toes. Their long perfectly proportional length enabled the slightly flared tip of the next to largest and the ever so tapering tips of the other three, to caress the rounded sole underneath. Other times they would actually cross over each other when flexed in other directions. Her big toe was perfectly shaped and straight, though, as previously noted, slightly shorter than its adjoining ally. Her toes were puppets on a string, capable of a variety of contorted dances when influenced by the conscious and unconscious experiences of her daily and sometimes hourly sexual experiences. Dee is a compulsive masturbator, easily achieving 15 or more leaky orgasms a day, even when in school. She is forced to retain a large supply of rags and paper towels, which she keeps handy in her oversized handbag. Slightly embarrassed by what she had just done, she forced her eyes off her turn-on feet and awaited the Doctor’s next move. He, being a consummate professional, picked up the gown and draped it over Dee’s torso, leaving the unprecedented sight of her one-in-literally-two-billion cunt, exposed for further examination. He was quite familiar with occasional quivering leaking vulvas during such procedures but “shit” he thought “that was usually after several minutes of skilled internal and external, gentle but probing, inspection.”

He had not even touched this girl’s crotch. Allowing that he could and would continue an examination while a patient was aroused somewhat, he excused himself to Dee’s mother to retrieve some necessary equipment and to obtain the assistance of his nurse. He always required her presence when a patient became aroused during an examination. He noted that Mrs. Winston, who had entered the office in a very cordial and friendly manner, now projected a fearsome demeanor. She being a naturally friendly and outgoing woman was seething. As soon as the door closed, she

was on her feet. “Dee I had hoped to God that your past unacceptable unlady-like behavior had improved during the last month. I am so, so tired of telling you to control this vile need to spill all over yourself and to keep your perverted hands off yourself. I am thankful that your last punishment was that long ago or I am sure the Doctor would suspect that I am a child abuser. The welts on your butt and legs are thankfully now faded, but know this young lady, you have apparently been up to your old tricks in secret and you have thoroughly embarrassed both of us just now.” “You dear child, are going to get the beating of your life when we get home. It will cure you, because you are obviously sick, and there is no way in hell I can afford to have you treated.

So! I will do it my own way as before, only much more severely. You know that I love you more than creation itself. Despite the good Lord’s will that you look and act the way you do, a change is going to occur. I am determined that my little girl is going to be able to take care of herself and be a decent person; for herself and for others. If you are going to take from this world, you simply must be able to give back to it. So suck it in my little precious you will know what hell-fire is after tonight.” Dee’s mother is fundamental in her social and spiritual beliefs, and a hard working widow who truly loves and is protective of her daughter. It is a truly symbiotic loving relationship. Like all of us however, Mrs. Winston is an imperfect person. Her greatest flaw is not her ignorance.

It is her frequent tendency to lose control when meting out the severe corporal punishment she believes is the proper way to solve social or personal problems.

There is no need to examine why this is so. It just is. Dee quivering vagina begins to drool as she listens to her mother’s truly terrifying but stimulating promise. Small slurping sounds can be heard. She is truly unhappy to ever be a disappointment to her mother, who she respects and loves dearly. However, she cannot make herself change. She must satisfy the increasing, raging need to find release - however temporary - from the horrible itching and throbbing fires that invade her total being when confronted with a wide variety of almost day-to-day passion fueling circumstances. Her erotic rapacity has increased in frequency and intensity during the last year and a half. Thus, the beatings are her emotional rationale for, at least in part, appeasing her wonderful mother and for being a weak slave to her consuming

sexuality. She has long known that the punishments will only fuel her fires. Under past circumstances she was able to exert some degree of control when punished, by doling out her orgasms as consciously as possible. She always hoped her screams would be interpreted not as intense orgasmic pleasure from the numbing pain but as effective proof that the punishment was working and might prompt a change in her behavior. She could not however, prevent the large volume of drooling, leaking emissions, and sometimes - during the last six months - actual ejaculations of slimy, thick cunt cream.

By the end of a beating, her entire lower abdomen as well as her legs and feet would be lathered with it. There would be at least a pint or more on the floor and the basement wall. As we shall see, Dee was often left unrestrained when receiving her punishment, resulting in frequent heavy slips and falls and the ejaculation of fluids on the walls when in close proximity to them. Her mother never was able to understand these emissions during punishment, but would discontinue the punishment as at least partially successful, at a certain level of false tearful pleading by Dee. The conclusion of these sessions left Dee very dehydrated and having been told to clean up the mess spotlessly, she would always slurp the larger puddles up directly with her mouth and scrape the still viscous portions off her body with cupped hands, glopping it down with electric murmuring through her still twitching cunt. Later she would drink several pints of liquid to replace the excessive loss of fluids. Now, Dee is crying even as she leaks on the examination table. She is truly sorry she has disappointed her mother, and is terrified of what her mom might actually do. She is sure that at this point in time, her verbal and physical responses during the night's ordeal will betray her real need and condition. Such a revelation as "Oohhh! God help me mother, please unh! Unnhh!! Don't stop, harder, eeeyyaaa... harder, pleeessee!" would break her mother's heart. Knowing she might not be able to steel herself from letting this happen, she can now only try to prevent it. With genuine tears in her eyes and cunt leaking from the fact that she is now in a supplicant begging situation - is there nothing that does not fire off Dee's sexual synapses? - she shifts left to face her mother and in a sincere choking voice pleads "Please don't punish me again mother... I dropped the gown accidentally, and I lost some of my "vile fluids" (her mother's tag) because I have never been naked or exposed like this in front of a man. I was scared, even of the Doctor, and I think it

has something to do with my condition, which I have no control over. Honest mom it does not make me feel like being a whore or slut who you say will leak like this also. I am a good girl and I am as embarrassed as you are. Please believe me mother. I am telling the truth. I do not want to be flogged by your straps and boards or that terrible whip grandfather Morris used on you. I will do anything you wish. Pleaseeeese! Let me do all the chores and promise to do extra home work. I'll even stop watching TV". Conjuring up past images of herself trying to stand still as instructed, but bucking, jumping and even running from the horrible pain/pleasure, slipping in her own "vile fluids" and spewing on the walls during the 40th or 50th smash of that horrible board across her wide, rounded but receptive ass, Dee knew that if the promised ordeal was going to be worse, she would likely break her mother's heart for sure. These thoughts caused her to double her begging as well as her leakage. "Please be merciful Mama; let me suffer another way. I will even be glad to wear those special gloves you made me put on each night last month. And, I promise not to try and get them off. Oh God Mama, you can even tie me up if you think I will play with myself. I just do not want to be beaten. I will not be able to stand it. Let me cook your breakfast each day. Teach me how to iron and sew. I'll do all the things that need to be done and you can rest more, like you deserve." "Shut your lying deceitful mouth you little bitch." Dee tensed and felt her pussy contract violently out of abject fear. Her mother had never called her a bitch.

She was becoming more terrified. She was also becoming thirstier. "As nasty and vile as you can sometimes be, you have never been a outright liar with me. Now look at you lying there with you poor giant tits swollen much more than even ten minutes ago and making a horrible mess on the floor, the table and yourself. Sit up and look Dee. This shit is going to cease." Dee stiffens again.

Shit is not a word her mother uses. She is becoming almost paralyzed with fear now. Dropping her feet out of the stirrups and sitting up she notices that her always heavy breasts feel even more so as they droop to her lap in her slightly forward bending position. The areolas have expanded to almost five inches in diameter and though not much longer, her nipples have thickened noticeably.

Her udders are so large in fact, that she has to drape each one over her thighs as she bends far enough forward to see her pussy as well as the floor beneath.

“Oohhh, MY GOD!” she half screams, “I didn’t know. Please forgive me Mama. Aahh it’s horrible. I’m so ashamed. Look at it. My vile fluids are all over the floor and hanging like snot from the edge of the table. I will die if the Doctor sees it.” Dee slides her huge ass through the thick slimy mess at the end of the table and stands up with her feet immersed in it. Her toes clinch and spread in an attempt to secure a firm grip while she steadies herself with now slippery fingers at the edge of the slime coated table. She is only succeeding in making a bigger mess of herself and her surroundings. The still oozing lubricant is now flowing down her legs. Her nine-inch wide bush looks like it has been lathered with a cup of shampoo. She now has to hang on precariously with both slippery hands. Her feet begin to slide as the oily mess oozes between her continually grasping toes and shifting feet. Her lips begin to dry with increased thirst but she is more occupied with what the Doctor and nurse will think when they come in to discover her: slipping around in her own cunt juices, udders swinging back and forth in an increasing side to side arc while in her bent over position.

Soon the bags, which are hanging down a few inches short of a foot and a half, began to take independent motions, occasionally slamming in to each other with the sound of a wet towel being slapped against a shower wall. This of course promotes a more precarious situation for Dee, but her main concern is still that of being discovered. “Oh God mother; the NURSE! Oohhh, ohh no, she can’t know what is happening. She cannot see me like this. Please, pleasssee!!, let me clean it up. It’s everywhere. They will think I dropped at least two dozen eggs on the floor. Let me Mama. Pity sake; let me clean it up before they come in?” “Absolutely not Deanna. You can damn well be embarrassed and maybe learn to control yourself in the future. If you cannot or will not, then prepare to look like the ridiculous slut that you are. Sliding around in your own muck with those outrageous breasts flopping like a cow’s, running to her evening milking. You can damn well fall on your slime-dripping butt for all I care.

Fall in it and whither in it while you try to get up. From this moment on you will experience a dreadfully different world from the past. Though I doubt that it will help, you will get the promised beating of your life tonight but other measures will certainly keep those nasty hand where they belong. If a broken pussy faucet is your fate then I damn well know a few ways to keep the mess off of the world’s floors.

Now get your sniveling slutty ass back on the table.” Hearing her mother’s never used words and her new gut wrenching demeanor, Dee became uniquely terrified, confused and in a certain sense, defeated. It is a new and very stimulating sensation when combined with her embarrassing predicament.

She has an intense orgasm; shooting the largest single wad of cunt snot in her short sixteen years; ejecting out of her spastic, contracting hole in a three second long pissing like manner; landing on the as yet unfouled floor three feet away. Lord help her, she is indeed cursed until the day comes when she is able to handle her truly challenging and ever growing situation. With legs quaking, toes grasping and eyes rolled back in their sockets, she falls heavily to the floor. Quivering and rolling a few times in the final through of her climax, she is now a complete obscene mess. The viscous glop now coats her hair and drips in thick stringy strands off her body. She has let down more slime in the last hour than is usual for a whole week. Attempting to rise, the door opens and the Doctor, nurse, and even the insurance lady enter – the Doctor of course assuming Dee would be draped. Seeing them all induces an ultimate state of humiliation. She is totally out of control as she spasms toward another orgasm. “Eeeaagghh... ghhaah.unh,unhhh, oooffph... YAAIIIEE!!” She falls again and begins spewing. The accountant faints, the nurse is paralyzed and the Doctor is professionally alarmed that she is having a deadly seizure. Her mother stiffens with the sharp large intake of breath, letting out a cry that is a combination of rapture and sudden revelation. It is not for the hellish and pitiful plight of her still twisting, flopping daughter, but rather because of the sudden knowledge and realization of what is really happening and what she must do about it. It is the rarest kind of epiphany. It would prove to be of incalculable value to both her and her daughter’s future emotional and physical security. The Doctor pulls the still faint Dee to her feet at the edge of the table. He thinks her loss of fluids has something to do with her hormonal condition accompanied by severe seizures. He informs Dee’s mother the main problem was hormonal in nature and that there were no drugs to treat it, though some were being tested. He prescribed dilantin for the seizures and advised a follow up examination to insure there were no tumors or other apparent afflictions to her reproductive tract. Mrs. Wilson knew by virtue of her new awareness, that Dee would no longer need the services of the good Doctor. She knew what to do. It would be a super human challenge for herself and Dee, likely

taking several years to achieve.

The results would either find Dee in the back-most ward of the state mental institution, reduced to a slimy stomach crawling slug that could only leave a constant trail of slippery slush on the bare floors she was restricted to. Alternatively, Dee would adopt herself to an extremely rigid training regimen that would eventually enable her to control her hands, and her almost constantly flowing trash bin. It started immediately. Mrs. Winston convinced the Doctor to let Dee clean up the vile mess while naked in front of the nurse and accountant - under the guise that she did not want Dee's clothes to get dirty. The Doctor shrugged his shoulders and left the room to the bugged-eyed stares of both women.

Dee, Sobbing and whimpering throughout the entire 20-minute ordeal, was not allowed to clean herself up or put on her clothes to leave. Instead, she was told to put on the completely saturated examination gown that she used to partially clean up the floor. It was tied only at the back of her neck allowing a full view of her entire filthy backside and much of the rear portion of her also dripping tits, both of which flopped and swung in wide slapping arcs underneath the almost wet T-shirt like gown. Her two-and-a-half-inch nipples outlined in cloth clinging detail. "Mama I need water. I am dying. I have lost too much fluid. Pleaseeeee", she croaked in a barely audible voice from a cotton-dry mouth and now dry cracking lips. Now by herself in the hall, her mother's reply is in a tone never before heard by Deanna. "You'll get water only after you do exactly as told, do you understand me you little snot bitch?" "But, Mama I'm so thirsty, just a little please?" Making sure that no one is looking Dee's mother rears back and smashes Dee on the left side of her face, openhanded, with all her strength... SLLAAPPP! Dee staggers back. Only the wall keeps her from falling. "Aiihhh, no Mama," This was a blow that went right to the terror region of her heart not her cunt. She is in a manic, terrifying state of being.

"Shut your damn mouth, you piece of worm turd. Not another word until I say so. Right now! Lips shut, don't even lick your lips." "Oh Christ Mama what is happening, I am so scared" she manages to squeak out in a very painful tone of voice. CRACKK! SLAMMM... SMASH! Three brutal closed fist blows land across Dee's mouth puffing up her completely parched lip and opening up a deep heavy bleeding cut on Dee's lower lip. The blows knock her off her feet. Being very strong, she struggles up.

SMASHH. CRUNCH! Two more vicious blows to the mouth.

Dee hits the floor again now moaning. Her mother is now beyond caring if they are seen. It is not likely because they are at the rear entrance more than 75 feet and several hallways from the main area. In addition, after witnessing the Dee examination all have left for a break of amazed gossip. Dee rises again, incomprehensible horror in her eyes as she looks in the depths of her mother's eyes for some micro serving of pity and understanding. She is so fearful that she is ready to vomit. Her lips are beginning to swell shut. She utters a barely heard small little squeak as if to maybe start vomiting. It is not an attempt to defy her mother. CRACKK.SMASH... KRUNCH! She bounces off the wall and starts to slide, her massively swinging tits swinging in such a stretched out sideward arc that they too slam into the wall even though Dee has hit it with her back.

The putrid gown falls off. She is grabbed by the hair just before hitting the floor with her wide ass which now covered with half-dry scabby cunt cream. Dee is not leaking or spurting now. This is deadly. She is convinced her mother is going to beat her to death. She will not resist. She is pulled to her feet by her hair. "One way or the other you putrid little bitch, you are going to keep your damn mouth shut." PUNCH... POW... CRUNCH! Three more are delivered to Dee's mouth. By now, it is becoming a ruined swollen mass of single entity flesh. Both lips so inflated, bloody and cracked that they are now impossible to open. But she must somehow, because she now begins a choked, strangle sounding vomit. It is so powerful that it forces her massively swollen lips apart. The hydraulic effect of the barely open lips combined with the force of the ejection causes the putrid emissions to spew in a narrow forceful arc four feet down the hall. Dee is bugged eyed in her struggle not to strangle herself. WHAM!

She is knocked off her feet with a blow to the side of her head ten seconds into the constantly flowing ordeal. The mess is still spewing: now in 2-3 foot arcs in every direction, as she withers in new terror. A lot of blood is still flowing from the five large cuts that interlace the swollen nozzle of the human vomit hose. She is beginning to choke a little. Utter panic sets in. She becomes incontinent and begins to project shit and piss violently. Three large turds hit the wall just behind her. She is pissing in all directions and still vomiting.

In an almost seizure state she bucks and withers in her shit, piss and rancid vomit; all adhering to the mushy lumps of drying pussy slime. Her slimy milk bags are crashing against the floor and wall so violently that they sound like full size saturated bath towels being slung against a wet bathroom floor. They will be severely bruised and swollen tomorrow. Finally it all stops. She is a ruined soggy shit house cockroach, pitiful to look at, but extremely enduring.

She stinks and reeks with putrid waste that emanated from every orifice she possesses. Her strength enables her to get to her hands and knees but that is all. "You have one minute to get your pus filled cunt off the floor and on your feet, you shit covered cow." Dee's abused and swollen tits hang so far now that they touch the floor while her arms are fully extended in an attempt to rise.

She quivers and shakes while managing to raise her torso. Her shit covered tits flopping around her waist so stretched they have become. They are visibly swelling and will likely be monstrous in size by tonight beating. She lets out a terrorized, runny spurt of shit thinking about it. Her breast feel like bags of fire right now, as she manages to get just to her wobbly, spastic feet. She is instructed to put on the shit, piss, vomit and cunt juice soaked gown. Her lips the size of halved apricots are still bleeding profusely and sealed tightly shut even though they will still swell some more. She can not even tie the neck string. She is totally nude from the rear and most of her side, especially when her hideously burning meat bags swing in even wider arcs now that they are swelling to an ungodly size. "Get your worthless ass to the car. I will be out in a minute."

Dee looks beseechingly at her mother, eyes pleading for pity. Dear God she tries to communicate. The car is two blocks away in an open area public parking lot.

KAPLOWW! She is goggle eyed in unpredicted tit pain. Her mother had just delivered a closed fist powerful smash to her left tit burying her fist to the wrist in the firm but malleable tissue. Dee wanted to retch again but there was nothing left. She dry heaved, her injured sac actually smashing into the middle portion of her back just next to her side. "Goddamn you Deanna, do as I say. Do not fucking think about anything just DO IT! And while you sashshay your fat ass to the car do think about this. If you think this little episode is a horror just wait until tonight. Your tits

and ass have not even begun to swell. By tomorrow at this time even you will screech at the horror of their torn swollen massiveness. This goes for that shitty ass of yours and that girl cock that's sticking out like a hot dog now. Now drag your ass out of here and wait for me at the car. I will unlock it when I get there." Dee now dangerously dehydrated did as she was told carrying a note written by her mother telling anyone who might approach her that her apparent injuries were not serious and that they were on their way to the hospital. Down the street she goes, being instructed to walk in the gravel and through a one acre lot strewn with all manner of broken bottles, stones, refuse and hornets' nests. She is not to look down but keep her eyes on the car and walk through whatever she encounters. It is a worse humiliation than cumming in the Doctor's office. She arrives with profusely bleeding feet and 13 hornet stings on her bare back and ass. She is gawked at by a number of people but no one attempts to stop her. She waits by the car for half an hour in the hot sun. Her mother returns and after throwing several handfuls of sharp rocks and small shards of glass collected from the empty lot on the passenger side floor board, instructs her to get in, take off the slimy gown and squeeze under the dashboard as far as possible. It is agonizing doing so but even more so when instructed not to move a muscle until her mother returns.

"Okay you little shit maggot. If you want pain and agony get prepared. Something happened to both of us in that office and I am going to act on it, even if I do not know the full measure of it yet. I will get no pleasure from what I must do but I am now a different person and will be that person as long as I have control of you. I now know that you live for pain and that you squirt those vile juices in pleasure. Well I will not try to change that. You may blow gallons of it for all I care and you may tie papa's old belts around your milk sacs as tight as you wish and claw them with your always sharp finger nails and whatever else you use. I will learn what is necessary to melt your piss pot of a brain with monster pain and humiliation. I imagine you will likely cum your brains out but I will restrain you until you scream and pass out with frustration.

You will in effect, learn to live with your affliction through mind wrenching control. To cum and squirt at the proper time." "You are going to contribute more to this world besides cunt slime and you will learn to do it with what you papa called The Hair of the Dog. The more you suffer the more you will learn control. Cum a hundred

times a day if necessary, but do it on your own time out of the sight or circumstances of those who do not wish to be witness to or subjected to it. You absolutely will learn to give as well as take and you will adjust your life accordingly. So! For at least the next three years, you will be a virtual slave to me. You will succeed or mysteriously disappear. I love you dearly and will often comfort and reassure you. I will happily caress your lovely face while it rests on my lap. I will brush your silky auburn hair and kiss your sweet cheeks. I will pray for both of us and keep you as healthy as possible." "I will also hurt you unmercifully, and heap the most humiliating and degrading circumstances on you that you or anyone can imagine. If you are to be a pain slut then you must be able to endure the most horrible things possible.

I want you to be strong in body and mind. I want you to survive."

"That is it. Remember every word I have just uttered. You will constantly be asked what the purpose of your future horrors are all about and you will never fail to get it right. Now scrunch your ass under that dash even tighter. I am noting where every body part is. None of the little rocks I am placing against you had better be out of place. If even one is just slightly moved then you can not imagine the consequences." She makes sure all the windows are rolled up tight, locks, and shuts the door on this 92-degree day. It is an hour before she returns.

Dee is near total dehydration and is hardly sweating any longer. Heat stroke is about to overtake her. She barely breathes through her nose. She is still in her cramped position now unable to move even if she tried. Her mother blows a cup of Gator Aid into her via a straw in her nose. Any normal girl would have died an hour ago. Dee will live to make it home in preparation for her night of unimaginable hell fire.

## **Chapter Three The Front Porch (Parched Terror and a Depraved Brush Fuck)**

In its unique ability to transcend time and compress the memory of past events, Deanna's fertile mind had conjured up all the events of that momentous visit to the Doctor's office with her mother, about the same time that her current elevator trip was about half over at the 10th floor. Dr. Kline's office was on the 22nd floor. Dee was still in deep reverie, unaware of the slim, huge titted, beautiful, but malevolent presence standing across from her. Rhea Bouvior was eyeing Dee with a

combination of intense interest and bemusement. The four other women and two men on the elevator were staring in various combinations of amazement, lust and disgust.

Lost in her erotic thoughts, Dee had loosened her grip on the de-buttoned blouse to the extent that several inches of her dark red areola was exposed. Its cock thick, four-inch long and still lactating nipple is transparently visible under the wet material. Her mushed and severely compressed cunt still dribbled through the soaked skirt and down her legs, but in smaller quantity than during her street experience. She was zoned out, partially as a result of her current shameful and erotically humiliating situation, but mostly as a result of the gut wrenching horror of what happened following she and her mother's visit to the Doctor's office. In her retrospective wisdom, Dee understood, but was still amazed at how her mother was able to intensify her masochistic yearnings. In addition, she did so in a manner that enabled Dee to endure horrible, almost insane episodes of pain and humiliation. Many of these nerve ripping torture sessions would literally have killed a normal woman. Eventually Dee, who would yearly grow stronger mentally and physically, would be able to spurt out innumerable orgasms, even when bloody, torn, and dehydrated to the point of total exhaustion. Her humiliation experiences would have turned the thickest skinned individual into a psychotic fool, unable to leave the sanctuary of their bedroom without breaking down into a sobbing hulk. As it turned out, Dee's mother possessed genius inventiveness for creating and setting up many of these events.

Dee's cunt experienced a minor spasm as she recalled the numerous humiliations her mother forced her to endure while at school. She had long been the recipient of daily "moooo's" since her size 48's at age 13. These unoriginal insults only intensified the next year, as she expanded to a size 51EEE. Just before her fifteenth birthday, her hormones went into hyperdrive. She grew to more monumental proportions at a faster rate. Just before visiting the town Doctor with her mother, at age 16, she had expanded to a massive 62FF. By then, her classmates had become merciless.

She begged her mother for home schooling. She was pissing in the wind. On most days, her mother required that she drink her own piss out of a transparent cup,

during lunch in the cafeteria. She accomplished this by draining, out of the ever-present catheter, only the six ounces she was allowed to lose during the school day. Then she had to get to the cafeteria with the hand-held open cup by explaining that she liked to keep her lime aid in her locker. Sometimes the derisive hoots and verbal abuse were so intense that she would run to the restroom to finish off an eminent ridicule induced orgasm.

It was even too much for the enduring Dee and she would hide and cry shamefully and sadly even as she jerked off for the fourth or fifth time while at school. Her tears would drip between her naked and jumping tits (she had to release them to sag to the side of her torso in order to get to her crotch) as her cunt juices dribbled in the toilet.

Of course by then (her junior year) all the girls knew why she made so many trips to the rest room and often followed her there to listen to the action and giggle or insult her. Occasionally, they would quietly sneak over to the adjoining stalls and yell "It's finger dancing time Deanna". The suddenness and disgrace of being discovered jerking on her five-inch long, inch-thick clit and sucking as much areola in her mouth as possible, often caused her to immediately cum. Sometimes she would be so startled that her ass would leave the seat and a short ropy spurt would hit the stall door. Once a girl named Peggy Catchings made her lick it off the stall door in front of the three other girls who watched with smug excited faces. Peggy would prove to be a violent presence during the remainder of Dee's high school years. Thus, "big dick Dee, the cum-licking, jerk-off queen" was added to the daily ridicules.

The worse episodes of humiliation occurred in the dressing room before and after gym class. Mrs. Winston had convinced the local school officials that Dee should take part in P.E. classes, despite her special condition. The liberal female principal and curious gym teacher accented. The omnipresent catheter and twelve inch long tube, were explained as a necessary appliance for "her condition".

It was sheer hell for Deanna. She had long ago discovered the girls were much more cruel and tormenting than the boys were. The latter generally hooted at her and occasionally engaged in some grab-ass and tit feels. None ever asked her out and none ever would. Her massive tits, small waist, and rotund ass/widely flaring hips

were much too intimidating. Besides “the bitch has a dick bigger than me and she would rather jerk off all day than fuck anyone.” Dee of course, would love to have gone out with anyone, had they asked. By now, even she realized that it was not to be. Most everyone knew about her “slutty manner and freak body.” Even if a guy consented to screw her it would have been akin to throwing a hot dog down the main hall of the school, so expansive was her cunt by now.

No, only a handful of girls fantasized about Dee and of these, only a few would venture forth to seek her special company. One was Annie Blithman, the diminutive 80 pound female school runt. Annie would evaporate to a hiding place in the locker room and excitingly and brutally ram her hand up her ass as she watched the girls force Dee to masturbate to several sobbing orgasms while in a variety of nude, obscene poses. On occasion, they would beat Dee’s expansive ass - as she masturbated - with a thick, six-inch wide paddle Peggy Catchings possessed. This would be done to the tune of loud background radio music and a lookout to prevent discovery by the gym teacher. Dee’s scars and bruises were explained away as the result of her own “sick” self-administered torture (usually correct) which was being dealt with professionally. When the beatings occurred, Annie would literally fist-fuck the shit out of herself with lust-narrowed eyes focusing on Dee’s huge, scum tossing cunt. “Ohh, fuck, I could get my entire face and head in that beautiful, leaking monster!” The results of her cunt gobbling fantasy were a groaning orgasm and a shit covered hand and wrist, which she greedily licked and sucked clean with her tiny mouth and long serpent-like tongue. She was a disgusting shit eating little lesbian bitch, who possessed almost no sexual taboos. She was also more socially courageous than her peers. She would soon inform Dee that she thought she was immensely beautiful and wished to get to know her better right away.

“Yes”, Dee thought - unconsciously, arching her freshly wet right foot up, in a toe only contact with the elevator floor. A small dribble of vaginal venom slides up and over her knuckled-up toes. Her mother was responsible for creating for her, an intense erotic path through the world, as well as one of “normal” contributing circumstances. However, as good as she was at her profession and even her successful volunteer work - which was lauded by the area United Way staff - the erotic side was becoming increasingly dominate, especially during the last six months of reoccurring hormone problems. It was as if, in the “grand scheme of

things”, her purpose was to become an anatomical anomaly of increasing prodigious and impossible, proportions, and to provide for the needs of the special others who would become a part of her unique universe.

Equally important, her service to these special people would further expand her own horizons of emotional and physical suffering. Thus, she would symbiotically achieve her own higher magnitudes of wants and needs. Her thoughts drifted to the moment it all began in earnest, when she began stirring from her state of near heat-stroke death on the floorboard of the car.

The cupfull of sports drink her mother had blown into her via a straw through her nose had made the difference. That in combination with the air conditioning, which her mother had turned on full strength during the ride home had revived Dee enough to become conscious. She was much too weak to move now however. Spying the fluttering, dry-focusing and confused eyes of her daughter, Mrs. Winston spoke in a firm clear voice. “Dee, if you can hear me, I suggest you start moving. We will be home soon and I do not intent to carry you to the house. Unwind your arms from around your freaky milk sacs and start stretching those legs and feet. The glass and stones are not going to hurt you that bad. You are going to be bleeding a lot more than that later, anyway. Move Dee! Move your fat ass NOW!!. If you cannot get out of this car by yourself when we get home then I will beat you out of it with a piece of the fire wood piled up next to the porch.”

Dee could hear and understand her mother. She could not however, tell her mother how much she hurt due to her excessively swollen lips which her mother had beaten to a bloody pulp. They were now nearly the size of a ripe peach. Additionally, her floor, wall and fist battered tits now felt as if a small fire was being stoked inside of them. As huge as they were, they were now swollen to the size of over-inflated but elongated basketballs. The rocks and glass from the empty lot were gouging and cutting her in over thirty places, mostly on her right side, scrunched up position. “Oh Jesus this hurts so bad, she whimpered to herself. I am so thirsty; so cramped. Must move for Mama. Do not want to be beaten with the firewood. God! Its dried white oak. The bark will rip my skin off. Shit, it will break my bones. Must move! Merciful God help me move.”

Almost imperceptibly, Dee began to move her toes then her feet and, ever so slightly her legs. Alas, even that little bit was exhausting. She gathered her strength after a few minutes and with great and almost final effort was able to roll on her stomach. "Ahhhiieeeee!!" She silently wailed, "Oh, ohh! The glass is cutting me to shreds. My tits! Ohh Shittt! My tits are being massacred... water, God water... Tits, ohh, my tits hurt so much, I'm fainting; can't, must not, will be killed if I do... just a drop of water, oh mercy somebody just a drop... PAINNN!!!"

Dee's new position on her stomach had flattened her pain racked bags a great amount, resulting in a cleavage that topped out at her swollen mouth. The still swelling bags were extended outward beyond her still paralyzed arms. She was now being cut and bruised in approximately thirty new places, from her mushed tits to the tops of her feet and toes. "No more. Can't take anymore. Gonna die. Oh God I love you Mama. Please help me. Please don't let me die. Please have mercy on me Mama. I'm your little girl. I want to do what you say, but I hurt soooo much. Help me Mama, just a drop of water then I can move for you. Merciful God in heaven, just a drop. I suffer too much. Want to move. Can't. Gonna die."

"Well we are home Dee and you haven't gotten very far. You had better heave you bloody ass on the ground before I return from the porch. Won't take me very long it's only about 30 yards." Dee began to pray to the real God she knew existed and looked out for her. She could not move. It was her death sentence. She prayed that God would remember the many and sincere kindness she had bestowed on her early childhood friends and even those who taunted and abused her the last six years. But mostly she implored that God would forgive and protect her mother even as she was about to end Dee's short honorable life.

Dee tensed and emitted a single pitiful tear from her parched and traumatized body, as her mother approached closer, crunching the sharp driveway gravel under her loafers. Dee shuttered and continued her prayer behind throat scorching mewings of terror. "Open your eyes Dee. I have decided to give you another few minutes to get out of the car. Give me your head precious and let me blow this down your nose. Maybe Mama was expecting a little too much, even from someone with your special strength. You are such a mess, covered in shit, pee, dried vomit and all that vile juice from your slash. My poor little girl, so bloody and bruised. Why your poor cow pussy

is so cut up, that all that thick bushy hair is soaked in blood. Oh! Mercy, there's a big gash on your huge floppy girl dick. Take this water now. It will give you the strength to get to the porch. Swallow slowly. You can only have a glass. Any more would make you cramp and loose it. You will get more on the porch. Mama is going to clean you up and make you strong for tonight's ordeal. There, now get to the porch the best you can. If you cannot then I will have to use the firewood and beat you until you do. Hurry now I want you there by the time I return from the barn."

Dee and her mother lived alone on the 125 acre farm that her father had eked a living from trying to raise beef and grow most of the crops they would need during the year. He had died of heart complications; contributed to some extent by his intense labors and worries that the two most important women in the world were being deprived of the things they deserved but could not have. He was a good man who possessed a dignified "horse sense" kind of wisdom, as did his wife. However, like most men, indeed like most people, his concerns and ambitions for the women in his life were based on the so called conventional wisdom, that "Women" expect, in fact, require certain things in life (generally stated as more and better empirical and emotional circumstances). His and most of the world's failure is that such generalized, information applies to the cultural or world body of womEn. He was married to a womAn, with special and unique wants and needs of her own, including the abiding and sincere desire to serve and provide as well as receive. This was very true of his wife and most especially of his now maturing daughter Deanna.

Mrs. Winston in fact, possessed a high degree of self-esteem and a desire to give more than take. Like her husband, she did so in order to provide a better life for all of them. Her inborn determination and resolve had enabled her, after long hard study, to become a Licensed Practical Nurse. She was very skilled and in heavy demand at hospitals, and in the homes of friends and strangers. She was strong both mentally and physically and possessed a cast iron stomach when confronted with the extreme cases of illness or injury. Her twelve years of experience and trusted skills had enabled her to obtain the medical resources required to attend to most any illness or injury.

She was focused and willful. This combined with her recent awakening, concerning Dee and their future together, left no doubt in her mind that she would succeed. She

knew that it would be a grim and mostly horrible affair. She had much to learn too better prepare and met out what she must. However, her skill at total focus, was aligned toward the rest of this day. It was now noon on a 96 degree cloudless June day. Dee's real horror was only about to begin and it would not end until 3a.m. the next morning

Dee's body absorbed the ten ounces of sugar water given by her mother through her nose. Her lips were still tightly swollen shut. Though still severely cramped, cut in over 100 bloody places, and silently screaming as the fire grew more intense in her tits, Dee very slowly but surely scrunched and twisted herself around to face out the open door. She ripped herself in numerous new places as she did so. Some of the glass shards her mother had thrown on the floorboard were as large as the tip of her thumb; a few were several inches in size. Her hands were out the door now, grasping at the crab grass that grew profusely in the driveway. She pushed. She heaved. She thrust with bloody grasping toes and feet against the glass and rock strewn floorboard. Her compressed shit covered tits were squeezed into a contorted elongated column of flesh as they became hung up on the bottom lip of the doorframe, her areolas almost at her always-protruding thick, long clit sheath. The clit itself was too hideously large to ever be sheathed completely. Even when in a total state of repose, it hung in the impossible four inches necessary to fall even with her gaping and drooling vagina. It was a protrusion of raw nerves that rivaled the cocks of most men, especially when it expanded to maximum potential, as it would tonight.

At the moment however Dee's clit was dragging behind her and, between her huge cunt lips as she slid across the now bloody floorboard. Her stretched welted milk bags popped painfully free as Dee successfully heaved and grunted herself into a painful quivering heap on the sharp gravel driveway. She was near exhaustion. Her appearance would have shocked the local coroner. Though a lot of the shit, vomit and cunt crud were scraped off on the door frame, she hardly displayed any regular flesh tones at all, so covered was she with blood and crud.

Despite the heat, she quivered and spasmed. Her intense thirst returned. She had to get to the porch before she became weaker. She struggled on. She was pitiful, crying to herself, scared shitless as a sixteen-year-old would under similar

circumstances. Her entire being was racked with unprecedented agony. Had she not been so dehydrated she might now be leaving a slimy slug trail of cunt cream across the driveway. She felt no erotic stirrings. She was focused on the porch. Perhaps her mother's methods were beginning to work even now.

"The porch, Mama said there would be water on the porch. She never lies. It's there, I know. Oh God, help me make it, must make it or Mama will kill me with the firewood" She slithered on her belly, too weak to even make it to her hands and knees; tits squeezed out to either side, cunt, clit, top of legs and feet digging into the sharp gravel, striving for any kind of leverage. She was getting nowhere. The gravel was too thick and loose. She was only kind of swimming in it, succeeding only in abrading herself more. "Have to get up on my hands and knees. Mama will be back soon. Help me, please Jesus, please daddy, help me."

She instinctively begins to work her hugely swollen tits under her torso, rolling slightly to each side, pushing inward with her arms. It helps. Her tits are so swollen that her body is now high enough to enable her to get her hands on the driveway with arms half extended. She pulls her legs up toward her torso. Using her last bit of momentary strength, she gains her hands and knees. "Ohh! Merciful God, Thank you."

She is forced to rest for several minutes and pushes on with renewed vigor almost actually happy at her inventiveness, strength and success. Instances of such self-resolve, and inner and external strength would manifest themselves during the rest of Dee's life. Now she knew she would live. At least until tonight's ordeal.

She made it to the porch, with her hugely swaying nipples brushing a couple of inches off the ground. The water was there in a bucket. She screamed inwardly. "How will I drink it? I can't open my mouth. I need it." Getting dizzy, she manages the three porch steps on hands and knees with nothing but pure incentive to live, nothing else. She thrust her head in the bucket, unsuccessful in her attempt to suck it in. She is going insane. She can feel its caressing coolness as it relieves the itchiness and dryness of her scalp and face.

In her near madness to obtain the life saving liquid, she inhales through her nose. Olay!! Choking success. She can taste it. She is choking and sneezing it from her

nose. Some dribbles down the dry, parched throat to her sandy stomach. She continues to snort and suck through her nose. She is now really replenishing her drought starved tissues. The stomach absorbs it quickly, allowing rapid seepage into her intestines. The mouth absorbs it. The too thick blood now begins to thin, enabling natural life process to proceed unhindered. Soon the kidneys and other organs will function as normal. Food would long not be a necessity but water was, especially for Dee, and in very frequent doses, as she was to soon find out in earnest.

She had snorted over a quart when her mother returned with a croaker sack of implements. "I had no doubt that you would be here Dee. You are one strong and long suffering little bitch aren't you? Look at me and answer. Always answer Dee. No matter what your condition, your pain, your humiliation, or inability to speak or move. From this second on you will give me some notice, however feeble, that you hear me and are responding. Always! Do you understand Mama's little shit maggot?"

Dee was still shocked and scared shitless by her mother's new language and attitude but she was no fool. She stared bugged-eyed at her mother and nodded her head in assent. SLAPPP!! Hard across the left cheek. "and, I do not intend to wait five second for you to respond!" SLAPPP!!, right cheek, WHAPPP!!, left cheek. "Is that clear?" Dee nods instantly.

Dee is instructed to rotate slowly while on her hands and knees, as her mother begins to hose her down in preparation for the rest of the day's ordeal. "I am going to scrub you so clean your skin will shine my little lovely. You are much too dirty and nasty. I do not want you becoming infected. I want your skin clean, tight and prepped for tonight's visit to hell." Dee tensed and shivered. She had been so elated at successfully attaining the porch and water that she had forgotten about her mother's promised horrors. Mama did not lie.

She was scrubbed with a thick, straight bristled horse brush. She screamed inwardly, bucking and jumping with renewed vigor. She was going to pass out with the pain. Her mother sensing this, ceased for a moment. Most of the cuts began bleeding again. She began again. Again Dee bucked and withered as if hit by 220 volts of high amperage electricity. Her tits were scrubbed vigorously, so swollen that they rode her torso in an almost non-pendulous manner. Her areolas were now

almost the size of halved footballs, topped with turgid nipples that extended out of her mother's fist as she lifted the tits up to scrub the undersides full strength. She had to pause six or seven times to prevent Dee from passing out.

It was when the three-inch wide brush started on Dee's cunt that her mother was unable to override Dee's gyrations. Her mother was bearing down with the brush so hard that Dee's soft, partially hooded clit was stretched straight down and into her vagina, along with four inches of the brush. Back and forth she went, twenty times in the same spot, in the same manner. The clit began to enlarge due to pure painful stimulation while being rammed in Dee's extremely pliable and expansive vagina. It penetrated her several inches. Six inches of the twelve-inch long brush accompanied it.

In and out the brush fucked and scraped Dee super sensitive scum tube and raw, cut and abraded clit. The brush never leaves the expanding vagina. Her mother applied ten vigorous hard pressed thrusts to the top, bottom and sides of her now wounded hole, for a total of forty scraping penetrations. The raw growing clit is not allowed to escape. Forty more. Then another 50 at a full 12-inch penetration of the brush along with three inches of her mother's hard gripping hand. The clit expands alongside the evil brush. It was a hideous sight. Dee's bottomless cunt was now absorbing at least four inches of 1 1/2-inch thick clit in concert with a three inch wide brush and half of her mother's hand. It was almost the limit of even Dee's capacity. She heaved with an unconscious effort after another 30 strokes of the brush, throwing her mother back on the porch.

Dee convulsed like a dying fish. Her monster clit raged upward out of her vagina, followed by a shot of cunt snot that landed on her thighs and oozed onto the porch. Her body was now arched high with her head and feet as her only support, the obscene (run reader, I warned you) seven-inch monster throbs and waves in long back and forth arcs, slinging stringy ropes of vaginal residue in several directions. Dee's eyes roll back in her head. She mercifully passes out after the orgasm passes.

A wise and cynical old sage once observed that "when all is said and done, more is usually said than done." This is perhaps true of most people, but certainly not of Dee's mother. This woman in her as yet barely touched new awakening and

newfound perceptions, was determined that Dee would cum, even this soon after beginning to recover from the day's brutal events.

She knew that Dee had always been a compulsive masturbator. She would catch her innumerable times a day with her hands up her dress or always in the bathroom, emitting unsuppressed sobs and short, high pitched screams. Often she would be seen skulking around and in the barn. Occasionally, she could be heard screaming from the direction of the tool shed, though this had not happened for a while. She dismissed her mother's early panic by saying she had seen a spider and could not repress her instinctive scream each time she saw one.

A true accounting would reveal that the budding little masochistic slut had discovered the real heat that could be generated in her drooling crotch by the clumsy but effective employment of pliers, screwdrivers, awls, sandpaper and barbwire on her ever expanding breasts, cunt and other parts of her proverbial brick shit house body. On one occasion, she sat naked on the dirty, motor oil-greasy floor, successfully stretching her thinned out clit over 9 inches to her waiting wiggly toes. She then simply held the bleeding appendage in the tight grip of the old vice grip pliers and began masturbating it with her feet and toes. Having acquired this most common of fetishes long ago, she would soon contribute her own greasy deposits to the nasty floor via a series of six or seven intense orgasms, often pinching off her screams with a mouth full of hard chewed areola. Lately as her tool skills matured and became more vigorous, she began to gag herself with a variety of rags, and wood.

The large volume of lubricant and other vaginal secretions are the result of her hormonal imbalance. The seepage is particularly voluminous when she is sexually aroused. Pain, humiliation and verbal or physical stimulation arouse her. Her imagination arouses her. The sight and feel of her swinging, flopping tits arouse her. Most especially, the sight and feel of her sleek, slender feet and long angular toes arouse her. She basks in the musty smell of her armpits. Sweaty body and crotch odors causes her to leak. The slightly bittersweet taste of her cunt cream is an aphrodisiac. Though she has not partaken of it, even the smell of her farts, shit and piss are less foul than even a year ago.

Alas there is less and less in Dee's expanding world that does not act as a prime to her cunt pump. The sometimes-amazing ejaculations are somewhat akin to that of a man. Her huge vagina has the capacity to store the large quantities that accumulate during sexual activity, be it a self induced fist fuck or a beating. Laughter and ridicule while putting on her much too small bathing suit at the local swimming pool will also switch on her internal cunt blender.

When she cums, her normally slack and very elastic vagina contracts violently many times. This results in the rapid gushing of accumulated slime. Similar to a man the initial first gush is slight, the second, third, and fourth are the heaviest, gradually diminishing to lesser quantities. The number of ejaculations, volume discharged and distance spurted, once outside her heated skin cave, is dependent on the duration and intensity of her arousal. A quick jerk off, similar to the five or six she manages during an average school day, might result in only a few 6-10 inch shots on her thighs. This she can suck up quickly and cleanly with her mouth before lowering her skirt and exiting her hiding place. Other times, when she is only able to masturbate once during a day or when she is stretching her cunt or nipples with a pair of pliers, she might belch out four or five, pissing like arcs, that are 3-5 feet in distance. These are the extremely intense climaxes. In fact, they are so severe that they usually cause her to completely lose control and flop about on the ground like a naked epileptic, pissing cunt juice in all directions as her vagina contracts violently...

Dee's clothes were almost always left in a soggy condition in the hamper where she was always careful to leave them. Her mother also gave up changing the sheets every few days due to their usually saturated condition. Instead she forced Dee to sleep on a rubber sheet which she was required to clean each day, as necessary. She was such a vile little slut that if she were sure her mother was busy in the kitchen, she would slurp up the congealing thick slime with her mouth.

As she got older Dee attempted to be more careful where she dribbled and spurted. She was especially careful to clean up any blood that might get on her clothes. She would have a hard time explaining blood on her store bought 46DD bra. She only had two, and even though each was now much too small - causing her tits to bulge into a five inch, very tight cleavage that reached to the bottom of her neck - she had to keep them in good condition.

“It would not matter a lot now anyway,” her mother thought. Dee would seldom be allowed to wear any clothes at all, and when necessary, only the minimum required to keep from being arrested or expelled from school. In fact much of what Dee would wear during the next three years would be for the purpose of binding, stretching, squeezing and repressing.

Her mother smiled as the scrubbing continued. She would have Dee totally confused during the early part of her training, making her go almost slobber mouth mad from one extreme of almost constant daily jerk off sessions to periods of agonizing blue-cunt lip repression. These sessions of constant stimulation with and without relief over long periods of time, would have Dee actually tearing her hair out of her head the first time they were initiated. These future sessions of agonizing repression and ordeals of continuous orgasms would serve their purpose.

Dee had passed out three more times before the total body scrub was complete. She was covered with over a hundred now cleaned up but still bleeding small to large lacerations. Her mother then lathered Dee’s entire body with handfuls of powerful but slippery antibiotic. She allowed it to settle in all the wounds for half an hour before toweling it all off. Dee continued to suck water through a very flexible half-inch diameter rubber tube her mother forced between her lips. “Do not lose that Deanna, it will prove to be your real life saver for most of the day.” Dee stiffens at the painful insertion of the largest size Foley catheter into her inch wide urethra. It is set to prevent her from pissing. “Now my little pain slut I am about to give you a treat. Its time to be tenderized for tonight’s session in hell. Are you ready.” Dee stared at her mom with panicky pleading eyes attempting to eke out little mutterings through the tube. WHAPP. “Didn’t I just tell you to answer me immediately if I ask you a question.” SMACK, SMACK, SLAP, WHHACKKK! “ARE YOU READY?” Dee nods yes frantically.

“Okay then, get to your feet” Dee does so slowly. Though still weak, her strength is returning fast. Grabbing the bag of implements she instructs Dee to walk to the rear pasture. It is an almost grassless five-acre open area. “Lie down on your back and spread your legs as far out as you can, just like you did when you did the split for everyone in gymnastics class. We have much to do in a short period of time” “Continued?”

## **Chapter Four Terror On The Lower Forty (Horse Flies, Hickory Rod and a Natural Roasting)**

At about age four, Dee had discovered to her and everyone's amazement, that she had the ability to contort her body in the most amazing bends and shapes. This was not fully appreciated until she began taking gymnastics at age seven. It was one of the "things" that Mom and Dad had decided to provide for her in their attempt not to see her deprived of the events other children commonly participated in. She could often accomplish the most awesome contortions with minimal effort and hold them for long lengths of time.

With a little help from her mother Dee's legs are drawn out perpendicular to her torso. Because of her unique litheness, the sensation in her hips and upper thighs is minimal at present, manifesting itself only as a slight burning. She has not done such in several years. Her monster, damp cunt meat has gaped open at least three inches wide. The impossible cunt root hangs out in a five-inch half erect, gooseneck droop. Exposed as she is, most of her genitals and stomach are covered in a thick mass of pubic hair. It spreads almost to the edge of her wide hips, forming a reverse, only slightly thinned out triangle, that extends five inches above her navel in a more sparse two inch to one-half inch wide furry band. Her inner thighs and ass crack are also heavily mossed.

Working quickly her mother drives two stakes into the hardpan soil on both sides of Dee's ankles. Two-foot long leather strips bind her feet very tightly to each of the two stakes at each ankle. Two more stakes are pounded in with the two-pound hammer either side of both calves, at the knees, and upper and lower thighs. All of the stakes are pushed firmly against the various parts of her anatomy before being driven into the hard ground. Dee is unable to move her legs even a fraction of an inch.

Next, her mother pushes four feet of half inch diameter hemp rope under Dee's back and, after folding the loose ends over Dee's stomach in opposite directions, ties one end to a stake on her right side. She then proceeds to draw the slack out of the loose end, compressing Dee's waist from her normal 24 inches to 20 inches. Dee gasps. The rope is suddenly jerked two inches tighter. The quickness and severity of this

procedure is so excruciating that Dee jerks rapidly up, into a sitting position. Her swollen tits now rest on her lap. Her eyes begin to tear up. She gazes imploringly at her mother for relief. "Lie back down so I can finish tying this you little bitch. I'm in a hurry" Dee is temporally shaken by the burning compression of the rope and her mother's new vocabulary. CRACK, an open handed vicious slap is applied to Dee's left cheek. SLAPPP, CRACK, CRACK, SMACKK, SMACKK; five more are violently applied to her left cheek. Five additional open handed blows are applied full strength to the right side of her face. Dee is stunned. Her ears ring. A small trickle of blood seeps from the corner of her swollen lips. Her shock and strength combine to enable her to remain upright, though leaning back now on her supporting arms. This causes her still painful breasts to lift from her lap and roll slightly to either side of her torso. THUDD, THUDD, THAWACK, THAWACK... four closed fist punches are delivered to Dee's left tit bag. Dee's eyes bulge. Her tits had by now, become so swollen that a lot of their natural resiliency had been lost to a corresponding tightness. They were more rounded now and were much larger than basketballs. The areolas also had swollen to tight six-inch wide, four-inch high quivering, deep red monstrosities. Their nipples were now fully erected at over three inches in length. THAWACK, THAWACK, CRUNCH, THUDD, CRUNCH!! Five vicious ones to the now oscillating right udder. Dee crashes to the ground. Her eyes roll upward. She has never experienced such agony in her tits. This was worse than the time she dared to hold a lit candle to the underside of one her tits. She had done so for an excruciating length of time and had developed a large red bubbly blister that still showed a scar. AEEIWHEE, she screamed inwardly... UUEEEUURREE!! It's not real. AHHHhh, SHITT, IT HURTS!" "I told you to goddamn well lie down. How many times am I going to have to tell you to do as I say IMMEDIATELY!! Do you fucking understand you fucking cunt wad?" Dee nodded in the affirmative instantly.

The rope was jerked tight again. "You stupid little cow. Eventually you will understand that disobedience is tied to consequences. Try this now" The rope was tugged and pulled in another excruciating inch. Dee's waist was now pinched to a gasping 17 inches. A welt would form. It was tied off at it respective stake.

Dee's arms are splayed out at 45-degree angles and secured to stakes at her armpits, biceps, elbows, forearms, and wrist. Even her fingers are totally immobilized by her inventive mother, who will rapidly gain even more imaginative

torments and sinister perceptions during Dee's long training regime. Out of her bags come over thirty various sized, rusty, U-shaped nails she had plundered from her deceased husband's greasy floored work shed. Three each, straddle each of Dee's splayed out, upward facing fingers and thumbs. They are immobile. The only thing capable of even the slightest movement is Dee's thrashing head and neck.

A six-inch diameter log is shoved under her neck. Four stakes are placed against it and driven into the ground to secure it firmly. It will not budge. A rope is passed around Dee's neck and secured in a tight but non-constricting manner to two of the log stakes. Next, her head is pulled back far enough to force her to look backwards. This causes a very slight choking tightness of the neck rope. Her head is secured in this completely rigid position by a leather cord that passes just over the bridge of her nose and across the top of her eyelids. Thus, she is only just able, with great difficulty, to open and close her eyes. The leather cord is not passed around her head like the waist and throat binds, but is simply drawn down and secured to stakes. Her breathing is labored due to the severe constriction of the waist and neck bindings. She will begin choking if she tries to take deep breaths or swallow hard. Despite her rampant fear and almost complete paralyzing bondage, Dee's now quivering clit expands outward an additional half inch. Her long sweaty toes - which are the only portion of her anatomy not brutally corded - are in constant motion. They snap back toward the arch and curl downward in a letter C appearance during moments of sudden severe cramping or other internal or external agonies. Other times they splay outward, jerking, crossing over each other, straightening, and rotating. They are a paroxysm of contortions, with unlimited permutations of wiggly movement. It is Dee's only conscious and unconscious attempt to dilute and sling off her many and violent sufferings. It is pitifully insufficient. Bailing the Titanic with wet flicks of the fingers would have been more fruitful. Still, her toes and clit were all that were available to her. Each would rage and toss in unprecedented vectors as her agony intensified.

"Now Deanna, I hope you do not think that you are going to retain that thick pussy pad in the hopes of diminishing the effects of your evening's punishment. No little one off it comes and quickly too. I have business to attend to in town and some special shopping to do. We are going to need some special implements for your very special training. In addition, we are especially going to need an abundance of

medical supplies to speed your healing process. You are very fortunate that Mama is one of the best nurses in northern New York. You will require my utmost skills to stay alive at times. There will be no more Doctors. Can't be. Once they see you after today and especially in future months and years, they would have me arrested on the spot as a child molester and abuser. Do you wish for me to be arrested and out of your life Deanna?"

She looked directly into Dee's wide open horror struck eyes as she spoke these words. Dee attempted to flutter her eyes as fast as she could. She was only able to blink twice in about ten seconds, but that time she also shed a large tear from her left orb. She was terrified of the prospect that her mother might go away. NOOOOO! She inwardly screamed. Her mother must not leave her. She truly loved, wanted and depended on her mother. This was not a simple - though common - matter of a child's willingness to take or even seek abuse from a parent, in order to receive some token of attention. This was a much stronger rooted past and present reflection of a loving, trusting and mutually benefiting parent/child bond. Certainly the circumstances were unique and being attended to, in what would prove to be the most proficient and rewarding manner. No, the essential ingredients of this solid, loving relationship were long ago identified and applied by both her father and mother. It was before and in fact, transcends Dee's condition of the last couple of years.

Her mother noted Dee's eyes and understood. Dee did not receive a slap. She was sincere in her communication and learning fast. Her mother kissed her gently on both eyes and carefully on her scab-swollen lips. Dee gasped and began to cry. She knew without hesitation that her mother loved and understood her absolutely.

However, the present demanded attention. Her mother produced a sharp pair of sewing sissors and proceeded to cut large hunks of the thick pussy hair from around Dee's thick, protruding external lips and lower belly. She placed all of it in a special plastic bag as she cut. When she had trimmed as much as she could with the scissors she began scraping as much as she could with her husband's old, rather rusty, straight razor. It was a very abrasive and unskilled cropping but it got results. Dee's toes snapped and quivered as her cunt revealed itself as almost totally bald. Next her mother began a closer shave with a cordless razor. All residue went into the

plastic bag. Her pussy hair had been so profuse that the bag looked like it had been filled with two large bags of cotton balls. Some were stubble, while others were two, three and even four inches long. Later during the school year, Dee would be required to sprinkle them on her food in front of her classmates. A fresh supply would always be on hand as she would be forced to remain slick and smooth during her three years of training.

The shaving now revealed the monstrous truth of Dee's hormone swollen cunt. It was an oily protrusion that literally swelled out and downward like a gaping split-in-half, raw, rump roast. The thick sweaty outer lips were separated at the top by the thickness of her clit and its heavily convoluted, corpulent hood, which only succeeded in covering about two inches of the ever protruding monster. The hood actually formed the upper portion of Dee's long dangling labia minora which protruded several inches beyond the outside edge of the blubbery outer lips. The bottom of her cunt cleft gasped open from 1-3 three inches. It revealed the viscid entrance to her insanely over-developed vagina, which actually opened and closed like the mouth of a water-starved fish. The slight but constant dribble from her bottomless cave, found the natural drainage of her scrunched-up ass crack, pooling in the now muddy dirt below.

The rapidly emerging, imaginative, but as yet, unskilled dominatrix (not sadist, dear reader) next scrubbed Dee's extremely thick and very elongated labia majora with several applications of a surgical strength disinfectant. Then taking a heavy gauge cobbler's awl that her husband used to repair harnesses and saddles, she immersed it in the germ lethal liquid. After a few minutes, she threaded a thick length of disinfectant-soaked leather through the eye of the awl. Then without hesitation she literally grabbed a handful of Dee's labia and pulled it out to an easy four-inch stretch. Dee's toes fluttered. Her mother then pushed the sharpened awl through the top portion of Dee's labia majora about an inch back from its outside edge. A small fountain of blood spurted from the heavily compressed spiked flesh, dribbling down around her mother's hands. Dee's toes jerked back in a rigid paralyzed stance. She began making muffled strangling noises. She had taken a large intake of air and swallowed hard at the hideous agony of the thick awl penetrating her extremely sensitive cunt lips. Her diaphragm heaved and the tendons of her thighs spasmed. Most apparent were the animations of her clit. It raged out at its full six inch

potential. Now a thick vibrating mass of brownish-red, heavily ridged nerve-packed gristle. It throbbed and waved in reaction to the most livid pain/pleasure Dee had ever experienced. Her toes stayed rigid in a maxed-out, cramping curl. Nevertheless, the raw exposed solid nerve of her clit never stopped its gyrations.

Each huge gory labia was pierced four times, leaving a one inch gap between each of the half inch long holes and a one inch gap either side of the top and bottom holes. Thus simple math denotes that Dee's still growing, hormone fed outer cunt lips are currently - in their natural state - about eight inches in length from the tops of their rounded, grossly protruding mass, to their ass- attached bottoms. Each 1 1/2 inch thick lip is now threaded with the slippery leather cord. After eight piercings, Dee's clit has managed to lengthen an additional, never before attained, half-inch. She continually gags in a non-lethal manner, barely able to breathe in her haze of pain. But, she is getting enough air. Blueness around the lips would indicate otherwise. Her mother watches her closely before proceeding.

This use of an awl and leather on Dee's vulva, is of course, not the work of an experienced mistress. Rather, it is the result of the practiced eye of a country girl who grew up with the necessity of using such tools with frequency. The site of Dee's thick, lengthy, defrocked pussy lips did not require much imagination on her part, to see the potential. Her keen knowledge of suturing wounds also contributed to this extra ingredient of Dee's torment.

Two stakes were driven into the ground close to the ones that held her knees rigid. Then, in a procedure that caused the independently living clit to quiver in an seemingly impossible attempt to pull itself even further out of her body, Dee's mother stretched each large cunt lip outward, parallel to her perpendicular legs. Out she tugged, five inches. They thinned from their original four. More, to six. Then onward to a pancake-thin, seven inch stretch. The two loose ends of each of the eight pussy-threaded leather cords were then tied to the foot-long stake three inches away. Each suffering lip was swabbed with more disinfectant. The bleeding continued at a reduced rate. Dee's hugely stretched outer pussy lips were now pulled parallel to her split open legs, in an almost 10-inch wide, seven inch long, fan shaped arrangement. Their inside surfaces would partake of the same natural tenderizing process as the rest of her body. The cloudless, record breaking 96

degree, 98 percent humidity of the day would insure such. "You sit still Deanna. I have one other thing to get that will save your life. I'll be right back"

Dee was in extreme agony and she had only been staked out for about the one hour it had taken her mother to complete the rather crude but effective bondage. It was now about 1 p.m. Summer solstice passed only two weeks ago. There was still about five hours of intense scorching sun radiation left before things started shading up and the intensity of the harmful short wavelength radiation were refracted and scattered by the atmosphere. She quivered and spasmed as the heat and ultraviolet rays flogged her with their silent but unmerciful intensity.

She was a miserable little bitch; immobile, except for constantly gyrating toes and quivering cunt rod. This she would periodically cause to throb in long up and down arcs during involuntary spasms of her cunt muscles. Her entire body, covered in the hundred or more cuts and abrasions suffered earlier in the day, was awash in a hot velvet sheen of sweat. Her legs, arms and fingers splayed out in increasingly sharp, preliminary, cramping spasms. Her head was completely rigid in a now painful, backward facing position. The sweat stung her hard to open and close eyes. Her prodigious tits were completely still on her motionless body. Each was riddled with a plethora of very prominent blue veins that meandered up and around its entire surface. Some were so prominent with swelling that they could be observed cutting a path across and through her blood red, puffy areola.

The cavernous maw of her cunt was splayed out in an obscene exhibition of a seemingly bottomless drooling gaped open hole, only slightly obscured by her long loose dangling inner lips. All were wet with sweat, blood and cunt oil. Her usually glossy, shoulder length beautiful auburn hair was now a soggy stringy mass that hung in the dirt most of its length. Her eyes provided the greatest witness to her suffering. They were open wide in a pupil-constricted look of utter despair and agony. However, a close up look by the practiced eye of an experienced master or mistress would reveal the glossy reflection of exquisite sexual integrity.

Hearing her mother return, Dee strangled in anticipation of what was next. Her mother removed the tube from between her lips and began forcing the small opening wider with her fingers and the flanged end of a longer thicker tube. Dee shuddered.

Her swollen, cracked and bleeding lips were welded together by a single dirty scab. She pushed and twisted slowly splitting the crusted now profusely bleeding labial wound open onto a one-inch gap. Dee's tongue shot out in a long rounded protruding curl. In and out in a snake-like manner it went. Tears rolled out of her eyes. "Mthhhuuffuummuua, MTHHUFUMMUUA, Plllluuussthhhs, Uhhth, HUUUTTHHS Uhhthh HUUUTTHHS!!!" (Mama, Mama, please, it hurts, it hurts!!!). "I did not give you permission to talk Dee. Just for that you will get more of the needle in you greasy vile cunt." Dee went bugged eyed. "OOHHH PITY, PITY ME GOD, I will die if she sews my cunt up some more AHHH,HEELPP, HELLPP!!!" she silently screamed.

The wide end of the flange is forced into Dee's mouth sideways and twisted between her teeth. This makes it virtually impossible to expel when Dee's suffering soon will drive her to the brink of madness. The rest of the one-inch wide tube is about four feet long... The loose end is securely attached to an open tub into which Dee's mother begins pouring over five gallons of liquid she brought down in a wheelbarrow. "Listen to me Deanna. When I finish here in just a few minutes I will have to leave to attend to business. The new tube will always be immersed in the special replenisher I have prepared for you. It contains plenty of vitamins, electrolytes, and thirst quenchers. It will last until I return. The larger tube will accommodate you if the pain causes you to vomit. You will then of course, have to drink your diluted vomit."

Dee shudders as her mother begins the added punishment to her grossed out cunt. When she is through, Dee has a closed off Foley catheter stuffed up her chili hot urethra. Her long floppy inner lips have been sewn together with a single length of thin bailing wire. They are then stretched straight out about six inches to the front, and secured to a stake. It is violently agonizing affair, and it burns like hell fire. The pressure against her filling bladder makes her want to urinate fast.

Before she leaves, Mrs. Winston grabs Dee's rigid clit and jerks it like the huge girl dick it is. It is one of the rare clits occasionally observed that has a penis like head at the end. Dee's is the size of a large tapering plum. She twists and wrings the monster attempting to dislodge it from her daughter's freak body. She continues without letup for ten minutes. Dee is in agony and ecstasy. She screams into the tube. Bubbles froth the surface of her bucket of replenishment. She begins to choke

and strangle as her corded neck muscles cause the leather cord around her neck to tighten. She sucks through the tube as well as her nose. This causes more strangulation. Her toes perform a mad dance of survival.

Her mother ceases her jerking ministrations to the engorged suffering appendage and begins to slap it back and forth with vicious, open-handed blows. It slaps Dee's stomach on the upswing and thumps the wet ground either side of her tightly stretched inner lips on the down swing. This continues for over a minute. Suddenly, a large viscous pool begins forming in the muddy dirt between Dee's thighs. She is in the throws of a violent orgasm. She screams inwardly at the familiar conflicting intensities of the pleasure/pain. Every muscle, tendon, and surface blood vessel tense and stand out in rigid response. Her eyes roll back. She starts strangling again as the leather tightens around her neck even before she finishes her cum. The pool spreads as her contracting vagina pumps out the slippery hot fluid. Had her inner lips been open, the super strong contractions would have ejaculated the reservoir of slippery lubricants that are constantly pooling in her cunt sheath, a foot or more outside her rabid snatch.

"That's a good girl Deanna. When I return I want to see a much larger wet spot between those sexy legs and that girl dick had better be larger also. You must suffer greatly for Mama. Do not disappoint me Deanna. I know you can endure this agony for a long time, and the more you do the more it will make your swollen pussy heat up and hose itself off. You are a strong, long suffering girl sweetheart. Suffer in hell fire agony for yourself and for me. Grow that dick and cook for me. We have much to do before the sun rises in the morning. I promise to return later in the day and turn you over for a complete basting. I require a blistering red tenderizing. It's absolutely necessary that you be glowing from head to toe before your trip to the hay barn tonight."

Deanna has suffered through the intense orgasm without being able to move any part of her body except her now cramping toes and her massive clit, which she flexes up and down in wide wet arcs. She has been staked out for almost two hours now. It is about 2 p.m. She quivers inwardly. The earth itself acts as a nice natural spit as it oh-so-slowly rotates her evenly and with total ungodly exposure to the scorching rays of the sun. The most avowed nudists and tanners were indoors on this

boiling record breaking day. For a while all she feels is the increasing, now painful penetrations of the heat through her skin. It is beginning its uninterrupted journey from first degree burn to several stages of the most painful second-degree sunburn.

She is now exhibiting a hot pink flush all over the front of her body. Soon she will be in extreme agony as she begins experiencing the roasting torment of advanced second degree burning. She can feel the horrible heat as it penetrates her. Her oversensitive milk bags are especially vulnerable. They are already bright red and pouring sweat in madding trickles off the tits themselves and her torso. She sucks on the life saving replenishment tube and begins a series of low guttural moans as her skin begins to retain more and more of the heat pain. It was akin to holding your hand fairly high above a lit candle. The heat will intensify and you are forced to move away from it. Dee could do no such thing. She continued to parboil while her toes flayed about.

Suddenly, her low continuous moans became a silent shriek. Her eyes open as quickly as possible. She had, just that instant, experienced a sharp wound on her tightly stretched left large cunt lip. The pain intensified. She could only tense and begin to choke. "Eiiieghaa", bubbles froth the bucket of replenishment as another similar pin stabbing pain erupts from her swollen, bright red right milk pap. "Arrooghhaa, Eeiiiieeghee, Ghhaaaieii", three more assault her, on the foot, left thigh and worst of all, on the side of her raging cunt trunk clit. She fights it, but the burning continues. All five of the agonizing burning spots merge to cause her to suffer five times more intensely than the first single stab on her cunt flap. "EEEYYAIIIEEE!!, URRggh, OHH!! AHIEE, God ALMIGHTY, AHHIee" She alternately strangles and spews bubbles in the bucket as six more stabbing pains distribute across her muscle corded totally restricted body. "OH Jesus, AHHHH Shit!! What's happening, what's hurting me? AiieeSHHIITTTT", three more assault her. Though the first few nerve screaming pains are now beginning to slightly subside -after 2-3 minutes- the other ten or so have magnified her hurt to the point of nausea. She tries to calm herself somewhat. It requires almost all of her reserve resolve and extraordinary effort to relax enough just to barely suck in a sufficient amount of air to breathe and to tune in to her surroundings somewhat.

It is then that she finally tunes in to the rather pronounced buzzing that emanates

from all directions. "AHHH SHITT!! NO, NOOooo! Not horseflies. AWW Christ, they sting so badly, I can't stand it, come back Mama, hurry they're biting me to death." Dee's knowledge of the insufferable, tenacious pursuit and bite of this most tormenting of God's menagerie serves to increase her agony. The bite of a mature horsefly, and its continuing endeavor to suck voraciously its victim's fluids, is akin to being stabbed with a half inch pin that has been dipped in pure bleach. It lasts for several agonizing minutes and continues as a steady burn even after it flies away. Dee's muscles can be seen visually rippling and jerking in involuntary spasms.

The humming and stinging does not abate. She is now being stung by over 20 of the miniature monsters. They bite and plow through her already burnt skin. Five leech on to her clit. She is attempting to flex it constantly now like the solid bruised and ever expanding, self-protecting tail it has become. The intense misery drives her towards a gut wrenching orgasm. Her cunt roux spills out. "AHHaaiee, cumming, hurts, IT HURTS..., CUMMING, URRGHHHhh, CUMMING!!" She strangles out her masochistic orgasm, choking and spewing in the process. Bubbles continually froth the surface of her diminishing replenishment. A virtual horde of the winged devils have now descended on her. It is more than even her strength can endure. To be stabbed with 60-80 poison swabbed needles in almost the same moment is more than even the most scar-covered slave of twenty years experience could endure.

Dee's eyes budge obscenely, she begins to heave. Sweat runs off her in constant rivulets as she starts to vomit. The mostly, bile diluted replenishment fluid rushes past her constricted throat and through the tube. It spills out into the remainder of the bucket's diminishing contents. It now contains equal portions of vomit and fresh replenishment. Her toes make unprecedented gyrations in her attempt to cease her strangling and deal with the continuing torture of the horseflies. Worse, she is now covered by a multitude of houseflies, gnats, piss ants, and a contingent of fire ants. The latter assault her with hundreds of intense fiery bites, from her toes to her now closed eyes.

Dee has been cooking on her back for almost three hours now. She is being eaten alive by hundreds of miniature, evil and voracious masters of the insect world. Her toes curl and snap, spreading and popping up and down. At one point when being bitten by at least five horseflies at once on her wire sewed inner slit lips, the next to

biggest toe somehow managed to achieve the impossible journey of crossing over its next two companions, before scratching itself back to its original position. She sucked the vomit/replenishment down in small choking gulps in order to feed herself for survival. She was now so burnt and bitten that blood oozed from many of the bites that covered her almost second-degree scorched skin. Blisters were now forming on the usually unexposed and sensitive portions of her agonized anatomy. There were several one inch sized, clear to light pink blisters now on her stretched outer and inner cunt lips, and twenty or more 2-3 inch varieties distributed across the insides of her thighs, on her tits, and lower stomach.

It was now about four o'clock and she was fast approaching serious consequences to her physiological integrity. Her muscles and tendons were almost totally cramped in their stretched, rigid posture. She had sweated gallons but had been able to replenish all of it. Her agony was so severe that she had six orgasms. Her clit was now swollen by a multitude of insect bites and the erotic pumping of Dee's heated blood.

Her mother returned with a variety devices to torment Dee even further. Dee's eyes opened and several moisture-seeking houseflies took up residence. Though she could not see her mother, her eyes begged and implored for relief. "Well my little hunk of human fly paper, your holeless dick has indeed somehow managed to expand. Even you would not recognize it. It's grotesque Dee. I would think that the swollen monstrosity is due to the multitude of insect bites, but the great big old mud puddle between your legs proves that you are, indeed, turned on by pain and agony. I do not understand why, but we will learn together and use it to make your life more fulfilling and responsible."

"Now, since you have done as I ordered and forced the obese appendage to stand up taller I will give you a little more pleasure." She grabs the seven inch monster in a crushing grip with both hands and begins to twist and jerk it up and down in a violent act of masturbation. Dee's toes immediately curl up and back in a cramped rigid posture. Eyes bulging, with indescribable pain, she begins her strongest orgasm yet since being staked out. Her synapses backfire as her mother's grip and strokes increase in intensity. Cunt cream gushes out onto the ground. The thick, slippery, monster clit fills her hands to overflowing. She attempts to dislodge it from

it mooring. Dee tries in vain to piss. Relief arrives as she passes out during the peak of the brain-melting climax.

When she awakens a few seconds later her mother is standing behind her. Dee focuses on her in her still backward looking totally paralyzed bondage. Her eyes stare in abject despair and agony. She hardly notices the quarter inch hickory stick in her mother's hand. It is fresh cut and contains about nine jagged sharp protrusions where smaller branches had been broken from it. It is about three feet in length. Being a quarter inch hickory, it will stay rather rigid when striking flesh, which will be its frequent fate very shortly.

"Dee sweetheart, I know you think you are about to die and will surely not be able to suffer any more torment. I assure you however that except for your body cramps and the agony of your sewed up cunt and insect bites, you are in good physical health at the moment. Most of the liquid replenishment is in your system. It has replaced all your fluid loss. In fact, it has strengthened you somewhat compared to your condition when we arrived home. You are young and certainly much stronger than most people your age, even most boys. No, my little puss pocket, you will get what was promised. All that you have endured well here will make your suffering much more intense than I originally planned. I am sorry little toot, but you have not begun to hurt. Before we are through tonight, you may well be close to real death. Such will be the case many times over while you are with me these next three years."

"But, you will not die. You will pray to die I am sure, but you will not. I love you and do not wish it to be so. Mama is only trying her best and so to must you. I get no thrill, sexual or otherwise doing what I must. You however do. Let it be. You will suffer utmost damnation at and away from home until you are nineteen. You will grow stronger as well as bigger. Your girl cock can grow as big as your arm for all I care and your tits can drag the ground. Whatever the case you will not hide at home and frig yourself all day long. You are going to go to school, church, and to town as required. We, you mostly, will deal with it. If you must masturbate and pump quarts of you cunt goo in public then be prepared to deal with the consequences. You will be jeered, ridiculed and humiliated wherever you go. Nevertheless, go you will, and as God is my witness, you will learn some degree of control as you do go. You may well drip, slobber and fart slime up and down the avenues of the world Deanna, but

you will not always succumb to the screaming need to cum while you do so.”

“This means while you are sitting at school, at a job, or walking or running or during any activity you may be engaged in. Let the juices flow, the tits flop and bounce and you huge ass roll and quake; wiggle you sexy little monkey toes that you so fondly like to gaze at and stroke. Do all those things in public if you must. But do not always give in to the screaming need for release. If you do you will likely collapse, and become an even more obscene public spectacle as you wither and toss about like an epileptic having a grand mal seizure. This is what you will control. Correct?” Dee stared in tensed agony. CRUNCHH! “YAHHEEEEEeee,” Dee blows huge bubbles as the rod crashes across the top of her slightly larger left boob. It sinks two inches into the crushed areola, just behind the two inch long, rigid, insect bitten nipple, causing it to bend backwards over the skin incased rod.

“Now answer me pickle puss. Am I correct about the purpose of your training?” Dee is literally too injured to respond. SMASHHH! It lands across the side of the right tit, causing it to crash against the left bag in response. “MAMMMMAAAA, EEEYOWWWWEE!!!, STOP... ARGGRR... PLEASE STOP. YOU ARE RIGHT, OH GOD... uggh, YES... gurrge... YESSsss!!, YOU ARE RIGHT, PLEeassee,” Dee silently screams, blinking her eyes as fast as she can. “Good” her mother responds, “Now we can get down to the business at hand.”

## **Chapter Five Barefoot Torture Trek (Ruptured Urethra, Pet Rock and Cunt Cramping Orgasmic Denial)**

Dee was an absolute horrible mess. A more pitiful scene could not be drawn from Dante’s Inferno. Her now deep red severely sunburned skin was crawling with a myriad of rapacious, sucking, biting insects. Their torturous bites were worse than the raging heat permeating her body. At least it was being subsumed by her entire body. The insect bites – some of which were as bad as hornet stings – were suffered without the ability to even twitch a local muscle let alone touch or scratch. This was a torment that could easily drive the strongest individual insane. Dee’s incredible strength had barely carried her this far during the last three agonizing hours. She was near her end and would soon pass out if some kind of relief was not quickly

forthcoming. Her obscene clit had managed to expand another incredible 1/2 inch in length, as a result of the numerous insect bites it had endured and the addition of more blood pumped in by her masochistic circumstances. It raged up and down in irregular wet slaps against her pubes and stomach, where of course, there were fewer insect bites. Her toes, having endured an almost constant but futile three hour wiggling, contorted march to relieve her agony, were now cramped in a variety of painful paralyzed angles and shapes.

Paradoxically, her first relief was administered by the blinding agony of the hickory stick across her massive tits. It was so sudden and intense that all-previous suffering was temporally null and void, until the almost bleeding welts began to cool down. She whimpered inwardly as the heat of the still raging sun and the six-legged critters from hell drove her towards unconsciousness. Her second relief began as her mother undid her severe bondage.

All bindings were undone. Dee was so painfully cramped that she remained rigid in her splayed out position. She was only able to slightly move her fingers and hands as her mother restretched the temporally relieved large cunt lips back down her thighs, tying them tightly to her thighs, with the leather cord, in a slightly less stretched manner than before. Her thick still wire-sewed inner lips dangled down in the muddy dirt. Twat slime still oozed slightly between the crude sutures. Blood from numerous horse fly bites flowed across their twisted convoluted surface, turning the surrounding light brown mud into a light vermilion hue.

Because Dee was severely cramped and unable to move in a significant manner, her mother took her by the arms and simply rotated her around her 90 degree splayed-out legs, ass and inner cunt lips to an ass upward position. She then reached under Dee and pulled her tightly swollen boob bags out to the side. This enabled Dee to lay closer to the ground and also exposed the injured orbs to a larger surface area for roasting by the sun. Dee blew a froth in the bucket at the hideously sharp burning assault on the tendons, muscles and cartilage of her cramped and pain-twisted body.

“Listen to me carefully Dee. I will only say this once. We still have at least three hours of good heat. I want your back to be as well tenderized as your front. We will stay here four hours to insure the late day sun does a thorough job. You will not be

tied down. You will lie as you are. However, listen now, you little cunt mauler. You will absolutely remain completely still as you bake in the sun. If you so much as twitch a toe or an ass cheek I will slam this rod across an unsuspecting part of your freak anatomy with enough force as to likely draw blood. You will of course, jump in response. You get that one reaction. If you are moving in the slightest way after three seconds I will bash you again. Now we both know you cannot remain still for four hours in the raging sun while being eaten alive by all these insects. I have several cans of repellent before me. You will receive one quick spray to a small part of your body for every half-hour you can remain completely motionless. I will happily dispense it, if you can." Dee groaned inwardly. Already her legs and arms were beginning to rebound into a looser, less tense position. She would be forced to keep them tense on her own. Tears began to flow down her dirty pock marked chin. Her chin rested in the dirt as she gazed straight ahead. Her sweat-muddy feet and toes pointed outward, denied permission to produce even a tiny wiggle. Her still pain-slut-rigid clit was mashed outward on the ground beyond her rotund ass cheeks. The sutured inner lips were so large and droopy that they draped over the upper portion of the swollen appendage, glossing it with a constant dribble of vaginal oil.

All was quiet except the distant clatter of crows and the increasingly loud drone of insects. Dee quivered inwardly. Two horse flies bit her almost simultaneously; one on the ass and one on the shoulder. Even though she had already experienced the excruciating stabs hundreds of times so far, each new one was equally sudden and painful. Her shoulder twitched. Whapppp!! "JESUS, SHITT!!" "FUCK ME, NOT AGAIN, NOT AGAIN, gotta stay still." Her toes curled unconsciously. WHAACKKK!! Mom had a good eye. "MOTHER FFFUCKERRR! STOP MAMA, STOPPP, NO MOREE, fuck, SHITTFUCKK!!, STOP!!!" Dee sucked in all the control, endurance and conscious effort required not to move or twitch one iota. She must have succeeded. No more blows arrived. The bucket vibrated with liquid churning within. She sucked for needed replenishment and some micro-relief from the horrid slashes. Her teeth gnashed at the mouth insert of the rubber tube. Her upper back and lower ass were now marked with a 12-inch long livid welt. The one on her back seeped a few drops of blood.

The insects continued to torment her as they feasted on her vital fluids. The earth served as her solid spit as it continued its slow thousand mile per hour rotation

under the blazing intensity of Sir Sol. Dee held tight, exerting a conscious and unconscious strength against her excruciating ordeal. She basted in her own sweat, adding yet another ingredient to her teeth grinding agony.

Shhhishh. She almost jumped. She had received a short blast of the insect repellent on a tiny portion of the small of her back. Relief was almost nonexistent. It only served to displace those bugs to new places, thus adding to the density of their numbers on her suffering skin. She endured. Shhhisshh. Another dose to the back of her right thigh. The micro varmints regrouped. It had been a little over an hour now. She began to feel the toasting effect of the UV rays.

The whole affair was fast becoming more than she could bear. She had suffered with almost inhuman endurance. She sucked, blew and prayed. It was to no avail. At nearly an hour and a half a large particularly voracious horse fly bit down hard on her protruding rigid nipple. Her fingers clawed the dirt as she screamed silently. THWACKKK! The rod digs over a half inch in the center of her now huge up-thrust ass. Her head jerks up as her toes whirl. The toes go silent quick enough but the head is a nano-second too late. SMASH!!! A particularly vicious cut lands down the side of her left thigh. "AWWWW MOTHER OF GOD!! That hurts, JESUS!". Again her toes crisp unconsciously, snapping up and back in a tight c shaped angular curl; up and back, spreading, lurching back to caress each other in sympathy. They toss about each other too long. SLLAASSHHH!!, across the small of the back. Her sweat drenched hair and head jerk back violently, spraying her back, tits and the ground with a shower of salty effusions. "SONNOFABITCHHHH!!, FUCK, FUCK, AWWWFUCCKKK MEEEE!!! I CAN'T TAKE ANY MOREE!, SHIT, SHIT IN MY FACE SOMEONE, NO MOREE, EEEYIIIEE, NO MORE!!" She quivers and vibrates. Her legs and arms began to take a life of their own as they become almost normally loose at this point. She claws at the dirt. The pain is so intense that she is losing the ability to concentrate. Her surroundings are becoming a blur as the torture heightens to mental instability. She is now swimming across the dusty ground, digging in with her fingers, toes, knees, and elbows, unconscious to the grinding clawing effect it is having on her injured front side. THAWWACK, SMMASHHH, CRUNCHH, THERRWHACK, SLASHHH!! The blows rain down as she howls in insane raging terror at the unprecedented assault to her back and now rolling ass. She heaves up on her hands and knees, scurrying about in totally haphazard, unfocused directions.

She is now temporally insane with anguishing pain.

Deanna Winston is now no longer a sentient presence in this universe. Rather, she is now nothing more than unrestricted electro/chemical surgings of synaptic responses to the brutal unending violation of the now bloody rod.

WHACKK, THACCKKK, SLASHH, THERWACKK, four more blows added to the former 12 now drive her back to the ground. Every dendron of her skin and muscles' nervous system is fully charged. Half of the raised welts drip blood. Blood blisters form at the intersection of several of them. The insane Dee rebounds to her knees. Her massive tits toss about in a paroxysm of slapping rebounds, each slinging sweat and smaller amounts of fluid from a number of now ruptured sun induced blisters. She is unfeeling of any of it. She is on her feet and begins to run in an unseen, unfocused direction. The flaying, snapping, feeding tube induces a minor flogging to her wildly tossing mams. The now seven-inch, one and a quarter-inch thick cunt rod slams into her stomach and against her thighs. Her wild running gyrations are inhibited to short strides by the restriction of her thigh-tied outer cunt lips. They are so large and pliable that they can restrict the tearing that would occur with a normal woman.

Ten more blows across her breasts, stomach and ass drive her back to her knees. The outrageous clit rages out another quarter inch. THACKKKK!!!. The atrocious stick slashes against the underside of the suffering thing with a sickening sound. It rebounds off Dee's stomach, causing the attached bound-up inner lips to jerk in a variety of flopping directions against her thighs and even against her lower ass cheeks. Dee is beyond mental screaming or howling as she crashes to the ground in response to the merciless blow. Puke spurts out the feeding tube. She is a withering insane mass of abused flesh. We, as well as Dee, are now witness to the total authority and integrity of Mrs. Winston's focused intent, and her promise to Dee, that this would be a ordeal from hell.

Five more cracking blows to Dee's legs and tits result in a ten second long, two-foot projection of thin watery shit. Six more cause Dee to tense up in a rigid half minute, paralyzed, prostrated splayed-out position on the ground. Then, with a violent suddenness that startles even her mother, Dee's abused and now swollen, bloody ass

rears up. With her torso-squashed tits, face and shoulders still on the ground, she rears the rotund welted spheres higher still with legs that are now pushed up to their full extent. Her toes dig small troughs in the dirt as her semi-human body takes on the shape of an inverted V. Her arms however, flail about in violent, jerky motions. Her dangerously bulging eyes stare insanely from her motionless head. The ass is farting loud wet shit bubbles. It stops. Her ass then begins quivering and rolling from the shivering and spastic jerks of her body. It is almost an entity into itself. Her normally tight little ass hole opens several inches. Her mother stares transfixed. Dee's ass vibrates faster as a huge solid turd flies out to land three feet away. Immediately the clit begins to flex back and forth, stomach to thigh, carrying the bundled inner lips along for the journey. This lasts for about a half a minute, then stops. What followed causes even her mother to cover her mouth in suppressed awe. Dee's bound up inner cunt lips begin to swell to an ungodly size. This is followed almost immediately by numerous thin, long spurts of slimy roux. Each emanates from the small open spaces between the 15 or so wire sutures that bind it up.

Dee is, yet again, experiencing the most intense orgasm of her life. It is the concomitant reaction of the livid ungodly pain that is consuming her. It brings her back to the "Real" world, which may or may not be an asset. Consciousness during an orgasm is something that Dee will almost - but not always - experience, regardless of the monstrous abuse and torture that will be her ubiquitous companion throughout her rich and rewarding life. She will usually be a conscious witness to the mind and cunt melting orgasms that accompany the foul bloodshed and rampant humiliation that is her future.

Her mother is astounded at the duration of Dee's shit inducing orgasm and the volume of cunt juice that is still jetting out of the cavernous pit of her vagina. The violent intensity of her pain is responsible for the massive internal seepage and accumulation. Her cunt having contracted in an especially spastic manner ejaculated the cream outward to the dam of the partially blocked labia minora. The latter expanded to an awesome dimension before the goo could begin escaping through the suture holes.

The shitting, farting and straight legged, ass high in the air, arm jerking contortions

are the exhibits that confirmed that much of Dee's training would be aligned towards the goal of repressing her orgasms in public, to the extent possible. She would also need to learn how to cope with the increasing ridicule and abuse of others (mostly from women) when in public.

Dee finally finished peeing out her juices during the 45-second orgasm. She fell limp and exhausted to the ground. She received three hard blows to the top of her red, bleeding ass. Her body jumped off the ground to the ground as if shocked but she remained still afterward, too exhausted to react. She could only cry as she attempted to gather her strength. Her mother poured additional replenisher in the bucket and replaced the feeding tube. Dee sucked like a month old starving baby. Her catheterized bladder was now screaming for release. Despite the constant sweating marathon, she had ingested enough liquid to create a surplus in her dammed up bladder. It was beginning to become painful.

Dee was instructed to simply lie on her stomach for the remaining two hours. She was informed that she could move slightly but not place her hands anywhere on her body. This was especially true, she was informed, when she received a fresh cut of the rod every ten minutes. During this time Dee was harangued for being a silly, stupid cunt-slobbering cow, who could not keep her hands off her cunt and tits. She was ridiculed and reminded of the many times she had been caught with one of her slimy feet in her mouth. In fact her unique flexibility enabled her to shove over half of it towards her swallowing gullet. She was reminded of how ridiculous she looked when caught with her thick clit between her hand-guided feet. Dee was so suddenly surprised and embarrassed being caught by her mother that night, that her cunt shot a wad of oil to the foot of the rubber sheeted bed. That time her mother beat her for ten constant minutes with her grandfather's old, but still firm, razor strop. It only served to heat Dee up to a mindless passion. When her mother left the room she pulled on her stiff root and cunt lips for several hours. She contorted herself sufficiently to fist herself way past her wrist and chew on her mouth compressed toes at the same time. They showed the raw, red indentations of teeth marks for over a week.

At the end of two hours Dee was sobbing at the reminder of her numerous and embarrassing masturbatory acts. She also wailed silently during each of the 12

agonizing slashes of the hickory rod. She was a human wreck. Her entire dirt covered body was raw, with hundreds of puffy oozing insect bites. She was marked by at least 50 vicious cuts of the hickory stick. There were several dozen-blood blisters distributed across her raw sunburned skin. She was awash in sweat. Her hair was a totally wet, limp, mass of sweaty mud. It dripped out of the sodden mop in a constant rain of wet dirt, covering her abused torso with a chocolate milk like sheen. Over a hundred cuts and abrasions were attempting to scab over from the agonizing torture of the rocks and broken glass earlier in the day. The skin itself was a raw mass of painful burning agony. Its sun roasted, deep red surface was too painful to stroke let alone suffer the torment of additional flogging that was her imminent fate.

She fell to her knees, and wrapped her arms around her mother's legs in a supplicant silent plea to be spared further agony. Her eyes implored. She rained dozens of dry scabbed lipped kisses to her mother's feet and legs. She lay flat on the ground with her face and mouth filling the narrow space between her mother's feet, while grasping her by her ankles. Her terror had built to such an extent that she could actually be heard mewling and grunting. It was total primal fear. Silently begging and weeping Dee was in abject dread of the painful hell that her mother promised would shortly take place. Plaintive moans could be discerned as she beat her head against the hard packed ground. She was so fearful, that she attempted to let loose of her urine swollen bladder. Nothing was forthcoming, neither piss nor sympathy. She was ordered to drink deeply from the bucket and get to her feet.

Dee regained her knees and paused a slight moment to test her wobbly balance. SLAPPP!, she reels backwards, almost losing her balance from the hard open-handed blow against her left temple. "I said get to your feet Deanna, not rest your lazy rhino ass till midnight. Hell, by then you will be watching the skin flying off your swollen bloody ass. See how swollen it has gotten Dee? Can you imagine the beating it will have to endure to swell another three inches? We are going to measure those obscene tubs of fat and those cow bags as soon as we get to the barn. They are going to receive a lot of special attention tonight Deanna and the attention will not cease until your humongous ass has swollen at least another five inches. Not three, mama's little pain slut, but AT LEAST FIVE! I will decide later the amount of blossoming your poor welted titties should get. You haven't forgotten that I

promised you would be very horrified at just how monstrous they would be before the night is over have you? Poor sweetie, I know how much it pleases you to fondle your huge titties and pussy; watching them grow ever larger, and praying - Lord knows why - that they would all grow even more. Well tonight even, you should be satisfied. The bad news is that you will be too injured and weak to even reach out and touch them sweetheart. Anyway, you would pass out from the pain at the slightest caress. In fact, I doubt that you will want to do much caressing and touching at all. I also have special plans for your hands. Poor little puss cunt, Mama will have to be careful not to rupture your titties too badly. Actually, I will have to be careful not to drop you over the fence of permanent insanity. I can promise that you will go temporarily mad from the pain Deanna. Steel yourself and gather all your inner and external strength. You will need every molecule of reserve to get through the rest of the night."

"I have arranged to take the next two weeks off. You will need my constant care to recover. I expect it will be another week or so after that before you will be able to sit down or walk very far. School should be starting about the time you began hobbling some. Special arrangements will have to be made for your day to day situation at school, especially during the first several months. We will attend to that later."

"Mmmrrhhh!!, uurragghmmaaa!" Dee began babbling incoherently behind her massacred lips. Her clit began to wither in terror and the near rupturing of her explosive bladder. "Now on your feet this very instant Miss shit-for brains". Dee rose quickly, stumbling backwards in the process. Her mother grabbed her wet, mud caked, stringy hair. She quickly tied several crude, tight, braids and secured a long length of leather above the highest one. She then took the remaining hair below, and knotted it around the leather and braids. The 3-4 feet of remaining leather was looped tightly around Dee's elbows after they were placed parallel to each other and pushed high up her back, just below her shoulder blades. This pulled her head back almost as far as it would go. In addition to being painfully uncomfortable it also totally restricted her forward vision. She was now staring upwards and backwards. Her massive wobbling tits raged upwards. They were all she could see as she focused downward as far as she could. As she stood trembling, her mother partially tethered her by tying an 18-inch length of leather to both big toes. Her outer cunt lips were released from her welted and bruised thighs. They remained partially

stretched. Ordinarily it would take several days for them to regain something akin to their original shape and size. After tonight, it would take over a month for her entire vulva to begin showing a semblance of its former self. Like her breasts, her cunt would be somewhat permanently altered after tonight's ordeal.

Dee felt her mother attach something to the lower end of her wire-sutured inner cunt lips. The bottom stitches were removed. Dee shuttered and dug her toes in the ground as the wire was pulled painfully out of the bleeding convoluted lips. She felt a slight downward pulling tension on the dangling flanges. "Move forward a little Deanna." Dee carefully and blindly moved a foot or so forward. She gasped and froze as a sharp pain grabbed her partially sutured inner lips. SLAPPP! She received a full force, open-handed slap on her severely, sunburned-blistered ass. She jumped forward. "AIIIEEE! OH SHIT! My cunt lips! That hurts. What the fuck?" "Keep moving Dee," her mother bellowed. Dee moved ever so slightly forward. "OHH! CHRIST, my inside lips are gonna tear off. Gotta stop." THACKKK!!, "GODDAMMNN!" Dee screamed inwardly, as the hickory rod blasted her across the top portion of her ass. "I said to move, you fucking, meat-beating whore" Dee moved blindly but steadily forward, dragging the single, twelve or so pound sandstone rock her mother had tied to her inner lips.

"There you are Dee. Since you so enjoy pulling and stretching those obscene lips so much, I thought you might enjoy a real pull and, with no hands necessary. Now pull your head forward so you can see where you are going you stupid little ninny." Dee forced her head forward, pulling her arms in a tendon wrenching position further up her back. She could still only see her sweat-tossing tits. She stumbled, almost falling. THACKK... "NOOOO!!" She catches the rod across the top of both vibrating bags. "For Christ sake Deanna pull your ugly ass head down so you can see. This instant or you will get 10 more hard ones across your hotdog nipples."

Dee's neck muscles strain and her shoulders creak as she slowly focuses on the barely visible landscape ahead of her. She had been moving away from the barn. She turns slowly, forcing her eyes down as far as possible to orient the terrain to her immediate front. She can only see features 20 or so feet in front of her and that, at the cost of horrendous agony in her upper arms, shoulders and neck. She plods forward in abject misery, wet with blood and sweat, victim of over a hundred cuts,

and half a hundred stripes and raised welts. She is a true soulmate to any of history's most revered religious martyrs. Her vaginal creases begin to sheen over and secrete a small new dribble across the insides of her quivering outer cunt lips. Her tits, which are now swollen to a ponderous size, flatten slightly as the inside surfaces smash into each other. They resound off her lower abdomen, sides of her body and bound arms. On occasions of frequent stumbling, they will bounce against the bottom of her downward straining chin and neck. Her erect nipples are so long that they often take on separate directions of their own, bobbing and jerking like small penises.

Dee's temporarily five inch partially flaccid clit has taken on its typical gooseneck shape. It bobs and weaves with each agonizing step. This movement in concert with the severe pull on her inner lips causes her entire vulva and pudendum to pull downward. This only serves to increase the pressure against her now very dangerously full bladder. The closed catheter dams it to a near-rupture condition. She is forced to stop. She begins to hump her lower abdomen back and forth in a futile effort to toss out some of her piss. She crosses her legs similar to when she was a little girl, jerking and taking little three and four inch steps. She fucks the ambient air again, trying to lose just a couple of drops.

"No matter how hard you try, you will not be able to piss until I open the catheter Deanna. You have a choice: hold it until we get to the barn or let it out and take the rod as long as it flows. I warn you, I will flay the shit out of you so long as it flows. If you voluntarily stop the flow, I will cease the beating. If so much as a drop emerges, I will continue the flogging. What will it be Deanna?" Dee falls to her knees and waddles to her mother's feet. Her out-thrust tits squash against her mother's knees and lower thighs. With her head already severely forced upward, she beseeches for mercy and leniency with eyes that now bespeak utter torment and despair. The whole episode has left her most vile and uncensored fantasies light years behind. She is screaming through the mouth tube and sealed lips. She shakes her head sideways with the inch or so of slack available to her in that direction.

An attempt is made to place her head against her mother's jeans at crotch level, in a pitiful expression of supplication and reassurance. So great is Dee's need for mercy and encouragement that she nearly dislocates her severely cramped shoulders in the

process. They rise an additional inch. She succeeds in a slight, light touch her mother's jeans with her out-stretched chin. Her tear filled eyes beg for mercy and motherly compassion. SLAPP! Her torso jerks right at the open-handed blow against her left cheek. SMACKKK!! - A hard blow against the right cheek spins her in the opposite direction. "I asked you a question Deanna Winston. I am damn tired of repeating myself." WHACKKK!!- Another one against the left cheek. Dee begins another round of muffled screams. Her well-watered system contributes a torrent of tears from her wildly beseeching eyes. She must get immediate relief from her bladder. But she is also terrified of further torment from the rod. She does not think she can stand another blow.

She underestimates herself. Her agony and humiliation are short-circuiting her judgement, reasoning and short-term memory. CRACK!,WHAP!, WHAPPP!, SMACK!, CRACKKK!! She tumbles prostrate on her left side. She is jerking and withering from fear and the agony that emanates from her fully distended bladder. It burns with the intensity of being filled with bleach. It will take only a few more drops of urine before the upper portion of her urethra begins to tear. "You had better get a hold of yourself you filthy little bitch. DO YOU WANT TO FUCKING PISS? GIVE ME A SIGN. NOWWW!!" Dee spasms at a sudden horrible pain in her pee hole. It is beginning to ever so slowly rupture. A few drops of hemorrhaged blood are added to the huge volume of urine. "NOWWW!!", she hears. The word registers. She gains her mother's slightly worried eyes and blinks rapidly, even as she continues to hump her lower body in violent back and forth bucks. Her swollen sacs flay the hard ground, flinging sweat and dust.

Her mother places a knee on top of Dee's right breast and kneels down. The injured sac mashes outward. It is so massive by now that the knee is absorbed by it. Dee continues her dry fuck. Her mother leans harder into the crushed pap. It spreads out over the entire left side of Dee's torso, touching the ground at her side. Dee halts her humping at the new pain. "Stay very still Deanna. I have to connect this tube to the catheter." The tube is a little over two feet long and 3/8 inch in diameter. She clamps it shut and removes the impeder from the catheter. She quickly connects the tubing to the catheter. A violent, rapid spurt of piss fires out in the instant between the transfer of the tube to the catheter. The upper end of the slack tubing is taped to a quickly scrubbed portion of her chest just below her throat. She is hauled to her

feet.

“Now, start walking, you little shit bag. And remember you get the rod anytime I see piss coming out the tube. I intend to deliver them as hard as I can. Dee wails silently. Additional blood seeps into her bladder. The clamp is opened. Urine fountains out of the tube three feet above Dee’s tossing tits. The pressure is so great that it continues at that volume for 15 seconds, splattering the hundreds of cuts, abrasions and broken blisters with a continual supply of fiery, ammonia laced liquid. It was as if she had been scalded with boiling water. She howls in silent anguish, staggering forward in stunned unconscious momentum. SCHHUMMACKKK! A long welt forms across the bottom of her ass. “NOOO!!!” CRACKKK! “ARRGUUGHH!”, FUCKKK! HELPP!”. The blows continue as her still distended bladder spews forth its contents, bathing her traumatized flesh with an acid-like rinse.

She staggers towards the barn in the suppression of the day’s overhead illumination. She is a walking abomination; spewing piss drenches her upturned face and abraded body, arms almost dislocated in an effort to see, and dragging a twelve-pound stone behind dangerously stretched and now slippery, inner cunt lips. Not so amazingly, her clit has emerged further from its thick, wet hood. Her inner thighs are the thoroughfares for an expanding volume of sludge. So total is her masochism that she responds to the new torments even as she is unconscious of it.

She has 400 yards to go. The rod rains down an additional 33 times. Eleven are across her battered tits. They begin a new and visible swelling at the fresh assault. She is about to fall from exhaustion and hellacious pain. Rather than fall, she forces herself to stop pissing. Her bladder is still over half full but she can now contain it. As the blows cease, she is better able to gain her stamina and strength. Her long toes curl and dig at the dirt during each of her 18-inch steps.

She begins to feel the erotic tingle in her crotch, loudly slapping milk bags and grasping feet and toes (as noted they are one of her essential erogenous zones). She also begins to inspire herself with mental gymnastics of fortitude and endurance. It is the first of many life-long inward crusades she will draw upon to exceed her suffering far beyond what a normal pain-slut could endure. Her current condition would be life threatening to almost all men or women. Instead, her strength and

resolve increase proportional to her battered condition. For sure, she is not as strong as when she awoke in the morning, but she is building her reserve strength to make it to the barn. She will endure as best she can, the rest of her promised near-deadly ordeal. The weeping ceases. The essence of Dee begins to bud. She is not only different in body but also extraordinary in mind. She is a very special creation of the original source of all universal energy called God. She is special to herself, to her mother and to the very few special people who will someday, BE ALLOWED, by Dee, to totally inhabit her physical, mental and emotional presence. Her unquestionable spiritual existence will be a frequent and mutual cohabitation between only herself and her real and fully understanding God.

She pulls her arms higher in excoriating distress. She staggers forward almost pridefully, while pussy oil mixes with the dust between her toes to form special miniature mud balls behind her. They mingle with the fresh shoots of broom straw and crabgrass in the wake of her journey. They, along with the constant drips of her blood, are inertly enterprising and nourishing. Dee takes and contributes. The barn beckoned.

She has now gained what might be considered her third or fourth wind and additional self-awareness. Her cunt begins to burn in exotic concert with her ordeal. The little bitch is beginning to lust now. She begins to contribute to her ordeal by consciously releasing a high fountain of piss.

The results are as expected and desired. Five new welts appear across the center of her swollen buttocks. They shock her with their hellish realism. Her ass is on fire again. She lets out another fountain of urine. More blows assault her ass. She greedily absorbs them; arching her continuously rolling cheeks outward in a rapacious plea for painful nutrition. She must feed the expanding appetite of the seeping animal between her legs.

Her mother notices and understands what is transpiring. She delivers half a dozen to Dee's upper thighs and six more to her back. Dee staggers under the impact. She ceases her pissing to soak in the ruthless churning of her cunt and to shake off the dizziness and shock inscribed by the sheer physical force and physical consequences of the blows.

She is in serious pain but continues to distill it towards an eminent orgasm. The injured clit has stirred out of the protection of its convoluted wet hood. It is half-erect in its goose-necked, bobbing exhibition. It flops mostly up and down in the direction of the excessively rock-stretched inner lips, which are its sisters in agony.

The building orgasm and her will to endure, propel Dee forward towards the barn. It is now about 200 yards away. She pulls her head forward and her arms upward painfully, in an attempt to focus better in the fading light. The fire in her cunt pleads for fueling. She pisses. Swish-Crack!, Zishh-Thawack! SMACKK!... CRACK, WHAPP, SMASHH; six more attack her quacking buttocks and quivering legs. Blood spurts from a ruptured blood blister. Sweat flings outward in a torrent.

“AIEEE... UGEEEE... AH!,AHH! Jesus that hurts, uhhhhh, uhh” she utters inwardly, trying with much success to subsume the agony entirely within her constantly drooling cunt. Her sopping vagina begins to spasm in short but strong contractions. Her juices have taken on a higher viscosity. They now drool out of the fist sized hole in one and two foot elongating thick snot-like wads, before being flung in a variety of directions onto her legs, feet or the ground. Her fem dick is rigid now, smacking her shaved and plucked vulva and stomach with new orchestrations of wet-sticky sounds. The cunt crescendo is fast approaching.

Despite her physical agony, she again rears her ass outward, beckoning for additional abuse. She pisses her last few drops. Her reward is six vicious cuts to the tops and bottoms of her tossing tits. They crash back and forth in response, jumping in heaving undulations against her pube, and each other. They even slide to a partial wrap around her back, so swollen and huge they have become. The blows cause Dee to leap forward beyond the extent of her hobbled feet. She falls heavily on her right side, taking almost all of the force on her right tit. For an instant it compresses to an ungodly shape, mushing outwardly in a rubbery mass that spans the entire distance between her shoulders and hips. The compression is so abrupt and violent that an actual short fountain of liquid spurts from the bulbous nipple.

The fall is so sudden and powerful that it forces almost all of the air out of her lungs. The compression blows the plastic mouth-piece past her sealed and bloated lips. An effusion of blood, puss and spit hemorrhages outward, pasting itself to her quivering

body and the dry surrounding ground. Devoid of air, her diaphragm heaves and spasms to supply its sister lungs with the most essential of life sustaining elements. Dee is vocal now. She spews and chokes. Loud, short, gasping noises escape her lips in her systems autonomic effort to survive. Were she unconscious, the same results would occur. Her mother watches with professional interest and concern. She knows that as long as Dee is not cyanotic around the lips she will be okay.

Dee finally catches her breath and becomes as oriented as possible in the dying light. She is still somewhat dazed. She glimpses her mother's feet and regains total awareness of her situation. Rolling to her left side she gains her knees and rises to her feet quickly. She still possesses good strength. Her right tit has sustained such a severe but non-lethal trauma that it visibly begins to swell. A large irregular-shaped purple-hued bruise forms on the outer perimeter. She gasps and moans as the initial numbing shock of the injury presents her with searing pain in its departure. "AHHH! Mama, please rub it. Please! It feels like boiling water is in my breast. Please rub it and make it stop hurting so much: just a little, pleaseeee!"

"Why Deanna, it's so nice to hear your voice. You are rather mumbly but clear enough that I hear you begging for less pain. Now, why would you all of a sudden want less pain after sticking you elephant rump out the last fifteen minutes in an effort to collect more? You and I both know that you are still close to cumming, even after that wicked fall. Look at how big and hard your clit is Dee. I'm sorry, you can't see it can you honey? Nevertheless, you sure as hell can feel it thumping your thighs and belly can't you? Unless I do something to prevent it, you will be withering on the ground and spurting yet another orgasm out to the world before we reach the barn".

"I got news for you little Miss Suffer-Slut. The world is well bored with your ridiculous and selfish behavior. You must have had ten or more orgasms today. That's Goddamn plenty enough. I told you that beginning today you would learn to control your greedy cunt contractions. You were also told that you would get your slutty ass beaten to a pulp as an warning that I am damn serious and that you will damn well succeed. This is fucking serious Deanna. Now you want Mama to sooth your injured titty. WHAPPPP!! YIIIEEEIEE!! Deanna falls to her knees after a vicious blow is delivered inwardly across the front of her right areola just below the turgid nipple. "Oh God Mama don't hit my right titty anymore. It burns like fire ah!,ah!,

ughhh..." "AM I SERIOUS DEANNA?" her mother screams, directly in Dee's ear.

"YES! DEAR GOD, YES MAMA!!" Dee screams back in a panicky lip-injured lisp.

"Then get to your feet immediately and tell me very, very convincingly that you will not cum another time tonight." Dee struggles to her feet. The humiliation of her mother's berating and the new agonies have churned her juices to a more voluminous and thicker consistency. Now even her right bag is feeling erotic vibrations. Her masochism matures. She knows it will be an impossible mission. She is a newborn infant in the world of erotic control. She cannot lie to her mother. She begins crying.

She turns and faces her mother backwards so she can look in her eyes. Sobbing in rapid gasp she sputters: "Oh Mama, please, please forgive me. I know I will not be able to do it. I want to, for you I really want to but" (here her sobbing refrain takes on an embarrassed, halting tone) "my p-p-pussy is on fire. Every time you hit me it grows hotter and I can feel the juices seeping and spurting out of me. Oh pity sake Mama please let me cum some more so I will not disappoint you. Pleaseeee? If you give me permission, I will not be disobeying you. I will take my punishment for being the selfish slut that I am. I will be strong for you Mama. Even if I should die, I will ask God to always love you and protect you Mama. I do not want to disobey and disappoint you Mama. Let me cum. I have to. Just one more time. Ohhh, I can feel it trying to start now. Ahhh let me Mama. I won't be able to hold it back. It's getting stronger." Dee was still too ignorant to realize that the humiliating begging and pleading were added ingredients to her stew-pot cunt. She was firing herself up via her pleading incantations.

Mature insight informs Dee's mother about what is transpiring. "I love you dearly Deanna but your ordeal is fixed and awaiting. You will not cum, not even once. If you do you will eat all of your meals directly out of the toilet as long as you live with me." Dee began moaning in terror. Tears ran off the backside of her tilted head. She shuffled her feet and legs in frustration and fear. Her cruciform toes scrapped the ground as her thighs moved up and down in a prancing like cadence. Her crying evolved into a pitiful soul-wrenching wail as her mother continued to berate her.

"Not even one tiny orgasm you slimy, oversexed, broad assed, cow-titty bitch. My

God! Look at you. Your clit is as rigid as a piece of angle iron and you have a foot-long pussy goober hanging out of your mammoth cave right now. Jesus Dee, it's so thick that it just keeps stretching and hanging, like the wet taffy they make at the fair. You are indeed one turned on anguish-bitch aren't you?" She was purposely stirring Dee up with much success. She drew the hickory rod back as far as she could with both hands and delivered her most vicious blow of the day across the center of Dee's ass. Dee leaped forward. It was so intense and livid that the pain only started registering several seconds later. The long cunt snot landed in a ropy swirl several feet away. She screamed an octave higher than anytime that day. It induced the first tremors of the long awaited orgasm. She felt as if she had been seared by a 14-inch long branding iron. The equally long welt it induced was already visibly rising and bleeding at several points. It would form a life-long faint scar on Dee's ass.

Despite the horrible pain and injury it caused, Dee almost unconsciously thrust her rotund ass back in a bid for the final caresses her cunt screamed for. It was not forthcoming, not the rod or the starved for release. Her frustration was rampant.

"It is almost dark Deanna. We have to get to the barn quickly or neither of us will be able to see." "Mama I have to cum. God almighty, you understand how it feels. My pussy is cramping worse than any of my periods. Ahhhii, Shit Mama please hit me again, I'm sorry if I embarrass you but you must beat me more. Please! Ohhh God help me I'm begging my own Mama to hurt me so I can have a stinking cum, Ahhhuggee... I am so ashamed. Forgive me Mama. I am a slut for real. Oh God I am worse than cow shit. CUM! Cummm... please, pleasee... hit me hard just one more time. With your fist, hit me anywhere Mama. I cannot stand the burning in my pussy. AHHHIII!! I'm cramping; it hurts too much Mama. OH God give me some releifugghh... ugggg..." Dee had never been forced to prolong an orgasm for this length of time. It was the first of many such agonizing ventures, some of which would prove to be vastly more horrible than this event.

"Go Deanna, start running. I mean it. Run as fast as you can. It will take what is left of your rational mind, off your cooking cunt and get us to the barn quickly. You have wasted too much time pleading for your own selfish wants. NOW, MOVE!" Dee moans and flings more pussy plasma and other secretions about as she begins her

hobbled gait.

Her pet rock bounces along behind, pulling her stretched labia further away from her quivering clit and pulsating cunt. They will now hang an additional 1/4 permanent inch outside the vestibule of her abominable vulva.

The effort to see, and run safely, diminishes her internal rumblings somewhat. Mom knew it would.

## **Chapter Six Barn Nightmare (Thumbtacks, Bicycle Chains and a Disgusting Fantasy)**

Dee enters the nearly dark barn winded, but in decent shape. Her neither region still beckons but she can control it now. She is very thirsty. She is also covered with thick sludgy patches of dirt, blood, piss and pussy emissions. Her mom turns on the bright lights and prepares Dee for the night's promised ordeal.

Dee's mother has been anticipating this moment. She unconsciously licks her lips lightly with the first half-inch of her narrow tongue. She brushes her auburn hair back with the long, narrow, well kept fingers of her right hand. Her thoughts drift to what she has planned and what she might do on the fly. "Ohhh!" She suddenly squeaks almost silently. She tenses as a long forgotten spasm caresses her womb. "Oh God! No, she moans silently. Do not let it be so." It's true however; not imaginary.

The morning epiphany has extended itself to reveal her new and evolving true nature. She will derive pleasure inflicting punishment and pain where it is sought or required for real and good purpose. She knows immediately that she would never raise her hand in pursuit of such, where it is unwelcome or unneeded. She breathes a little easier knowing that she is far from being a sadist. She is unsure, but unafraid. She will see how far this twinge will travel. Her resolve and purpose towards her daughter's well being and maturity is unshaken. She is focused and prepared to go forth as planned. Dee is about to learn what real pain and pleasure is all about. Mrs. Winston has discovered a new and valid presence within herself, that will enhance a most solid and mutually benefiting future for her and her beautiful daughter. She weeps lightly and briefly in anticipation of the approaching lessons of

love and lust. The tears are quickly whisked away as she prepares to clean Dee of the day's flotsam and jetsam.

Dee was still catching her breath from the exertion of the hobbled run. It cooled her passion somewhat but her clit was still rigid and a new thick dollop of snatch-snot began oozing down her leg. The carnal flushing of her cunt and the recent physical exertions triggered her new thirst. Sweat and blood had mixed with the dirt and dust to form a thin sheet of pinkish-brown liquid. It intermingled with the pus of several ruptured blisters, issuing downward in small puddles around her shuffling feet. She surveyed the large wooden-floored room. It had been a all purpose place to store various farm implements, surpluses of hay and a medley of solvents, crop chemicals and engine lubricants.

Her legs weakened when she noticed a number of horrible looking implements lying on the workbench. Some were not common to this room. Others were crude homemade looking devices. Even Dee's untutored eyes fluttered at the potential savagery they could inflict. She moaned in real fear and unquenchable lust.

"As you can see, I have been very busy while you were lazing around catching some rays Dee. Do you appreciate the special tools I put together for you in such a short period? I was never the craftsman your father was but I think they will get the job done. Besides, how can a mother refuse a slutty, dung heap, daughter's request for pain and agony when so many instruments are at hand to make it possible? Yes indeed my little cow-cunt baby, there will be pain. I invite you to scream, screech and snort as loud as possible for it. Mama will not be embarrassed. I fully understand what you need and why."

Dee squirmed in her painful bondage and began weeping softly. "That's the good news honey. The flip side of the good news coin is that soon enough you will be pleading and screaming for me to stop. You will no doubt know, that you are just before dying if I do not stop. I will not. As strong as you are, you will still faint. I will stop then, but only long enough to revive you with stimulants. When you faint again I will revive you using a stronger stimulant if necessary. I have three strengths Dee. When I can no longer revive you with the strongest, or you have lost too much blood, then I will stop."

“Mama will not let you die sweetheart. I am too skilled and in love with you to let that happen. I will keep a close eye on you sweetheart.” She instinctively alternated between insults and endearments to keep Dee at an emotional imbalance. It was a small but important ingredient that would add to the success of Dee’s future.

She then cut the ties between Dee’s arms and head. The cords to her stretched inner lips were let loose. The 12 pound rock rested passively on the strange environment of the splintered wooden floor. Dee’s arm creaked in burning pain as she slowly let them rest at her side. It took her several minutes to raise her head to a normal position. She was given three full glasses of sports drink, which she consumed voraciously through cracked swollen lips. “Oh God that is good. Thank you Mama.” “You are welcome sweetheart. I want you well nourished, rested and cleaned up before we get started.” Dee was already feeling better. She has remarkable recuperative prowess.

Dee is instructed to climb into a 55-gallon drum of steaming soapy water that is simmering over a large, heavy-duty butane burner. She requires assistance. The day’s ordeal is not to be scoffed at. She has sustained much injury. She is very stiff and cramped. Though regaining some strength and feeling better, she requires a step stool and her mother’s hand. Her tits, which roll and slap against each other in the process, have swollen to a massive size. They rest midway between her dry blood-filled navel and her pubes. Her rigid and often flexing clit smacks the lower cleavage of the dripping paps. The beet-red areolas have been beaten to the size of halved footballs. The nipples imitate a half-hard cock. They hang down almost three inches and sway in floppy independent directions. Her long toes knuckle up and splay widely as she stands tiptoed to ease one leg at a time in the hot, soapy water.

Immediate trouble is encountered. Dee’s normally wide ass has swollen immensely from over 60 vicious cuts of the hickory stick. Her mother notes that it will be an impossible fit and instructs Dee to help siphon and carry the water to an old, large trough in the corner. New water is added to the drum. The burner is turned up.

Dee is ordered to lay in the hot water and simply soak. Her head is held under several times. It is not released until Dee begins to blow bubbles and struggle wildly. The clit stays rigid despite the 110-degree temperature of the water and rough

treatment. Even though two feet deep and very wide, Dee's tits protrude above the surface of the water. She is ordered to turn over. It is a painful and difficult maneuver. She succeeds. The wooden surface of the trough is very abrasive against her burning and still swelling breasts.

After a fifteen-minute soak, Dee begins receiving her second scrubbing of the day. It is a more gentle cleaning than the one on the porch. Her mother prefers to reserve the rupturing of the numerous pus, water and blood filled blisters with instruments other than a stiff bristled brush. She soaks an additional ten minutes. She is beginning to feel almost good.

Dee is instructed to rise and stand beside the trough while her mother gently lathers her with a series of antibiotic creams. It is applied from the bottoms of her feet to her forehead. A tetanus injection is administered. She is instructed to sit on the stool motionless with legs spread wide, for fifteen minutes. Large volumes of liquid refreshment are given to her. Her mother's next order shocks Dee.

"Start playing with your twat Deanna. Do it just as you do when you are alone and do not think I know what is happening. Only do it harder and much rougher than normally. I want you to try and rip that freaky root right out of your body. Stretch those slimy lips further than they have ever been and stuff your oily vagina wider and deeper than you think is possible. Do not fuck around you filthy cunt farting whore. You better put on a good show. Pretend you are being forced to do it on the stage in front of all your lovely compassionate school chums. Everyone is hooting and waiting Deanna. They want to see how far you can really squirt your feminine sludge across the stage floor. DO IT Miss piss mouth. NOW!!" Predictably, her mother's haranguing ignites Dee's passions a step higher than a minute ago. Her head flies sideways several times in response to four hard slaps to her face. "I said to start jerking off, you perverted bag of horse shit." POW... SMACK... CRACK!! Three more are delivered to the left side of her face.

Her breathing quickens as she reaches under her huge tits as best she can to grab the injured and bruised clit with one hand and one of her slippery outer lips with the other. It is almost impossible to move her arms because while sitting her tits rest very heavily on her lap. They are simply too heavy to move with enough vigor to

masturbate as ordered, let alone as she normally does. They are also too heavy to shove to either side, which is her usual maneuver.

"I can't do it Mama. My breasts are too heavy. I'm sorry. Please forgive me. All I can do is wiggle my fingers just inside my crack." "CAN'T? Goddamitt, Deanna, I told you not to ever use that word. You fucking little cunt licker. You will regret that. And, you will especially regret not doing as I ordered." Dee stiffened. She had never licked anyones cunt in her life; had never even thought about having such an affair with another girl. Without thinking Dee blurts out, "Mama please don't call me a cunt licker. I am not that kind of girl. I have never gone down on a girl in my life." Smack! Whappp! Crack!... Smack! Smack Crack!... Whap!... Whapp!... Whappp... CRUNCH!! Dee is dizzy and reeling after the ten blows are delivered. The last was a closed-handed fist to her left eye. It is bruised but will not swell shut.

"Do I fucking believe my ears? Do you dare to speak back to me? Do you dare to fucking dispute what I say? Worst, DO YOU GODDAMN PRESUME TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO? Well BITCH, do you?"

"N-nn-oo Mm-am-aa. Ohh Go-dd, I'mm ss-orr-yy." Dee was terrified. Her eyes darted wildly. Toes contorted unconsciously. 'You are such a snatch spewing asshole Deanna. If I tell you something you can damn well know it is true. Believe me, before this night is over you will be a leg wobbling cunt licker. In fact, you will be a glutton for it.'

Dee shuttered and her stomach began to roll in disgust. "Dear Jesus, she wailed silently. Mama is going to make me lick her pussy. Noooo! I cannot do it. I will not. I will simply let her kill me. I will cut my own wrist. I will not lick my mama's pussy. Oh, dear God please do not let it happen. My Mama is not a lesbian. Even if she is now, she cannot make me do it. It's not going to happen. I promise you God I will visit you before it does. Please forgive my Mama if she wants me to do it. Please?"

"Get you worthless disobedient ass over to the table. No! Do not walk, crawl on your slimy belly you shit faced cunt. "Dee's crotch began to itch as she sobbed herself prone on her tits more than her stomach. She stiffened as they flattened out to each side of her torso. It was enough to enable her thighs to contact the floor. She began the slow difficult and hurting crawl across the splintered floor. It was exactly as if

someone was sticking toothpicks in her tits. It only served to fire her up more. In addition, she was crawling; a most humbling and humiliating circumstance.

She often fantasized about having to crawl on her hands and knees or belly in front of her jeering classmates, towards some disgustingly ordered goal. Once she had masturbated for hours conjuring up a wild fantasy of being forced to jerk off while completely naked, in front of the entire school. She was ordered by Peggy Catchings to leak and spew as much cunt cream as possible in half an hour. Dee achieved orgasm after orgasm while envisioning the phantom affair, in this very room.

There she was jerking, pulling and stretching her huge vulva and monster clit in front of the entire school, dripping and spurting thick, voluminous gouts of vaginal roux in the dirt. Peggy Catchings began beating her constantly rolling ass with a two foot long, many holed board that the class kept for satirical display in the front hall. It hurt like hell but Dee reared back in acceptance and need for more.

The derisive hoots and insults ("Moo, fist fucking bitch, monkey-toed slut, jack-off queen... Goddamn tit tossing scummy whore...") The louder and worse they spilled the insults out of her fantasy, the more violent her gaping hole would contract during the real world attention she was giving it. She recalled that part of the fantasy where Peggy Catchings had handed the board over to Fred Sparks, the school strong man. Peggy had blasted her over fifty times. All of them registered as less than consequential compared to the first delivered by Freddie.

Freddie had slammed her with a double-handed, full strength effort across the center of her red swollen ass. The crack was so loud that it drowned out the jeering. All was silent for a few brief moments. It was so sudden and violent that it knocked Dee forward ten feet before she fell hard to the ground in stunned shock. It hurt so bad that she could only stare bugged eyed at the crowd. The sheer intensity of it started at her ass and radiated throughout her whole body. She uttered a long high-pitched 20 second scream from hell and began bucking and tossing in the dust and on the concrete sidewalk. She was a paroxysm of tossing tit flesh and flopping joints. The crowd began cheering and chanting again at a higher octave. In her livid dream and real world, Dee's hand dove deep into her gummy cave. She pumped hard almost to her elbow in an extreme humped over position. Orgasm built upon orgasm.

Peggy Cummings and six other girls were required to restrain her.

She was ordered to run the 50 yards or so to an oak tree as fast as she could. She did so; injuring and bruising her hot flopping bags in the process. They slammed and tossed off each other in very violent contortions, so large and heavy that she frequently stumbled sideways in an effort to maintain her balance.

From the tree, she was ordered to crawl on hands, knees, and her belly to the dirt and cunt-juice soup she had created during her 30-minute jerk-off campaign. She started on her hands and knees, followed by Freddie who drove her hard to the ground every ten or fifteen seconds with two handed crunches that were only slightly less intense than his first blow. She screeched but regained her hands and knees. Her long drooping dugs now bounced off the ground. WHAMM! "YEIIIEE... EEE,URRGHH." Down she went, slamming the ground with such intensity that she literally rebounded upward several inches. She was in severe pain and trouble. But, she was also in ecstasy. Those behind her noted the constant drool she left behind her. Peggy ordered her to her belly. The trail became noticeably more viscous and wider. "Now she can be the true cunt leaking slimy slug she has always been" shouted Peggy. The crowd roared. Dee's imagination and corresponding fantasy were vivid. She strangled out another big O.

Freddie continued his ruthless beating as she struggled across the campus on her tits and belly. Now when he slammed her she would rebound upward over a foot. Sometimes the blows were so vicious that the wind would be knocked out of her and they would kick her until she regained it.

By the time she finally made it to the snotty swamp of her own creation, she had received over 150 inventive blows to her mushed-up pulpy ass. She imagined what it must have looked like to her jeering classmates after 150 smashes by Freddie. Her vivid imagination conjured up the vision of a massive and bloody carcass that was almost three feet wide in her hands and knees position. It was so massacred that she shrieked continuously. Long bloody pieces hung off it. Blood and fat juices dripped off in a constant basting of the ground.

Her screams intensified somehow when Peggy - a truly sadistic bitch - slowly pulled off four of the dangling, swinging strips of ass meat and tossed them in the muddy

cunt stew. "Now! Deanna cow-cunt, eat your lunch. Quickly now, lunch break is almost over." She nodded to Freddie, who, by now had worked himself up into a stinking sweat. He winked back and gave Dee the most vicious blow of the day. She hit the ground so hard that she busted her front two teeth and bloodied her lips horribly. Her tits compressed far beyond her arms. Her screaming ceased with the concomitant loss of breath. She began withering and gasping.

Freddie sat on her shoulders and began whacking her ass with quick short stroked blows. Blood, pus and sweat flew all over him and Peggy Cummings. A bloody strip of Dee's ass stuck to Peggy's cheek. She was not even slightly disgusted. She smiled and dropped it in the muddy cunt stew. Dee was hauled to her feet. She had to be supported by Freddie and Peggy. They forced her to squat over the slimy cunt stew and contribute the additional ingredients that were spilling off her flayed ass. The puddle was soon a two or three quart sickening concoction of blood, vaginal slime, and sweat. A token of pus, a cup of piss she was forced to release, and five thumb-sized strips of ass meat completed the vile mess.

The crowd had recently hushed in shocked and even some concerned amazement. This had far exceeded their expectations. "Are you ready to chow down bitch, whore" Peggy shouted scornfully. Deanna's cunt began to dribble again as she weakly responded "yes ma'am" "What?" screamed Peggy. "JESUS! She really is a putrid dog-shit slut. The fucking bitch actually wants to eat her own pussy slobber and ass meat. Fucking hell Deanna, you even disgust me." "Please Peggy, unhh. Please ma'am," screeched Dee. "I can't wait. Let me have it. I won't leave a drop, urrgg. GLOPP!" She dropped her face in the vile mess and began devouring it with loud slurps and sucking noises.

Dee had her clit in a death grip as she sucked a rigid nipple and three inches of masticated areola while envisioning the horror and ultimate shame of gulping the gruesome fantasy meal in front of her classmates. She even envisioned the teachers smirking arrogantly as she filled her stomach. A few ounces of dry dirt were also consumed to insure she had ingested every drop. She was very near an orgasm in front of everyone just as she was kicked in the cunt so violently by Peggy that her foot was absorbed to the ankle. Dee began to cum instantly in the fantasy, as she was jerked to her feet. The crowd screamed in disbelief. She jerked and withered in

Freddie and Peggy's arms as her contracting cunt fountains a half a dozen gushes of now thin oil several feet in front of her. Then the vile insults started all over again. She wailed and sagged on legs too weak to hold her up. They dropped her and ordered her to crawl to the parking lot with her right fist stuffed up her cunt.

"Oh Jesus," she sighed at the conclusion of the imagined erotic horror, "what would they think if they knew how much I do enjoy gobbling my pussy cream. Maybe they know I really do love pussy juice after that sadist Peggy Cummings made me slurp it off the toilet stall and told everyone. Lord help me, I cannot face them again. But, God almighty, how I would love to have my ass beaten raw in front of them for real. Shit, I am confused. Maybe one day I can find a way to have to crawl in front of them with my long dangling tits dragging the ground. Oh, that would be so embarrassing and lovely."

Dee jerked herself away from the memory of the fantasy. Here she was for real, crawling on her belly, across the splintered floor. She left a thin trail of slime behind her. She smiled in familiar recognition as her mother berated her with references of being a human slug.

Ordered to stand, she shivered in real fear and erotic spasms at her second but closer look at the instruments of horror her mother had laid out on the waist-high work-bench. Merciful mother of God, I won't survive the night if she uses some of those on me.

"Place your hands face up on the bench Deanna. If you have decided that it is a sheer impossibility to masturbate when ordered, then I will fix it so that it will damn well be impossible to even touch yourself let alone pull your puss. Keep your nasty hands still." Again, the potential genius of her mother's new persona demonstrated itself. How?

She ingeniously began attaching a large supply of common thumbtacks to the surfaces of Dee's fingers and palms. She used a high-grade epoxy on the broad heads of the tacks and the cleaned surfaces of Dee's hands. Soon they could not even be pulled or knocked off. She would have to soak her hands in a special solvent to remove them. By the time she was finished, Dee was the recipient of over thirty thumbtacks on each hand. The process was repeated on the backside of each hand

also. After all one can do the feel-good any number of ways with inventive hands. Dee now had over 150 sharp thumbtacks securely attached from the tips of her fingers to the halfway point of both forearms. “Now, miss slutty, disobedient bitch, try jerking off now. Go ahead lift your tits and suck that giant nipple.”

Dee shook in nervous uncertainty. She knew it would certainly hurt but was unsure of how much. “DO IT DEANNA!” NOW!! Dee sucked in a large volume of air and splayed the fingers of both hands around the massive bottom portion of her left tit. Seventy or more sharp tacks immediately puncture the swollen welted bags. “Ahhhhh shit Mama that hurts too much. I have to let go. She stumbles back in shocked amazement at the degree of agony the tiny demons can deliver. She shifts her hands in an attempt to maintain balance. The tit and she both scream as the tacks gouge in new directions.

“Do not let go Deanna. If you do, I will force you to do it again. Lift that mutant tit and suck it until I say stop.” Dee knew the tacks had penetrated all the way. As such, she strained to lift the inflated 15-pound monster with a minimum of lateral hand movement. “Eee-ee-ee-yaa, Ugggh-hh. It’s too heavy Mama. I’m not sure if I can do it.” She intelligently avoided “can’t.” “The hell you say Deanna. One day they will be that large or larger permanently. What will you do then? Lift it and suck it.” Dee grits her teeth and hauls the flaming red areola towards her receptive mouth. The sphere is so swollen and large that it is very difficult to fold across the middle, thus enabling the stiffing nipple to approach her mouth at the correct angle. Her arm muscles strain. The tacks dig as her fingers and forearms are forced to shift. Normally she long ago could feed her rigid nips to her mouth without having to bend her head down a single inch. At this moment she was forced to meet it half way so unyielding had it become. She shifted her hands and forearms in agony so as to place her elbows on her torso. She succeeds by shoving the right tit partially to the side. Now she has gained an extra degree of fulcrum. She latches on greedily. She has not chewed on her tits in over a day. The tacks are a fading dull ache.

She as usual, chews and sucks in loud slurping abandonment. Her pussy leaks. She begins to dry fuck the room, gurgling and grunting in the process. She is losing herself in a tit-sucking frenzy. Two and three inch long strings of juice begin to spurt from her slit, in concert with the increased tempo of her dry-fucking and sensual

moans. Her mother smiles. "That is quite enough Deanna. Stop." Dee continues in hypnotized sexual passion. Smash! She is stunned to reality by a horrendous blow across her shoulders from the three-tailed cat her mother has fashioned from bicycle chains. She howls as this newest torment assaults her. It knocks her forward, depleting most of the air in her lungs. The heavy tit is ripped from her hands. It falls with a heavy thud against her lower abdomen, causing her to fall back a little.

"How do you like the bicycle chains, shit face? Don't you know that stop means to cease. Just think how you must surely spurt when I lay into your tits and ass with this. I am sure you can not wait. Damn! Your back is bleeding in half a dozen places just from that one blow."

Dee gasped and regained her breath. Her tits were bleeding from several dozen small puncture wounds. However, it was her back that screamed for relief from scorching agony now. Her legs wobbled as she arched backward in a feeble attempt to lessen the hurt. Had she not been able to move, she would certainly be convinced that her back was broken. And, her mother was promising her more. "Oh shit Mama don't beat me with those chains again. For God's sake, you do not know how that felt. You will surely kill me if you use them. Use grandpa's whip that you brought or that horrible board with the nails in it. GODDAMN! It's killing me. Not again, please, not the chains again... I beg you."

"Fuck you Deanna, I could give a shit how you hurt or how much you will hurt. I promised you more pain than you could imagine. Hell, the chains are not the worse you will endure tonight you dumb-ass, pus pot. Now get over here and get measured. Remember I promised many added inches to your ludicrous tits and ass."

Dee regained her resolve and steeled herself for the ordeal that was fast approaching. Her mother quickly made the measurements with an extra long tape measure. "Son-of-a-bitch Dee. All of today's swelling has surpassed even my expectations. At the moment you must surely possess the world's most freaky body. Shit! No one would believe this. Your nice normal 61FF's are now an obscene 70 whatever. Probably at least a double H. Damn! Well, I think we can go another five inches, don't you? That's only a couple of inches each, which is not so much when you consider how huge they are. Why its only about five percent. Yes! Seventy-five is

a good number. Lets go for it, okay Deanna?"

Dee quickly lost her new resolve at the dispiriting and horrific news. She began bawling. "Mama they hurt so much now. How will I stand to have them beaten to an additional five inches? They will droop past my pussy. "Indeed they will cave-cunt. We will not stop until they hide your pitiful pussy." Dee heaved in despair. "Noooo-oooo. Help me someone help, help."

"Now its time to measure your tubby ass honey. I believe the Doctor determined that you were exactly forty-two inches. Well guess what? You are now a champion size forty-nine. Why that's only a measly, seven inches darling. Certainly, your ass is capable of expanding more than your sensitive milk bags. If they can make it another five inches surely, your ass can make at least eight. I just know that each of those tight wobbly spheres can spread up and out at least four inches each. Considering what I have planned, including the bicycle chains dear heart, it will be a breeze. Hell I might even go for ten. You are a stronger bitch than you think. You will do just fine. Just think how you would look in a girly magazine Deanna. 'Freaky Fraulines, This issue featuring the wonderful obscene freak queen of the universe-Miss Deanna 75-24-57 Winston.' Did I say twenty-four. Hell we can do better than that. Here let me put on this little leather girdle that I threw together. It's very simple. I just punched twenty pairs of holes every half-inch along its ten inch width. All I have to do is lace it up as tight as you can stand and you will have a new waist measurement to accentuate your somewhat disproportional hour glass figure."

Dee's shoulders sagged in resigned defeat as her mother began lacing up the crude girdle. At twenty inches, Dee gasped in pain. Her mother stopped at eighteen when Dee began screeching in agony. She compassionately let out another half inch. Dee felt blessed. There she stood; a veritable depraved and unbelievable display of vulnerable plenitude. A young lady whose current measurements were an astonishing 70-19-49, with more to be added via a forthcoming torture that would have done Torquemada proud.

She shuffled over to the waist high bench in shoulder slumped depression, mumbling to herself half coherently about being killed by her mother, being too large to fit into a nice coffin and Peggy Cummings pissing on her grave. "Its time to start

sweetheart. Now stop crying. I think this will bring you out of your funk.”

To Be Continued- If You Wish

## **CHAPTER SEVEN Masochistic maturation (flesh-eating board and the 1949 rod of terror)**

Dee’s eyes widened as she stood on nervous wobbly legs next to the bench. A sharp gasp was followed by a piercing scream after she noted what stood on the bench. “Noooooo!! God in heaven, do not do this Mama. Fucking pity sake, you are trying to kill me. You hate me. You must. I will not do it. Fuck you. Fuck you to mother fucking, goddamn, shithouse hell. You’re insane. HELP! God in heaven HELPPP!!”. Dee turned to run, but was immediately knocked to her knees by a blow across her undulating ass with a three-foot long, 2×6-inch board, that had a 12-inch handle. It possessed a dozen stainless steel nails arranged along the outer two feet. Each protruded over two horrible inches. Six were now slippery with a coating of Dee’s fear spilled blood. She was so shocked and injured by the blow that she insanely scurried across the room on skinned knees, crashing into the splintery wall with a force so strong that her massively swollen tits folded around her back. She bounced backwards in a crumpled, spastic heap, screeching insanely at the ceaseless agony in her ass.

She instinctively grabbed at her rotund bleeding rump with tacked hands and wrists. She screeched louder and bowed her back, as over two dozen of the sharp little furies invaded the suffering flesh. She was in a hopeless pain wracked panic. Her short-circuiting neurons told her to grab and soothe. The real world reality was an additional two dozen small punctures. Suddenly, she slid back along the rough floor over a foot, in response to a vicious kick to her crotch, that resulted in her mother’s loafered foot wedging itself in as far as the heel. The shoe remained, as her mother withdrew her foot and rammed her other foot into Dee’s now quaking cunt. The force was equal to the first blow. It drove the first shoe completely into Dee’s oily cunt. Another furious kick drove the size 10-demon inward an additional four inches. Dee convulsed forward with a high C screech, followed by pitiful rasping moans. Again, she instinctively grabs at the site of the newer more agonizing malaise.

The result of the thumbtack cunt-handshake is an appalling, even higher pitched

cacophony of shrieks and howls. The pain is so intense that she grabs, and claws at the blood and slime coated swollen lips and clit in a frenzy of shocked injury. She now realizes that no hair means, no protection. Sharp tips dig in the smooth skin in as she twists, clenches and scrambles the loose and bloated flesh in a pre-orgasmic frenzy.

Blood spurts in small fountains. Cunt cream spurts out in short, hand-compressed arcs. She shudders, and squeezing as tight as she can, musheing up her mangled vulva in a paralyzing grip as her eyes, roll back in their sockets. She goes catatonic, as the very intense climax begins. The shoe slowly slides out under her hands, which have a tenacious death grip on her vibrating clit and bald upper cunt lips. The shoe is covered in a thick frosting of slippery mucus. The inside of the leather foot garment is half full of Dee's viscous foul cream.

Dee's mother is unable to remove Dee's assaulting hands. Thick effusions of the ubiquitous oil spill and spurt out, covering Dee's thighs and her mother's hands and wrist. Dee begins to gurgle and cough her way back to consciousness. Her eyes flutter open, to immediately bulge outward like a carnival freak's. She has just received a searing traumatic kick to her left tit. Another assaults her right tit. Her body reacts in unconscious fury as she raises to a sitting position immediately. The huge bloodied dugs spread across and beside her lap. Both nipples protrude along the wet floor. A small strip of torn skin is stretched several inches from the right nipple, having been pierced by a large sharp splinter when the thirty-five pound monsters slid off her thigh onto the floor. Her face is a mask of unmitigated, appalling horror. "Ghaahhaaaa! Unggg... Urrggg, spluttt, thappp"... she splutters and spits trying to plead for the murder to stop. Splatttt... an unimaginable hurt tears across her shoulders with such an agonizing force that her entire body leaps up from the floor several inches. She is being beaten with the bicycle chains.

"Goddamn you, you shit-faced, cum gobbling, fucking little bitch-whore. You will fucking damn well regret that you talked to me like that. You DARE to call me insane. You with the need to eat your own cunt cream, while ramming an arm up you bottomless hole to the elbow. A sixteen-year-old who spurts slimy juices all over the bedroom and has to sleep on rubber sheets. A fucking little pain- whore who chews her tits bloody while twisting her clit-dick with a pair of rusty pliers. I have seen you

do it Deanna. You with the pins in your tits and the candle burns on your nipples. I was horrified with ignorant fear and denial. Now I understand and will prove much more inventive than you can imagine. But! don't you dare even consider calling me insane you slimy bucket of hog vomit."

SLAMM.. The chains crash against the top of Dee's floor-compressed ass. She flies forward over a foot, ripping the loose flap of splinter-captured nipple skin from its natural mooring. Dee screeches. Her tacked fingers convulse, contort and grasp the empty but increasingly fetid air. She desperately needs to hold and soothe her multiple hurts. "And worse, you Goddamn well have the unmitigated gall to tell me to get fucked. Jesus Christ Deanna, you do not know what a disastrous first rate, turd-sucking mistake that was. You possum fucking cunt; FUCKING... COW-CUNT... FUCK-FACED... SHITHOUSE... WHORE," her mother screamed in cadence. "You are the one who's gonna get fucked. In fact, you will be so thoroughly, deeply, widely and sharply fucked that your cunt-seeking arm will be less satisfying than your little finger. Now get your rotten, defiant, soggy ass up and bend over. Don't talk. Do not beg. Do not make a sound; not a fucking squeak. Bend your shitty ass over and put your fingers under your monkey toes. Quit grunting and move your ridiculous udders to the side. DO IT DEANNA!! Now!

Deanna was in total, mind rutting fear of what she had done and the unknown consequences thereof. She began bawling. Slammm... the nail-studded board crashed down, driving ten spikes, two inches into the already slashed and bruised center of her horribly abused rump meat. She screeched and fell forward. Deanna's mother was red-faced livid as she screamed "You are just not going to do as I say are you bitch? I told you to shut the hell up. Instead, you start up with your caterwauling and then scream loud enough to break glass when I give you a one-handed pop with the board. You little pig-shit for brains, how do you think it will feel when I give you a full force two handed smash? Now get your fingers under your toes and keep your mouth shut. You are getting ten strokes for cumming when absolutely forbidden to do so. You are such a selfish cunt-dribbling slut Deanna. For sounding off when I explicitly instructed you not to, you will get an additional five. You may not utter one peep until after the fifth stroke. I expect even you will need to scream by then, because I intend to swing this sweetheart as hard as I can. If it knocks you down keep your mouth shut and resume the position. If you leak out one small squeak, I

will add five more. Here this will help.” She crams over half of the still soaked and half-full shoe in Dee’s wide mouth. Dee’s tongue is plastered to the bottom of her mouth as her gag reflex relaxes. Thick, sour, cunt cream dribbles out of the shoe and into her gasping throat. Despite her increasingly serious circumstances, she relishes the taste as well as the palatable terror she is experiencing.

Dee forces her preposterous udders aside and easily interlocks her long slender fingers with her almost equally lengthy and angular toes. Despite the tacks, it was almost as erotic as stroking her pussy. A small amount of bleeding issued from several punctures between her toes and the balls of her feet.. She began to seep from within her cunt immediately. She was stiff legged and holding her breath in anticipation of the depraved horror she knew was forthcoming.

Gravity had elongated her massive tits to a partial floor-resting mound of soft pliable flesh. She had a very close view and shrieked silently at their increased tumescence. The corpulent areolas were so swollen, that the dozens of papilla that populated its surface were equal in size to a normal sized nipple. The nipples were obscene. The day’s beatings, falls, and Dee’s almost constant state of sluttish arousal had caused them to bloat out to an unimaginable size, even by Dee’s standards. She painted a mental image of them that she would never forget and began dribbling in earnest. The slime began running down her legs in a constant flow, when she noted that many of the numerous light blue veins that meandered in and around her abused breast, were now dark blue and noticeably raised above the surface of each massacred breast. They were as thick as pencils in a few places, especially in the vicinity of, and throughout her very dark-red areola. They were cartoon tits in appearance but oh, so agonizingly real in their heft, pain and lacerated, bloody, seepage onto the floor. Dee’s mother noted the new drainage from the swollen, seriously injured vulva. She intended to injure it much more gravely before the night was over. She was sincerely pissed at Dee and would see to it that she was a shredded wreck before sunrise.

She gripped the board tightly with both hands and swung it in a wide powerful arc, pulling it towards the broad, fleshy, welted and bruised rump, much like an experienced golfer strokes with a club, as opposed to merely swinging it. It resulted in maximum thrust and impact on the soggy, blister dripping mass. The sound on

impact was as loud as a rifle shot. Dee was punctured to a full two-inch depth across the bottom arch of her ass by each of the dozen nails. It knocked her ten feet forward, driving her bent back into the opposite wall. Her tits bounced along the rough floor behind her. The pain was so intense that it was actually numb for a few seconds afterward. Her lungs emptied. The shoe flew out in front of her. Eyes bulging, she begins to experience the worse agony of this insane day. It sears her entire being, intensifying around each of the deep and bleeding punctures and the six-inch wide weal that was the result of the board's deep compressing penetration.

Dee's agony is so intense that she temporally loses her mind and memory. She begins to splutter and spit in an attempt to regain her breath and scream off some of the torturous agony. Finally, she begins howling and pissing at the same time. It truly is the most inhuman shriek she has ever spit forth. It continues at higher octaves, until it disappears when the over active diaphragm and lungs have nothing left to work with. She automatically sucks in more air and continues screeching for over a minute, withering and flopping on the floor like a newly landed tuna.

It was a supremely severe blow with very damaging consequences. Each of the dozen punctures is evidenced by a raised, boil-like protrusion at the surface of the swelling tub of lacerated and bruised ass flesh. Each leaks a small dribble of blood and body plasma that drips onto the back of her quivering legs and down to the slippery floor. She tears miniature bloody troughs across the lower expanse of her expanding rump, in a vain attempt to soothe the burning agony. Boiling grease would have been more comforting.

The blow has dual results. It produces unprecedented and unbelievable agony. It also consummates the relationship between pain, agony and humiliation and Dee's masochistic nature. That nature is now as deep seated, relevant and penetrating as the boiling magma of the earth's mantle. Any empty brain matter that constituted the sexual/suffering part of her being, has now been topped off with the fuel required to feed her rapacious need to suffer. It will also be the driving force behind the evolution of her livid lust. No more doubts, and empirical or emotional circumstances will interrupt this final maturation of her masochism.

The horrible pain that has been distilling itself throughout her entire body, now

begins an unaltered course to the gray matter that dictatorially resides over her slathering cunt. She begins experiencing an altogether new burning vibrancy in the core of her sodden but firey hole. It is of such an intensity, that changes in her consciousness and continence occur instantly. A new Deanna Winston has been birthed into a mostly ignorant but very responsive world. She will have much to do with how the responses are perceived and deployed. Of greater importance, she will be the final arbiter of how the rest of the world will use and abuse her.

Her agonizing scream is suddenly choked off by a low moaning growl. She is on her hands and knees. Her pupils began a slow return to their proper place as she lifts her sweat and tear dripping face to look her mother in the face. The gruntal sounds continue as she stares at her mother in a series of unprecedented facial contortions, that finally freeze, in a mask of utter horror and unmitigated carnal fervor. Her mother instantly understands. The message is so vivid, and intense that she drops the board and gaspingly begins to sob. It ignites her warming pussy to an instantaneous white-hot fury. She quickly rips off her clothes and stands naked in front of her continuously moaning daughter for the first time in ten years. Not a wisp of embarrassment resides in the room. The metamorphosis of this very special mother and daughter union is complete.

Her long fingered hands quickly travel downward to fill the wide, expansive and heavily furred crack of her dripping cunt. It is not a subtle masturbation. Her thumb sized hermit clit emerges fully for the first time in almost twenty years. She screams as her grasping fingers glance off it blindly. Her lust is heightened as she notices Dee's crazed lusting stare, when she begins stroking the nub with conscious intensity.

As the first orgasm in over twenty years approaches, she gaps her legs open in a squatting stance. Soon, she is driven to her knees. Her expansive hips begin to gyrate at a fast pace. Her large tits roll and bounce off her torso. She begins actually bucking and producing begging groans and short screeches as she nears the most beautiful orgasm experienced by anyone in the County during the last several years. Both hands are a blur. One attempts to invade the willing but still very tight, long unused vagina, while the other stretches and mauls the swollen accepting clit. Her utterances are truly those of a most deserving woman's imminent pleasure. They

take on a pleading, desperate tone, evolving into gasps and squeaks of rapture being finalized and completed. Oily effusions dribble between her fingers and down her thighs as she screams out the final cunt induced crescendo.

The long awaited and fulfilled shock waves of her pleasure ebb and flow for several minutes, gradually diminishing to the point that she slowly regains an awareness of her surroundings.

As she takes a deep replenishing breath and begins to rise to her feet, Dee's mother notes an eerie, low gurgling and moaning sound. It is Dee. She is still in the throes of her final masochistic graduation. She is temporally demented with a total unconscious focus to be utterly destroyed if necessary. She must achieve just a token of release from the pent-up hellish arousal that was released when the nail studded board blasted her torn and bloody ass. It penetrated her ass and mind, purging her of any lingering doubts about her true nature. Dee was now a total and unequivocal pain-loving, harm-requiring young woman.

She was on her knees, her ruined rump pushed high and undulating in a series of dry-fuck humps and rotations. By any measurement that could be applied she would score at the highest level of pain-tolerance of any woman that has been "blessed" with the need to suffer. It is just as well, because she is about to receive the worse of the night's torments.

As Dee gurgles, moans and mews, her mother notes that she is also cleaning the board and nails of the horrid residue of bits of skin and blood. Each nail is given a total cleansing with wet slurps and the snake-like slathering of her long busy tongue. Dee is unresponsive to her mother's demands that she rise and assume the position for another butt annihilating blow from the board. Still completely nude, her mother grabs Dee by the hair and drags her to the water drum. Dee is so torn and bloody that she leaves a constant trail of smeared blood, sweat, pus and vaginal dripping behind her.

Her mother easily jerks Dee to her feet and plunges her head into the water. She holds Dee's head under until bubbles began to rise to the surface. She keeps her under an extra twenty seconds, at which point Dee begins a conscious and vigorous struggle to get out. Her head is jerked out viciously, accompanied by heaving coughs

and sputtering spasms. No sooner is she able to partially replenish her starving lungs, than mom thrusts her head back in. Dee again, begins a violent half-submerged water ballet of powerful kicks, torso twist and flaying arms. She is given much too brief gagging relief, before the process is repeated three more times.

At the end of the fifth submergence, Dee is able to secure a permanent hold around her mother's naked waist. Being conscious enough not to prick her mother with even a single tack, she clings as desperately as a drowning sailor would to a rescuing dingy. Coughing and spewing water with violent heaves of her lungs; she implores her mother to stop trying to drown her.

"Enough mama, please, I will drown, please, I will do absolutely what you say." "One more time you self centered little bitch," her mother spits out. "When I speak to you, I demand immediate and obedient attention, not an exhibition of how you greedily tune in to your rotten boiling cunt. I am your owner you fucking freak, not that oily, leaking cauldron between your thighs. Now stick your ratty head and shoulders in the water and do not, I say DO NOT, lift it out until I have finished giving you 25 slashes of this little goody."

Though somewhat sobered from the raging demands of her still leaky cunt, Dee was willing to take on whatever abuse was required by her owner/mother. She was still under the anarchical dictates of her newly nourished pain and pleasure centers. She was striving for her own pleasure and damn the consequences. It was ultimate self-indulgence and she would soon regret it. Her mother knew exactly what was occurring and intended that Dee would start immediately, the lesson that her own pleasure was secondary to the lessons being promoted that day.

"You may lift your head only after I have completed the 25 Deanna. That means you will have to keep count yourself. If you lift out prematurely, you will receive an additional five for each incorrectly counted stroke." Dee shuddered, wondering how long her mother would take and fearful that she would panic and lose count or raise her head too soon.

She walked slowly to the drum, her wet tits rebounding off each other and against her abdomen with loud slaps and watery smacks. The submerging had resulted in a partial rinsing of her torso. Over two hundred cuts, welts and lesions were visible

just on the front of her horribly abused body. Most were still seeping small amounts of blood and other fluids. She was so swollen from the beatings and so intensely, erotically fine-tuned and horny, that her once, simply huge areola were now swollen to a massive size. Excessively thick veins meandered throughout the now purple, four-inch thick, six inch wide puffies. Her excited nipples were at maximum erection, so huge that they actually bobbed up and down a bit. They leaked small drops and dribbles of body plasma from the over abused interior of her breast.

Most of the plasma that leaked out of the slices and holes in Dee's still sexually charged body was fat in various stages of liquid transfer, collagen, simple water, and interstitial (between the tissue and organs) fluids. Her breast were, by their very nature, a perfect vehicle for transporting the increasing volume of fluids that resulted from the severe internal trauma they had received.

Except for their massive hypertrophied condition, Dee's breast anatomy is the same as any other woman's. Each breast is divided into lobes, like bunches of grapes, where milk is produced. Each of these contains 15-25 ducts or tubes to conduct the milk towards the nipple. The lobes are made up of glandular tissue, each of which is sub-divided into lobules (or 'grapes'). Each duct widens on its way to the nipple to form a collecting sac, where the milk (when lactating) gathers before it is expressed. Collagen, the connective tissue, acts as a packing material, supporting the glands. This glandular tissue is surrounded by fat and it is the fat that largely determines the size and shape of the breast. Thus, Dee's internally ruptured bags were able to release some of the fluids via the natural pathway of the ducts. Dee had no way of knowing that her sacs were still subject to a more focused and ghastly treatment. Her tit fluids might well even spurt from the quivering, rigid, fleshy faucets before the night horrors were concluded.

Though her cunt was still a hot churning knot of unfulfilled release, she still began to whimper with the knowledge that she would never be able to keep correct count of the strokes or keep her head under as long as necessary. She was absolutely correct. Her mother had broken the antenna off of the long expired 1949 Ford coupe that, because of the ubiquitous chickens, mice and occasional snake, rested only in partial peace besides the barn. It hurt like hell each time it stung its way across her ass, back, legs and wildly swaying tits. However, it was not a deadly instrument of abuse.

Though swung with heavy force by her mother, it was simply not up to the job of squeezing her through the bottleneck that her gaping, vaginal slop-pit and matured masochism now demanded. Instead, it served to keep her orgasmically incontinent. She was in absolute torment.

She originally lost count at twenty, jerking her sputtering head out and coughing out "... twentt.yy- fff.iveeee, splutt, cough, sob... ohhh... god." "That's twenty-five more you owe me Deanna. Now, that's a total of 50, when added to the twenty you already received and the five you still owe me. Now get your fuck-faced head back in there and get it right this time. If you don't, I'll keep it up until this skinny little devil rod flays you into a thousand pieces."

The second time Dee lost count at twenty again. She was almost totally devoid of any reasoning power or concentration. Her mother knew this. She also knew that Dee was going temporally insane in her need to achieve even a modicum of release from her raging sexual frustration. Now she was to receive an additional 15×5 (75) plus the 25 still not administered. It was now a silly, tormenting charade. After several permutations and many sputtering shrieks for release, Dee owed her mother 600 strokes. She had received 128. Each left a severe thin welt, accompanied by a keen shard of unfulfilling pain.

"... Merrr... merrr... cy, merciful ghh... ghhh..God, God-in-heaven, Mama, please, pleessee, help me cum... mm... mm. Ahhhh... fuckk, eeeeeiiee, unhh, mmmrghh, hell... p meee, it huurts... urrrrghh,urrrrghh..., my cunt, ohhh, Mama, my cunt is on fire, ahhh.. ERRRGHIIIEE, put it outtt... AHHUUGHH, splutter... PUT IT OUTT!!"

In her demented effort to achieve release, Dee arches her body high, supported only by her shoulders and straining toes. She spreads her legs wide, to expose her horrid slop bucket of a gaping cunt to the direct caress of the indestructible, ever-flexible rod. Her cunt is an obscene ugly maw of exquisitely hairless flopping lips, jerking clit and yawning, gasping vagina. She pictures her own bald cunt as she proffers it for mindless beating and she dimly accepts that from this moment on, she will never allow any protective hair cushion to grow again. Dee's pussy is not longer just another female organ, it is now primarily a recipient for ever worsening torment, and it must be kept groomed and naked towards that end. Realizing this makes her

shudder in eager anticipation. Sweat, blood, and thick smelly pit-pus seep out of every internal and external pore. A thick half pint of the sludge is rudely and flatulently ejected with a loud five-second long wet farting sound.

Whiss... slattttt, "iiiiiiiieeeeeee... urrrghh" The wispy 1949 torture device slashes across her quivering right lip. "Iiiiiieeeeeee, urghhh" she screeches as she archs higher, and spreads even wider. Whiss, slashhh, whisshhh, thizzzzz, slackkkk, jishhhh, slashhh, whizzz, sizzzzz, whishhhh, thackkk, whisshhh. A dozen vicious blows cut her to pieces. After a dozen more she begins to quiver and screech continuously. At 75 -each of which have assaulted only her still sputtering cunt- she loses her arch. Now she is receiving over 50 cuts a minute, across the full expanse of her jerking and convulsing body. She bounces and flops twenty feet across the room. Piss mixes with the pussy oil, sweat and blood to spray her mother's feet and lower legs, as well as the surrounding walls and floor. After three minutes, she makes a final exhausted effort to roll over on her back and spread eagle herself for more. After two more minutes, her mother becomes exhausted and ceases. Dee has been howling and screaming constantly, partially from the electrifying pain and most particularly from the frustrating inability to cum. The 300-plus blows have only added fuel to her out of control fire.

## **CHAPTER EIGHT Roped mams, labial cohabitation, and contempt and humiliation in the hay room**

In her violent dance around the water drum, Dee had succeeded in accidentally removing about half of the thumbtacks that had been epoxied to her hands, fingers and forearms. Each ripped off tack took a layer of skin with it, leaving a raw open sore in its place. In concert with acute agony and waning lucidness, she threw her legs behind her shoulders. Then, with minimal effort drove both of her fist and half of her forearms up her viscid, syrupy cunt. She fast became a paroxysm of half-conscious, double fist fucking, manic depravity. As a result of locking her legs behind her shoulders, her torn and elongated tits fell back across her head to flop about on the floor behind her. Her up-thrust, bloody, arm stuffed cunt offered itself to even deeper plunges of her arms. She was built to take it. Even if not, she would have gladly ruptured herself to accomplish the task of soothing this real fire in her belly.

She plowed deeper in a demented fury, gouging small furrows in the radically thinned out convolutions of her vaginal walls. Many of the 1/8th to 1/4th inch gouges bled into the copious slimy roux that continually sweated off of the entire interior and exterior surfaces of the gaping monstrosity. Her impossible clit raged out of its expansive dwelling a full seven inches. Though cut and severely bruised, it quivered in a futile attempt to expand further. The freaky mass of erectile tissue would not accept another drop of bloating blood. Dee had arm fucked herself to the extent possible, being restricted at mid-forearm by the uncooperative angle of her radically up-thrust ass and the length of her rapidly pistoning arms, rather than the capacity of her vast and commodious cunt.

She pulled both arms out slowly, licking the crimson tinted, spumy froth that was the result of her vigorous, deep, up and down churning. She moaned and squealed in frustration. She hoped she could cum if only she could have dug deeper, not that the rear of her elongated vagina was more sensitive than the front. Such is not the case in women, not even the most unusual Deanna Winston. No, she wished to go deeper. To do so would increase the long constant stroke past her own special hot spot. Dee's spot was located along a four inch path at the upper portion of her oily fuck sleeve, beginning about two inches in from the cavernous opening.

Crying out loud with staccato “..urrghh, eeee... cum, cummm, aggggg..ugg, ohhh Ggg..oo..d! he..he..lp, cummm, ohh, shitttt, urggggg, unhhh, sputttt...,” she pistoned with renewed effort to drive the dome of her cunt further up into her body. The repetitive, desperate grunts, cries and pleas increased in ear splitting volume as she literally churned the viscous cunt oils into a thickening glob of oozing and spurting goo. She stayed on the very edge of an orgasm that, had she found release, would have finalized the current introduction to her newly attained masochistic universe. Due to her ignorance about the myriad of nuances concerning her new persona, and her current semi-insane state of being, Dee did not know that even if she could plunge both arms to the shoulder, she would still not attain the release she so agonizingly sought. No, the new pain seeking marauder that now inhabited her body and psyche, at the moment, demanded more than mere deep seated fucking.

Eventually, in Dee's long suffering future, the demon would often - but not always-demand that the pain be at such an intensity and served with such uncompromising

ruthlessness, that a new word be inscribed for it in a special dictionary of masochism. It would be ultagon (ultimate agony). Etymologists might well reject it, but Dee would willingly and necessarily subscribe to it. She would experience it, in increasing phases as her rapacious need to suffer expanded parallel to her continuing erotic years.

In ignorant despair, she rolls forward to attempt a more cooperative deep plunging angle for her dripping, phallic arms. It is a useless maneuver as over 40 pounds of welted, bloody breast meat tumbles downward so far and heavily that they force her embedded arms partially out of her very slippery cunt. Now only her gyrating hands and finger stir the thickening mess in her contracting cave. With lithe, rubber-socket legs still behind her shoulders, she attempts to maintain a precarious balance. Only her swollen and well-beaten ass touches the floor. The injured tits undulate and bulge around her weakening arms. They are so heavy and bloated that even her hands are eventually ejected from her cunt with a loud slurry “glurppp” as churned, mayonnaise thick cunt cream spills out in tablespoon sized gout. She falls forward in obedience to the gravitational command of her obscene breasts. They spread out in quickening agony as all of Dee’s weight comes to bear.

Dee is, now, a rather ridiculous spectacle. With legs stuck behind her back, toes angling and contorting in response to her repressed orgasm, and tits and clit pressed into the splintered floor, her eyes bulge dramatically. She is now actually beginning to foam at the mouth. Flecks of it spew out of her gasping mouth and dribble down her chin to decorate the floor in front of her with a chaotic pattern of slippery foam. Her arms instinctively reach back in an attempt to claw at her spastic cunt. She can only reach the inner lips, which bulge outside their larger twins to hang just within her desperate reach. They are imbedded in a deadly grip of a dozen or so tacks. Howls and sputtering screams echo across the pastures as she pulls with unconscious, dangerous, strength. She elongates each an impossible ten thinned out inches, to the multiple octave, 25th verse of “aiieeee..ee. c..c..cummm. ccummm, hee..lp, helppp, urrrghh... ugghh” Her incantations are now even more desperate. Her mother notes that Dee has added another inch to the dangerously stretched labia. A small trickle of blood begins to emerge along a three-inch long micro-tear on the interior surface of each. Dee is literally beginning to rip and tear them from her suffering cunt. It is still not the pain and humiliation required to put her exhausted

body to rest.

Recognizing Dee's near demented state and current possession of strength that exceeds even her own, her mother shoves her entire hand into Dee's foamy mouth. Dee bites down in desperate, unconscious response. She still tugs at her splitting cunt lips. Now alarmed, her mother shoves her fist deeper, rapidly. It lodges at the entrance of Dee's throat. In desperation, she unfolds her fingers and plunges deeper. Dee's gagging mechanism cuts in. It imparts a small but beneficial result. Dee stops pulling her cunt lips but holds them in a tight catatonic induced grip over ten inches around her bruised, torn ass.

"Let go of your cunt Dee. You have already torn it. LET GO! NOW!! You are doing harm to yourself that I may not be able to fix. NOW DEANNA!! Unhand your pussy". Dee stares bug-eyed and unseeing into her mother's concerned eyes, gagging and choking, but still catatonic. "Okay you fucking snot cunt, bitch. Take this dose of mama. You'll soon let go now and fucking regret that I have to do this." With that said, her mother begins shoving her compressed, open-fingered hand and arm down Dee's throat. Dee is rendered mute as the arm becomes totally blocked and embedded at mid-forearm. Dee's mouth is a cartoonish, stuffed vision. Her jaw is on the verge of being unhinged. Her mother forces in another inch of arm. She is only several inches short of reaching Dee's stomach. Dee's lips are stretched to their maximum extent. A tiny trickle of blood emerges at the far corners of her mouth.

As her thinned out mouth-lips began to turn blue from lack of oxygen, her eyes begin to flutter. Soon, a panic awareness is observed. She is incapable of uttering the smallest sound or taking in even a micro-gasp of air. She lets go of her bleeding, torn inner cunt lips and blinks in terror at her mother. "You let yourself go and lost all control Deanna. As usual, you indulged in your own selfish need. And, for that, you are now folded into a leg-locked ridiculous ball, on top of your mashed tits and bleeding profusely from your inside cunt flaps. I do think you have stretched them permanently and more than just a tiny bit. And worse, here you are literally choking to death with my arm halfway down your spastic gullet. Jesus Deanna, even I am impressed with your ability to swallow this much. What a total slutty, little pain-whore you will likely be; If, IF! I pull my arm out and let you live. You have not obeyed me well at all today and I fear that you will become just too damn sluttish

and giving to your condition as you grow older. Maybe we should end it all here Deanna," her mother whispered slowly into Dee's fast fading ears and ability to maintain awareness. Her lips began turning purple and her face blue. Her autonomous nervous system peaked in activity, in an attempt to stall off death. Muscles and tendons corded, jerked and quivered in maxed out intensity. Voluntary muscles began to give up the ghost first, as she began voiding from all of her unplugged orifices. Her eyes bulged further, as the arm progressed another half inch. She was strangling to death. A few weak tears rolled out of her bloodshot dangerously bulging eyes. Her mother noted the tear and the accompanying last flicker of conscious pleading not to be killed.

As Dee lost consciousness, the terror on her face was replaced by a blue shrouded vision of serenity and peacefulness. Her mother slowly removed her arm from Dee's impossibly stretched esophagus, throat and mouth. The esophagus and glottis would be severely bruised. Her arm was coated with a thin almost transparent veneer of saliva and blood. As the medium size hand left the slightly split corners of Dee's gaping mouth, her mother pulled her head back, pinched her nose closed and blew moderately hard into her mouth five times. Removing Dee's legs from around her shoulders, she positioned Dee up into a sitting position. Dee's autonomous system kicked in immediately. Gasping and gulping larger and larger volumes of air with each gasp. Her mother laid her on her side and held her head sideways to allow any possible vomit to exit without possibility of being aspirated into her lungs.

Dee lay quietly in her mothers rocking arms for ten minutes. Her serene face recovered its natural and beautiful hues within a minute. She stared directly into her mother's compassionate eyes and smiled broadly. A fresh tear appeared from her left eye and rolled into the slight tear at the corner of her mouth. She licked it away and spoke with a soft raspy tone. "Oh Mama, it was so wonderful. I saw much of my future, I am sure of it. I know my life will be much more of what I have always wanted and needed. If I was ever ashamed and confused about it, I certainly am not now. Mama I saw horrible-wonderful things being done to me when I was a grown woman; not by you but by the most beautiful woman I could ever imagine. She hurt me badly mama. I saw her doing the most hideous things to me and I screamed for her to grace me with more and worse. And, I did the most disgusting things in hopes that she would grant me but a single second to lick a drop of sweat off of her

beautiful feet. I saw myself being abused and humiliated in public too Mama. I was naked and bent in the most impossible horrid positions. God have mercy on me Mama, I will be such a freak. I am a skinny runt now compared to how I will look. But, I look forward to it. She will take my monster-sized tits and stretch and twist them into impossible sizes and shapes. And,... god help me, she...she will command me to go out in public with my impossibly huge tits and cunt twisted and bound up in horrible display. It was so humiliating and I would be so terrified, that I would vomit and shit myself in front of everyone mama. Urrrghhhh, my cunt, my cunt!"

"Ughhhhh.. Mama, I need to cum so bad again. It is worse than when you drove that nailed board into my ass. It's different Mama, seeing you naked for the first time ever with that board and its bloody nails, at your feet. I need it again Mama, Give me something to drink and I can endure. Please. Please beat me with the board more mama. It will help me get through the night, I know it will. Please mama, my pussy is on fire again. I know you said no more but I can not stand it if you don't help me AHHH,unggghh."

Speaking calmly, Dee's mother responded. "No Deanna, there will be no more board tonight." Dee stiffened and made loud, rapid sobbing sounds. "Your ass is too far gone to take much more abuse, especially the board. No sweet tits, it will have to be the bench." Dee gasped loudly. A quick satisfied grin swept her blushing face. She had forgotten the "horrid" bench and the "ungodly" thing that her mother had nailed to it. It was the source of her first and last time to exhibit total anarchy with her mother.

"Yessss, Mama I will, I will crawl to it right away. I will do my best to make you happy. It might kill me Mama but I will do all that I can. I want to please you so much Mama but I must cum. Let me go to it. I will crawl on my belly. You can beat me with grandpa's whip. I will even spread my legs so you can slash my horrid cunt." Dee was reaching for her rigid clit as she spoke and began sliding to the floor.

"Stop right there" her mother yelled in a commanding tone. "We will absolutely finish this night as I command, not as you wish, you fucking idiot. Jesus, Deanna, you had a vision that makes your obscene cunt start cooking and all of a sudden you presume to fucking tell me what we are going to do. Your little out of body

experience sure as hell did not dose you with any added perspective or good sense did it? In fact, it seems to have only made you more goddamn dingy than before. Now slide your bloody ass over here, stand up and let me measure as promised. Oh SHIT Deanna, it will take me a month to fix this ruined side of butchered beef. Christ, I almost want to apologize. Most of the bleeding has stopped however. Here, take the tape and pass it around to me. My God Deanna you made your goal of 57 plus two more. I would never have thought an ass, even one as huge as yours would swell so much. It would indeed seem that you were built to expand to ungogly sizes as well as in pain and agony my sweet little piss drinker." "Mama I never drank piss. I never have. Honest." Dee responded almost apologetically and with a blush. She had not, but had come close to doing so on several recent occasions.

"Keep your foam spitting mouth shut you snot nosed disobedient bitch. Not another word until I give you permission. Do you understand?" Dee nodded quickly. "Now sit on the floor and lift your grotesque saggy left tit up as far as you can. Mama is going to help her little cunt licking slut reach her oily gaping pussy just as she wished a moment ago." Dee struggled to attain a solid grip on her lap-napping tit, as she gazed up at her mother with imploring confused eyes. The tits were so swollen from the day's kicks, beatings, falls and punches that they not only rested in her lap as she sat cross legged, but actually lolled off of the side of her striped thighs, partially touching the blood stained floor. Her left tit weighed close to 20 or more pounds. Her hands became lost in the soft yielding rubbery mass. They completely disappeared, even engulfing her wrist. Large deep hollows and lumpy fist sized knobs formed, disappeared, and reappeared, as she struggled to grasp a large solid portion of the shifting rolling mass. It flowed out in a variety of undulating hot fleshy waves. It was like trying to lift and balance a plastic, wastebasket bag that was brimming with gallons of Jell-O.

Finally, with great exertion, she is just able to get the entire bottom portion of her blistered and welted bag off of her chest by lifting with both hands and forearms. Her mother quickly placed a one-inch thick, very abrasive, hemp rope under the tit at its juncture with the chest wall. She orders Dee to continue holding the tit up as she proceeds to create six extremely tight winds. She stops and appraises Dee's contorting face as she begins to feel the constricting pain.

Six more compressing windings are secured. Dee begins to grunt. She receives three hard slaps to her head as a reward for disobeying the order not to make a sound. The already severally injured breast now has a foot of very constricting bondage on it. The bound portion of the tit takes on a conical shape that is as small as four inches in diameter at the chest wall and only about seven inches at the 12-inch conclusion of the rope's tortuous contribution. It has resulted in a vast elongation of the endlessly elastic sac. The bloated meat is so tightly constricted that it is now held slightly aloft in a drooping manner off her chest. Dee moans and gasps at the sight of the horrid mass of deformed breast meat that protrudes out of the rope, which her mother has secured with three U-shaped nails that bite through the rope and into her tit.

The formerly vein-laced swaying mass of bruised and cut up flesh was now a mutant, massive bag of reopened cuts, festering blisters, and darkening bruises. The numerous pattern of veins now bulges up as thick as pencils over much of the globular shaped monstrosity. The hot globe of flesh continues to swell under the influence of the rope. It protrudes outward at least 15 inches beyond the abrasive rope. Reopened blisters drip their plasma on to Dee's legs in meandering confluence with many small rivulets of blood from newly reopened welts and cuts. The naturally raised surface of her areola has expanded to half the size of an American football. A rope is quickly attached at the juncture of the seven-inch wide base of the blood red areola with the rest of the tit. The tightened rope reduces the seven inch diameter to just over three inches. Dee screeches in agony as the dark red areola elongates and bloats out to about three-fourths the size of the same football. The veins in it cord up to the size of her fingers. It hangs off her bow shaped, drooping tit like a solid red tit attached to another. The now rigid, five-inch long globular nipple is leaking a constant flow of lactate, small traces of blood and other fluids from internally injured tissue.

Dee's screeches and imploring howls bounce off of her mother's unheeding ears as she repeats the same procedure with the other tit. Dee throws her head back and shrieks louder. She is ordered to stand up. She groans and cries out as she painfully regains her feet. A quick loud lament is heard as both overly distended appendages bob up and down and sideways even as she very carefully stands up. They hang only slightly downward from the first 12 tightly compressed inches. The curvature

increases outward and downward toward the tumescent leaking nipples, which point mostly straight downward but slightly inward toward her quaking legs but still over a foot away from them. They sway and jerk in cadence with her erratic and erotic breaths. Each rages out and downward over two feet in length. They continue to swell and begin to take on a dark red appearance. "You fucked up. Now start walking," her mother intoned with unmitigating ruthlessness. Dee was terrified of what her tits would do if she moved. They were already on fire and actually scared her with their horrible appearance. She jumped forward with an unholy scream as her mother blasted her across the back of the thighs with a 18 inch long, five inch wide, one inch thick paddle containing 12 holes. It spurs her delayed start. The pendulous monstrosities bounced up and down so violently, that they bumped her lower thigh before flying upward above her waist in a spring-like recoil. Dee shrieked and fell to her knees. The turgid sacs fell so massively that they slammed into the floor, only to bounce up quickly and bob and weave out beyond her knees and just off the floor. This time the paddle smashed across the quivering left tit. Dee's mouth spewed out a flume of blood tinged saliva from her raw throat and mouth. It was a horrible gut wrenching howl. The tit slammed into the floor so hard that it rebounded beyond her waist and then back to the floor. A gush of fluid sprayed from the nipple. "AIIeeee!! Goddd, in heaven I up, I'm up, don't hit my poor tit again Mama. Merciful God I walking, I walking. Uuughh, it hurts, please hit me again, ahhhh I need it, ohhh... ohh. No!..no! don't! Don't hit me...I..I..mean ..uhhh. arrghh..yes! Do it! I want it. Hit my horrible tit with the board again. Please! Please! Yaaaaaa!" Dee stopped momentarily and began rubbing her legs together as if she had to pee."

"Stop that you sorry, cunt dripping bitch. You still intend to disobey don't you? Still blabbing and telling me what to do. I am damn well fed up with your disobedient shit-eating attitude Deanna. Start running. Now! you rubber titted, pussy farting little asshole."

Dee began to run around the room. Cunt snot had started to run down her legs soon after she was smacked across the tits. It was beginning to emerge in small spurts as the paddle rained a steady succession of horrendous blows to the various exposed, non-roped surfaces of the independently swinging appendages. Now they were a paroxysm of tossing, flying impossibilities. They careened into each other, resulting

in spewing nipple fluids and splattered sweat, pus and blood from reopened boils, blisters, welts, cuts and punctures. The constantly reshaping sacs flew downward, actually smacking her knee when they temporally straightened out under the severe downward thrust. Up and out they tossed, oscillating, jerking, crossing over each other as well as jumping up beyond her face. Occasionally, her off balance stagger and attempt to recover resulted in their swinging almost completely around her back, only to rebound back to the front in a deadly, flattening impact with each other.

The room was filled with a cacophony of newfound shrieks and screams as Dee staggered around the room and bounced off the walls. Her severely bound and bursting meat bags were literally bouncing off each other, her legs, her back, the walls and worse, the relentless paddle. She was so exhausted that she began to fall on occasion. Her last fall almost did her in. Her long grasping toes had failed on a particularly slippery part of the floor causing her to hit it full force with her bound tits. The right one was mashed out to the side limiting the horrible burning injury mostly to the roped portion. The left bag was not so fortunate. It was caught full length between Dee's torso and the splintery floor. Dee's full weight caused the already over-tortured, corpulent sac to elongate between her widely splayed legs halfway to her knees. It was so traumatic and painful that she lay twitching and jerking for several seconds.

The force of the fall had elongated and expanded the areola to a temporary ungodly larger size than before the fall. The nipple bulged out an extra half inch. Dee's mother straddled Dee's waist facing towards her feet. She lifted the blood stained board high over her head with both hands and arced it down with all her strength. SPLATTT!, "YIIEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!" It was such a horrendous blow that Dee's left nipple was driven completely into the tortured areola and tit. As soon as the paddle was lifted the nipple sprung out with an audible "splurtttttt" as a three second spurt of fluid fountained out over a two feet away, spraying her tossing feet and the floor beyond. She flopped and tossed, somehow getting back to her feet in the process. She continued her dwindling efforts to stagger around the room.

Dee had received over 30 bruising, hole-blistering blows from the slippery board before she was ordered to stop. Her tongue hung almost four inches out of her

mouth. Snot and foam was ejected from her nose and mouth by way of her deep labored breaths.

She bent at the waist wheezing and snorting with ragged gasps in an effort to regain her breath and strength. She sobbed in desperation as she noted the even more horrible condition of her tits. As she bent, they hung in a steady inward bow-like curve out beyond her knees but toward her lower calves. They swayed back and forth in a heavy package of fiery pain and disturbing appearance. She straightened up. They rose with her torso. Each exposed unbound portion was swollen beyond her wildest imagination. Their color had evolved to a medium dark purple. The surfaces were a convoluted topography of bruises, welts, cuts, festering pustules, ruptured blisters, thickened veins and raised knots. They continued to swell as she sobbed and slobbered in abject pain, the unsated bestial howlings of her drooling cunt and the struggle to regain her breath.

In a quick maneuver, her mother pulled each elongated package around Dee's back and tied them in such a manner that much of the unwrapped portion were jammed together and pointing backwards. She had to exert extra pull to accomplish this. It presented a most ridiculous and abominable sight. Dee gave every appearance of having a giant set of tits on her back. She wailed in agony and despair.

"Sit on the floor Deanna. Quickly!" Dee did as she was told. She continued to wail and sob. "My cunt is burning so bad Mama. It's cramping. I'll die If I don't cum. Let me fist it Mama. I will bring myself off this time. Now my breast are out of the way and I can do it right. Please Mama, I must" "Be quiet and put your legs behind your shoulders sweetheart. Do it fast Deanna. I intend to destroy those putrid bags of yours some more." "Gasppp! Ahhh... yesssss... do it Mama, God, yes, beat them off of my horrid body. They feel like someone filled them with alcohol and broken glass. Destroy them Mama, while I fuck my slimy cunt with my thumbtacked arms. Yes! beat them until they shred. Ahhh!! Fuck! fuck!.. cummm, gotta..cum..mmmm."

Dee had her legs behind her shoulders and was resting on her lower back. Her arms were now totally free to ram deep in her cunt. The wounded clit raged up to its maxed out seven inches. It was over an inch and a half thick. The attached inner lips had temporally stretched so much from her previous mauling that they mopped the

floor with a thin veneer of vaginal mucus each time the excited clit flexed in itching unfulfillment. Her vulva had swollen to a near approximation of a baboon's in heat. It yawned and gaped, making vulgar farting and slurping sounds as it contracted in increasing heated need. Dee stared at it in fascination. She was nearing another potential period of waning sensibility.

Her mother pulled Dee's legs further around her back above her now purple tits. A constant dribble emerged from the impossibly engorged nipples. Now Dee's spine was bent almost to the extent of even her extreme flexibility. It forced her torso and head down even more. She was staring at her cunt close up. Her flexing clit bumped her chin. She plunged both hands into her slippery box with ease. Whamm..SPLATT, An 18 inch, braided riding crop that had belonged to Dee's great grandmother crashed into her wobbling tits.

"No Deanna! Get you fucking hands out of your cunt and wrap them around your upturned ass." She had to actually kick Dee's hands out of her slippery slot to be obeyed. Dee wailed in frustration and wrapped her arms around the lower expanse of her pulpy ass. "Now pull you damnable little tart. Grab your ass and pull. Bend your head whore! There. More! That's my girl. Now taste twat you slutty bitch. Eat it until I say stop."

Dee had contorted herself such that her face was right at her spastic cunt. She was wide eyed with disbelief. She had never imagined she could do such a thing. It was the beginning of a life-long, frequent, face to face, lip to lip, romance that would have endless possibilities. She was in lusting love with her gushing pussy. She mentally penned herself to it as a thick gout of musky, sweet and sour tasting cream splattered her upper face. She caught the viscous drool with her long tongue and slurped it into her mouth. In her rapacious need to slurp as much cunt slime as possible, she had overshot her clit, which now tickled her neck. Half of her face was buried in the swampy musk of her severely cut up and widespread vulva. She was sucking so vigorously that a loud sucking "GLURPP" could be heard as she pulled back to gobble her entire quivering clit in one swoop.

All seven inches easily slid down her greedy gulping throat. It touched her glottis. She repressed her gag mechanism quickly. She sucked and chewed as her mother

began scoring her bloated rolling tits with the riding crop. New welts were laid over the old. Blood and sweat flew. Dee chewed harder and faster. Her head bobbed up and down in an effort to clit fuck her mouth as fast as possible. Two fingers entered her tight asshole.

She pulled off her clit and began screaming for her mother to smash her harder and faster. Each of the dark purple, ghastly-distended masses was now as large as a basketball with gigantic puffy, vein-riddled areola hanging off the ends. They wobbled and swayed with each of the 25 blows that had been delivered. The cock sized nipples flopped in independent directions with each agonizing cut of the crop. MOTHER FUCKER!! OH FUCKKK! Hit them! Cut them to pieces and feed them to me. AHhh SHITTT, MORE!! HARDER!! Ghaaaaaaaa, splurt, Ghaaaaaa, Dee shrieked as her hypertrophied bags danced to the punishing downbeat of the crop.

Gloopp, she threw her face back into her cunt. She managed to pull her ass a tad higher. Now she had all of her face in the widely gaping slit. She sucked all of her loose dangling inner lips into her greedy mouth. Lifting her head and pulling back, she managed to stretch the unmasticated exposed last three inches of each an additional three. Down she went again, making room for her clit along with the lips. Her nose and forehead slammed against her gaping vagina. She chewed, slurped and sucked mouthfuls of thickening vaginal venom. She began to shake and quiver in the first throws of an orgasm. Now her clit was being dangerously bitten. A small trickle of fresh blood dribbled out of the corner of her hard chewing mouth. She pursued the required new level of agony with uninhibited fervor.

Dee's mother noted what was occurring and stopped flogging her tits after 45 vicious swings of the deadly instrument. Dee lifted her head and begged her to continue. "No Dee its time to stop. There will be no more crop and no more pussy gobbling." Dee gaped bugged eyed at her mother with imploring misery. "Head up bitch. Legs down! On your knees!" Dee's teeth were actually chattering with another of the night's repressed cunt rewards. She shook and shivered as if outside and naked on a 13 degree day. The tooth-sliced clit still leaped and flexed in an unfulfilling air fuck.

The tit bondage had been on almost too long. Her mother began to remove it as fast

as she could. Released from her back, they sprung to the front where they smashed into each other with a resounding SLAPPP. Dee screamed and attempted to stop them with her hands. It was of little use. They continued to bob and weave.

“Now, cunt breath, who is it that said they would not eat pussy tonight? Who has all the slot slobber on their face and in their hair? Whose nose is actually fucking runny with pussy oil at the moment? Who is almost ready to have a seizure because they need more clit to chew? How many sluts in this wide world do you suppose can get their whole face into their pussy Deanna, and still have room left over? Who has a long thick wad of snot hanging from their oily cave at the moment? Who is the low-life, ding bat, shit-bitch who would eat their own pussy with the vigor of a starving sow in a corn crib? And, who in the hell begged to have her tits beaten off of her putrid, freaky body, just to have a cum? Who the fuck would do that Deanna?”

Deanna’s cunt throbbed and spasms as she absorbed the harangues with increasing humiliation. She began sobbing and hung her head in abject abasement as her mother began reducing her to a sobbing hulk of contemptuous, wretchedness and scorn that more than matched the evidence of her bloody and shredded physical abuse. “You are nothing more than slippery cow shit on the bottom of a mangy goat’s hoof Deanna. A puking, sick hyena is more respectable. In fact, a three day old pile of maggot-filled buzzard shit is sure as hell more attractive than you are at the moment. I have scraped month old crust out of the garbage pails that was more worthy than your are Deanna. Jesus, the pain I went through to birth a shit maggot like you into this otherwise beautiful world. I think it may be necessary to bury you in a box 20 feet under the ground and feed you nothing but duck shit until such time as you agree to be beaten to a pulp with a plow handle and used for compost in the vegetable garden.” Deanna screamed and wailed as she attempted to grab her tit swallowed clit.

“You are going to be nothing more than my very used toilet brush from this day forward Deanna. I’ll have you drinking your own piss directly out of your catheter-stuffed pee hole for the rest of your life with me. You will seldom know the satisfying pleasure of a real piss when your bladder is about to explode. You may even become a shit eater Deanna. You sure as hell will eat your meals out of the toilet as promised. You will stay naked and bound as often as possible. You will be beaten no

less than twice a day. You will work constantly when not attending to your schoolwork, which you will damn well do with better than average proficiency. I will arrange for you to be humiliated in a thousand different ways in and out of school and at home. You will vomit, piss and shit yourself at home and in public. You will bathe only when I allow you too. The majority of your bathing needs will be accomplished by your mouth only. This especially means your menstruation hygiene needs Deanna. No more tampons or pads you fucking spawn of a slug. You will ream, suck and lick your cunt clean by mouth only, no less than five times a day during your periods. You will sleep under the porch, in the stalls, the compost heap, with the dogs, or in the old outhouse which will be your only private place to stay when I give permission. You will be allowed to shit only when I permit, which will be no more than three times a week.”

Dee began crying aloud and jerking her clit as her mother continued. She was completely sexually absorbed by what was being promised and how it was being communicated to her.

“You will be allowed only one friend who I will monitor and approve. If I allow you to attend social events, it will be with the stipulation that you do so while enduring the most agonizing bondage and humiliating appearance that the law will allow. You will eat only four regular meals a week. You will get daily vitamins and supplements but you will rarely be allowed solid food. You will perform stringent exercises each day to stay in firm, fit shape. You will be required to masturbate many times a day without cumming.” Dee began wailing and sobbing louder.

“We will also stretch your tits and cunt in a variety of painful methods each day. You will go to sleep at midnight and awake at five to begin your chores while naked and thrust up in different ways. I will torture your cavernous cunt unmercifully without allowing you release. You will crawl on your tits, belly, hands, and knees as often as possible to get from one place to another at home and in public when possible. You will address everyone, including your most hated classmates, as sir or ma’am. You will go barefoot as often as possible and wear painfully small; open-toed shoes when at school or where necessary. You are my wonderful well-loved slave- bitch daughter Deanna. Let go of your clit and hug Mama. I have one more surprise for you.”

## **CHAPTER 9 Cone from Hell, Out of the barn and into the house (pot to frying pan)**

Dee was sobbing aloud with little intermittent yelps and squeals as she continued to maul her clit. Her mother's admonitions of her future fate had caused her to drift to a higher semi-catatonic plateau of erotic need. A resounding slap to the side of her face opened her eyes to the world of the barn. "Let go of your clit Deanna and put your hands behind your head" her mother intoned softly. Deanna was still sobbing but in a more subdued manner. An occasional gasping but loud "yahhhaaaaaa!" would escape her lips as her whole abdominal area knotted up in an extremely painful cramp of frustrated denial. Her tighten abdominal muscles could even be seen to ripple and spasm when this happened. It was a dozen days of bed-ridden menstrual cramping compressed into ten or so seconds of every 2-3 minutes of agonizing repetition. Her swollen cunt belched and farted slimy liquids and air. The sounds would compete with the worse that a gang of stupid but amused teenage boys could manufacture during a farcical farting contest. It was no game to Deanna. She was in abject misery.

Her mother began untying the bindings from around her almost deadened tits. Severe hemorrhaging had occurred just from the severity of the bondage. These large bruises were caused by the rupturing of many small capillaries that were unable to stand up to the enormous pressure exerted on them by the unrelenting grasp of the rope. They were blackish-red in color and spilled out in a variety of oblique patterns under the massacred flesh of both breasts.

"If you are seeking some new and unusual pain sweetheart, just wait a minute. You will feel something that will stop your sobbing and spoon feed your greedy appetite for real agony. Now listen very carefully, I want you to spread and brace your legs. Now! No matter how horrible and sickening the pain and agony that is to follow, I command you to keep your hands above your head. Moreover, when you feel the crop across your ass you are to swing your torso back and forth as violently as possible. Then, when I command, bend at the waist and continue to swing and jerk your torso. Do not, I repeat do not remove your hands from above your filthy head. Not even one finger. Grasp them tightly sweetheart; do not let them slide away.

“If you can do this until I say stop, I will allow you the release you so desperately need. Not Want Deanna, even I can see that you have entered a universe of real need now. Drop your hands and I will deny it. Keep them up and I will give it to you in a most excruciating but oh so delightful release. You will love it my little foot freak. Do you understand Deanna?” Dee nodded and groaned as another stomach destroying cramp hit her with a fury. It was so severe that she screeched for half a minute. “OHH! ...Ahhhh, Mama the cramps are killing me. They are destroying my insides. Oh God in heaven, it hurts so bbb.. ad.” Another followed immediately, so harrowing that she began to retch. A small amount of vomit spewed out of her mouth. Her knees sagged. Her mother held her up with a one-handed tight grip under Dee’s jaw. Dee’s eyes rolled and her legs sagged as a thick wad of drool dangled to her heaving breast.

“Be strong little pain slut. Your body is only trying to serve your inner most needs. You have been very strong tonight; also very disobedient, but very strong. Be strong a bit longer and you will be rewarded. After all, I did say your actions would always tie in to deserved consequences. For your strength, you will be released from your sweet agony, but, only if you obey my command to keep the hands up. Do it Deanna, I am serious. This is real and damn important. Do it for yourself, but more important, do it for me. I need proof that you can do as required no matter how severe or difficult the circumstances. Can you do it sweetheart? Will you make Mama happy and give me the encouragement I also need. I need assurance too Honey. I need to know that my daughter, who is the only thing that matters to me for now and forever, understands that she must obey, wishes to obey, and understands why she must obey. Quite simply, you are to obey in order to comply with what I know what is best for you. And you obey simply because it pleases me and pleases you to do so.

“Now stand up, be strong and let me finish untying you.” Dee’s stomach rippled and her knees wobbled as her mother began to unbind the dark purple deadened sacs of abused meat.

Dee’s breath quickened and her feet shuffled as the hideous ropes were removed. At first, Dee was mesmerized and horrified by her tits’ ghastly appearance. The ropes had left deep blackish indentations that seeped blood in several places. Her breasts were so elongated that they drooped and flopped either side of her rigid clit when

dropped by her mother's hands. They soothed the aching and horribly itching freaky appendage with much needed but temporary caressed. Suddenly, Dee gasped aloud. This was immediately followed by an agonizing screech as blood and life began to revisit the severely abused sacs. Her arms quivered to drop, and grasp them with soothing relief. She restrained herself.

Slokkkk! She dimly felt the signal of the crop, so intense was the distress in her breast. It worsened as she began turning and twisting her torso as violently as possible. Her terribly elongated sacs flew about in a paroxysm of independent flops and slack vectors. They were nothing less than extraneous bags of injured, leaking, bloody flesh. Their vastness caused them to wrap around her back, slam into her upper thigh when elongated downward, and occasionally cross over each other to slap the opposite side of her torso. Too often, they would careen into each other, causing an instant compression of such severity that fluids spurted out of pencil-thick nipple openings. She howled and screamed at higher and higher octaves as she continued her contortions for several minutes.

"Now bend at your waist Deanna. Quickly! NOW! Work them around and about. This is much more effective than a mere hand massage to get your circulation back. Swing them out as far as possible honey. I want them to flatten and compress as much as possible when they meet each other in the middle." Dee's yowls and laminations were now mixed with increasing frequent mewls and moans of lusting need. Her tits began to hurt so bad as the circulation returned that her internal devil began clawing and pounding her fevered cunt.

The bouncing and swaying boobs had elongated even more in this bent over position. Now they dangled only a foot or so above the floor. They were still somewhat compressed at the base and bloated at the ends. However, their normal color had begun to return. Her gyrations caused them to swing in excessively wide arcs. After about a minute, they began to sway and jerk in independent directions. After several minutes, they began careening into each other with such compressing velocity that she was thrown off balance, screeching, as heavy spurts of fluid continued to splatter the floor. Her fingers slipped several times but she kept her hands up through extreme concentration and willful strength. After five minutes her cunt felt as if some one had lit it up with butane.

Suddenly a denial cramp hit her so hard that she was literally driven to her knees. The massive and bloated lower expanse of her bloodletting sacs careened to a halting shudder that hid her arching clit in a tight heavy embrace. The engorged and leaking nipples actually flogged her inner and outer labia as they swung back and forth in separate flopping directions. It would take over a month for her breasts to regain their natural shape and resiliency. They would of course hang a little lower and with increased fullness.

Despite her ordeal, Dee still managed to hold her hands up. Her hands were now tearing and pulling her sweat saturated hair as her cunt spasmed repeatedly. She was moaning and beginning to babble incoherently.

“Ghaaaaa... blubbb... ubba... ubba... thaaa... thaa... ma... ma... mama... mmama... pl... ple... pleee... ... eese... pleaseeee! Killll... meeee... I... I... I... ghaaa... eeee. Eeeee.ghaaaa... I... I cann... can'ttt... tt... a... kkk... take any... any... aaany, ggg ghaaa... moreee... urggghhh”

Dee's stomach suddenly rippled and expanded with a heave. A loud farting noise emanated from the continuously palpating vagina. A surge of thick oil flew out from between her flopping nipples and landed over a foot away in front of her.

“Eeeeeiiighhh.... God almighty help me Mama... No more! No more! Let me die... gaggg, splurt... gurggle... gharrurp” Dee puked and tore a half a handful of hair out of her head.

Her mother tore Dee's hands out of her hair and pulled her slippery tongue out of her mouth so far that her eyes bulged. Dee regained her sensibilities somewhat. “Its time sweetheart. Its time for your final ordeal and the release you so desperately need. Now! Crawl to the bench and do as you are told. Do you understand” Dee noted weakly. Her cunt continued to fart small ropy gouts of thick liquid offal as she crawled to the bench. Her tits followed obediently, bouncing and flopping against the floor. The obscene massive ass undulated and swayed as her tits and knees picked up a fresh supply of splinters.

When Dee reached the bench, her eyes were almost level with the hideous instrument of torture that had so terrorized her earlier. Now her eyes glowed not

with despair but with lusting, sine qua non - an ultimate and essential need. It was a large iron cone shaped device that her father used to hold various sized, usually heavy, metal rings in place as he welded or attached in some fashion, clips, and other needed connectors. It was not elaborate. It was solid and very heavy, weighing about 50 pounds. It was approximately ten inches in diameter at the bottom, tapering to about one inch in diameter at the tip. It was about two feet high. What had terrified Dee earlier but caused her tongue to slide out of her drooling mouth now, was the three dozen or more tacks that her mother had epoxied to the first 20 inches of the cunt rending device. Dee was slobbering unconsciously as she began licking the rough, scaled and rusty surface of the iron cone and the multitude of 1/4-inch long sharp protrusions of the fixed demons.

Without being instructed she quickly climbed on the bench and straddled the cone with her dripping hairless snatch. Oily effusions rained on the cone; soon covering it with a thick slimy coating of lubrication that was egg white in its viscosity. Because the bench was only about 18 inches wide, she was unable to spread her feet wide. She gripped each side of the bench sides with her grasping miniature finger-like toes and quickly jammed the first nine inches of the cone into her rapacious sex sleeve. She shrieked in agony and wanton ecstasy.

She began raising up and down while also mauling her rigid nipples, which hung off her mangled tits. They bounced off the outer sides of her thighs as she began fucking herself on the iron prickly dick. She had accommodated almost 10×3 inches when she was commanded to stop. Over a dozen tacks dug narrow bloody little trenches in her stretching vagina. She welcomed it and began building towards the hoped for release when ordered to cease the fucking.

“You’ll never finish like that you stupid bitch. Put your feet up on the bench and sit on the cone. NOW!” Dee did as ordered and slowly lowered herself another inch. “Faster miss cow cunt.” With that, her mother kicked Dee’s feet and legs up in the air, causing all of Dee’s weight to fall on the cone. She screeched in unmitigated hurt as the cone slammed into her a full 12×3.5inches. Her cunt bulged more than ever before. At least 24 tacks dug at her convoluted inner membranes with unremitting fury. The upper portion of her mildly stretched fuck tube spasmed and contracted in gleeful response to the new pain.

“Ugghhhh! It’s good mama. Ahhhhh, yesss. Let me fuck it. More! Please!” “No Dee. I have work to do to your feet. Dee began screaming insanely as her mother drove a nail at a 45-degree angle through one inch of the bottom portion of her abraded but antiseptically cleaned left heel. She did the same with the other foot. Dee wailed and jerked like a snagged turtle on a trout-line hook. She wailed and pleaded for the nails to be removed.

Dee’s legs were now straight out in front of her, with feet securely nailed to the bench. She could barely rotate her crucified feet sideways or back and forth. Next, she was ordered to bend forward at the waist. Doing so brought her dripping mouth and suffering eyes very close to her tossing and contorting toes. Her erotic synapses flipped a new switch in her lust sodden brain. Now her tongue sought out the wiggling appendages that she loved so much.

She was shoved forward until her sternum was flush with her knees. Her tits hung off the sides of her knees and the bench to the extent that her blood-red, swollen areola and obscenely long nipples swung just above the floor. Her clit was trapped between her legs and lower stomach. Seen from behind her anus bulged out to the size of a small lemon as the iron prick gave her yet another inch of depth. At 14×4 inches, she was near even her capacity. The large pussy lips were splayed out in a thinned package around the lower contours of her ass. The inner lips had the misfortune of being snagged by some tacks and stuffed up her expand vagina.

Her arms attempted to find an advantage point to push up a little in order to drop back down in an increasing attempt to do some more fucking.

Her mother secured her arms tightly behind Dee’s back with forearms parallel. “Now Dee, it seems your nice little peds, which you find so delectable, got more dirt on them today than sun. They are not quite parched enough for what I have in mind. Take a minute to clean them as best you can while I get something you will just love.” Dee quickly and gladly obeyed her mother by sticking out her long slippery tongue and bathing her toes and insteps in an almost demonic fashion. It was not a slow, careful, subtle bath.

She was able to lather the tops and areas between her flexing digits as well as both sides of each foot. She was not quite able to reach her nailed down heels. The long

angular toes snapped and curved in many directions as she ministered to each. She was able to engulf each big toe completely, which she chewed unmercifully. Her cunt cramped in spastic joy as she nipped the tips of the next two larger toes. She wrapped the tip of her wet tongue completely around the next to largest toe creating a miniature but very sensitive vagina for the tiny but extremely tactile, miniature, substitute cock. Bobbing her head up and down, she began a short stroking fuck that was every bit as arousing and sensational as the one gouging her nearly overstuffed cunt. That cunt began to convulse as the smaller oral variety also tightened its grip. Her toes seemed as alert and almost as sensitive as her overdeveloped clit. Onward she fucked until her head was snatched back.

“Enough you bloated foot-freak whore. Let’s finish the tenderizing.” Dee groaned in added frustration. The collywobbles and cramps in her cunt intensified. She screeched as an abdominal migraine twisted her guts and reproductive organs in another sudden violent quake. “Finish me mama” she gargled between clenched teeth while spewing thin flumes of frothy saliva. Pleaseeee! Enough suffering... I am finished... Let me die if... if... I’m not to have re... re... lief. Ahhh, Eeeee... Nnn... oo... mmm... ore.”

“You can and will take this last dose Deanna. You will endure and pass on to your needed completion. Mama promised it and so it will be. I will continue until you finish or die. Swallow the rest of your ordeal cunt eater. It will be lovely.” At that Dee’s mother careful doused Dee’s feet with a liberal amount of charcoal fluid. Dee’s eyes widened and snot flew from her nose as her crucified feet were lit up. She screeched and slobbered as her feet burned at the assault of a blue flame that instantly flumed two feet high. She jerked her head back in time to protect her face. The flame burned for only four seconds before her mother smothered it swiftly and completely with a wet horse blanket.

Dee continued her shrill yodel as she watched her feet turn bright red. A few blisters formed on the soft more delicate sides and tops of each very slightly roasted foot. The pain of a solid second-degree burn set in. Her teeth began to clatter. Her mouth flew open in a silent howl as a horrible new pain momentarily cut off her ability to even express it. It encompassed her entire right foot. Just as she was able to start the suppressed screech, another attacked her left foot. She was only able to begin a

retching sound. Then she screamed in earnest for over half a minute. She blinked her eyes and focused. Her mother was standing still nude, with arms folded, holding the 1/4-inch hickory rod.

“Is that enough pain and distress sweetheart?” Dee could only heave and stare bug-eyed at her wildly gyrating toes and slightly rocking feet. The agony was indescribable. “No? Okay, fine” She began slashing and whipping the bottoms of Dee’s feet in short choppy swings at the repetitive rate of ten a minute for two minutes. Dee howled and screamed until her voice started becoming hoarse. Each blow caused her to literally jump in the air several inches, despite her inability to exert bodily assistance. Each leap drove her a fraction of an inch further down on the iron tack studded phallus.

At the end of two minutes, she possessed 20 well-defined welts across the full expanse of each sole. Each was raised about an eighth of an inch and was highlighted in bright red with a dark blue border. Dee could not speak. She only babbled as she attempted to lick the pain away with total failure. Even her long wildly surging and flapping tongue could not reach her injured soles.

Her mother stepped back a stride and began applying a most severe and horrible bastinado to both of Dee’s jerking toe-scrunching feet. She concentrated on the soles once again, belaboring them with ten, full strength cuts a minute. This time she continues relentlessly for three minutes. Dee somehow lurches higher and shrieks louder in an increasingly hoarse voice. Mangled tits slam the floor, emitting a thin squirts with each splintery crash. Her anus bulges dangerously. Her thinned out vagina is near the point of rupture. She has somehow managed to stuff herself with 16 x 5 inches of the iron cock. At the end of the three minutes, Dee’s eyes glaze over and she passes out.

She returns to consciousness coughing, as a dose of level one smelling salts is administered. “Merciful God, Its working mama. More! More please. Beat my feet more. Jesus! ahhhh... uggg... let me look. Eeeee, my cunt is tearing I can feel it. Arggg.. Stuff me with more of it mama. Beat me. I’m gonna cummmm.... Ohhh, YES!!”

Dee’s two big toes are tied tightly together with a thin piece of bailing wire. Her

mother picks up a foot long board with a six-inch handle and shows it to Dee whose face is again just in front of her gyrating toes. It is 3/4 inch thick and three inches wide and enhanced for business with a plethora of half-inch wide holes. She smears the flat sides of the wooden devil with a coating of Dee cunt cream, which has pooled at the base of the iron cock and drips off the edges of the bench. She then gives Dee a much needed two large glasses of water and steps to the bottom of the bench. Dee groans deeply as the instrument slashes down full strength.

Splatttt... “Yaaaeeeeeeeeiiiiiiii... eeeee...” Dee lurches up to a sitting position instantly. Her eyes bulge and rotate in shock. Both feet catch the blow across the middle of each sole. She surges upward on the cone. Down she comes. Splurtt!! A wad of syrup emerges. Her stomach ripples. Each tit flies up and down violently, slamming into the sides of her thighs and the bench. Splatttt!! Another, this time the board whams across the tops of each sole. More screeches cone plunging and torn cunt walls result.

Dee’s agonizing shrieks and grunts take on a more desperate tone. Splattt... splattt, wham, splatt, wham, whack, splatt, splatt, whackkk, slamm, whackk, whack, splatt, wham splattt! Fifteen additional assaults to her now swollen feet cause Dee to throw back her head in the worse agony of the day. Blubbering in a near demonic state, she passes out again. Once more, she is revived.

The board continues its relentless torture. All welts have been ruptured. Blood splatters in all directions at each contact. It even flies through the holes of the paddle. Huge blisters begin to form on the bottoms of Dee’s nailed feet.

Dee’s head is back at her feet. Her tongue hangs out of her mouth. Her eyes have rolled upward. She mumbles, snorts and screeches in a barely discernable, raspy voice. Her body heaves as her mother begins beating the tops of her feet with the hickory rod. Dee’s eyes suddenly focus once more on the impossible jerks and convulsions of her toes. On occasion when her long toes are splayed wide, the rod slices in between, causing them to involuntarily close the gap, grasping the blood stained rod in the process.

As Ms Winston raised her arm in total scathing fury Dee suddenly saw her beloved Mom as never before, even when as a kid, stealing glimpses of her nude, then much

younger body in the family bathroom. The befuddled, pain suffused girl now took in her mother's slender strong shape arched in readiness to strike. She dimly noted the plethora of glistening sinewy muscles and flat belly above the womanly dark patch, and she had yet another brief epiphany... How beautiful Mom was. Beautiful like an Angel of Wrath. That she herself was a wonderfully enticing bit of teenage pulchritude, even with her huge bloated tits and ass and despite her present sorry state of messy, bloody, roux-oozing bewilderment, was an ever present fact in Dee's wicked yet honest mind. However battered, humiliated or swathed in putrid ooze, Dee would - for the next several years at least - see herself as a pretty, pain and humiliation loving bimbo. This, in concert with real dread of each, would nurture her shame and lust at the same time. So now, there were not one but two lovely, lusty beauties in that barn. The revelation of her mother's beauty did not result in any perverted desire to somehow have sex with the mature, wonderfully attractive woman who kept beating her with all her strength... Dee as we have seen is a highly ethical person and she would die rather than indulge in such vice. However, it did imprint in her brain-cunt cells a red-hot branding for later times... Dee would never ever allow herself to be ultimately mistreated by anybody who would not have her mother's moving, deeply rooted beauty and purpose of mind. She knew here and then (and the out-of-body experience she had experienced, had blazed a trail for that life-long trait) that her mother was only the first in a series of tormenters she would gratefully give herself to, all of whom would be possessed by overwhelming beauty. It would be the kind of magnificence that Dee's inner eyes, already attuned to her own somewhat unusual pulchritude, would be able to discern and worship despite the outer world's astonishment at what it might see as freakish bodily characteristics and mods. She thought of her rail-thin, waif-like friend Annie, whom (despite Annie's Brigitte Bardot-like facial beauty) she'd had more or less kept at arm's length up to then. She instantly resolved here and there she'd make good for that heinous deed Annie proposed with her oh so typical, uninhibited candor and sincerity, as soon as she was back on her feet.

Dee's awoke to the searing reality of the immediate circumstances as her Impossibly stretched cunt began to rupture in tiny almost invisible tears at her perineum (the space between the vagina and anus) and around the upper arch of her clit hood. The bastinado continues: shlackkk! whap, slapp... swapp... slam... smack... wham,

crunch, slappp, whapp... sluckk... swack... thack (between the toes... “naghhhhhhhhh... eeeeehhhhh”... swack... thack... “eeeeyaaaaaaa... Godddd”, splurt... chough, splutter... swackkk... thack... “arrrrrrrrrr... eeeeeeyaaaaaa”... smeshh.

Over four dozen blows are administered with full force intention and intensity. They land between her splayed toes, across their tops, across and below the ankles. The ten digits are akin to ten slender lithe young ladies who have been bound to the ground by their feet very close to each as a brutal beating is applied. They grab at, slap, gouge and snarl each other, even sliding past their neighbor and touching the other victims in a futile attempt to escape the horrendous torment. They snap and twist in all directions of the compass. They even curl downward in tight individual packages, attempting to reveal as little exposed surface as possible. When the endless beating saturates the tightly bowed limited surface with too many fiery brands of the rod, they snap up, out and about in further endless vectoring permutations.

Dee continues her own almost impossible gyrations. She tosses her head, flinging spittle and sweat around the room. Blood trickles down the iron cock. Her stomach heaves, she begins to vomit. Shit oozes out of her horrible distended anus. She blathers and screeches in a gasping raspy voice. Her bound arms fly up forcing her head back to her feet at the sixtieth horrendous cut. She somehow bounces upward over five inches as she finally begins the first fiery spasms of her impending release. The resulting plunge back to the bloody, slime covered cone, opens her up almost six impossible inches wide and results in a full 18-inch penetration.

Temporarily displaced organs cause her stomach to bulge dangerously. A full half-inch tear cuts across her perineum. She flails about doing all that she can to grab the last acidic dose of pain need to finish. It comes with a series of six blows across the bloated protruding surface of her convoluted, shit-stained anus. A final small turd drops out as Dee jerks and slings her tits about for over a minute as the nihilistic gut wrenching release begins to emerge from the newly created folds of her libido. Her mouth is open but no sounds emerge. Foamy spittle spews about. Her eyes are in the back of her head. She pisses herself dry. The unseen raging girl cock emerges up between the tight cleavage of her thighs. An immense stream of cunt

goo slides down the cone and off the bench, dripping in loud plops onto the floor. Her body goes partially catatonic, as she shudders and vibrates for over two minutes, as the mother of all her previous orgasms ebbs and flows. Snorts, gagging sounds, and high pitched and low repetitive grunts emerge from her teeth-clenched mouth. Her eyes bulge outward an impossible degree into the third minute as her mouth flies open to spray her mother with spit and the blood from a chewed tongue. A final ungodly long and pitiful wailing-like, guttural sound precludes a slumped over, coma-like end to her night of horror and revelation.

Her mother immediately releases her from the cone with a loud “slurppp”, carefully laying her on the floor. A rubber tongue guard is placed between her teeth as she enters into a moderate seizure. An anti-shock medication is administered along with a low dose of phenobarb. A firm 4×4 bandage is applied to the worse cuts. Antibacterial ointments are applied before Dee is gently placed in a blanket covered wheelbarrow for transportation to the house where a special revolving frame bed awaits, along with many other medical necessities. There, a pint of O-positive blood is soon administered to replace the nearly two pints she has lost.

It will be ten hours before Dee regains consciousness. She would convulse, rant and be totally incontinent for three days. During that time, she will be severely bound to the bed and totally immobilized to prevent further injury. The bed would be rotated several times daily to prevent sores and to give relief from lying on one side of the body. IVs would provide her nourishment. Even Dee’s huge tits would be bound out to each side of her body in complete accessibility to the four daily applications of agonizingly, burning, penetrating salves and oils. These horrendous pharmacopoeias were liberally applied to Dee’s swollen cunt, as well as the rest of her healing anatomy. After about a week, and despite her trauma, Dee reacted in her typical slutty manner by emitting a moderate drool from her injured and spastic vagina and exhibiting an almost constantly rigid clit. She always begs her mother to continue the stroking of her clit with handfuls of the burning salves. It would have been easier for her to be crowned homecoming Queen while taking a shit in front of her English class. Thus, her clit throbbed, quivered and danced most of the day with the burning sensation equivalent to triple strength Ben Gay.

Mrs. Winston, who had taken leave for three weeks to attend to Dee’s every need,

had devised a special kind of crude speculum to ratchet Dee's oily slut sleeve over four inches wide during the medicinal applications. Several handfuls are liberally applied to every crevice of Dee's seemingly endless vagina. She discovered that she could easily penetrate Dee to the elbow and even further if very careful. Though serious about the overall purpose of her ministrations, she gleefully plunged her arm elbow deep in long five to ten second pumps while rotating her hand wrist and arm along each clutching crevice of Dee's vaginal surface, ceasing over a dozen times as Dee neared the brink of blessed release. After about a half hour or so she would stop and with large doses of salve on her rubber gloved hands, pull, twist and stretch Dee's atrociously long dangling inner lips and thick puffy labia, continuously, for 15-10 minutes.

Dee's thick, convoluted lips were as malleable and stretchable as hot taffy. A seeming impossible stretch was always achieved by inserting her fingers in the punched out holes - which were kept opened during Dee's remaining years at home - and pulling out, down and even over the tops of Dee's widely splayed thighs. Many times, when she was through and assured that a sufficient application of the balms was assured, she would literally tie the long sheaths of sex skin in a thick knot, dose it with more salve and shove them completely up Dee's dripping whorish hole, along with the ever-stiff, vibrantly pleading clit. To insure no stimulus would be encountered, she inserted three large sized combination locks through a corresponding top, middle and bottom piercing of the large labia. This would maintain a keen edge to an imminent but unrealized finality to Dee's pent-up supercharged erotic tensions.

This procedure was implemented religiously at 6, 12, 5 and 10 o'clock every day. After a week, Dee's mind was completely awash with the most disgusting thoughts of sex/torment and humiliation. This was her mom's exact purpose. She demanded that Dee be a hulking, quivering, sexually saturated, pleading ,dripping slut when she was allowed out of her bed-bondage and treatment. By any measure, it was the worse kind of sexual denial and frustration. However, as horribly as she suffered by this denial, Dee was blessed not to know that compared to soon to come non-fulfillment's, these were as bee stings are to being hit by a meteor.

It would be over two weeks before she would be able to get out of the special bed

and a month before she could walk. At that time a thick, rather crude arm length glove was laced and locked on (arms behind her back) 24 hours a day. Additionally, too insure no touching, rubbing against objects or leg grinding occurred, a harsh metal and leather chastity devise that covered the entirety of her crotch and stomach was latched on at a waist clenching 20 inches. A Foley catheter tube was all that hung outside the archaic device.

After six weeks, Dee would be able to begin her several years of severe and harsh training in earnest. Her mother tenderly and skillfully attended her to for the first month. After that she was allowed no clothing and began painfully and stiffly eating her full or meager meals out of the fresh-flushed toilet, as promised. The meat, mashed potatoes, cereal, milk and other portions would all be dumped in at once. She would then be allowed to use her face only to slurp, suck and retrieve as best she could, when allowed to indulge in such full course meals. After she had healed sufficiently and could easily repeat her special and lively acts of contortion, she would be required to eat the slop directly out of her viscous cunt twice a week.

Her strength enabled her to recover fast and healthfully. But her ordeal would leave 14 livid lifelong scars and several birthmarks like permanent blotches. Her tits hung longer and heavier and her vulva would retain a slightly more swollen appearance. Her overly stretched inner cunt lips would forever dangle at least four inches below her obscene sized vulva. The once ridiculous clit would now be a ghastly one of a kind, impossible monstrosity. The stretched inner lips would contribute to form a thicker hood that slid further down the ever-exposed nerve packed muscle. It would dangle no less than two inches out of the hood when in complete repose and when half hard would protrude outward and downward about five inches. When completely rigid it would be over an inch thick and extend 6-8 inches depending on the state of Dee's erotic or repressed state.

Dee was delighted with her state of affairs and awaited the beginning of school with true terror, dread and erotic slutty, selfish need. She especially wished to see Annie as soon as possible to attempt what Annie had suggested. Even Dee thought that it must be the most impossible and disgusting thing a most depraved and whore-cunt-brained, sick slut could envision. She shuddered but also licked her lips in anticipation, as she rubbed her armored crotch against a door jamb. It was at least

the 50th time that day she attempted to eke out a micro bit of relief to the horrible burning and itching that constantly assaulted her cunt after six weeks of torment. "Oh god, I need Annie in the worse way. Jesus if I can succeed in what she wants to do I would be relieved for the next year." She continued to rub and hump the door at a faster pace. The results were as always, totally unrewarding. She began to cry in frustration and loneliness as she fell to the floor and began licking the tops of her tits this only added to her frustration. She could not reach the huge thick nipples without the aid of her arms. She dreamed of ultra thin but beautiful Annie and continued licking.

**The END**

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